

THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY There Are Worse Inflictions Than Mere Noise By EDWARD B. DOUGLAS

"How glad I am," said Mrs. Brewer, "that firecrackers, pistols, guns and all explosives by which the Fourth of July has been celebrated are going out. They used to commence the racket a day or two before the Fourth and keep it up till the day after. This year, I am happy to say, the sale of such articles for celebration is prohibited, and we will have a peaceful day. The children have been given the money usually burned up to spend in other ways, and I shall not be tortured with the expectation that Tommy has had his eyes blown out with his little cannon or that Alec has been poisoned by a toy pistol."

These words the good lady said to me the evening before Independence day, I having been invited to spend the anniversary with her at her country place. Notwithstanding the laws against a fiery celebration in the city



there is still a great deal of noise. I am inclined to be nervous, and noises trouble me exceedingly.

The Brewer family consists of Margaret, aged twenty-two—and I may as well admit here that she was the principal inducement for my visit; Helen, commonly called Nell, aged seventeen; Gus, a boy of twelve, and Alec, ten.

I closed my eyes on the night of the 3d thinking how much pleasanter would be my awakening than it had been on other Fourth's, when from 4 o'clock in the morning there had been a succession of explosions. Breakfast was to be at 9 o'clock, and I need not arise till after 8. I slept soundly till half past 4, when I awoke, thought how delightful it was to hear no sound, turned over for another nap, when a bright light was flashed in my eyes.

Surprised, I sat up and looked toward the window from which direction it seemed to come. The only light was the morning dawn beginning to glimmer through the casement. Not a sound broke the stillness. Thinking that I had been disturbed by a meteorite or a huge firefly—possibly a flash of lightning, though I could see stars through the window—I closed my eyes again. I was sinking into a delicious slumber when another flash awakened me. This time it was of longer duration, and a vivid point of light just above the window sill blinded me to everything else. It lasted for perhaps ten seconds, then went out suddenly.

I had suffered so much of Fourth of July mornings from small boys or girls arousing me by means of firecrackers that I was long in divining the cause of this altered method of torture. Some youngster had flashed an electric hand lamp in my eyes. Probably Gus or Alice, who, deprived of the pleasure of annoying persons on this Fourth of July morning with explosions, had invented a method of achieving the same end. My hopes of a quiet Fourth "fell thick in the blast." I realized that while we may pass laws against youthful armaments, while we may bribe the youth to discontinue harmful and annoying practices, we simply jump out of the frying pan into the fire, or rather, in this case I had jumped out of the fire into the frying pan. I had simply got rid of the hammering of the cracker on the drum of my ear to receive the flash of the electric hand lamp on the retina of my eye.

I lay tossing in bed till 7 o'clock, then arose, dressed myself and went out on the porch. The morning was beautiful, though the day promised to be hot. An hour and a half must elapse before breakfast, and I experienced the pangs of hunger. Sitting down in a wicker chair, I threw my hat on the porch, for my brow was perspiring, and waited. Happily I fell asleep.

I dreamed of pastures green and cool streams. But presently there came in my dream a great winged insect and perched on a little bald spot on the top of my head just where the Indian wore his scalp lock. He tickled the skin, and I put my hand up to scare him away. He flew away for about six inches and, returning, lit again in the same place. A second time I drove him away, but he flitted about my hand, biting it and bounding from it as though angry at being disturbed.

I awoke, and, true enough, there was the monster just settling again on my bald spot. I fought him, and he fought me, till, becoming thoroughly awake, I got a better view of him and saw he was composed of yellow and blue paper. Moreover, one end of a string was attached to his body and the other to a stick protruded from a window just above my head. Suddenly my tormenter was jerked up into the window, and I heard a confusion of giggles.

"Wherein," I asked myself, "is the

new Fourth of July superior to the old? Formerly there was but one point of attack on a man's sensibilities—the ears. When youngsters were permitted to make noises their attention was fixed on the articles with which they caused the torture. Now that they are not permitted to make noises, their attention is fixed on the tortured, and where their firing of crackers, guns, cannons and other death dealing articles caused but one kind of suffering their inventive genius now causes a multiplicity. Would that the great republic had never been born—or I."

I left the house to the young scamps and went off into the grounds, sitting on a rustic seat under a tree. But here real insects—mosquitoes—were evidently celebrating an anniversary of their own, for they bit my face, my hands and my neck, and I was forced to keep in constant motion to drive them away. So I got up and walked. Yes, I was forced to walk for an hour treadmill fashion, when I was relieved by a call to breakfast.

"How nice it was this morning," remarked Mrs. Brewer, "not to be awakened by those horrid crackers! I don't remember ever before sleeping on a Fourth of July morning after daylight. Did you enjoy it, Mr. Collamore?"

"Very much," I replied. I cast my eyes about the table to detect who had annoyed me, my gaze lighting on the boys. To my surprise, they showed no consciousness of guilt. But by the way Nell poked her nose down near her plate in an effort to conceal her features I knew that she had been my torturer.

And here I will remark that, despite the reputation of the small boy for waywardness, for causing his mother distress by climbing trees and getting into mudholes while dressed in his best suit, for smashing things without reason or provocation, he is not to be compared for pure cussedness with certain girls from fifteen to eighteen. I refer to the kind of girl commonly called hoyden and in some cases tomboy. And I will further remark that Nell Brewer was the quintessence of this kind of girl. Such girls always have what we call an innocent way with them. They can look purer, sweeter, more plous, than any other girl. But when Satan comes out in them he dances a highland fling.

I was sitting after breakfast with Margaret on the porch near the door of the conservatory. Margaret was discoursing on the changed independence day—how much more restful, more quiet than the old Fourth. Everybody seemed to be harping continually on the subject. They didn't harp so much before it had ended. I was sitting with my back to the conservatory when I felt cold water sprinkled against the back of my neck run down my spine.

"Oh, Mr. Collamore," cried Nell, "I'm so sorry! I was watering the plants, and the sprayer slipped."

"Nell," said Margaret, "you should be more careful!"

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," I said, with the politeness expected of a guest.

"I hope I didn't wet you," said Nell. "Not at all, only a few drops; they feel deliciously cool," and I rubbed my neck and ruined shirt collar with my handkerchief.

But as the day wore on I had my revenge on this family who delighted in the new Fourth. Tommy fell off the roof of the barn and broke his arm. Alec, not having any firecrackers to set off, set fire to the dry grass and came near burning up all the buildings on the premises. For Nell's annoyances to me I resolved to punish her, so I invited her to go rowing with me on the river, intending to give her a ducking if I could. I was willing to suffer myself from the water if I could put her into it, and I wouldn't have minded drowning her. I upset the boat, but so agile was she that she caught an overhanging branch and escaped with no more serious damage than a pair of wet feet, while I was obliged to swim for dear life.

When I got into dry clothes I asked Margaret to go for a drive with me in the auto. While we were driving she said:

"Isn't it nice to ride on the Fourth of July not fearing the horses will be frightened by a cracker? We neither have horses nor crackers." She had hardly spoken the words before one of the forward wheels struck a stone, wrenching the steering wheel out of my hands, and before I could recover it the auto had swerved, struck a telegraph pole and thrown both Margaret and myself into a ditch. It was a miracle that we were not both hurled against the pole and killed. We were black as your hat with mud.

Such was the finale of the new explosionless Fourth. I have endured many a cracker anniversary, but never have I suffered as on this regenerated independence day, when all was still. The ending was worse even than I have depicted it, for Margaret was so mad at having a new and costly dress spoiled in the ditch that she never has forgiven me for putting her there. She says it was all due to my carelessness.

FRIENDLINESS.

Travel as a friendly man wherever you go. Make new friends. Trust men as often as possible. Be glad at every glow of kindly feeling that warms your heart. Look for good and not for evil in all kinds and conditions of men. Find out their best thought. The humblest may teach you something. Praise whatever is good. Carry the signs of a new freemasonry. You shall make fast the ties which bind the world. You shall put an end to war.—Charles F. Dole.

What He Couldn't Do.

An actor was boasting of his prowess in various ways. The company was seated around a luncheon table and at last got so weary of hearing of the "best ever" deeds of this boaster that one of the crowd at last broke in with: "Look here! You've told us so much about what you can do and have done; perhaps you'll tell us something you can't do." "Certainly," replied the braggart, with ready wit. "I can't pay my share of this reckoning."—St. Louis Republic.

YALE PLAYERS PUZZLED BALL PLAYER STOCK.

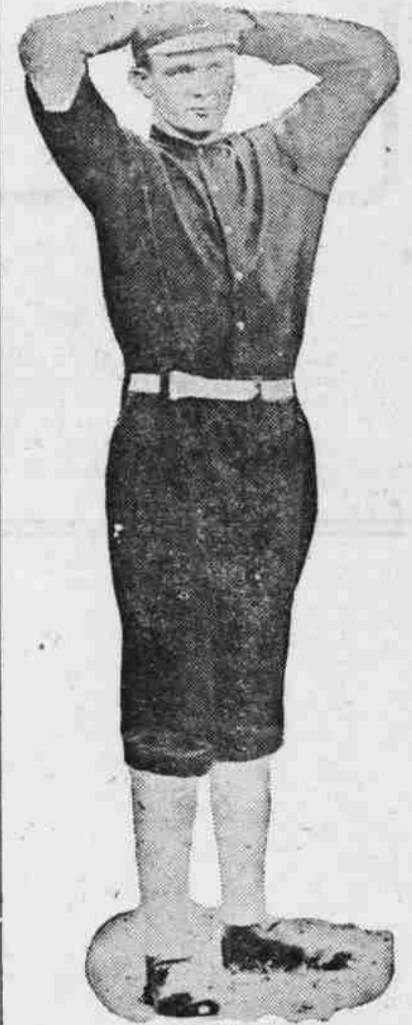
Milton Stock, the youngster who was given a trial by the Giants in the spring, saw many strange things in New York, but nothing that puzzled him more than the word "Yale." When he saw the Yale players at the Polo grounds for their exhibition with the Giants he turned to a fan and said, "Say, where are these guys from?" "From New Haven, up in Connecticut, where they make locks!" was the reply. "And these guys are the ones that make the locks, eh? Say, what league are they in?"

BAT NELSON IS THROUGH.

Ex-Champion's Hands Are Gone, and He'll Retire For Good. Battling Nelson, the former lightweight champion, at last admits that he is "all in." The game fighter is now satisfied that his sun as a retriever of his lost championship has set. When he broke his hands a few weeks ago Nelson took the matter lightly. He paid a visit to the famous "Donsetter" Bees of Youngstown, O., to obtain needed relief. Bees put Nelson's hands under a careful and thorough examination. When he had finished he remarked to Nelson: "Battler, your hands are gone, and I regret to add that your days as a great fighter are over."

MARQUARD NEEDS SLOW BALL.

Coach Robinson is Drilling Tall Southpaw in Art of Changing Pace. If Rubc Marquard can pitch a slow ball Coach Robinson of the Giants says he will be invincible. Marquard has learned to control terrific speed and a fast breaking curve. But he doesn't know much about change of pace. Robinson is drilling him every day in the art of pitching floaters and says the big southpaw is making progress. All of the great pitchers in days gone by mixed slow ones with fast ones, thereby increasing their effectiveness in a remarkable way. One of the first to use a slow ball was Radbourne of the champion Providence team of 1884. Tim Keefe and John Clarkson also em-



Photos by American Press Association.

ployed change of pace with splendid results. It was Keefe who first showed Amos Rusie how to pitch a slow ball. The big Hoosier was depending entirely on speed when Keefe took him in hand. In a couple of months Rusie had the floater down fine, and as he never varied his delivery he had practically every big hitter in the country on his list.

Nap Rucker of Brooklyn in a game against the Giants recently pitched a slow ball to Merkle that was a gem. The sphere seemed ready to drop to the ground in its journey to the plate. It had so little momentum that Merkle did not know what to make of it until Umpire Klem called it a strike. The next ball, delivered with the same windup, had whiskers on it and whistled over the pan before Merkle could see it. That was real change of pace sure enough.

Impactical on the Face of It.

"I understand," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "dat dey has invented a machine for washin' an' ironin' money." "Go' long, man," replied Miss Miami Brown. "You knows des as well as I does dese white folks an' g'inter leave no clotheslines full of two dollar bills hangin' out in de yard."—Washington Star.

Ann (after the ceremony)—I mustn't call you Miss now, ma sist, cos you're an old now, Miss—Funch.

PORTLAND EASILY DEFEATS OAKLAND

PORTLAND, June 12, (Special).—Klawitter was in fine form today, and Portland beat the Oaks 3 to 0. The Beavers made all their runs in the fifth inning on good hitting. This is the second successive game credited to McCredie's men.

The results Wednesday follow: National League Pittsburgh 7, Brooklyn 3. St. Louis 8, Boston 6. Cincinnati 8, Philadelphia 6. Chicago 2, New York 3.

American League Washington 5, Detroit 1. Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 0. New York 2, Chicago 11. Pacific Coast League Standings

Table with 3 columns: Team, W, L, P.C. Vernon 40, 25, .615. Oakland 39, 28, .582. Los Angeles 35, 30, .538. Sacramento 27, 36, .429. Portland 24, 34, .414. San Francisco 27, 39, .409.

Yesterday's Results At Portland—Portland 3, Oakland 0. At San Francisco—Los Angeles 10, San Francisco 2. At Los Angeles—Vernon 3, Sacramento 1.

MOOSE LODGE ADDS 12 TO MEMBERSHIP

Notwithstanding the many counter attractions the meeting of the Loyal Order of Moose No. 961 of Oregon City was well attended Wednesday evening. Fully a score of proposed members were balloted upon and a round dozen were added to the herd when the box was examined. Among the newly initiated was "Colonel" Young, manager of the lighting department of the P. R. L. & P. Co. in this city. "Colonel" Young's association with the lodge will do much to help on the energetic work which the order has maintained since its inception, and his enthusiastic efforts can be assured to the Loyal Order of Moose. Organizer Bert Westcott has announced that his duties in this city will close with the next meeting, at which time the present charter will be closed. It is understood that Mr. Westcott will then announce the actual date of his departure, which will be celebrated by a banquet given by himself to the officers of the lodge.

FAIR LILLIAN BRIDE OF RICH PUBLISHER

PITTSBURG, June 12.—After repeated denials of the marriage of Alexander P. Moore, publisher of the Pittsburg Leader, to Lillian Russell, the actress, which took place here today, the management of the Leader finally issued a story of the wedding. The story states that Moore and Miss Russell were married at noon today at the Hotel Schenley, Rev. Frank Lewis of the First Protestant Methodist church, officiating assisted by Rev. J. W. Righter of the Second Protestant Methodist church. Only relatives and intimate friends including members of the Weber and Fields Jubilee company, of which Miss Russell is a member, attended. Mrs. Susanne Westford, sister of Miss Russell, came from New York to witness the ceremony. Miss Russell leaves tonight with her company, eastbound, according to the Leader's authorized statement. Moore leaves tonight for Chicago to attend the Republican national convention, "in fulfillment of a promise to Colonel Roosevelt made some time ago."

BINGER HERMANN IS SEEKING VINDICATION

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Binger Hermann is here trying to get the House to authorize an investigation of Oregon land fraud prosecutions under Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Interior, with a view to securing vindication for himself, basing his demand on the revelations in the Jones pardon case.

A thorough investigation of the methods of Prosecutor F. J. Heney and W. J. Burns, the detective, in the Oregon land fraud cases is being demanded of Congress. That an investigation would be called for was evident when President Taft granted an unconditional pardon to Willard N. Jones a few days ago, the pardon being based on the evidence showing the jury was "hand picked" by the Government and "stacked" so that the defendants could not secure a fair trial. In the trial of Hermann the jury disagreed, standing, it is said, ten for conviction and two for acquittal.

Heart to Heart Talks. By EDWIN A. NYE.

LONG DISTANCE CRIME. You can sit in a leather cushioned office chair in New York and kill a man in Lincoln, Neb. You can commit a crime by telegraph or by long distance telephone. And not only is it easier to murder men in this way, but it is much safer than if you were on the ground.

What do I mean? Well, say a switchman is killed in the railroad yards at Indianapolis because of lack of proper equipment or a brakeman is crippled at Cheyenne because of the lack of safety appliances required by law. Who committed the crime? The division superintendent? Probably he has called the attention of the general manager to this very lack. And probably the manager has urged the board of directors to provide for the equipment. Who then is guilty? The men who sit about the mahogany table in New York.

And the crimes are committed for the basest of all motives—money. The men in charge must make dividends or resign. The stockholders must have their money, though it be wrung from quivering human flesh. Or, again: Here are legal infants sorting coal over a long chute and are being slowly choked to death, or for lack of timbers in the mine slate falls upon the head of a family and kills him, or for lack of ventilation men die of tuberculosis, or a fire breaks out in a mine room, and there are no cutoff doors, and miners die in the tunnels.

Who is to blame? The pit boss or the superintendent? In all likelihood the owner's attention has been called to the needs, and he has replied that "more economies must be used in operation of the plant."

Or, again: Here are hundreds of children under legal age working in a big cotton factory. There is a law on the statute books against child labor, but it is not enforced.

Who is guilty? Somebody miles away who is sending his family to Newport or to Europe for the summer.

Criminals? Think you they are the only thieves and murderers who slouch through back alleys or who fill the benches of the police court or who scowl through

AX VICTIM BROTHER OF CLACKAMAS MAN

G. W. Moore, of Clackamas, is a brother of Joseph Moore, a business man of Villisco, Ind., who with his wife and four children and two women visitors were murdered in their home on the night of June 9. Mr. Moore received a telegram Wednesday giving details of the tragedy. He will be unable to attend the funerals. The assassin entered the house through a rear door and brained the occupants with an ax. Revenge for a fancied wrong is thought to have been the motive for the crime. The visitors at the Moore home who were slain were Mrs. Van Gilder and her daughter. The assassin has not been captured.

THE BEAUTIFUL We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height, and in order to gain strength for that we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish. We must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it—indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.—Goethe.

Olfactory Nerves. The olfactory nerves are rendered useless for a note by simply rinsing with cold water, and other fluids may destroy their efficiency far more. The anatomist Hyrtl, who drew an infusion of tea into his nose with the idea of curing a cold, suffered loss of the power of smell for six months and throughout his life never completely recovered it.

The Best of Reasons. Hobbs why did the cashier leave the country? DODDS. The only reason was that he couldn't take it with him.

U. S. PLANS SCHOOL COURSE TO END WAR

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Warfare is to be ended for all time, at least so far as the United States is concerned, and the standard of citizenship in this country is to be put on a higher plane than ever before by a course of study in good will which is devised for the elementary schools through this country. Such at least, is the hope of those who have formulated the course. A complete outline of the topics covered in this new school subject is contained in a Government publication just issued for free distribution by the United States Bureau of Education.

In the lower grades according to the Bureau of Education's monograph, the child is trained in habits of forbearance, consideration, gentleness and self-control, while in the later grades emphasis is laid upon the principles of the world-peace movement.

Thus in the first grade the child learns the treatment he should give his companions and pets. The second grade deals with home life, the third with school and play time, while the fourth takes up the home town or city. In grade five the course broadens to include a consideration of the whole country; in the sixth the child takes up good citizenship, in the seventh he studies the world family, and in the last he learns what the larger patriotism means.

In this way the child grows up in the understanding that the good will which he must show his friends and parents should also be extended to all the inhabitants of the earth. He begins by learning that he must be kind to animals and playmates because he is in constant relations with them; then he comes to understand that this nation should be at peace with all others because all nations are interdependent; and this finally leads to the last topic in the whole long course—the united world.

Boost your city by boosting your daily paper. The Enterprise should be in every home.

Now for the Seashore! VIA THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC TILLAMOOK AND NEWPORT BEACHES. Season fares from the principal stations to Newport or Tillamook Beaches are as follows: FROM TO FARE TO FARE. Portland Newport \$6.25 Tillamook Beaches \$4.00. Oregon City Newport \$6.25 " " \$4.70. Salem " 5.15 " " \$6.00. Albany " 4.00 " " \$7.30. Corvallis " 3.75 " " \$7.10. Eugene " 5.50 " " \$9.00. Roseburg " 3.75 " " \$7.20. Medford " 12.00 " " \$17.20. Ashland " 12.00 " " \$17.75. Tickets to above points on sale daily good all season, with correspondingly low fares from other points. Week end tickets are also on sale from various points. Sunday Excursion Train on the C. & E. R. R. Leaves Albany at 7:30 a. m., Corvallis at 8 a. m. and connects with S. P. Trains 16, 14, and 28 from points south. Call on our nearest agent for "Vacation Days in Oregon," a beautifully illustrated booklet describing various outing resorts, or write to John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore. Attend the B. P. O. E. Effs Convention, Portland July 8-13. Law Fares to all points East June to September.

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