

**BAKER, THE QUAKER, HOME RUN MAKER.**

Trappe, Md., will have enough material out of the world's series games to keep the fans of the community going all winter. Why? Well, that famous little piece is the home of none other than John Franklin Baker, the third baseman and chief slugger of the Athletics.

On March 13, 1886, the hero of the 1911 world's series first saw the light of day. Baseball was his middle name, and after playing around the lots of his home town for some time, finally, when he was twenty years old, he took a whirl at the semiprofessional game, joining the club at Risley, Md.

The following two years he played with the Cambridge (Md.) club, with Charley Herzog, the New York infielder, and the late St. Nicholas, formerly of the Athletics, as side part-



PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.  
TWO VIEWS OF FRANK BAKER, ATHLETIC HARD HITTING THIRD BASEMAN

ners in the infield. In the latter part of 1906 Manager Weitzel of the Reading club of the Tristate league, took Baker to his liking and signed him to play with his team.

It took Baker just one season to show that he was a big leaguer in a bush league outfit, and Connie Mack grabbed him up by purchase before the drafting season opened. Baker fairly burned up the Tristate league and has made good everything said about him when he entered the big show.

He is one of the best "cleanup hitters" that ever broke into baseball. A rather sure hitter, his value is doubled by his great ability to drive for extra bases.

He is one of the best pinch hitters in the American league. It is true he fell down in the first game of the world's series when a hit would have meant a run, but he more than made up for this when in the third game of the world's series, with the Athletics one run behind, he planted the ball into the bleachers in the ninth, after one down, and brought in the tying run.

In the second game Baker broke up the battle at Philadelphia with a homer also, only this time it was a drive that carried the ball over the right field fence, and there was a man on base. Most of his long hits are over the right field fence, and he has the distinction of driving two homers over the right field fence at Shibe park, Philadelphia, in one game.

He takes a good, healthy swing at the ball and puts every ounce of his 175 pounds into the swing. A good fast ball over the inside corner of the plate, with three men on base, and Baker up means slew music for any pitcher. The faster the ball the farther it will travel. He is just one inch short of six feet.

**Japs Invite University of California.**  
The universities of Kelo and Waseda have invited the University of California to send a baseball team to Japan next year, starting about the middle of May and returning the 1st of September. The universities of Washington, of Seattle, Wlacoasin and Chicago have all sent teams to the islands, and a team of professional players under the leadership of Mike Fisher, the former Tacoma manager, toured the islands in 1909.

**Cravath Makes Home Run Record.**  
Left Fielder Cravath of the twice champion Minneapolis team of the American association batted twenty-eight home runs during the season, which is the best mark of the year in any of the baseball organizations.

**National Football Body Being Formed.**  
A national association football body is being formed in the east.

**How Thackeray Regarded Scott.**  
Though Thackeray thought Dunan greater than Scott, yet for the latter he felt much admiration and even reverence. When a popular novelist one day justified himself for something he had written by urging that Scott had written it also Thackeray replied: "I do not think that it becomes either you or me to speak of Sir Walter Scott as if we were his equals. Such an act as you or I should take off our hats at the very mention of his name."—"Some Aspects of Thackeray," Louis Melville.

**SAM AND THE BULL**

By M QUAD.

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He was an old man who had come down from the mountains one summer's day, and as we sat on the steps of the village postoffice he told this story:

"My narybur, Jim Flkins, is havin' heaps of trubble with his two boys just now. One of 'em was over to the railroad t'other day and wanted to fight the bulgine, and t'other went to town and got his eye almost put out in a fight. Reckon they'll grow up to be cantankerous pair. I had a son—Sam, the only child we ever had—and he died some five y'ars ago. In one way I'm sorry and in another way glad. It made me kinder lonely to hev him go, but I could finger up that it was fur the best.

"That boy had a powerful good heart in him as a general thing, but thar was days when the devil seemed to hev possession of him. It wasn't no good to switch him, and when he was outer sorts it wasn't no good to argy with him. He was fifteen y'ars old when I cum home from the wah, and his head was swelled up big 'nuff for a man of fo'ty. He finally got so that he felt like rubbin' up agin me. I was at work in the garden one day when he cums home from the Co'ners a-spittin' right and left, and bimeby he cums out to me and sez:

"'Pop, mebbe yo' calls yo'self the best man on this yere moun'ting.'

"'Mebbe I do, sez I as I looks at him outer my left eye.

"'But you ain't, though, and I kin prove it.'

"'Then who is?'

"'He stands right here befo' yo', and his cognomen ar' Sam. Dad, I'm goin' to whop yo'.'

"'Better git into the house, boy, and hev yo'r mother gin yo' some bread and butter and 'lasses on it.'

"'But that boy had the wust kind of swell head,' said the old man, 'and he was alrnest in thinkin' he could whop his pop. He gits higher and higher, and bimeby he salls fur me. I knowed what was cumin', and before he could wink twice I sopped him on his back and then whopped him till he bollerred fur mercy. He lived two y'ars arter that, but he didn't try that game on me any mo'.

"'The older he growed the more cantankerous he got, and one day the ole woman cum to me with tears in her eyes and sez:

"'Sam's a-gittin' wusser and wusser all the time, and I'm alrmost hopin' the Lawd will take him away.'

"'The Lawd couldn't manage him if he did git him,' sez I.

"'Mebbe he could. Mebbe he's got a pen up thar in heaven to put Sam into and keep him till he's bin made over. I'm goin' to dye my shawl black and fix up a mournin' bonnet, fur that boy of ours will be bring home dead befo' he's a month older.'

"'Well, so he was—so he was,' said the old man, with a touch of pathos in his voice. 'He was down to the Co'ners one day to blow and brag with the crowd a-hangin' out thar in them days, when a man cums ridin' on a mewl to say that Bill Clark's bull had broken out of the field and was comin' up the road. That bull was a big un and had hooked two hosses to death. As the man was givin' the alarm the bull showed up down the road. He was pawin' the air and makin' the beavers quake with his beller, and sich as had hosses tied up was mighty spry to turn 'em loose and git 'em away. Nobody didn't propose to git in the way of that bull and take chances—nobody but my son Sam. It was a chance fur him to show off, and he riz up and yelled:

"'This is the day I hev been livin' fur. I'll go fo'th and take that bull by the horns and fop him on his back.'

"The men tried to argy with Sam, but he was sot, and pullin' off his coat and flingin' down his hat, he walked out and begins to paw and beller same as the bull. The critter stops to look at him, and fur a minit or two he must hev wondered what it was. Then his eyes began to glare and his tail to stand out, and the crowd bollerred to Sam to git over the fence. He never minded 'em, but with a roar and a beller he run in on the bull, was tossed twenty feet in the air, and when the animal got through with him there wasn't much left to bury. A Luan cum up to break the news to us. I wasn't home at the time, and he sez to the ole woman:

"'Mrs. Sneed, ar' yo'r son Sam bome today?'

"'He ain't,' says she.

"'And do yo' know why he ain't?'

"'Not exactly, but I reckon it's kase he's sumwhar else.'

"'That's right, Mrs. Sneed—perfectly right and proper. Yo'r son Sam ain't home and ain't comin' home, kase he's got bizness up thar in the land of angels and golden streets, which will detain him fur sum time.'

"'It was a sad case, but me and the ole woman hev alrns reckoned that Providence hev a hand in it. Sam had got that cantankerous that thar, was no holdin' him back. He'd got to fuss around or bust. If he hadn't tackled the bull he might hev got into a row in town on 'leckshun day and bin the means of a dozen men bein' killed. Yes, it was better so. I hated to see him go, and he was an only child, but cantankerousness was bound to smash him all to bits sooner or later, and we had to make the best of it and reckon that Providence knowed his bizness.'

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### Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.  
**A GOOD PHILOSOPHY**  
Let us not care too much for what happens. Let us not leave our peace of mind at the mercy of events.—C. G. Ames.  
I like that philosophy.  
It smacks of a certain audacity, and yet it satisfies.  
Whatever happens, happens. If you tried to prevent it you did your best. Let it happen. It is too late to mourn. I do not care how healthy or prosperous or fortunate you may be, things will happen to make you miserable—if you will let them.  
The happiest man I ever knew had the Ames philosophy.  
He believed in God and loved boys. He was a big brother to all of us. No gang was complete without him. And when something happened to prevent a nutting expedition or fishing or what not he would say:  
"Well, let's do something else."  
"But, Uncle John, the day is spoiled."  
Whereat he would laugh his boyish laugh—he was over sixty—and reply "Every day is good for something."  
He never cared too much about what happened, and his peace of mind did not depend upon events. One saying in especial I well remember: "Don't cry over spilled milk. Go and get some more. There's plenty of milk."

Looking back to those days, when our boyish feet joyously brushed the dew from the meadows of asphodel, I can see that his life had many happenings that might have spoiled it, yet I never saw him in any but a cheerful mood.  
He felt that happenings, however grievous, must in the end be endured. Therefore why should he spoil his peace of mind?  
Rare serenity!  
When I see men and women fret and fidget and chafe and shorten their lives because of that which must needs happen I think of Uncle Ben.  
Men and women die daily for want of his bit of philosophy.  
Because none of us ever reaches his ideal. All of us are disappointed. Despite our best laid plans, grievous things will happen.  
Shall we therefore be the playthings of fate? Shall we, because of events we cannot stay, spoil our lives?  
Let us not care too much for what happens.  
If it happens, let it.

**Uruguay's Whitewash.**  
Attention of travelers through Uruguay is attracted to the blue white coat or of the farm buildings even during the wet season. The effect is obtained by a whitewash in which the juice of the common cactus plays the prominent part. The sliced leaves are immersed in water for twenty-four hours, and to this creamy liquid lime is added. The wash applied to any substance produces a beautiful pearly white appearance which lasts for years.  
**Headless Butterflies.**  
To the butterfly, unlike most creatures, the head seems to be not indispensable. Reporting some experiments to the French Academy of Sciences, Professor Vianney of the Lyons university states that a number of insect larvae were carefully beheaded and that in spite of this they went through the usual stages of metamorphosis. Caterpillars of the genus bombyx became mature butterflies, with fine colored, streaked wings. They were little troubled by their headless condition and lived for a considerable time.

**Considerate.**  
A gentleman asked Mary, an only child, how many sisters she had and was told "three or four."  
Her mother asked Mary when they were alone what had made her tell such an untruth.  
"Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child!"  
**EARL ESTATE TRANSFERS.**  
J. R. and Mary Pearl to S. M. Goff, lots 15, 18, 19, 22, 23, block 2, Morris' Subdivision to lots 6, 9, 20, 22, 23, First Addition to Jennings Lodge;

northeast corner of block 173, Oregon City; \$1,000.  
James A. C. and Grace Tait to August and Augusta H. Voss, 160 acres of section 26, township 3 south, range 1 east; \$10.  
Charles N. and Charles E. Wall to Agnes Wait to Jerome McClintock, lots 34, 33, and east 141 feet of lot 21, Canby Gardens; \$1,014.  
J. W. and Marie Sauber to Emerald S. Waldron, 1.83 acres of George Crow D. L. C., township 2 south, range 1 east; \$10.  
August E. Stubbs to Henry Edlin, lot 3 in block 8, Estacada; \$500.

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Treatment at Hot Lake, including medical attention, board and baths, costs no more than you would pay to live at any first class hotel. Rooms can be had from 75 cents to \$2.50 per day. Meals in the cafeteria are served from 20 cents up and in the grill at the usual grill prices. Baths range from 50 cents to \$1.00.

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WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.