

MORNING ENTERPRISE OREGON CITY, OREGON

E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher.

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CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

THE MORNING ENTERPRISE is on sale at the following stores every day: Huntley Bros.—Drugs, Main Street; J. W. McNulty—Cigars, Seventh and Main; E. B. Anderson, Main near Sixth; M. E. Dunn—Confectionery, Next door to P. O.; City Drug Store, Electric Hotel; Schoenborn—Confectionery, Seventh and J. Q. Adams.

Jan. 31 in American History.

1752—Governor Morris, statesman in the Revolution, born; died 1816. 1830—Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, statesman and presidential candidate, born; died 1893. 1895—Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, noted jurist, died; born 1816.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 5:16, rises 7:10; moon sets 6:30 a. m.

RED CROSS IN CIVIL WAR.

The failure of the framers of the Treaty of Geneva to provide a method by which the Red Cross may help lessen the horrors of Civil War is probably the most important subject to be discussed at the ninth international conference of the Red Cross to be held in Washington next May. Two governments signatory to the treaty are bound, when at war, to respect the Red Cross flag. There is no such requirement in cases of civil conflict. The Red Cross, during the Medero revolution in Mexico offered its services to the Mexican government, but the offer could not be accepted and the work of the organization was confined to caring for sick and wounded soldiers who were brought across the border. The revolution in China has developed even more serious conditions. Official reports show that many unauthorized organizations are using the emblem in the hope of protecting the lives and property of their members. The organization has no standing in China, hence the hope is a vain one. Representatives of forty or more countries at the Washington conference will endeavor to insure recognition of the Red Cross in Civil War to overcome this situation.

FINANCIAL OLIGARCHY.

Senator John W. Kern, who once upon a time achieved fame through an unsuccessful candidacy for vice-president, and who later attracted the spotlight by giving "two fingers" as the size of a proper drink of whiskey, is again courting the spot by saying that 100 men control the money of this country. A New York lawyer who has grown wealthy by harassing big corporations with civil suits, says a dozen men are in control. Another self-constituted authority places the number at six, and the saffron-hued publications say J. P. Morgan is absolute master. One hundred men, or six men, or

Mr. Morgan, may at some particular time exercise a powerful influence in the financial world. But that is not the whole country. Only demagogues who lose their perspective think or pretend to think it is. The yearly increase in the development and production of our natural resources make it impossible that we should ever be confronted with a financial oligarchy.

This side of the Mississippi and even the Great Lakes, wall street is looked upon as a small field in our national life by intelligent thinking people.

TO REFRESH RECOLLECTION.

Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, who has been maintaining a discreet silence since the launching of his presidential boom, breaks the stillness long enough to give himself a boost that would be a good one, if he could get away with it.

Governor Harmon was attorney-general in the cabinet of President Cleveland, and as such prosecuted the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company, one of the earliest cases under the Sherman anti-trust law. The governor points with pride to his conduct of that suit.

But the governor fails to mention the fact that the decision of the circuit court of appeals in that case, holding the Sherman law enforceable against any and every combination in restraint of interstate commerce, was written by Judge William H. Taft. Just to refresh the governor's recollection it might not be amiss to allude to the fact.

In the matter of fireproof buildings you never can tell.

Amy Hartbaster lives in Denver. There's a name brimful of leap year possibilities.

Mr. Carnegie says he is not a newspaper reporter. He proved it when he appeared as a witness before the Stanley committee.

You will note that Mr. Rockefeller did not start wearing a paper vest until after Mr. Carnegie had told her he had put it all over him in that ore deal.

"Use your aunt well," is Miss Laura Jean's advice to the girls. Admonishing the boys to use their aunt well, Miss Laura considered wholly unnecessary.

The New Year's resolutions have gone the way of little Willie's drum.

Compromise generally means getting the best of the settlement.

France changes her cabinet as easily as some people change their minds.

Rival ministers of Great Falls, Mont., are offering the people of that place free funerals. The temptation is too grave for most people to accept.

"WEST SIDE PEDRO CLUB" ORGANIZED

"The West Side Pedro Club" is the name of a card club recently organized on the West Side by residents of that place. A meeting was held Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Winkle. The evening was devoted to pedro, and a most enjoyable time was had, the prizes being won by the following: Woman's prize, Mrs. Carl Buse; man's prize, William Schwartz; consolation prizes, William Rakek and Mrs. Minnie Schwartz. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Buse Saturday

Canal Free From Toll Would Increase Trade



Would Pay For Cost of Construction In Short Time

If the United States would experience the largest benefits possible to its foreign commerce from the Panama canal it will make this interoceanic WATERWAY AS FREE TO THE SHIPS OF ALL NATIONS WHICH IT WILL CONNECT. The only valid reasons for charging tolls are, first, to pay the cost of operation, maintenance and interest on investment, and, second, to protect the transcontinental railroads

from the COMPETITION of a free canal. If, then, corresponding and compensating advantages in each case will result from a free canal it should be made FREE. The increase of the trade of the United States through a free canal will be so much greater than that through a toll canal that this increase in the first year would EQUAL THE REVENUE FROM TOLLS FOR FIVE YEARS, while in ten years the increase resulting from a free canal over that of a toll canal would pay nearly twice over the original cost of the canal, or fifty times the cost of annual operation.

ILLUSTRATED TALK TO BE GIVEN FOR SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts and Saturday Club have arranged an entertainment of unusual attractiveness for tomorrow evening at the Congregational church. A travel lecture by John P. Clum, illustrated by colored views and moving pictures of scenes all the way from Spokane to Santa Catalina Island will be given at 8 o'clock. There will be films showing the march of the Mission workers at Santa Barbara, a Yosemite Camp Fire, Feeding 100,000 pigeons, a regiment of Ostriches, honoring the sailor dead, "A Fairy Isle on a Summer Sea," and many other of the scenic wonders and historic places of the Pacific Coast. The machine to be used is one of the best made. Those who have seen these pictures are enthusiastic in their praise of their excellence and interest. An audience of 6,000 attended the lecture in the Gypsy Smith tabernacle in Tacoma recently. The entire proceeds are for the Saturday Club of the Scouts.

REV. EDWARDS AND WIFE ENTERTAINED

The parlors of the Congregational church never looked more attractive than they did Tuesday night, when over 150 members of the church and congregation gathered to welcome Rev. G. N. Edwards, the new pastor, and his wife.

Mrs. Robert Wilson and Miss Jean White had transformed the rooms by the liberal and artistic employment of evergreens, pussywillows, and potted plants, with here and there bunches of white carnations, while Mrs. J. M. Mark, Mrs. J. W. Cole, and Mrs. H. C. Stevens attended to the refreshment needs of the guests.

The program was sufficiently informal not to detract from the homelike cheerfulness of the evening. Miss Louise Walker played two piano numbers in brilliant style; Mrs. John Crawford, and Mr. H. J. Robinson, both members of the choir, sang songs, which were heartily enjoyed, and Master Sammy McLarty recited. Addresses of welcome were made by Rev. E. S. Bollinger, of Highland Congregational church, Portland, and formerly of this city; Rev. Dr. Ford of the local Methodist church; C. T. Avison, C. S. Noble, E. P. Carter, and Rev. R. N. Smith, Congregationalist missionary. Mr. Edwards responded on behalf of himself and wife, expressing his deep appreciation of the warmth of the welcome that had been extended to him by all classes of the community, and especially the members of his church, and pledging himself to the limit of his strength and ability in behalf of his charge. Mr. Edwards is not merely a college man, he is a scholar in the fullest meaning of the word, a man of ideas and of a broad sympathetic understanding of the man on the street, that bids fair to make him as well beloved by the men of Oregon City, as he was by the miners of Alaska.

OREGON CITY BAND TO PLAY IN STREET

The Oregon City Military Band, under R. V. D. Johnston, Friday evening commencing at 8 o'clock will play two numbers in the street opposite the Masonic Temple Building, after which it will give a program at the Poultry Show. Oregon City has a big surprise coming in that it now possesses a real, genuine band. Its membership of thirty-four men, recruited entirely from Oregon City and neighboring towns; professional men, merchants, and working men,—not a professional musician among them. Credit is due the Commercial Club and its secretary, M. D. Latourette for the re-organization. So far, the club has met all expenses and supplied room for practice work. It is hoped that arrangements can be made for a series of open air concerts in the park, as soon as the weather warrants it.

IMPROVEMENT OF FAIR GROUNDS BEGUN

Much work was accomplished at the Clackamas County Fair grounds at Canby Monday, when many of the residents of Canby and farmers of the county assembled at the grounds with teams and shovels to assist in the beautifying of the park. There was some talk of the women of the city preparing a hot dinner for the men engaged in the work, but they did not attend, and the affair proved a stag picnic, as the men were obliged to take lunches with them. The day was spent in plowing and harrowing, but the task of rolling the ground and seeding will be done at a later date, and it is probable that at that time the women will be there to furnish the tollers, who are working without charge, with a hot dinner.

HIGH SCHOOL ATTENDANCE INCREASES AT NEW TERM.

Superintendent of City Schools Toose said Tuesday that five new High School pupils had enrolled for the new term. The High School has more pupils this year than ever before and they are making far greater progress.

Minor Imperfections.

Wife—What do you think of my new hat? Hubby—Very pretty. I hope it'll satisfy you for awhile. Wife—Of course it will. The color is not quite what I like, and the trimming doesn't come up to my expectations, and the shape is not as good as it ought to be, but otherwise the hat is a splendid bargain and I like it awfully well.—Lippincott's.

Wilted Flowers.

Lukewarm water often will revive wilted flowers upon which cold water will have no effect.

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The Flitman Burglary

It Caused Some Uncomfortable Moments

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Flitman went through the flat extinguishing the electric lights one by one with sharp "clicks" of the switches.

"Did you lock the safe, Rod?" inquired Mrs. Flitman from the front hall, where she was buttoning her long white gloves.

"Yes—key in my pocket," returned Mr. Flitman easily. "Got your duplicate key hidden, Maud?"

"Yes, indeed," assured Maud as they passed into the hall. "I make it a point never to overlook that safe key, Rod. Without it a burglar couldn't possibly get at our silver, eh, Rod?"

"So the safe people said," muttered Rodney hastily, for they were going down in the elevator now, and a man and woman were watching them rather curiously.

It was after 11 o'clock, and Rodney Flitman was dancing with a pretty girl in pale blue when there suddenly stole over him a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it was because the pretty girl had just been lamenting a burglary in her home the week before that set his thoughts running on the vacant flat, for Bridget, their maid of all work, slept at home.

"I'm positive I locked that safe," he assured himself as he whirled dizzily around in the waltz. "But for the life of me I cannot remember whether I locked the front door. I hate to ask Maud. She will get fidgety right away."

When the dance was over and he had left his partner in congenial conversation



BOTH HE AND THE WOMAN BESIDE HIM REMAINED QUIET.

pany Rodney hastened to the dressing room after making a brief apology to his hostess.

"Fact is, Mrs. Wetmore, I've got to run home a minute. Something important I've forgotten. I won't disturb Mrs. Flitman, she is having such a delightful time."

When he had disappeared Mrs. Wetmore and her husband exchanged smiles.

"Just the excuse that Maud gave when she went a half hour ago," murmured Mrs. Wetmore under cover of her fan.

Rodney Flitman found a taxicab and was soon whirling toward his uptown home. The elevator had made its last trip, and the interior of the cage and shaft was black and gloomy. The night watchman blinked sleepily at him and, turning in his chair, snored gently.

When he reached the third floor he was aware that far above him he could hear the faint staccato click of heels on the stairs above. Somebody, a woman, was mounting the stairs ahead of him, walking softly, too, as if fearful of being heard. By some strange freak of coincidental reasoning Rodney's thoughts flew at once to the woman and the man who had gone down in the elevator a few hours before. These people were utter strangers to him and were of peculiarly singular appearance—dark and foreign looking—and they had watched Maud closely while she carelessly discussed the matter of the keys to their safe and the late hour of their return. He resolved to speak to Maud about the matter.

Meanwhile the heels clicked upward as steadily as he climbed after them. Once when his own feet made a loud sound the heels paused and then went on more stealthily than before, and he was careful to tread without a sound. As he reached the eighth floor he heard a door close softly halfway down the corridor.

His apartment was halfway down the corridor. He had left a light in the hall, of course, but when he reached suit A, which was his home, the transom above the door showed black and forbidding.

The light was out.

He felt for his bunch of keys and then thought to turn the knob. It gave easily, and the door opened into the dark hall. A faint light from the corridor streamed in and showed him that the hall was empty, but that the ball and chain that controlled the switch were swinging violently from the chandelier.

Somebody had touched the chain but an instant ago. His hand found the incandescent bulb still warm from the recent light.

A faint, very faint, creepy feeling stirred the roots of Rodney Flitman's hair. It was unpleasant to feel that there was a burglar in his home and that a thin door was all that separated him from him.

The watchman was eight stories below. A violent rapping on the door or a vigorous shout would bring him upstairs within five minutes, but in the meantime the invaders of his home would have fled by way of the fire escape and taken something with them. Besides, Rodney suspected the burglar to be a woman, and he was gallant enough to desire to give her a chance to escape, only he wanted her to give up whatever she had taken.

Perhaps she had already been frightened away by his opening of the door. If she went to the fire escape she would surely lose her life, for he recollected now with a sort of horror that the iron stairway was coated with ice.

Resolutely he went forward and opened the dining room door. He heard a quickly withdrawn breath like a deep sigh and the rustle of a silken skirt and then dead silence in the darkness.

"Madam!" he whispered hoarsely. Silence.

"Madam, I wish to be your friend," he continued in the same hoarse whisper, feeling his way across the room. "Leave everything behind and escape now, while there is time. I will!"

"Be silent!" hissed a woman's voice in his ear, and something round and cold pressed against his neck. "Speak one word and you are a dead man!"

"But!" protested Rodney indignantly.

"Don't move an inch. You will stay where you are until my husband comes!" she hissed in his ear. For five minutes they stood thus, rigidly silent. Presently Rodney felt the pressure of the steel relax a trifle, and at the same time something soft and powdery sifted down his collar.

"What is that sifting down my neck?" he demanded suspiciously. "Gunpowder, I suppose," she hissed in his ear. "Will you keep still?"

"I've a good mind to call the watchman," he whispered recklessly. She laughed scornfully, a sort of whispering laugh that thrilled through him.

"Perhaps I better call him. I can scream much louder than you can shout."

"You don't dare. How would you like to have handcuffs on your pretty wrists?" he retorted. She was silent.

"If you will give up the jewels I will let you go without further trouble," he said after awhile.

Again he laughed. "So kind of you! But you are not detaining me, remember."

Rodney did remember all of a sudden and felt foolish. He wondered if he should suddenly turn upon her what she would do. Would she really fire off her weapon? He knew these women burglars were very clever and daring, but her remark about gunpowder escaping from the weapon she held at his neck betrayed her ignorance of firearms.

Rodney decided to remain perfectly quiet. He was more afraid of a woman who did not understand the use of firearms than one who did.

Minutes passed, and he began to worry about his wife. Alarmed at his long absence from the dance, she would undoubtedly inquire for him and mention her fears to her hostess; then Mrs. Wetmore would explain, and Maud might call him by telephone to find out what was the matter.

He was leaning against the wall now, and, as he brushed against the wall bracket that held an electric light, so stealthily did he move his left arm upward that his body remained quite rigid. It took him five minutes to raise his fingers to that they touched the switch. Gently he twisted it until all at once the room was flooded with light.

It was such a surprise that both he and the woman beside him remained rigid for an instant. Then she recovered her wits first and broke into hysterical laughter. He turned to her and stared first at the silver salt shaker which she had been holding against his throat. He looked stupidly at her gloved hands and arms, upward to the long red evening cloak and lastly at his wife's mirthful face, half laughing, half crying, wholly excited.

"You!" he almost shouted.

"And you!" shrieked Mrs. Flitman hysterically.

"Well, you are a plucky one, Maud," he admitted admiringly as he prepared a restorative for her shattered nerves.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Wasn't sure whether I locked that safe door after all," he said, "so I came back to find out."

"I missed my key to the safe. I had tied around my neck. So I came home. I was afraid I might have dropped it here and a burglar would find it."

"There were some suspicious looking people in the elevator when we went down—that dark couple, you know."

"Oh, what do you think, Rod—they were at the dance! They happen to be Mrs. Wetmore's cousins, and they have taken an apartment here."

"Stung!" murmured Mr. Flitman, deprived of his last suspicion.

An Artist's Suggestion. Sargent, the artist, once visited a New York millionaire who posed as a collector of paintings. Sargent was taken by this millionaire through a huge gallery of dubious Rembrandts, Titians, Raphaels and Murillos.

"Mr. Sargent," the millionaire said, gazing pompously at the long lines of vast, dingy canvases, "I have decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest?"

"I'd suggest," said Mr. Sargent, "an institution for the blind."

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BANKRUPT, KILLS SELF

(Continued from page 1)

manufacture of paper. A brother, Ludwig Keferstein, has a paper factory in Wueddershain, Germany, and another brother, George, has a factory in Hfeld, Germany. He obtained a divorce from his wife several years before his financial trouble, but, according to the son, she followed them to this country and is now in St. Paul, Minn. The young man said that his mother and father had corresponded. "My father had been restless during the early part of the night and got up several times," said the son. "He frequently did this and I thought nothing of it. It must have been 12 o'clock when I was awakened by his heavy breathing and put my arm under his head, as I frequently did. His hair felt as if it were wet and I got up and lighted the lamp. Then I saw what had happened. I found the pistol beside him. I rushed into the room where my aunt was asleep and told her father had been shot. Then I went over to the hotel, and asked the proprietor to send for a physician. I had no idea my father had a pistol until I found he was shot. My aunt found several cartridges in one of his pockets a few days ago, but when she asked him what they were for, he laughed and said they had been given to him. He has brooded constantly over his losses, and seemed to be particularly worried over having lost the money my aunt left me. I am sure he had no idea of shooting himself when he came to Oregon City for he was much more cheerful than he had been for months. He was pleased over having obtained a permanent position, and we were both delighted over the chance to come here and be with my aunt, who had preceded us to the city."

The bullet entered the man's temple and it is thought pierced the brain. Policemen Cooke, Green and Frost took turns watching at his bedside until a trained nurse was obtained. Dr. H. S. Mount said if the man's condition warranted it he probably would probe for the bullet today.

WILLAMETTE CLUB TO HAVE DANCE THIS EVENING.

The Willamette Club will give a dancing party at Busch's Hall this evening. Only members will be admitted to the dance. It will be one of the society events of the season, and all members of the club will be in attendance.

CHARLES HANNIFORD IS NOMINATED FOR FIRE CHIEF.

Cataract Hose Company No. 2, at a meeting Tuesday night nominated Charles Hanniford for fire chief. Joseph Basuliet, of the Hook and Ladder Company is also a candidate.

Siamese Drug Store.

A Siamese drug store is a curious place. Almost all of the drugs on sale are in a crude form, and the shelves and pigeonholes that line the sides of the shop are filled with billets of wood that are supposed to be medicinally valuable. Then there are heaps of bones of many kinds of animals, the skulls of monkeys, the claws of elephants, etc., tied with straps into bundles. In addition, you will find packages of snake skins, bodies of insects and many familiar spices, such as cloves, allspice, nutmegs, cardamom seed, etc. These latter are in large open boxes and give a balmy odor to the atmosphere of the store.

Typhoons.

Typhoons do not occur outside of the tropics. They break out only in hot, damp, still air.

No Time to Read.

"Pause, O youth or maiden," wrote Andrew Lang, "before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula: 'I have no time to read.' You have all the time which for you exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it—with your leisure? Mainly gossiping. Our modern unlady is gregariousness. We must be in company chattering.

A Poor Lot.

The Modern, Enoch Arden—Well, it is a little more than twenty years since I went away, and now I find that you have married and buried two husbands during my absence from home. Mrs. Arden—Three, not two, Enoch. Enoch Arden—Ah, well! They must have been a pretty poor lot. I notice that one of 'em mended the garden gate that was broken when I left.—Exchange.

Hotel Arrivals.

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. C. Harmon, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. D. McArthur, New Era; B. Sullivan, Fred Schaefer, Molalla; J. B. Cummins, Beaver Creek; H. M. Phillips, S. M. Caunthers, Portland; Jim Atkins, D. E. Leatherman, Portland; Charles Davis, A. D. Lee, Portland; H. F. W. Benson, Aurora; H. Butler, Salem; Jacob Hahn, San Francisco John Hamilton, The Dalles.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank our many friends and acquaintances, who so kindly assisted us during our late bereavement, in the death and burial of our father, John Howell. MR. AND MRS. GEO. HOWELL, WILLIAM HOWELL.

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