

Ladies' Waist Novelties

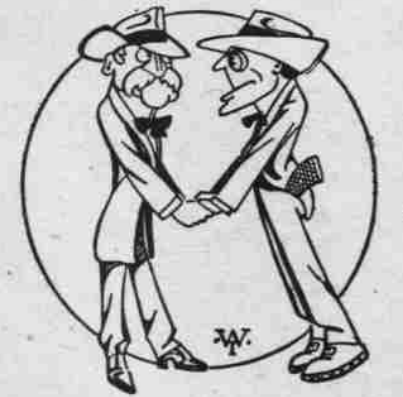
Manish Ladies' Waists with soft collars and French cuffs, all colors, black satin, white pongee silk, tan and grey French flannels; don't fail to see this new Spring novelty—comfortable and durable.

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.

Up to Oyster Bay.



Young Sleuth—Colonel Roosevelt says if you grab a man quickly by the right wrist he cannot shoot. Old Sleuth—What if the man is left handed?

LOCAL BRIEFS

erman Smith, of Carus, was in this today. Others, of Arkes, were in Tuesday. Mr. Snider, of Beaver Creek, was in this city Tuesday. Mrs. Fred Bullard, of this city, has gone to Logan, where she will visit with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gunther, of Shubel, was in Oregon City on business Wednesday. Mrs. William Stewart and Miss Flody Stuart, of Carus, were in Oregon City Tuesday. Herman and Erich Dietrich, of Eldorado, were among the Oregon City visitors Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jossi, well-known residents of Carus, were in Oregon City Tuesday. Mrs. Herman Fisher, of Logan, was in this city Wednesday and while here visited with friends. Sam Goldenberg, of Portland, who has been in this city visiting friends, has returned to his home. Miss Helen Pollock has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pollock, of Willamette. Carl Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Johnson, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is improving. Miss Lillian Beaman, of Southern Oregon, has arrived in Oregon City to visit with Mrs. Smith, of Park place. Mrs. Staats, wife of Deputy Sheriff Staats, who underwent a surgical operation at the Sellwood Hospital Saturday, is improving. Edwin Richards, who was stricken with paralysis last summer, is improving rapidly, and is now able to walk without the aid of crutches. Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson, after visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Tekord, have returned to their home in Portland. Mrs. Johnson has fully recovered from her recent illness. Now is a good time to enter the Eclectic Business University for one of its special courses, Shorthand, 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. Miss Emma Van Hoy and Miss Merle Crooks, of Goldendale, Wash., arrived in this city Wednesday and will visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. O. VanHoy, the former's parents. Miss Lotta Blum left Wednesday afternoon for Portland, where she will remain the remainder of the week, and during her absence her millinery parlors will be in charge of Miss Nina Williams. Louis Francis, one of the well-known residents of Tualatin, who has been in this city visiting his brother, S. J. Francis, and sister, Mrs. S. M. Gillett, has returned to his home. While in this city Mr. Francis purchased a gasoline engine and other machinery to be installed at his place. How Willie Won. Mother—Did you do as I told you at Mrs. Winters' and not ask the second time for pie? Willie—Yes, ma. I didn't have to ask only once. I got the first piece without asking.—Boston Transcript.

For the Children

The Strange Result of an Error in Spelling.



Little eleven-year-old Aimee D. Has grown in a way that astonishes me. Lately a baby, from topknot to toes. Now a slim maiden, addicted to beauty!

I met her last evening, with one on each side. And could not conceal my surprise, though I tried. Exclaiming, when she and her beau had gone past: "These children are certainly growing up fast!"

P. S.

In what I have written above I detect an error in spelling I wish to correct. 'Tis easy to make one, as every one knows. The word I refer to I should have spelled "bow"!

—St. Nicholas.

For a Washington Party. Decorate the house and table with red, white and blue and place prints of George and Martha Washington where all can see them. To each guest give a little board and a ball of putty soft enough to be worked, with instructions that the busts of George and Martha Washington are to be modeled from the putty in a given time. When the time is up the putty portraits are to be numbered and placed on exhibition, and the guests vote on the best one, the number receiving the largest number of votes to determine the prize winner. The boys are then given sticks of wood and jackknives with which to whittle out hatchets. The girls are given black paper and scissors with which to cut silhouettes of Martha Washington. Later the silhouettes of Martha Washington are auctioned off to the boys, and each boy takes to supper the girl who made the Martha Washington to which he bid in. He presents his wooden hatchet to his supper partner. The supper table is decorated with patriotic colors, and the menus should be hatchet shaped. After supper George and Martha may appear in costume and hold an old-fashioned White House reception.

The Flag at Trenton.

The flag "that Washington had with him when he crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton" was not the "stars and stripes." Washington crossed the Delaware in December, 1776, and the stars and stripes did not have an existence until the June of 1777, when it was voted into being by the congress. The flag that waved over the general Washington on his way to and from Trenton consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, as at present, with a blue canton emblazoned with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British flag. The first time the present stars and stripes were flung to the breeze was on the day of the battle of Oriskany, at Fort Stanwix, Aug. 6, 1777.—New York American.

Washington's Birthday.

While Feb. 22 must forever be chiefly associated in the minds of patriotic Americans with the birthday of the Father of His Country, that momentous event is not the only one of importance recorded under this date in the annals of history. Nevertheless it overshadows any of the other incidents and episodes with which the historian or the biographer has been called upon to deal. Benjamin Ogle, a lifelong friend of Washington and governor of Maryland from 1798 to 1801, was the first to suggest the birthday of Washington as a holiday.

Washington and the Children.

Washington, as is well known, treated his wife's two children and later her grandchildren exactly as if they were his own. Very soon after his marriage he ordered from London "10 shillings' worth of toys, six little books for children beginning to read and one fashionably dressed baby to cost 10 shillings."

Read the "Morning Enterprise."

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 little daughter of a well known Baltimore clergyman recently started the family while at breakfast by suddenly exclaiming: "I'm full of glory!" "What on earth do you mean, child?" the father hastened to ask. "Why," exclaimed the youngster, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I've swallowed it!"—Exchange.

President Garfield.

Garfield was the first president to have his mother among his inauguration day hearers.

Twice a Traitor

Washington's Birthday Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Obadiah Lampson's great kitchen smelled of frying bacon. His pretty niece and housekeeper, Hope Marshall, was bending over the fire peering into a steaming kettle of corn dumplings. At one end of the room was a square table covered with a homespun cloth and set with blue and white china. The windows were wide open, for it was August, and the weather was warm. There were the buzzing of bees in the honeysuckle vines outside and the song of birds from the nearby orchard.

As Hope leaned against the window sash listening to the bees and birds a quick step sounded on the pebbled path and there came into view Mary Baldwin, Tenny's mother. The color deepened in Hope's cheeks. She had heard of Tenny's visit home the night before.

"Well, Hope, my girl," said Mrs. Baldwin briskly as she entered the room and sank down in a rush bottomed chair near the open door, "dinner well under way?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary. Won't you stay and eat some of my corn dumplings?" "Not today, thank you. I came to say that Tenny is home for a few hours, and we want you to come over and eat dinner with us. I saw Obadiah down in the field and bade him come too."

"I'm afraid Cousin Tenny wouldn't enjoy it," said Hope coldly. "He knows my sympathies are not with the Continentals."

Dame Baldwin ruffled immediately. "Not in sympathy, indeed, mix!" she cried. "What are you but the obedient niece of a Whig?"

"I am a Tory," was Hope's obstinate reply. "Then it pleases me as well that you do not come, for my boy is growing too fond of you, Mistress Hope Marshall."



His hand flew to his breast. "Obadiah made a few changes in his dress, and with a grave look on the lips of his beloved niece and adopted daughter, he went away. He listened to Hope's political opinions much as he would have looked upon the gambol of a playful kitten. Nevertheless, he was grieved and incensed at the girl's obstinacy concerning them. He believed that it was a veil to hide her coldness for Tenny Baldwin. Hope bolted the back door after his departure and then sat down to her delayed dinner. All at once she paused and listened. Up through the orchard came the sound of horse's feet and in another moment they were plainly heard in the back dooryard. There came a rap upon the kitchen door. Hope went to the window. A horseman was there, a man wrapped in a long dark cloak with a dark cocked hat on his powdered wig. "Good day, fair mistress," he smiled down at her. "Will you give me a drink of water and please tell me if I am on the right road to the camp of the American army?" Hope centered and brought the water in a large glass goblet. As he quaffed it gratefully she thought rapidly. This man was not of the Americans; that she could guess by his air of nobility and grace of manner. He must be a Britisher—perhaps a titled officer who did not consider it beneath

his rank to spy upon the movements of the enemy.

"I am a Tory," Hope repeated to herself, but somehow the words that must set him on the right road to the enemy's path would not come to her lips. The only thing she could think of at that moment was that this stranger was Tenny Baldwin's enemy.

"I cannot direct you, sir," she said, with pale lips. "That is too bad, for I am tired and hungry," he said, with a wincing smile. "I wonder if your larder is quite empty?"

"No, indeed, sir; you are quite welcome to the best we have," assured Hope, feeling traitorous indeed to entertain the enemy in her uncle's house. What if Obadiah should return ere the stranger had departed!

"I must tell you that my uncle is an ardent Whig," she said as he dismounted.

"So much the better!" he cried heartily and followed the silent Hope into the great kitchen.

While she fixed more bacon and baked a Johnnycake before the still glowing coals the stranger, still wrapped in his cloak despite the heat of the day, scanned a package of papers with knitted brows.

At last he sat down to the best meal Hope could prepare at short notice, and, having made friends with Wolf, he ate hungrily.

Hope slipped from the room and out of the little used front door. She went down the road with flying feet and ran straight into the arms of her cousin, Tenny Baldwin, who was strolling toward her.

"Well, fair cousin," he cried teasingly, "subduing the love-light in his fine eyes, 'have you changed your mind about dining with us today?'"

"No, no, Cousin Tenny! I have eaten dinner, but I have something to tell you." Hope was breathing quickly, and a delicate color came and went in her cheeks as she withdrew herself from his grasp and smoothed her ruffled hair.

"Come to tell me goodbye, Hope?" he asked gently. "I may never come back to brother you."

"Nay, Tenny; you have never bothered me," she assured him, with a troubled look in her eyes. "I—I you know I am a Tory at heart."

There was a quizzical look in his eyes. "I know that sayest so, Hope," he said gravely. "I am not afraid of Tories."

"There is a British officer eating in our kitchen this very minute. He asked me the way to the American lines, but I would not tell him."

"Then you are a traitor to your own cause, Hope."

"Somehow I couldn't tell him that, Cousin Tenny. And it does not seem loyal to Uncle Obadiah and you to entertain him there in uncle's house, so I came to tell you."

"Thank you, dear," said Tenny soberly. "Stay you here, Hope, and tell my mother I will return shortly." He hastened up the road toward Obadiah's house.

Hope was after him in an instant. "I am going with you, Tenny!" she cried, keeping pace with his rapid stride.

"But, Hope, there may be bloodshed," he protested, touching his sword.

"Then you will need me the more," she said valiantly, and he made no further objection.

The stranger's horse still cropped the grass in the dooryard as Hope led the way through the front door. There was the tinkle of china from the kitchen.

"He is still there," whispered Hope, opening the door into the room the merest trifle.

Tenny Baldwin stood beside her and applied his eye to the same crack. He uttered a sudden exclamation, opened the door wider and entered the room boldly.

The stranger rose quickly, and his hand flew to his sword. His look of stern inquiry changed to one of pleasant recognition as Tenny Baldwin respectfully saluted him.

"Ah, Captain Baldwin!" cried the stranger, holding out his hand. "Your excellency!" murmured Tenny Baldwin, for indeed it was the commander in chief of the American army.

Hope Marshall leaned against the wall in the shadows, half frightened, half relieved at the situation. As she listened to the murmur of their voices and realized that the stranger was none other than the great General Washington, come down to overlook his forces on Long Island, a revulsion of feeling came to her. These men, her Cousin Tenny and Washington, were fighting for their lives, for the lives of their dear ones, for liberty, for ultimate peace. She chided herself for an ignorant girl—a graceless one indeed—to have done her Tory duty in the faces of her kinspeople.

At that instant Hope Marshall turned traitor to the Tory cause, and her traitor heart leaped gladly as she thought that she need offer no opposition to Tenny Baldwin's love.

Tenny Baldwin had explained the situation to General Washington, and as they laughed he brought forward Hope Marshall.

"This is my fair Tory cousin, your excellency," he said, smiling gravely. "Nay, I am no longer a Tory, your excellency," stammered Hope, her cheeks aflame. "I have turned traitor to my own cause."

"Indeed?" asked the general with a kind smile as he held her little hand. "May I ask why you have turned traitor?"

Involuntarily Hope's eyes turned to those of her handsome Cousin Tenny. "Oh, because—"

"This a most proper reason!" teased the general, discreetly turning his back while Tenny took swift toll from his cousin's tender lips.

Bashful.

Nelle—Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose? Belle—Guess not. He's like an hourglass. Nelle—Like an hourglass? Belle—Yes; the more time he gets the less and he has.—Philadelphia Times

A Modern Version.

Chapter 1—Diogenes set forth in search of an honest man. Chapter 2—He found him. Chapter 3—The honest man eulogized him out of his lantern.—Baltimore Sun.

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 59-R. Wheel Base—106 inches. Track—56 inches. Body—2-passenger torpedo roadster. Motor—4x1/2. 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 I-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—\$1100.00. Complete Equipment—Three oil lamps, two gas lamps, horn and generator, top windshield and speedometer. Tools—Complete set. C. G. MILLER 6TH AND MAIN STREETS THE MAN THAT CARRIES EVERYTHING IN THE AUTO LINE

East Mt. Scott (By H. W. Kanne.) As we seldom, or ever, see any mention of East Mt. Scott, (commonly known as Happy Hollow), I will endeavor to show to the readers of The Enterprise that we are wide awake, up and doing. We are situated in the northern part of Clackamas county, nine miles southeast of Portland's city hall, or about three miles from the city limits, on and just over the famous Mt. Scott hill. The district comprises about two square miles, lying partly in the valley and partly on the slope of the hills, by which it is surrounded on all sides. The soil is of a black nature, very loose, without gravel or rock, the hardpan being about four feet down. It is very easy to work when and cleared and very productive. Our main crops are fruit, potatoes, hay and grain and each farmer has from three to five cows. The farms consist mostly of from fifteen to forty acres, with from three to six acres in berries, such strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., and about a like number of acres in orchard, mainly cherries, pears, apples and plums and the rest of the farm under cultivation is devoted to raising hay, grain potatoes and garden truck. The land is valued at from \$250 to \$400 per acre, which is cheaper than any other place a like distance from Portland. The farms at one time being heavy timber and brush but were cleared and built up mostly by their present owners, who are a lot of honest, hard-working people, peaceful and law-abiding. We have a fine school, centrally located, and also a fine church which is well attended by the community. We have two main roads out of the valley, one leading northwesterly to Lewis and the other north to what is known as the Foster road; also one leading to Sunnyside, one and a half miles south. Our roads are being improved rapidly and it will be only a matter of a few years until all of our roads will be graded. We have formed a road district and so are enabled to help ourselves in this matter. Now anyone looking for a nice quiet place to live can find it here. Come and investigate before buying elsewhere. We can show you as fine a place to live as anywhere, a place where nearly everybody is out of debt, where everything is tip-top, and everybody making a comfortable living and then some. Come see and be convinced.

CLARKES. Mr. Wettlaufer is clearing. Mr. Bottemiller finished sowing wheat last Saturday and went to Portland to attend the grand jury. Willie Kleinsmith is plowing for Mr. Bottemiller. Sam Elmer was sowing grain last week. Ed. Grace has been hauling lumber to build a house. Mr. Sullivan made a business trip to Portland last week. Kleinsmith Bros. are sowing wheat on the Marguard farm which they have rented. Elmer Graves is working at Bert Cumins' sawmill. Mr. Bottemiller killed hogs last week. Mr. Wettlaufer was in town last week. Mr. Sullivan has sold part of his farm. Gustave Haag left for Washington to visit his brother. To Sell Flowers. A cutflower department is the latest addition to the Jones drugstore, and no doubt this will be well patronized. The Betts conservatories at Jennings Lodge has been leased by Alder & Robinson, who have decided to have some of their flowers in this city. Many handsome flowers have already been brought to this city by these men, and the opening day will be today, and no doubt the window showing these flowers will be a great attraction to the public. The firm will do table decorating as well as house decorations for parties or gatherings of any description. REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. John W. Thornton and Kate C. Thornton to P. P. M. Doyle, lot 6 of block "C," Wilsonville; \$1,000. T. R. A. Sellwood and Josephine Sellwood to Charles Berton Davis, lots 10, 11, block 9, Quincy Addition to Mil-

tained a few of her friends Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, after visiting friends and relatives in the east, for several months, returned home last week. Fred Spangler went to Oregon City Sunday to get his chickens that won the prize at the show. Bob and Al Schoenborn are busy clearing land. Millard Adams, who has been working for Mr. Bliss returned to his home at Canby last Thursday. The dance given at Andrew Kenelhoffers Saturday night was a big success. All reported a good time. Ernest Jones, while busy pulling logs last week, accidentally let a log roll on one of his horse's feet. They managed to get the horse out without any broken legs.

Invitations are being issued for a valentine dancing party to be given at Busch's Hall, Wednesday evening (February 14, by R. V. D. Johnston and the Philharmonic Orchestra of this city, which no doubt will be one of the most enjoyable events ever given in this city. There will be many surprises in store for those attending. The music, which will be furnished by a band and orchestra of forty pieces will no doubt eclipse anything ever given here. The hall will be fully decorated for the occasion as it never was before, and the floor managers will be well known young men of this city who will see that all attending will have "the time of their lives," even if you are a stranger. Among the dances to be enjoyed during the evening will be the Paul Jones, tag two-step and many other dances. The ladies will during the evening have a chance to "get even" with the men, and will have several ladies' choices during the evening, and this is to let the men know how it feels to be a "wallflower" adorning the wall. From the present indications there will be no wallflowers as all those receiving invitations are planning to attend. There will probably be an even number of dancers. R. V. D. Johnston who is probably the best musical director that Oregon City has ever had, and the management of the orchestra and band of this city is winning for him much praise. No doubt the musical program for the valentine party will be a treat to the music-loving people of this city, as well as those who have been issued invitations out of the city. Garage Company Moves. The Pacific Highway Garage has moved to Twelfth and Main streets from Fifth street near Railroad avenue. The managers of the garage are Huntley Brothers and M. E. Park. The building formerly occupied by the Oregon City Machine Shop is the location of the garage, the machine shop moving to the rear of the building. The building is of fireproof, and an automatic sprinkler in case of fire has been installed.

waule; \$320. Ison C. Vaughan et al to S. J. Vaughan, land in D. L. C. of W. H. Vaughan and wife, township 5 south, range 2 east; \$1. H. and Abigail Cooper to J. W. Reed, lot 6 of block 7, Estacada; \$1,800.

NOVEL STEPS TO BE BIG DANCE FEATURE. How Is Your Watch? If it is not running accurately perhaps it needs a little adjusting. Bring it in to us and we'll give it expert attention. A watchmaker should be a watchmaker, not a tinker. Ten years' experience in repairing all kinds of timepieces from the simplest to the most complicated have helped us to master the art of watch repairing. OUR WATCH WORDS ARE CAREFULNESS, COURTESY AND CAPABILITY. The owner of a much appreciated watch often hesitates about entrusting his timepiece to a repairer, and justly so, since a good watch may easily be spoiled by carelessness. W. LEONARD RUNYAN WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, Masonic Building entrance, Phone Main 327.

CORRESPONDENCE CARUS. We are having some changeable weather in this burg—one day sunshine and the next rain and fog. Fall sown grain looks fine. Miss Hazel Bullard is suffering from a cold. There was a large crowd of friends and relatives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Davies Sunday. Some of those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Faust and sons, Ray and Ralph, of Liberal, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Spence, of Beaver Creek, Miss Echo Spence, of Oregon City, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spangler and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Davies. Miss Pearl Schlonberger enter-