

MURRAY TELLS YARN ON BALTIMORE PLAYERS

John McGraw may be a regular bear for growling on the diamond, but in the hotel lobby he's a rare entertainer. He recently spun some yarns of the old days in Baltimore, from which the following one is selected, just as told by the "Little Napoleon."

CRAIG WANTS OLYMPIC BERTH

Michigan's Great Athlete Has Started Conditioning in His Specialties. Unless he changes his mind it is practically certain that Ralph Craig of Detroit, one of the greatest track athletes that Michigan ever has pro-



Photo by American Press Association. RALPH CRAIG WINNING 220 YARD RUN AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES.

duced and considered one of the greatest sprinters in the world, will enter the contest for place on the American Olympic track team. When Craig left college last fall it was farthest from his thoughts that he would be in a position to try for the team.

He is at the present time working hard to get back into the form he showed last year when he was a member of the University of Michigan team, and there seems little doubt that he will be able to "come back."

There is no doubt that if he does succeed in getting into shape he will make the team in a week, as the way he tore down the lane at Cambridge last spring showed that he has the stuff that will be needed to fight for the stars and stripes.

At the intercollegiate games in Cambridge, Mass., last spring, he equaled the intercollegiate record in the century dash and then in the same afternoon tore in ahead of the field in the 220 yard dash in time that equaled the world's record.

Craig never seemed to exert himself, and several times in the 220 yard run he would seem to slow up at the end, and even then he would tear off the distance in time that would show he was burning up the clinders. He twice equaled the world's record in this event.

Reilly a Three Sport Man. Jim Reilly, the Yale athlete and powerful defensive halfback, is a three sport man. Football, baseball and basketball are his specialties. He is captain of the basketball team.

Recovered. Brown-I met White a few minutes ago on his way downtown to recover his son's body. Green-You don't tell me! Was his son drowned? Brown-Oh, no! But his father said he needed a new suit of clothes.

A THREAT TO ABDUCT

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

Abraham Scott, who was, of course, called Abe by all who called him anything, had reached the age of twenty-five before he fell in love. He had been a farmer's hired man for years and years, and it had come to that point where he was spoken of as an old bachelor and a man whom Cupid could never lead astray.

"Abe, you must have eaten five or six peck and beans today, and it tired you out to lug them around." That evening the hired man did something that astonished the farmer family beyond measure. He dressed up in his best and set off down the road and did not return until midnight. At the breakfast table next morning he tried to pick it out of him, but he was blushing silent. He wouldn't have told for three months' wages, and yet he had only gone on a scout. He had walked just the widow's farm and felt guilty as he did so. On the next evening he did the same thing, but felt bolder. On the third evening he got up the courage to call and ask for a drink of water. The widow fetched the dipper with her own hands and passed a few remarks, and Abe went home feeling what love was. He realized that he was struck on the widow, and yet he felt that she was so far above him that he would never dare approach the subject of matrimony. He said this to the corn sheller agent when he came along, and the man replied:

"I didn't figure that you would do any courting in the ordinary way, but that romance would help you out."

"I guess I'll give it up," said Abe in despair. "And I guess you won't! I've set out to do a good thing for you, and I'm going to put it through. Now, then, get down here in this fence corner in the shade and let me talk to you like a Dutch uncle."

That talk lasted an hour. Fortunately for Abe, the farmer was away from home that day, otherwise he would have been down to see if his hired man was asleep. Abe's behavior the rest of the day set the good wife to wondering if he was losing his mind. He was very silent, but she saw on his face a look she had never noticed there before—a look of grim determination. She wondered if he was going to do or die. He didn't leave the house that evening, but the next morning he announced that he was going to the village, two miles beyond the widow's farm. No explanation whatever. He just put on his Sunday best and started off. He was going to call on the widow, not only in broad daylight, but in the forenoon. His knees were weak and his heart thumping, but he forced himself forward. At the gate he gave a gasp, but his legs took him to the side porch, where the woman sat peeling potatoes for the 12 o'clock meal. She recognized him as the man she had served with water, but had not spoken yet when Abe stood before her with uncovered head and said:

"Widow Rodney, I'm Abe Scott, hired man for Farmer Taylor. I'm worth \$100 and a bustler to work. I'm in love with you and want you for a wife. I can play on the fiddle, play checkers, and I don't snore. If you don't say yes I'll abduct you and imprison you in a cave until I break your haughty spirit. Answer me yes or no and at once, for I am a man not to be trifled with."

The widow heard him through and then laughed so heartily that some of the potatoes rolled out of the pan. Abe stood for a moment with a very red face and then turned and walked for the gate. He had almost reached it when the woman called:

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AND "IT" MAY UNITE

SALEM, Or., Dec. 28.—That the move to initiate a bill for the consolidation of the University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College has received a decided impetus as the result of the recent opinion of Judge Galloway in the University of Oregon referendum cases, was the declaration made by W. S. U'Ren, of Oregon City, today.

"I am taking no personal interest in this move myself," he said, "because I have other troubles of my own. But I am satisfied that the recent opinion gave the move a big impetus and I am also satisfied that such a measure will go on the ballot."

Only a Voter. "What are your politics?" "I haven't any. I'm only a voter."—Smart Set.

DORA'S RESOLUTIONS.

A New Year's Story For the Children.

WISH you happy New Year! called Dora from her pillow to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing table brushing her curls. "What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions."

"Fred is such a cry baby!" returned Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Two mamma I am coming right away." And she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining room just as mamma and sister set the breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed very happy as all gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS OF DORA BECKINGHAM PRESCOTT. I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast. I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it. I will dress Freddie every morning. I will take my turn at washing the dishes even though I like better to wipe them. I will dust the parlor every day and not leave it for Agnes. I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week. I will take care of my bird every morning. I will amuse Freddie and not be cross to him once this year. I will sew on my buttons without being told. I will not let Agnes do my share of the work just because she is darning. I will always be pleasant to everybody.

"Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?" "All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a tinge of superiority in it. "But I meant to come and wipe them," said Dora, with a dash. "Never mind," said Agnes. "I knew you were busy."



AGNES WASHES DISHES.

order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But, to her surprise, the parlor and sitting room were dusted. Dick was sitting fresh and with great relish, and it was 10 o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!

After making baby Fred happy with a big black horse Dora slipped upstairs and brought down her paper of "New Year's Resolutions" and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

"I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as Aggie does, and do everything I see that needs to be done and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!"—Youth's Companion.

MONTREAL'S BREAD LAW.

A law compels the bakers in Montreal to stamp on each loaf its weight and their initials.

AUTO TRIP TO CAPITAL OF MEXICO PLANNED

Warned by the Japan current and the temperate trade winds of the Pacific the far West knows no automobile "season" such as Easterners prepare for dismantling their machines, coating the engine's interiors with grease and hooding the body with canvas. The most that any motorist of the Pacific Slope acknowledges winter's approach is perhaps to add a pint or so of alcohol to the water in his radiator. But, except in Southern California, it must be admitted that this season of the year sees much less touring than in summer. Even a motorist cannot be forever away from his business, and besides, if one is always touring, when shall he have time to develop his photos and plan new routes. Hence the winter lull.

Just now one of the chief topics of discussion in the automobile clubs is the Pacific Highway Association's proposed run from San Diego to the City of Mexico for a gold trophy. This run was announced some time ago; but the announcement came too late in the season to allow the trip to be made. At that time, too Mexico was in the throes of revolution, which would have made it decidedly unpleasant for the driver, who ventured across her borders.

The rules of the tour are much the same as for the Pacific Highway's Haselet run won by P. E. Sands. One clause, however, forbids contestants driving more than thirty miles north of the boundary after leaving San Diego. Roads in the Latin republic are said to be in very fair shape; and the avowed policy of President Francisco Madero is for highway improvement, active steps having been taken to this end.

After crossing the border at Tia Juana, the route would likely run through the provinces of Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, Aguas Calientes, Jalisco, Guanajuato, and Queretaro to Mexico City. It is more than two thousand miles long.

WOMAN'S CLUB LAUDS CHIEF OF POLICE SHAW

The Woman's Club held its regular meeting Thursday in the Commercial Club parlors, with Mrs. David Canfield, the president, in the chair. Miss Stone, a trained nurse, gave an interesting and instructive talk on "Children, their Care and Health," which was greatly appreciated by all present. A general discussion followed, in which many valuable suggestions were made.

A MESSAGE TO YOU

You know that every advertisement in this paper is a direct message to you. Each merchant that advertises has something he wishes to bring to your notice. If he did not know that he had an article that would meet with your approval he would not advertise.

BECAUSE

the man that advertises the most is the man that will have his goods under the critical eye of the most people.

Thus, advertisers must be most vigilant in the selection of their goods, and keep them to such a standard as to give the buyer absolute satisfaction.

Every merchant in the city knows this to be a fact, and if he is successful he must follow this rule.

The moral is very plain that you are safe in dealing with those that advertise in the

Oregon City Enterprise

OREGON CITY AND HOLLADAY MAY HAVE ANOTHER GAME

It all depends upon the outcome of the game between the McLoughlin footballists and Holladay next Sunday at Portland whether the latter bunch will be given a chance to meet the Oregon City pigskin handlers, champions of Willamette Valley. The O. C. boys are ready and willing to meet the Holladay boys, but as they have trounced McLoughlin they see no reason why they should be the ones to say "come on." Oregon City has not been scored against during the entire season and for the nine games played Oregon City has 167 points against one great big zero for their opponents.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

The following is a list of unclaimed letters at the Oregon City postoffice for the week ending December 29, 1911:

Woman's List—Hastler, Mrs. Anna; Jones, Mrs. Granville; Lockwood, Mrs. I. F.; Richardson, Mrs. Martha; Shaw, Alice; George Bohner Music Company.

Men's List—Cast, George; Colosky, Joseph; Cross, J. E.; Kelly, I. J.; Mr. Madsen; Meeker, Earl; O'Brien, Mike; Stewart, John H.

WILLAMETTE CLUB TO GIVE DANCE NEW YEARS

Arrangements are being made by the committee of the Willamette Dancing Club for the party to be given at Busch's hall next Monday evening (New Year's Night), and from all indications it will be one of the social events of the season. An orchestra of ten pieces has been obtained. The hall is to be elaborately decorated. Among the features of the evening will be several dances, the ladies of whom will select their partners, as 1912 is leap year. The committee having charge of the affair is composed of M. D. Latourrette, Dr. Clyde Mount and Harry B. Draper.

SHERIFF HAS XMAS GIFTS THAT WERE LOST

There is no doubt but there are some disappointed in not receiving a Christmas present at the home of the Behrader brothers near the city, for when the men had finished their shopping last Saturday they had their presents placed in two boxes and through an oversight placed the boxes in the wrong wagon. The proprietor of the stable, Mr. Stone, not caring to have any trouble, insured them for their loss. F. E. Mueller, who is one of his customers' farmers, found to his surprise when he had reached home the boxes contained the articles, and brought them to Mr. Stone Friday morning. They had been placed by the Behrader brothers in the Mueller wagon. The articles have been turned over to Deputy Sheriff Staats, but it is up to the Behrader brothers to pay the \$1.66, the amount paid by Mr. Stone, before they can take them.

Hotel Arrivals.

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel:

C. D. Saxton, Portland; A. L. Brink and wife, William Rodgers, Portland; Fred Behrader, Molalla; Trullinger, Molalla; W. M. E. Mullins; A. Hittelman, Aurora; H. Fisher, J. C. Green, City; G. H. Oriswell, city; Charles Fryer, Walla Walla; Tony Fryer, Walla Walla; S. Fries, city; A. J. Sams, Moscow, Ore.; H. G. Lane, Portland; F. W. Wright, Molalla.

Volunteers.

Johnny—Johnny, what is velocity? Johnny—Johnny, what is velocity? What you let go of a snap with!