

Ladies' Waist Novelties

Manish Ladies' Waists with soft collars and French cuffs, all colors, black satin, white pongee silk, tan and grey French flannels; don't fail to see this new Spring novelty—comfortable and durable.

J. Levitt

Ask for Premium Stamps

\$10 REWARD For the arrest and conviction of any person or persons, who unlawfully remove copies of The Morning Enterprise from the premises of subscribers after paper has been placed there by carrier.



A Scientific Result.

Mrs. Outley—They say Mrs. Verplane can hypnotize. Do you suppose it is so? "Yes. Didn't she hypnotize Verplane?"

LOCAL BRIEFS

C. Perry, of Molalla, was in this city Monday. Thomas Evans, of Hazledale, was in this city Sunday. J. B. Carter, was in Portland Sunday visiting friends. Silas Wright, of Liberal, was in this city on business Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Casto, of Union Hall, were in Oregon City Sunday. Joseph Gerber, of Portland, visited friends in this city Saturday and Sunday. A bargain on oranges at the Hub grocery, 2 dozen for 35 cents. T. Griffith, of Portland, was in this city Sunday visiting at the home of Mrs. M. Johns. Miss Anna Aldredge, who has been visiting friends at Woodburn, has returned home. Mrs. Eli Williams, of Portland, was in this city Monday visiting her son, Lloyd Williams. Frank Jaggar, of Garus, one of the well known residents of that place, was in this city Monday. Valentine Bohlander, of Beaver Creek, a well known farmer, of that place, was in this Sunday. Where is the best place to buy oranges? At the Hub grocery, corner Seventh and Center. E. E. Spence, one of the prominent farmers of Beaver Creek, was in this city business Monday. Mrs. J. B. Robinson, of Portland, was in this city Monday visiting her sisters, Misses Cochran. Leola Kordant, of this city, who left Friday for Gresham, returned to Oregon City Monday morning. Miss Alice Scherzinger spent Sunday in Portland visiting Mrs. H. L. Platte, formerly of Oregon City. Mrs. Donald Stevenson, of Salem, has arrived in Oregon City to visit her mother, Mrs. J. R. Williams. Miss Vada Elliott left Monday for Portland, where she will visit for a month her cousin, Miss Georgia Johnson. Large juicy naval oranges, 20 cents dozen, or 2 dozen for 35 cents at the Hub grocery, corner 7th and Center streets. Bothwell Avison, a student of the Pacific University, was in this city Saturday and Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Avison. Now is a good time to enter the Eclectic Business University for one of its special courses, Shortland. W. W. Marr became ill Sunday while attending services at the Baptist church, and was taken to his home on Sixth street, where he is improving. F. P. Sharrard, who has resided in this city for the past six years, will leave today for Umatilla, Eastern Oregon, where he has accepted a government position. The largest stock of buglies and implements of all kinds to select from at Duane C. Ely's, also a bargain in wire fencing. Miss Carrie Parkheiser and Miss Grace Babcock, of Portland, who have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pratt, returned to their home Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weismandel

and little daughter, Marvel, of Beaver Creek, were in this city Monday visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weismandel of Eleventh and Center streets. Try Dements best flour, \$1.35 at the Hub grocery, corner 7th and Center streets. Miss Millie Grant of Scappoose, Wash., accompanied by Mrs. D. C. Schell, of Portland, was in Oregon City Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Miles. Miss Grant and Mrs. Schell are nieces of Mrs. Miles. Bookkeeping, Typewriting, English. Eighth grade graduates are admitted on showing their certificates. Positions are secured as soon as competent. For particulars call or address 630 Worcester block, Portland, Or.

Woman's World



MRS. W. K. VANDEBILT, SR.

Through the generosity of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., 384 apartments were recently opened in New York city providing homes for persons with tubercular tendencies. These apartments are to be rented at nominal prices. In planning the humane enterprise Mrs. Vanderbilt desired that persons of limited means who might be in delicate health should enjoy the benefits of a trip to a high priced sanitarium without leaving home. For the purpose of educating tenants as to the most hygienic and economic methods of furnishing their homes an apartment of five rooms and bath, furnished in a manner approved by eminent medical authorities, will be available for inspection at all times. It is expected that the four buildings will shelter about 2,000 persons when all the suits have been taken. In addition to giving delicate members of a family a chance to regain their health, one of the chief advantages of the plan will be that families will not be broken up, as is generally the case when illness forces the ailing one to seek a more beneficial atmosphere. Overlooking the East river, with its ever changing and interesting panorama, the four buildings are situated on the new John Jay park, one of the most desirable locations imaginable. The buildings are separated by generous courts in order that there shall be free and unobstructed circulation of air at all times. The structures are of modern fireproof construction, and not having been designed to produce income, in the ordinary commercial sense, no expense has been spared to make them sanitary and beautiful. As all the staircases are exterior, each apartment is a unit, this arrangement assuring greater privacy and quiet for the patients. The entire roof space is given over to gardens and playgrounds, covered and uncovered, and it is believed that this feature will appeal to all the tenants.

Why He Asked. A boy asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbor was and when he heard his name asked if the gentleman was not a fool. "No, my little friend," said the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask the question?" "Why," said the little boy, "my mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you." The guest retired.—London Tit-Bits

Three Reasons WHY YOU SHOULD USE Howard's Triumph Patent Flour FIRST—A high patent flour which is in a class by itself, milled from Bluestem exclusively. SECOND—Manufactured by the only mill in Clackamas county which makes a hard wheat patent flour. THIRD—You should patronize a home institution instead of allowing your money to go away from your interests. Tell your Grocer you want HOWARD'S TRIUMPH

The Peacock on a Rainy Day. The peacock, glittering with jewel like eyes, has a voice by no means suited to its beauty. Its cry is harsh and disagreeable. When the rain falls it sits on some high perch, uttering its doleful sounds, with its beautiful tail feathers drawn into the smallest possible space. Like the vain creature that it is, it never spreads its fan unless the sun shines. Penny Dinners. A London organization supplies penny dinners to invalid mothers, giving them the choice of fish and chicken. Read the Morning Enterprise

Those Papers

The Plan by Which They Were Carried From London to New York By STEPHEN TROWBRIDGE

One morning while in London on taking up my newspaper after breakfast to scan the news my eye fell on a personal which read as follows: Wanted.—One versed in smuggling devices to carry valuable papers. Now, if there was any man who could beat me in methods to pull the wool over customs officers I would have been pleased to meet him. I had begun my labors by working the hollow foot heel racket; then I had a lot of diamonds fixed up in cherries to ornament a woman's hat and hired a passenger on the ship going over with me to wear it. She got through all right, but came down on me for all the profit or she would peach. I made some money by having the tiny works of a lady's watch put in a chronometer, the space around the wheels and pivots being filled with valuable jewels. A wax tumor on the top of my head was cut open by a butcherly customs man and disclosed a big diamond, the profit on which would have been \$20,000. The diamond and the profit both went by the board. Passing over the Swiss line into France, I had a bouquet in which there was \$10,000 worth of Geneva watch works. A lady confederate carried it safely over for me, and she didn't bleed me either, for she didn't know she carried anything but flowers. It occurred to me to get on my feet again by securing, if possible, this advertised job; but, though I knew ways and means, I was the best known man in the business to the customs men, and that would make me the worst man to successfully carry valuable papers, for it was evident that the owner wished to get them through secretly, and all my luggage would be turned inside out for smuggled goods. Besides, the papers might be bulky, and that would make them hard to get through. They couldn't be wound



"I WAS GIVEN THE PAPERS IN HIS OFFICE."

around the body like lace, and they couldn't be carried in a false wart on the nose. I spent a whole day trying to think up a plan to get these papers through, providing for dangers similar to those to be met in a custom house, but failed. At 4 o'clock the next morning I awoke and lay in bed thinking. My brain always works better at that time than any other. I worked out a scheme which I consider the crowning device of my life. By 9 o'clock I had mailed a reply to the ad, and the next morning's post brought me a reply. I was invited to call at the office of a prominent firm of solicitors. I went to the address at once and was introduced into the private office of the head of the firm, Mr. Edward Collamore. "Now, sir," he said to me, "I am ready to listen to your thesis for the work of carrying some legal documents to New York, of which any ordinary messenger would be robbed on the way, if not murdered as well." I gave him a history of my work in deceiving customs officers. He was quite pleased at some of my devices, especially the carrying of watchworks in a bouquet, and asked me if papers could not be carried in that way. I told him that depended on the person or persons who would try to get possession of them. He was sufficiently impressed with my accomplishments to tell me all about the work he needed done. Viscount B., one of his clients, had married an American heiress owning an immense property in New York. There were other persons—the countess' half brothers and sister—who were interested. She had recently died, and her husband was having a big fight with these persons for the property. His case hinged on certain papers which were in London and must be transmitted to the surrogate's office in New York. Unscrupulous attorneys were acting for the American parties, who knew of these papers and that if they could get possession of them some \$10,000,000 would pass to their clients. "Now," said Mr. Collamore, "can you transmit the papers safely? If you can you will be paid

10 per cent of the viscount's inheritance. "How do you know that I will not turn them over to the New York parties for twice that?" "I have a plan for preventing your doing so." "Your plan would fail. However, I can give you a scheme of operations by which you can work with me. I shall need a confederate. You may name that confederate." "Proceed." "I shall require a few carpenter's tools, which I shall take with me on the ship, and a tiny pot of paint. I suppose from what you have told me that the moment the papers leave your vaults the enemy will know it." "I have been told that we have spies here in this office, and the best London detectives are watching us." "Very well, send the papers to the ship in any way you like and deliver them to me in my stateroom, which you will engage for me. As soon as you have secured it cable some one you know in New York to engage it for the return trip. This done, we shall proceed further." "I will attend to the matter at once. How about your confederate?" "He may go with me on the trip and will take the papers from me in New York." "But I don't understand the necessity for these details." "They are more necessary on my account than on yours. A long experience enables me to get these papers through for you, but that experience makes me a suspicious character. I shall be searched by the customs officers in New York. But there is this advantage in your employing me. Likely your opponents will get on to the fact of my taking the papers to America. If they don't I prefer that you should see that they do. This will concentrate suspicion on me." "And insure failure." "It took some time to convince Mr. Collamore of the expediency of employing me. In fact, I was obliged to give him my whole scheme before he would do so. When I told him all he engaged me at once." "I was given the papers in his office and went direct to the ship, watched by several detectives, who remained on the dock till the ship had sailed. Once in my stateroom I took my carpenter's tools from a satchel, loosened a board in the floor, put in the papers and, putting back the board, dabbed a little paint on it, so that its removal would not be noticed. To make more sure I removed the board under the berth. I was conscious of being watched all the way over, but I did not know whether my watchers were in the service of the London or the New York parties interested in the papers. One man, a middle aged gentleman, I suspected of being my confederate, who was not to make himself known to me, but I was not sure. It didn't matter to me how closely I was watched, for as soon as I had concealed the papers under the floor of my stateroom my work was done. When we arrived at New York and I went ashore I was accosted by a customs man who knew me well. "Hello, Bob! What racket are you working on this time?" He took me and my baggage into a private room and went through everything. He found nothing datable, not even my carpenter's tools, for I had thrown them overboard. Finding nothing, he let me go. I had not got a block from the dock before I was attacked by a gang of roughs, one of whom, doubtless disguised, searched me. A policeman picked me up half dead, put me in a cab and sent me home. My confederate had received full instructions from Mr. Collamore. A couple of hours before the ship sailed the former went aboard the ship, accompanied by one who purported to be his daughter, but who was really a typist in the employ of a legal firm who were Mr. Collamore's correspondents. The confederate, having obtained the key to his stateroom—the one I had occupied on the last trip from England—went there and, with tools he carried in his suit case, took up the board in the floor, secured the papers, the typist concealed them on her person and, when the "All ashore!" bell was rung, bidding a tearful goodbye to him who purported to be her father, she went down the gangplank, and in another hour the papers were deposited in the vaults of a safety deposit company. According to the contract I had made before leaving London, I was given \$200 a month till the estate was settled, when I was to receive a million. I was paid the \$200 regularly, but when the final settlement was made I was put off with a beggarly half million on the ground that after all the vicissitudes he had been obliged to compromise with the American heirs. However, I am quite comfortable and do not need to practice any more schemes, for I can get on very well from the income I enjoy from the proceeds of my last venture. I live in London and am much respected, though I am known to be a retired smuggler. You see, of late years smuggling has become fashionable. The wives of American millionaires do the principal part of what is done in that line and do it on the other side of the big pond. As for the English, they so dislike our protection system that any man who can beat an American customs officer is popular among them. But I'm getting tired of London. I'm thinking of going to Ireland. The pride of family is going out in England, and there is no country where it is still held in respect except among the older families of the Emerald Isle. If that rascally viscount hadn't beaten me out of a part of my pay for getting his bloomin' papers through I could have set up a racing stable in Ireland. Buried Treasure. Medium—I can tell you about a buried treasure. Patron—Please don't. My husband is always tooting that in my ears. Medium—Does he know anything about a buried treasure? Patron—Yes; his first wife. A Valuable Maul. "You say your jewels were stolen while the family was at dinner?" "No, no. This is an important robbery, officer. Our dinner was stolen while we were putting on our jewels."—Pittsburgh Post.

WE TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR ONE YEAR NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO This model combines strength, speed and grace—all typical Overland qualities. We offer here to the man with the modest pocketbook a car of service and beauty. To understand its many practical, satisfying features, read the specifications—to know its beauty, call at Miller Garage. OVERLAND MODEL 59R Specifications Model 59R Wheel Base—106 inches. Tread—56 inches. Body—2-passenger torpedo roadster. Motor—4x4 1/2. Horse-power—30. Transmission—Selective, three speeds and reverse. "F" & "S" ball bearings. Clutch—Cone. Ignition—Dual, Splitdorf magneto and batteries. Brakes—On rear wheels, 2 inches wide, 10 inch drum, int. expanding, ext. contracting. Springs—1 3/4 inches wide, semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear. Steering Gear—Worm and segment adjustable, 16 inch wheel. Front Axle—Drop forged 1-section. Rear Axle—Semi-floating. Wheels—Artillery wood, 12 1/2 inch spokes, 12 bolts each wheel. Tires—32x3 1/2 inch Q. D. Frame—Pressed steel. Finish—Overland blue, gold stripe. Price—\$900.00. Equipment—Three oil lamps, two gas lamps, horn and generator. Tools—Complete set. C. G. MILLER 6TH AND MAIN STREETS THE MAN THAT CARRIES EVERYTHING IN THE AUTO LINE

Heart to Heart Talks. By EDWIN A. NYE. JACK SHEETS, HERO. One of my correspondents asks for the story of Jack Sheets, the wireless hero. Here it is: Jack Sheets is a sixteen-year-old high school boy of Philadelphia. During his spare hours he mastered the mystery of wireless telegraphy and learned the code. Last summer he secured a position during vacation as wireless operator on the steamer Lexington, an Atlantic coast vessel. On the first voyage out the ship ran into a storm off the coast of South Carolina. Huge waves swept over the vessel. The frightened passengers huddled in the cabin, while the crew fought to keep the Lexington off the much dreaded reefs. Lying prone on the deck, where no man could stand, and cool as a veteran, was young Sheets, flashing his distress signal over the waters. Before long, because of the buffeting of the waters, the wireless rigging was parted from the transmitter, rendering the boy's instrument useless. But— In his makeup was hero stuff. He realized that the lives of passengers and crew were in his small hands, and he took a desperate chance. No sooner was the connection broken than he started to climb into the rigging with his instrument. Up there, stretched between the masts, was the wireless outfit. The captain, himself lashed to the reefs, looked to see the boy blown away in the teeth of the gale or thrown into the sea by the lurching of the ship. It was a fearsome chance. Summoning all his determination and every atom of his strength and agility, young Sheets slowly but surely made his way. Lashing himself to the mast, he was able to attach his instrument to the wires. And there he stayed. Meantime the vessel had drifted on to the reefs and was pounding out its life. And Jack Sheets, the sixteen-year-old-boy, was up there sounding out his pleading call for aid. Finally through the storm came an answering signal, and shortly after the revenue cutter Yamacraw came to the rescue. It was a situation requiring good seamanship, but the passengers and crew were taken off, one at a time. The last one off was the captain. The next to the last was Jack Sheets. Yes; heroism is common. But, mind you, it never is commonplace.

LAFFERTY ELECTS SELF COMMITTEEMAN WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Representative Lafferty today elected himself Republican Congressional committeeman from Oregon to succeed ex-Representative Ellis. It was a solemn occasion, but it was effective. Senator Bourne called a meeting of Republican members of the Oregon delegation, but Representative Lafferty was ill and could not attend. When Lafferty arrived the two insurgents proceeded to the election of a Congressional committeeman. Each wrote the name of his first choice on a slip of paper and dropped the vote in a hat. When the slips were opened there was one vote for Bourne and one for Lafferty. Bourne looked at Lafferty and Lafferty looked at Bourne. "Let's vote again," said Bourne, and two more slips were written out and deposited. This time there were two votes for Lafferty. It was Lafferty's vote for himself that broke the tie. "Let's shake on the unanimous vote," said Bourne, and the meeting adjourned. Lafferty was asked afterward what decision had been reached. "Oh, our action was confidential," said he. "Any information must come from Senator Bourne." At the Republican caucus tonight, Lafferty reported that a "majority of the Republican members of the Oregon delegation had chosen him for committeeman." And in accordance with rule, the caucus ratified Lafferty's selection.

PARENT-TEACHER MEETING IS CALLED A Parent-Teachers' meeting will be held in the Meinig Hall, Sandy, Saturday, February 17, from 10 to 3 o'clock. All who are interested in education are urged to attend and take part in the discussions. County School Superintendent Gary and prominent teachers will attend. The electric car leaves Boring for Portland at 3:40. It leaves Boring for Estacada at 4:03. The cars run every two hours. A large attendance is expected.

PAUL GOZESKY BURIED. The funeral of Paul Gozesky, who committed suicide Saturday by drinking carbolic acid because he could not obtain work, was held Monday afternoon at the Holman Undertaking Establishment, the interment being in Mountain View Cemetery. The services were attended by many friends of the deceased. Gratitude. An unusual form of testamentary gratitude is recorded in the diary of Henry Greville. "A man who had spent much of his time in fishing left a direction in his will that as he had derived much nourishment as well as pleasure from the fish he had caught at Chertsey it was only fair to the descendants of those fish that he in return should become their food. He therefore desired that his body should be cast into the Thames at Chertsey."—London Tatler.

MRS. EMMA NAIL DIES, LEAVING THREE BABIES Mrs. Emma Nail, wife of Wesley Nail, of Gladstone, died at her home Sunday morning, after a brief illness of pneumonia, being survived by a husband and three little children, age five years, three years and eight months, her mother, one brother and two sisters. Mrs. Nail's maiden name was Emma Bainter. She was a daughter of John and Tabitha Banister. She was born in Cook county, Tex., May 7, 1876, and November 11, 1905, she was married to Wesley Nail. The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the Christian church, Gladstone, Rev. S. A. Hayworth, pastor of the Baptist church, officiating, and the interment was in the Mountain View Cemetery. Many friends of the deceased attended the funeral. Although Mrs. Nail has been a resident of Gladstone only a few months, she made many friends.

MENTAL ENERGY. It pays to think. It is like putting money out at interest. Dollars make dollars, and thoughts make other thoughts. We are so accustomed to having this old world reward us for things we do in dollars that we forget there is such a reward as brains—mental growth. Happy the one who sees all these things in their proper light, who recognizes in every failure a lesson learned, in every effort a reward, be it only a little speck of mental energy.

Unclaimed Letters. The list of unclaimed letters at the Oregon City postoffice for the week ending February 2 is as follows: Woman's List—Hayward, Mrs. Orlo; Smith, Mrs. Bertha (2). A. W.; Harria, H. C. (2); Henley Men's List—Aubrey, Jack; Folck, Henry (2); Kunev, George; Looney, Jess.; Williams, J. B. MRS. SMITH HURT. Mrs. F. E. Smith, formerly of Greenport, was driving to her home Monday, when she was seriously injured. She was driving along Main street in front of the C. C. Store when the buggy broke and Mrs. Smith was thrown heavily to the pavement. She will be confined to her home several days.

WIFE SEEKS DIVORCE. Sarah J. Daniels Monday filed suit for divorce against Henry S. Daniels, alleging that he is an intemperate and has treated her cruelly. She alleges that he beat her August 31, 1911, with his fists, and November 27, 1911, deserted her.

COX & WARD, BILLIARD HALL OWNERS, DISSOLVE. The firm of Cox & Ward, cigar dealers, and billiard parlors, dissolved partnership February 3, Mr. Ward selling his entire interest to Mr. Cox. Mr. Ward has been in very delicate health for some time, and under pressure of doctor's instruction sold out in order to go to a higher, dryer climate. Mr. Ward is an active member of the Commercial Club, and an enterprising citizen.

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