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Imitative Animals.
Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up

for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk picher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kittens soon learned the same trick.

Table Amenities.
He—You're always burning something. She—You're always roasting somebody.—Baltimore American.

Tea Chest Lining.
The Chinese use as an alloy for lining tea chests a metal foil consisting of 125 parts of lead and 18 parts of tin

The Hump on His Nose

It Was a Great Blight, but Served a Purpose

By F. A. MITCHEL

There were once living in Paris two friends, Jules Rubadoux and Pierre Marier. It so happened that a son was born to Rubadoux and a daughter to Marier on the same day. The two got together at Rubadoux's house to celebrate the event and, after the consumption of several bottles of wine, made a betrothal agreement between the two children lying in their cradles unconscious of the pledges made for them.

Marier in time went to live at Marselles, and the two friends became separated. When his daughter, Clochette, reached her eighteenth birthday her father wrote to Rubadoux that she had come to a marriageable age, at the same time reminding him of the agreement whereby she should marry his son, Antoine.

In due time a letter came from M. Rubadoux stating that he had good cause to remember their agreement.



THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY A CROWD, SOME LAUGHING.

since for years he and his wife had been spending time and money to make their boy presentable, so that any young woman would be willing to marry him. A large protrusion had grown on the end of his nose, and they had not found a surgeon who would undertake its removal.

M. Marier was a bit staggered by this letter, but his heart was set on carrying out the agreement, and he considered himself bound to do so. This sense of honor did not regard the infliction of a disfigured husband upon his daughter. He was the disposer of her hand, and it did not occur to him that her likes or dislikes had anything to do with the matter. So he wrote his friend to that effect.

Now, M. Marier was ignorant of the fact that half a dozen years before Clochette had formed a childish attachment for a schoolmate—Joseph Trouvere. The children kept their affair to themselves, and when Joseph, having finished his education, went on a voyage with his father, who was a sea captain, to be absent a couple of years, the young lovers agreed that they would marry each other despite any plans their parents might form for them to the contrary. Joseph was a fine young fellow, two years Clochette's senior, and had decided on his return to Marselles to choose the profession of a notary, or, as we call it, a lawyer.

When Marier told his daughter that the contract he had made for her the day she was born was about to be consummated she listened to him with downcast eyes. The information he gave her that she was to marry a man with a hump on the end of his nose did not draw forth from her any protest. The reason for this was that if she couldn't marry Joe Trouvere it made no difference to her whether she married a handsome man or a scarecrow. Her father, mistaking her motives, was much relieved, and when he dismissed her he kissed her affectionately in token of his appreciation of her obedience.

After the passage of a number of notes between the parents of the intended bride and groom, in which Marier expressed himself highly honored and Rubadoux wrote admiringly of that high sense of honor which had led his very dear friend to accept an alliance, the groom being blighted by a physical deformity, the preliminaries were arranged. Antoine, who was a recluse, partly on account of the exposure he was obliged to wear, had a strong repulsion to marriage with any one. All he asked was to be permitted to spend his time with books. As an obedient son, he yielded to his father in the matter, but unwillingly.

It had been arranged that he was to go down to Marselles during the month of March, when the summer had opened on the Mediterranean, to make the acquaintance of his bride. The wedding day was to be set later. M. Marier, aware that he might be blamed for forcing on his daughter a bridegroom with a hump on his nose, was anxious not to appear to be using his parental authority.

Clochette made no objection to anything she knew to be her father's will. There was no doubt in her mind that he would require her to marry the husband he had provided for her, and it would avail nothing to protest. All French girls were required to marry in this way. Why should she be an exception?

One day when M. Marier was reading his paper there was a knock at the outside door, and in a few moments a young man with an enormous red hump on his nose appeared in his study. He knew at once that the comer must be Antoine Rubadoux. But so polite are the French in such

matters that, rising and bowing ceremoniously, he asked to whom he was indebted for the honor of the visit. "I come," said the young man, "as a suitor for your daughter's hand." "Antoine Rubadoux, I embrace you!" Taking care to avoid the red hump, from which sprang three stiff red hairs, M. Marier embraced his son-in-law to be, then expressed surprise that he had come earlier than had been arranged. Antoine declared that he had heard accounts of Mlle. Marier so ravishing that he could not wait for the appointed time. In coming he had disobeyed the orders of his father, who did not know that he had done so. He begged that monsieur would not betray him.

Marier, who was delighted with everything concerning his intended son-in-law except his flaming nose, which resembled the miniature head of a red Indian with a scalplock sticking straight up, directed a servant to call mademoiselle and ushered Antoine into the drawing room. When Clochette entered her father said ceremoniously:

"Clochette, I have the honor to present to you M. Antoine Rubadoux, the son of my old friend, Jules Rubadoux of Paris."

The girl was very pale. Young Rubadoux bowed so low that at first she did not see his nose, but when she did her eyes were fastened upon it in what seemed to her father a terrible fascination. She made an effort for self control, then gave way, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Clochette!" cried her father in a commanding tone.

"Mademoiselle!" cried the groom expectant reproachfully.

But Clochette laughed on. Her father thinking her emotions to have brought on hysterics ordered her to her room, sending a maid to attend her.

"Monsieur," said Antoine ruefully, "the marriage must be given up."

"Not at all. Leave it to me. I will see that my daughter apologizes for her conduct. All will be well in time."

"I cannot force myself blighted as I am upon so lovely a girl."

"Do you mean that you will insult me by declining to complete the contract made by your father?"

"By no means, but I cannot marry a girl who has laughed at me."

At this juncture Clochette came back into the drawing room, and with a perfectly straight face she had controlled herself.

"Permit me to assure you, M. Rubadoux," she began, when again she burst into another fit of laughter. Rubadoux turned away. Clochette repressed her hysterics and began again:

"Permit me to assure you, monsieur, that I have not the slightest doubt after I have been brought in contact with the mind, the soul, that lies behind your nose I shall forget it. I am ready to become your wife whenever you desire it."

"I will forgive your treatment on one condition," said Antoine.

"Name it!" cried the father, whose anger disappeared as suddenly as it had been aroused by his daughter's action.

"My father is liable to learn of my departure at any moment and may be so irritated as to forbid the match. Will you marry me, mademoiselle, at once?"

"This very day."

"Good!" cried Marier. "We will pro-

ceed to the office of the mayor at once; then to the church."

Now, the good people of Marselles had noted the advent of the stranger with the flaming nose and had followed him. When the wedding party emerged from the house it was followed by a crowd, some laughing at the bridegroom's nose, some making facetious remarks, while those through whom this variegated procession passed pitied the poor bride and muttered maledictions on her father's head.

When the ceremony in the church was completed the groom turned and looked at those present. He was received with laughter and derision.

"Those laugh best who laugh last," he said, and, putting his hand to the hump on his nose, he pulled it off and tossed it among them.

A hum of astonishment greeted the action. Then some one shouted:

"Why, it's Joe Trouvere!"

And so it was. Joseph had returned from his cruise and, hearing of the situation of the girl he loved, provided himself with a wax nose with three bristling hairs in it and palmed himself off as Antoine Rubadoux before that youth's arrival.

The astonishment of M. Marier, who had been tricked into hurrying his daughter into a marriage before the arrival of the man he had provided for her was appalling. Too late he saw through Clochette's laughter on seeing the groom. She had recognized him at once.

Origin of Thanksgiving.
The Thanksgiving day which we celebrate is a composite one made up of parts of celebrations of that day by other people. We have taken the time from one, the feast from another and the gathering together of the people from still another. Long ages before the white man came to disturb their peace the Indians held a festival during this season of the year. They had a great feast of roasted deer and bear, boiled corn and stewed pumpkin. Then they had their games, the young braves contesting with one another in a sort of gymnastic feats. This was followed by the campfire dance, all joining hands and dancing around the campfire, singing their strange, weird songs. This wild mood festivity was the original Thanksgiving in America.

Tossing Chestnuts.
After the Thanksgiving dinner is eaten tossing chestnuts will be a good game for the young folks to play. To play it place a bowl or basket about nine inches in width at one end of the room. Each child receives ten chestnuts and, standing eight feet from the basket, tries to throw them, one at a time, into it. The score is kept, and the child who has succeeded in tossing the greatest number of chestnuts into the basket wins.

Not Her Quarrel.
The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in the public schools of Chicago is what led Bobby's teacher to address this note to the boy's mother:

Dear Madam—I regret very much to have to tell you that your son Robert idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping, and I strongly recommend that you give him one. Yours truly,

MISS BLANK.
Bobby's mother responded as follows:

Dear Miss Blank—Lick him yourself. I ain't mad at him. Yours truly,

MRS. DASH.

STOP! LOOK! Listen?

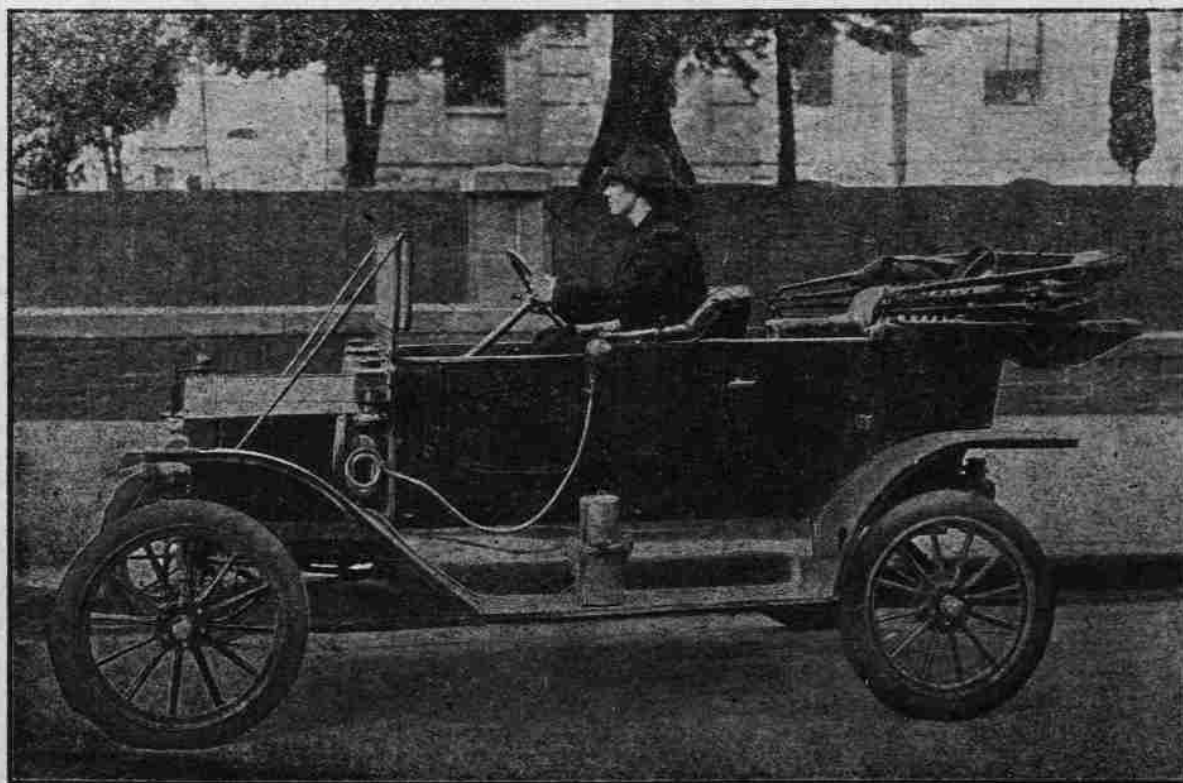
Working for the other fellow and
Get Busy for Yourself

What can be won with a little
work a fine prize every 10 days
BESIDES THE AUTO

To what people are saying and
you will see how popular you are
THEN GET IN AND WIN



Yours for the asking



Don't it look good to you

To stimulate interest in the voting and to give each one a chance to profit by their work we will give a prize every ten days. These prizes will not affect the final count in any way as all votes will count on

THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE

These prizes will be given to the one that hands in the largest number of votes every ten days.

The Second Special Prize for the best 10 days showing will be an order on J. Levitt's Popular Store. This order is good for anything in his store worth up to \$15.00 or can be applied on a larger account. This order had ought to be worth every effort you can put forth.