

LECTURES HERE MONDAY EVENING

Ernest J. Sias, who has a national reputation as a lecturer will lecture in this city next Monday night on "The Lost Cases." The lecture will be the third of a series of the Leconte series, which has been guaranteed by twenty residents of the city. That it will be one of the most popular lectures ever given in this city goes without saying for Mr. Sias is a man who says things. Wherever he has appeared the newspapers have been busy in their praise. Mr. Sias is always working, reading and studying. He carries a small bag with him on the train. He was for two years manager of the Western Lyceum Circuit of the Redpath-Central in the West. He is in the lyceum to help build it, and anticipates every step of progress. His advertising matter shows this—his five-color lithographs, press-sheets, newspaper hit-tomes, and his personal letter in advance to every committeeman telling him how to best advertise his lecture.



ERNEST J. SIAS.

You feel that here is a man on the elevator. And very soon you discover—at the first postoffice—that there is a lady known as Mrs. Sias, another student and lyceum enthusiast, and a power behind the throne. Incidentally, it is becoming known that material property has smiled very properly on Mr. and Mrs. Sias. They have just moved into their new ten-room brick residence in Lincoln, Neb., and there is a 220-acre wheat farm in South Dakota, under the same control.

These items explain why he is becoming a big man and why he is going back the third and fourth time to towns, though they have to pay more for him each time.

CHICKEN IS OFFERED POOR THANKSGIVING

The management of the Oregon Commission Company announced Monday that the company would give one large chicken, a sack of potatoes and a sack of flour to all deserving families in need for Thanksgiving. The company has had a prosperous year, and desires to show its appreciation and thankfulness by aiding worthy and unfortunate families on Thanksgiving Day. Names of those deserving the Thanksgiving offering may be sent to the Commission Company or to the Morning Enterprise. The manager of the company, after making the announcement that poor families would be aided, said: "We have had the past year and we desire to show our appreciation by helping those in need on Thanksgiving."

MAN HURT AS STREET CAR RUNS OFF TRACK

James Elliott, was caught between a streetcar and a pile of wood Monday morning near the mill of the Hawley Pulp & Paper Company and severely injured. He was attended by Dr. Meissner and later taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland. He was injured internally and two of his ribs were fractured. Elliott was in the act of boarding the car when it ran off the track. Dr. Meissner said he would recover.

UNITED STATES HAS 4 CARDINALS

"In pectore," or secret, not to be published until a later consistory, was made today when the college of cardinals gathered in Rome obeying a summons from Pope Pius X to confirm the nominations of eighteen new members. Of those thus honored, three are citizens of the United States—Monseignor John M. Farley, archbishop of New York; Monseignor William O'Connell, archbishop of Boston; and Monseignor Diomedes Falconio, apostolic delegate at Washington. Thus with Cardinal Gibbons, America will have now, for the first time, a representation of four cardinals, which probably, such as now constituted, will elect a successor to the reigning Pontiff. As he entered the hall of the consistory where today's ceremony took place the Pope's step was less sure and the careworn face of his holiness bore signs of his recent illness. Nevertheless he withstood the fatigue of the long and trying ordeal bravely. In accordance with ecclesiastical law, a public consistory must be held three days after the private gathering when the new cardinals, with the exception of those from Spain and Austria, will receive their red hats. The Spanish and Austrian prelates, as is provided in the concordat with those countries, must receive the biretta first from the hands of their temporal sovereigns. The public consistory will be held on Thursday in the Hall of the Beatification instead of in the Sala Regia, as at first planned. The former hall is much the larger and was decided on today because of the many applications for admittance.

LAJOIE TELLS OF HIS HARDEST HIT

When He Put Force Behind Swing It Didn't Count.

BRICK WALL WAS THE FIELDER

Larry Thought It Was a Sure Home, but Was Unexpectedly Tagged Out by Second Sacker, Who Had Received Ball on Rebound From Wall.

"I have, of course, made quite a few long hits and hard hits in my time," said Larry Lajoie, the veteran infielder of the Cleveland Americans, the other day. "Some of them went a good deal farther than others, and some of them were smashed with a good deal more vigor than the rest, all depending largely, of course, upon the way the bat met the leather.

"I have a keen and painful recollection, however, of what I think was the hardest hit I ever made. The recollection is especially keen and extremely



Photo by American Press Association. LARRY LAJOIE, CLEVELAND'S GREAT BATTER AND INFIELDER.

painful because I wasted so much energy on the blamed thing and because the best I got was the hit-whaw. "It was way back in the days when I was on the old Philadelphia team, which, as you will remember, was some aggregation of swatsmiths. Although I was rather new to the big league in those days, I seemed to fit in with that bunch all-right and was hitting along with the rest of the tribe. "In those days the right field fence in Philadelphia was close, and the fielders used to play to take them on the bound as they came back from the fence. In one game, if I remember rightly, three men were thrown out at first on what should have been the safest kind of hits. But that is another story.

"The afternoon I made my great hit was one of good, husky batting. Life was miserable for all the pitchers and especially for our performers. When the last half of the ninth arrived we were to the bad something like 9 to 7. There were a hit, an out, a base on balls and a pop fly. I came up, with men on first and second, two gone and the chance to tie or win before me.

"The ball came over blazing hot. I grazed it, and that was all. The next one must have been intended simply as a teaser, for it drifted over so slow and easy that a baby could have hit it with a wire. I thought the hurler never meant to get it near the pan, but was playing wide to get a possible fall out of the runner, who was leading off second. Anyhow, it came over the size of a balloon. "Oh, joy," said I, and I leaped the bat against that ball with all my weight and muscle.

"To the best of my recollection I never before or since hit a ball so hard as that one. I could almost feel the leather being driven into the core of the yarn and rubber by the force of that tremendous drive, and the sting ran up the bat. The ball went out, not whizzing, not sailing, but faster, more ferociously speedy than anything I ever laid the wood against in all my life.

"There was a glad roar from the multitude, and I went down to first, beat for a home run, while two men few along ahead of me. Round first I went and steamed for the middle corner. Suddenly a man rose up in my tracks and stuck the ball into my disphragm—it was the third out, and the game was over.

"How and whyfore? Only this: I had hit the ball so fearfully hard that it rebounded back from the right field wall like a snapped piece of rubber band. It shot straight back all the way to the diamond and leaped right into the second baseman's hands for a sure trap and the last one of the afternoon. And that is the story of the hardest hit I ever hit. Do you wonder that the memory gives me a pain?"

Our First Ironworkers. Workmen skilled in making iron arrived in Virginia from England in 1621.

An Ancient Work on Angling. The greatest work of antiquity on angling is the "Halieuticæ" of Oppian, a Greek poet who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to ancients. We also learn from Athens that several other writers had written on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.

Strange Industries in China. In Tientsin our correspondent saw some strange industries. One was the keeping of large stags, as big as a fair sized horse, reared for the sake of their horns, which are cut off every summer and sold for as much as \$35 gold for use as medicine. The horn is soft, and the softer it is when removed the higher the price realized. The other was the raising of the machi, a sort of large pheasant, the tail feathers of which are very valuable, as they are needed for the dress hats of mandarins. Timber is very plentiful in this district and is sent away by raft to all parts—North China News.

THE BRONZE TEAPOT

A Weird Story of the East

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A week after the tourist ship Neptune had sailed south from Constantinople, stopping here and there along the way to permit her passengers a day's sightseeing among ancient ruins or to revel in the day-life and bright color of eastern ports, she touched in her leisurely manner at Beirut, in Syria.

The passengers spent a day ashore, each one choosing his own route for sightseeing and exploration. They met at dinner on board the steamer after she had resumed her voyage, and there was much talk and laughter over the incidents of the day.

Tonight they were all keen to hear of any new adventures, and Alexander Felton had suggestively spread the "carpet of truth" on the deck in the midst of the chairs.

"I am a modest man," announced Professor Traje amiably, "but tonight I must rush in and tell my story, for the denouement must come as soon as I have concluded. I cannot wait any longer; therefore I will sit down. All opposed will say 'no.'"

"When Madeline related her story of the filigree bracelet, she referred to an adventure of mine connected with a certain bronze teapot. I was going to tell you this story some evening, but it was an unfinished story, and, while interesting from one point of view, there was a baffling mystery about it. That mystery was partly disclosed today while I was in Beirut and may, perhaps, be revealed to all of us when I have finished my story." He paused for breath and to extract from an inner pocket of his coat a square package, which he proceeded to unfasten.

"I feel as though I belonged in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments," said



SUGGESTING THE FORM OF AN ANCIENT CHINESE WARRIOR.

Mrs. Hanford as her husband adjusted her rug. "That bronze teapot might have belonged to Badoura, princess of China."

It passed from hand to hand for examination until once more the professor held it thoughtfully in his palm. The little bronze teapot was perfectly round in shape, with a tiny spout formed by the mouth of a little raised dragon that wound itself around so that its tail was looped for a handle. The cover was small and flat and apparently tight fitting. The whole thing was light in weight.

"Is it empty?" inquired Miss Gray, with interest.

"That remains to be seen," returned the professor. "I found that teapot in the streets of Canton, China, three years ago, and ever since then I have been trying to find out what it is used for. Today I discovered by the merest accident."

"It's just a curio, I suppose," ventured Mrs. Hanford. "Those things are merely made for ornaments."

"Possibly, but tradition says otherwise. I found the teapot, and my first impulse was to store it away among my other curios, but later in the day I happened to be talking to a Chinese friend, and I showed him the teapot and asked him if it was a charm of any sort. If you ever saw a frightened Celestial you can imagine how my friend appeared. His hands trembled violently as he backed away from me, carefully avoiding all contact with the thing.

"The only explanation I could get from him was that it was accursed and that I could not get any man in China to touch it or tell me of the curse that hung over it.

"I felt sure that the curse of the little bronze teapot might not affect all men as it did him, and I was positive that it could exercise no evil influence over a foreigner. So I have kept it, hoping from time to time to find somebody who knew its history. I asked every man I could come across in China about it and soon wearied of

the repetition of my own interview. Each one, prince, mandarin, petty official, merchant or coolie, exhibited the same, to me, unreasoning fear of the little toy.

"Today in Beirut I was attracted to a little shop tucked away in the bazaar—one of those hole-in-the-wall affairs—where a big sleepy old Chinaman nodded over a tray full of ivory carvings. Among so many Syrians he was conspicuous, and I sauntered up to him and addressed him in a well known Chinese dialect—that of Canton.

"Instantly he was alert and smiling at me. We talked a little, and I purchased one or two articles, and all at once it occurred to me that he might inform me about my bronze teapot. So once more I unwrapped it and displayed it to him, and again I saw a repetition of the terror of the men who had viewed it in China.

"You know this?" I asked him in the dialect.

"He nodded speechlessly, his flabby cheeks white and trembling and his little beady eyes fixed upon it.

"Then I told him where I had found it and how I could not discover anything about it. That I had not tried to open it, for the cover seemed secured by some aromatic gum or wax and that I felt a certain amount of deference to the mystery that encompassed the simple little toy—you know that I have been much in the far east, and there is much to reverence there.

"After some persuasion he told me the history of the teapot, after first receiving my assurance that I would open it only at sea when the ship was safely away from Beirut. His wishes I shall respect. He told me that he himself had once had the teapot in his possession, and the string of ill luck and curses it brought upon his innocent household had induced him to toss it away in the fifth of a Canton street to be picked up by some other unfortunated person. He had been in Beirut for several years, and he and his family had exiled themselves, so fearful were they of again coming into possession of this evil charm.

"It seems, good people, that once upon a time, long before the Ming dynasty, there was a very wicked prince of China—you were not so very far out of the way, Mrs. Hanford—whose subjects murdered him one dark night, buried his body and put part of his ashes into this little teapot, sealed it up and tossed it into a swift flowing river. The remainder of the ashes were distributed to the four winds of heaven. The story goes that the four winds took pity on the vanquished and dead prince and so gathered his ashes together in some spot where they await the coming of the remainder. The bronze teapot was washed ashore and time and again down through the centuries has been thrown into the sea, only to be caught up in a fisherman's net or to be tossed ashore with the incoming tide. They say that the soul of the prince is imprisoned herein with his ashes." The professor paused suggestively, and Mr. Hanford broke the silence that had fallen upon the interested group.

"You are going to release the soul now—is that what we are to understand, professor?"

"I'm going to open the bronze teapot and see what happens," amended Professor Traje, slowly rising to his tall height, "and as many of you as care to are invited to witness the demonstration of ancient oriental superstition and can draw your own conclusions concerning its basis of truth."

They all eagerly announced an intention to remain, and so it was with keen interest that they watched the professor's preparations. They followed him to an untenanted part of the deck near the rail, and without a word Felton spread the "carpet of truth."

"It might contain an explosive of some sort. You might ruin the carpet," protested Miss Gray.

Professor Traje and Alexander Felton exchanged a look, and the younger man answered: "I'm not afraid. I know my east, and a royal carpet is a fitting place for the reincarnation of a princely soul."

They stood around the rug at a respectful distance, the ladies holding their hands to their ears, as if expecting the prince to emerge from his close confinement with an explosive greeting.

Professor Traje knelt down and with his penknife carefully removed a wax stopper from the spout of the teapot. Then he left the toy on the rug and stood aloof with the others.

Immediately there curled from the tiny spout, which they could barely see in the moonlight, a thin streamer of vapor or smoke. It grew in volume, shimmering with gold and green and scarlet and yellow. Then it ceased to come and for an instant held itself, suggesting the form of an ancient Chinese warrior, brave in his uniform, with a golden sword, before it turned to a glittering shower of gray ashes that drifted away over the rail and disappeared in the moonlight.

The seven passengers gasped incredulously. "What did we see?" demanded Arthur Clayton excitedly, and the others crowded around the professor, who smiled quietly.

"Any one of you can explain it as readily as I can myself," he said with a sincerity they could not question. He stooped down and lifting the little teapot, pried up the cover and, lighting a match, looked inside. "Empty," he said conclusively, passing it around.

When it came to his daughter she poked an inquisitive white finger inside. "What is this, father?"

And the object she held up proved to be an exquisitely cut ruby of large size and flawless color.

This was the reward of the man who released the ashes of the murdered prince of China.

The famous Maelstrom whirlpool, off the coast of Norway, is four geographical miles in diameter.

FIGHTING EVIL

The most truly religious thing that a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies and back to pure, manlike elements of his nature, which are the ineffaceable traces of the divine workmanship and alone really worth fighting for.—Weiss.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

URGES U. S. IN BUILDING ROADS

(Continued from page 1.)

In a recent magazine we find the following: "The civic bodies throughout Alaska are making an united effort to secure larger appropriations from the national government for road work."

If in Alaska why not here in Oregon?

She is not able, without United States government aid, to build them as rapidly as needed.

The United States has a constitutional right to aid the building of them.

It is right and fair, especially to the farmers, that it should give such aid, and it is practicable.

A long argument could be made to show and many illustrations could be made, but surely every man must see it.

We have a few good roads and the highway tax will get more, but not enough.

More than nine-tenths of the commerce of the state is first carried over the roads that we have, at an immense loss of time and money to the farmer.

The ability to travel quickly and easily is due the farmer as much as it is the shipowner and the merchant that the government deepens the rivers, blasts out immense rocks and builds breakwaters for.

The state can not build these roads as it would bankrupt her. Some of the counties are trying it but they are piling up debts upon which interest must be paid yearly and the principal has to be met some day. The great majority of the counties are too poor to raise the money.

Little by little something may be done by taxation and the use of the pass before anything substantial can be accomplished.

If federal aid to the extent of one-half could be secured the work could be done twice as fast.

And why not?

Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun and others advocated the building of roads by the United States government.

They knew and declared that the government has the constitutional right to do so.

Almost all wealth comes originally from the soil and the farmer of all others digs it out and distributes it among mankind.

Bad roads take from him a large proportion of his reward.

The farmer produces billions of products, yet the United States government is making no direct appropriation for the benefit of their products.

It has given millions of acres of land to railroads, that sell these lands at any price they wish.

Appropriates other millions for the construction in towns and cities of

TO GIVE GRAND BALL

A grand ball will be given at the Bush ball on Thanksgiving eve. The young men having charge of the ball will engage home musicians. All the latest selections will be given.

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

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Paris I. and Lizzie Packard to John Carlson lots 4, 6, 8, block 1, Robertson; \$450.

W. A. and Ida V. Alcorn to John D. and Thomas Glider, lots 12, 13, block 5, Brightwood; \$10.

Henry Gans to Rosa and Lillian Gans, land in Clackamas county; \$10.

Paul C. and Joran C. Gills to O. Syster, land in Clackamas county; \$10.

REV. HAYWORTH TO LEAVE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

(Continued from page 1.)

I love the members, some of whom have lost interest in Christian work under my ministry that I regret, in the hope that a new pastor can lead the indifferent backslider back to a renewal of his Christian living."

SCHOOLEY SUED FOR STOCK SUBSCRIPTION

The Clackamas Southern Railway Company Monday, through Attorneys O. D. Eby and G. B. Dimick, filed suit against W. F. Schooley for \$112.50 alleged to be due on stock subscriptions in the plaintiff company. It is charged that Mr. Schooley subscribed for three shares of stock at \$50 each and that he has not paid any of the money. The first payment, according to officers of the company, was due when \$10,000 of the capital stock had been received, the second when the first mile of the road had been graded the next when three miles had been graded and the last one when six miles had been graded.

F. L. Oswald Candidate. F. L. Oswald, of Gladstone, has headed the request of friends to enter the race for councilman for a one-year term at the coming city election to be held December 4.

TEACHERS HOLD INSTITUTE.

About seventy-five teachers attended the institute at Milwaukie Saturday. Addresses were made by prominent educators, and the institute was pronounced one of the most successful ever held in this county. Dinner was served by the Mothers' and Teachers' Club.

The Domestic Vacuum Cleaner

The most remarkable invention ever achieved in the line of vacuum cleaners. It is operated by one person with the same ease as the ordinary carpet sweeper, but with results equal to any electric cleaner.

PRICE \$50. For demonstration please call on MILLER, 216 Seventh street.

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