

PLAYERS WHOSE WORK ATTRACTS

Early Football Games Give Good Line on All American Men.

EXPECT MUCH OF PENDLETON.

Many Critics Predict He Will Eclipse Last Season's Performances—Yale to Depend on Anderson For Line Plunging—Butler and Mercer Two Stars.

By TOMMY CLARK.
The football season has now advanced far enough to get a line on a number of men on the different teams who promise to be competitors for All American honors. Of course some of these men who now show such great promise are likely to fall by the wayside as the championship games approach, and others who are now totting faithfully on the scrub teams will take their places when the days of the big games roll around. At the same time



Photo by American Press Association.

WENDELL PHIPPS' GREAT FULLBACK. There are some players who, except for accidents, are pretty sure to make good.

At Princeton there are three men who have attracted the attention of the Tiger coaches on account of their brilliant playing. They are Pendleton, Penfield and Baker. Pendleton, of course, was well known on account of his brilliant playing last season. But, if possible, he promises to even better that record. This year the coaches have moved him to quarterback, and in his new position he promises to do more spectacular work than at halfback last fall. Pendleton is one of the fastest men on the gridiron today. Best of all he is a quick starter and a wonderful dodger. The two other men who are displaying unexpected speed are Baker and Penfield. Baker is fast, and while not essentially a line breaker, he is doing his share of the attack.

The worryment over the continued absence of Captain Hart has been relieved somewhat by the splendid playing of Penfield at fullback. This youngster, who is not particularly heavy, has proved a good line plunger, and in open field work he is a wonder.

On the Yale team there are few men who stand out conspicuously above their fellows. Instead of having one or two shining lights, the whole team seems to shine with about the same luster. In the back field, though, is one man, fullback Anderson, who is daily attracting the attention of the coaches. He learned most of his football at the University of Wisconsin, but is still eligible for the Yale team. He has been used in all of the Eli games to date and seems to be the only man who can be depended upon to gain consistently on line plunges. Two other men who are displaying good qualities are Captain Howe, the veteran quarterback, and Philbin, the latter a brother of the Philbin who played so well for the Elis in 1909. Howe, in addition to maintaining his high standard of directing the team play, is kicking field goals in clever fashion.

Butler, the Cornell quarterback, promises to become the best football player the Ithacans ever developed.

At the University of Pennsylvania there is one man who is outshining every other player on the team. He is Captain Mercer, last year the pick of many critics for All American fullback. It is doubtful if there is a faster man in football today on the American gridiron than Mercer. This year he seems to be in superb condition. He starts quickly and gets up his speed wonderfully. He has increased his value to the team nearly 50 per cent by mastering the use of the straight arm in warding off tacklers. Mercer does this better than any man Pennsylvania ever had except Hollenback of the 1908 team.

Limited Experience.
The Widow—I suppose you are familiar with warfare in all its various forms, major?
The Major—Not all, madam; not all. I am still in the bachelor ranks.—Exchange.

A Small Likeness.
Binks (who has given Jinks a cigar)—You'll find, old chap, that is something like a cigar. Jinks (after a few puffs)—By Jove, there is a slight resemblance. What is it?—Royal Majesty.

Didn't Know His Own House

By EDITH V. ROSS

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There lived years ago at The Hague a pretty Dutch girl named Katrina Vedder. Katrina notwithstanding that the beauty of her form was obstructed by a dozen petticoats and her shapely feet were covered with wooden sabots was really a comely girl—so comely that when Ary Van Schoonhoven passed her house one day paddling on the canal he quite fell in love with her.

Not long after this Ary met the girl at a dance where the sound of the wooden shoes on the floor was like the hammering in a carpenter's shop. The couple danced together. Ary whirled Katrina around like a top.

Whether so much whirling turned the young people's brains or whatever the cause, they fell violently in love. But in Holland young girls cannot marry without a dowry, and Katrina had no dowry. Old Van Schoonhoven, who sold cheeses, was well off and could have set the couple up very readily, but he would not. He told his son that if he chose to marry a dotless girl he might do so, but they would get nothing from him.

The old man, though he was an alderman and much respected on account of his position, was given to tipping. There was a place near his house where he used to drink schnapps till late at night, then go home and to bed. He lived in a row of dwellings, all precisely alike and each built with its gable end on the street.

One night Ary determined to play a prank on his father. He had no object in doing so except fun, but before he got through there was a more important result than mere fun.

Van Schoonhoven when he came from the taproom was used to counting the houses till he came to the sixth, which was his own. Since they were all alike he had no other way of determining his own domicile. The door was one of those double ones cut in the middle. One night when the cheese merchant went home full of schnapps he counted the houses, as usual, and when he reached the sixth endeavored to put his key in the lock and open the door. But he was a long time finding the keyhole, and when he did the key didn't fit it. Then he noticed that instead of his own double door the one he was trying to open was a single one. While he was standing stupidly trying to get through his Dutch noddie how he could have made a mistake in his count an upper window sash was raised and a head in a nightcap put out. Then a cracked voice called:

"Who is trying to break into my house?"

"I beg pardon," said the man below. "I thought this was my house."

"And who are you?"

"I'm Van Schoonhoven, the alderman."

"And a pretty alderman you are to be breaking the peace at night, prowling around breaking into people's houses. I have a mind to call the watch and have you taken in."

"Pray don't do that. I've only mistaken this house for my own."

"Do you mean to tell me that you, who have been born and lived ever since in the same house, don't know where you live?"

"I seem to have been mistaken."

"You mean that you have been so long at the taproom tonight and have drunk so many bottles of schnapps that you are fuddled?"

"Can't you direct me to my house?"

"Not I. Do you suppose that I am going to dress myself and go down and walk you, an alderman of this respectable city, to your own house?"

This loud talking aroused those living next door, and up went their sashes and out went their heads to learn who was disturbing the peace. It was Ary that had been talking to his father. He had taken the double door of the sashes and put on another one. Then, watching for his father when the old man came, he had lectured him in a feigned voice. Those living next door, being perfectly sober, had recognized Ary's voice and entered heartily into the joke.

"I know who you are," said a woman's voice next door. "You are Van Schoonhoven, with but one son, who wished to marry Katrina Vedder, a girl far too good for such a father-in-law. You who are an alderman should set an example to others instead of getting drunk and breaking the peace of the town at midnight."

Here an idea entered Ary's head.

"Yes; that is right. You are keeping two lovers apart, and tomorrow you will be paid for your meanness. This matter will be the talk of the town. But I tell you what I will do. I will give you a bed here till morning, and if you will then promise to mend your ways we will keep your secret."

This brought the old man around. His son threw him a key, with which he opened the door, and, mounting the stairs, found himself in his own room.

The next morning Ary went down early and changed the door. The woman who had done a part of the talking came in and told him that if he did not consent to his son's marriage and do well by the young couple she would tell the town he had come home so drunk that he didn't know his own house.

Van Schoonhoven made a virtue of necessity and gave the promise. But how his house came by a double door at night and had a single one in the morning, though he smoked many pipes over the problem, he could never determine.

Worry.
Leave your worries at home when you travel. You can get a fresh supply anywhere.

His Ungrammatical Name.
There are some surmises which jar on the susceptibilities of purists. A story is told of an Oxford don who, after hearing the viva voce of an undergraduate named Litter, thus addressed him: "Mr. Litter, your three prose is disgusting, your Latin prose is disgusting, your translation is disgusting, and your name is ungrammatical."—London Black and White.

More Work.
"I wish these people had more company," complained the housemaid.
"Why?" asked the cook.
"When nobody sits in the chairs I have to dust them off myself."—Washington Herald.

GOING SOME

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Saved From the Sea.
George Sirian, gunner, U. S. N., who died in 1891, was a young boy at the outbreak of the Greek revolution, and one day as he and his mother were on the beach of their island home they were warned of the approach of a band of Turks. The mother forced her boy into a boat that was near and, placing him on the bottom, thrust him off, remaining herself to await her fate and distract attention from the child. He drifted from the shore and was finally rescued by a boat from one of the American cruisers then in the Mediterranean. Mr. Sirian entered the navy as a boy and by good conduct became a warrant officer, serving with credit until his death.

A Narrow Escape.
A groceryman in a small town in Jersey had an exhibit of eggs in his show window. One day he removed the eggs and filled the window space with a brood of tiny chickens. A colored woman who dealt at the store happened to pass and stopped, aghast. "Well, fo' de lan's sake," she exclaimed, "if dem eggs hain't done gone an' hatched!"
"Well, what of it?" smilingly queried a bystander.
"What of it?" cried the colored woman. "Why, jes' denk what a narrer escape dat de angel caks dat I made de odder day had from bein' a chicken potpie!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Wishes.
"I wish these people had more company," complained the housemaid.
"Why?" asked the cook.
"When nobody sits in the chairs I have to dust them off myself."—Washington Herald.

Alcohol boils at 173 degrees Fahrenheit—39 degrees lower than the temperature at which water boils.

AMONG THE CHURCHES

First Baptist Church—Ninth and Main streets, Rev. S. A. Hayworth, pastor. Bible school at 10 a. m., classes for all ages. H. E. Cross, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Rev. Hayworth will preach his second of a series of sermons in the evening on "Why more men are not Christians."

German Lutheran Church (Ohio synod)—Rev. H. Maus, pastor. Services will be held at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. The pastor hopes to see many children at Sunday school.

Catholic—Corner Water and Tenth streets, Rev. I. A. Hillebrand pastor. Residence 912 Water; Low Mass 8 a. m., with sermon; High Mass 10:30 a. m.; afternoon service at 4; Mass every morning at 5.

First Congregational Church—Morning service at 10:30 o'clock.

First Church of Christ Scientist—Service at 11; Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock; reading room open every afternoon except Sunday from 2 to 4 o'clock.

German Evangelical—Corner Eighth and Madison streets, Rev. F. Wiewelck pastor, residence 713 Madison; Sunday school 10 a. m.; Herman Schrader, Monroe street, superintendent; morning service 11; Young People at 7 p. m. and preaching at 8 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Gladstone Christian—Rev. A. H. Malloy, pastor; Bible school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 and 8.

Mountain View Union—(Congregational)—Sunday school 3 p. m.

Mrs. J. H. Quinn, superintendent; Bible Study every Thursday afternoon.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. E. P. Zimmerman, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45. Preaching by the pastor at 10:45. Junior League at 6 o'clock.

First Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. R. Landsborough, pastor. Morning worship at 11; Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Mrs. W. C. Green, superintendent; Y. P. S. C. E., at 6:45 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. At 7:30 evening service.

Parkplace Congregational—Rev. J. L. Jones pastor, residence Clackamas; Christian Endeavor Thursday evening 7:30; Sunday school 10. Emery French superintendent; preaching services each Sunday, alternating between 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; St. Paul's—Rev. C. W. Robinson, rector. Daily services: Morning prayer, 7 a. m.; Holy Eucharist, 7:30 a. m.; evening prayer, 7:30; Sunday services: Holy Eucharist 8 a. m.; morning prayer, 10:30; Holy Eucharist and sermon 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon at 7:30; Sunday school 12 m.; Thursday evenings, sermon at 7:30.

United Brethren—Corner Eighth and Taylor, Rev. L. F. Clarke pastor, residence, Portland; Sunday school 10 a. m., Frank Parker, Maple Lane, superintendent; morning service 11; Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m., evening service 7.

Willamette M. E.—No regular preaching services: Sunday school 2 p. m., Mrs. Reams, superintendent.

Zion Lutheran—Corner Jefferson and Eighth streets, Rev. W. R. Kraxberger pastor, residence 720 Jefferson; Sunday school 9:30 a. m., Rev. Kraxberger, superintendent; morning services 10:30; evening 7:45; Luther League 7 p. m.

West Oregon City School House—J. O. Staats will preach at 3 o'clock Sunday school conducted after sermon.

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