

**REFEREE WHITE PUTS DAMPER ON "FAKE" HOWLERS.**

Referee Charley White puts the damper on all the wise gentlemen who yell "fake" after every bout. "Years ago," says Charley, "I was invited to witness a grudge battle held in a cellar of a tenement house near Covert's Hook, in New York city. While the fellows fought water kept gradually flowing in until it reached their armpits. After fifty-two rounds one of the men slipped and sank. In about twenty seconds he came up bubbling and spitting about. That was when the referee got busy. "This bout is a fake," he shouted. "I declare it no contest." That referee left many descendants."

**HOW WELLS BECAME STAR.**

Michigan End Was Coached by Yast In Front of Cigar Store. The annual yast about the football players are now beginning to spring into print. About the best told of the western gridiron warriors is one on Stamford Wells, the star end of the Michigan eleven.

It was just a day or so before the Michigan team left Ann Arbor for Philadelphia to meet the Quakers on Franklin field last fall.

Two powerful looking men stood in front of Huston's billiard hall on State street, Ann Arbor, Mich., looking into



Photo by American Press Association. STAMFORD WELLS, MICHIGAN'S SPEEDY END.

each other's eyes. One was a tall, dark man. He was chewing a stogy, rolling it nervously from one corner of his mouth to the other as he talked. The other was a stocky, Auburn haired fellow.

Suddenly the man behind the stogy shot out at full length, grasped the other by the shoulders, pushed him backward and jerked him roughly from side to side. Several newboys stopped, looked on and wondered. Other people stopped to watch the peculiar actions of these two men.

Watching for an opening, the tall man doctored like a flash and resumed his shoulders against the stomach of the quiet, red haired man. Then, chewing his cigar harder, the dark gentleman backed slowly away, his hands on his knees. Still the red haired man stood mute, watching every move of the man opposite him.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered. Freshmen stood looking on with wonder in their eyes. Seniors slapped each other on the back and laughed. "You must use your hands on 'em this a-way," 'y know," drawled the tall, dark man, grabbing the other by the shoulders again. But by this time even the greenest freshman in the crowd of spectators knew that it was only Coach Fielding Harry Yost showing Stan Wells how to play right end on defense against the shifty attack.

**AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNEY.**

First of Five For Championships in New York to Be Held Nov. 27.

The first of the five big championship tournaments which the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players has mapped out for the winter will be the Chase National championship at 182 ballline. The tournament will be held in New York Nov. 27.

The matches will be 200 points, and all entrants must qualify at a grand average of between five and seven.

Swimming Compulsory at Princeton. Princeton university will make learning to swim compulsory this year.

Well Along in Years. Justice of the Peace—How old are you?

Illiterate Prisoner—I don't adackly know, squire, but I kin rec'lect when ev'rybody called India rubber "gum elastic."—Chicago Tribune.

The Difference. Little Willie—What's the difference between advice and a lecture, pa?

Pa—It's advice when you give it, my son, and a lecture when you receive it. —Chicago News.

**ARMY AND NAVY READY TO CLASH**

Football Warriors of West Point and Annapolis Meet Nov. 25.

**ELEVENS ARE EVENLY MATCHED**

After Victory Over Yale Soldiers Appeared to Outclass Middies, but Easy Schedule May Hurt Their Chances—Navy Men in Fine Fettle.

By TOMMY CLARK. Although the Army-Navy battle, which for many years has marked the closing of the football season, will be somewhat overshadowed this year by the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, Mass., there is widespread interest in the gridiron contest between the middies and cadets to be played on Franklin field, Philadelphia, Nov. 25. But don't think for a second that the Yale-Harvard battle on the same date will be more exciting or more bitterly contested than the one to be held in Quakertown.

The Army-Navy game is the most uncertain one of the year. It runs less true to form. At the present writing it is a tossup between the two elevens as to which will win.

West Point's victory over Yale recently earned it marked prominence on the football map, while the Navy's great game against the Princeton Tigers is still fresh in the minds of gridiron followers.

It is unfortunate that the Army after its 6 to 0 victory over Yale had



Photos by American Press Association. CAPTAINS OF ARMY AND NAVY ELEVEN AND STAR TACKLE OF WEST POINTERS.

not a game scheduled with the Harvard eleven. An Army-Harvard game would have furnished an excellent line on the respective chances of both teams.

After the Yale game the Army schedule read easy for the team on the banks of the Hudson. They needed another hard game before the one with the Navy.

But the Annapolis eleven, too, looked to have an easy schedule after the Princeton game. But the game with Penn State helped put the eleven on edge.

The two teams have met fifteen times during the past sixteen years, there being no battle in 1909. The Army men have won eight contests, while the Navy men have captured seven.

The probable lineup of the two elevens will be: Army, left end, Drake; left tackle, Devore; left guard, Arnold; center, Walmaley; right guard, Huston; right tackle, Littlejohn; right end, Gillespie; quarterback, Hyatt; right halfback, MacDonald; left halfback, Hodgson; fullback, Dean.

Navy, left end, Hamilton; left tackle, Brown; left guard, Whikeman; center, Weemas; right guard, Howe; right tackle, Redman; right end, Gilchrist; quarterback, Sewell; left halfback, Dalton; right halfback, McReavey; fullback, Rodes.

Malicious. Painter—Oh, nature is my best friend: The Girl—Is that the reason you slander her so?—Fliegende Blatter.

An African City. In many ways is Kano a wonderful place to find in central Africa.

This native city has great infolding walls, twelve miles in circumference, pierced by thirteen deep gateways, with platforms and guardhouses and massive doors heavily clamped with iron. Its written records date back nearly 800 years.

**Heart to Heart Talks.**

By EDWIN A. NYE.

**IN THOSE DAYS—**

In those days in our town, in front of nearly every house leading from the front gate to the front porch, was the sidewalk of bright red bricks.

Also of the same sort one switched off and went around to the side porch also, and thereby hangs this tale, there were—

Cracks between the bricks.

In these crevices luxuriantly grew grass and weeds, which grass and weeds were not highly esteemed by one's mother nor deemed to be particularly ornamental.

Therefore—woe.

Presented with an old case knife, you received general orders No. 1 to move on the works and extinguish and destroy the green stuff.

Well—

You yourself had held a growing admiration for the contrast afforded by the green of the vegetation with the red of the bricks. Privately you regretted that your mother's education in art had been so much neglected.

Well—

Maybe it was only a coincidence, but it usually happened when you were detailed to do grubbing duty on that very day an expedition to the river had been planned by the gang.

Opportune time for diplomacy! The willing workers of the gang were set to work with their jack-knives, and the others were entertain-

ed on the board walk outside the premises.

And meantime—

You hugged yourself because your folks had only a fifty foot lot. Many a fellow had been left in the lurch because the gang, rebellious, had drawn the line on an encroachment of 100 feet front by 200 feet deep.

Three cheers!

The walks are cleaned and swept, and the gang, whose was the bloody gonfalon, "The old gang dies, but never surrenders," was bickering to the old swimmin' hole.

Today I read an editorial scolding the "robber cement trust." No doubt the editorial was right; but, Mr. Editor—

Have you considered the fact in connection with the small boy of today that cement is cheaper than bricks?

And also the further important fact that weeds do not grow up through cement?

When Care is Advisable. "It took Branscomb six months to make up his mind concerning the kind of an automobile he would buy."

"Yes, and I understand that he had known his wife only two weeks before they were married."

"Well, buying an automobile is a serious thing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Gambling. Colonel (after severe lecture to a couple of men on the evils of gambling)—Seven days' confinement to barracks.

Sergeant Major—What shall I do with this furlough halfpenny which was picked up from the table, sir? Colonel—Give them twopence each and let them toss up for the odd halfpenny.—Pearson's Weekly.

**ENTERTAINMENT PLEASURES.**

The entertainment given at the Woodmen Hall Wednesday evening was a decided success, "and was well attended. Among the features was the excellent program and the banquet, which were followed by games. The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Fred A. Miller, Fred Blumens, Clarence Bruner, John Crawford, M. P. Chapman. The following program was rendered: Vocal solo, Miss Kathleen Harrison; piano solo, Violet Baullian; reading, Miss Elyadne Harrison; vocal solo, Mrs. John Crawford; address, Mr. Saldow; tenor solo, Mr. Harrison; piano solo, Mrs. Wolfe; vocal solo, Miss Marie Frederichs.

Accommodating. The Sickly One—Doc Gellers is all right. He put me through the insurance examination without a hitch. The Robust One—You bet he's all right. He gave me a certificate that got me off jury duty.—Life.

If you are not reading the Morning Enterprise, why not? Year-end Bargain Period is now on. See ad on back page.

**X. L. CLUB MEETS TODAY.**

Plan To Establish Playground Will Be Given Attention.

The X. L. Club of Gladstone, will meet at the Gladstone schoolhouse this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. This will be an important meeting, as the matter of a public playground at Gladstone is to be discussed. Miss Sharp, one of the teachers of the Gladstone school, will give a talk on this subject. One of the features will be a motion song by several of the children of the Gladstone school. There is no doubt that there will be many members of this organization in attendance.

**Read the Morning Enterprise.**

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.**

Canby Investment Company to O. H. Romans, 20 acres of sections 31, 32, township 3 south, range 1 east; \$1,800.

F. M. Pitter and Mary Pitter to Edward J. Paxton and Ardella M. Paxton, 3 acres Maywood; \$100.

Hattie B. Burchell to William Burchell, 25 acres of section 1, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$1.

R. F. Snyder and Lizzie Snyder to Harry and Minnie B. Lalbarre, land in section 2, township 4 south, range 5 east; \$10.

R. G. and Flore Wigle to H. A. Dry-

er, 15 acres of section 21, township 3 south, range 1 east \$500.

F. S. Baker to H. P. Brightbill, lots 7 and 8, block 2, Westlyn; \$200.

Charles S. Waggoner to Charles F. Cottrell, 1.75 acres of section 8, township 2 south, range 2 east; also 10 acres of Clackamas Park; also 2 acres of J. W. Potts, D. L. C.; \$1.

S. C. Fletcher et al to T. H. Brickley, 26 acres of section 32, township 4 south, range 4 east; \$1,200.

E. R. Case and wife to G. O. Ireland, land in Ezra Fisher D. L. C. township 2 south, range 2 east; \$1,200.

George R. and Hattie A. Going to August Dasing, land in Clackamas county \$1.

**NOT EXPENSIVE**

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.

**We Do Cure Rheumatism**



Hot Lake Mineral Baths and mud given under scientific direction have cured thousands. Write for illustrated booklet descriptive of Hot Lake Sanatorium and the methods employed. Hot Lake Sanatorium is accessible, as it is located directly on the main line of the O-W R. & N. railway, and special excursion rates are to be had at all times. Ask agents.

**HOT LAKE SANATORIUM**  
HOT LAKE, OREGON.  
WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.