

A SINGLE TAX DILEMMA

By ELNA PAULSEN

I came into a biggish town— 'Twas big in point of size, I met a melancholy clown With misery in his eyes.

"Good sir," quoth I, and glanced about, "What ails the town and you, Is everyone vacationing, And have they naught to do?"

He fixed his mournful eyes on me, And sadly shook his head I glanced at all who wandered past And in their faces read

Despair—" 'Twas plainly written there That all who ran might read, "Good sir," cried I, "Pray answer me To my demands give heed.

"The town is big, but empty quite And when I last was here The streets were swarming day and night"— The native shed a tear.

"Why, stranger, have you never heard What happened here of late? Upon the last election day We held within this state?"

"No! you shall hear the story now," He cried with loosened tongue; From one who witnessed all the row And saw how it began.

"You see, the Single Taxer men Accomplished their design And I have lost unto the state The farm that once was mine.

"And when I've earned a little cot I'll hire me to a train And leave this town far, far behind, And ne'er come back again."

This tale they told me far and wide, The reason now I knew For hopelessness on every side, As towns more empty grew.

"The outcome of the Single Tax, Or tax on land alone, Which puts all on land-owners' backs' They answered with a moan.

'Twas said to see the once strong heart, Into hopelessness relax, And to know that all the wrong thus done, Was caused by single tax.



THE NEW REVELATION

By DEAN COLLINS

U'Ren, the Moses of the modern day, Hath lifted to High Fels, his mystic eye, And heralds forth the latest message gleaned

From solemn Oregon City's Sinai; Letting us wandering, baffled tribes men know That which should fill us with sublime elation—

That U'Ren, who hath led us on so long, Hath doped us out a new tax revelation.

Far had we wandered, 'neath th' Egyptian code Of private ownership of land, which founded

The base of all our state's prosperity And led to growth, with certainty surrounded, Fondly we dreamed of greater, stabler growth; But a new vision to the Seer appearing,

Leads him to warn us that the promised land Lies farther on, in Single Taxer's clearing.

'Neath the old code, by U'Ren supplemented, We wandered on, well guided in the light time

By bright cloud castles, and also conducted By pillars of hot air within the night time. Now he would cast those tables down and bust them,

Whereon is graven our present taxing system, And carve anew his Fels-inspired commandment— The latest revelation of his wisdom.

Oh, "Moses," we have followed you some seasons, And were beginning to learn how to take them— The laws by which you strove to lead from Egypt. But now, attack, you're planning to remake them.

Some of the dope you carried to adoption Might, after all, be quite the part of wisdom. But the thin soup of Single Tax doth drive me To hug the fleshpots of our present system.

Imagination Needed Massage. W. D. Howells once said of a certain popular novelist:

"There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood.

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMasters?" the girl asked softly. "McMasters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered: "Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best."

SCHAEFER AND ALTROCK FUNNY COMBINATION. "Germany" Schaefer and Nick Altroek are a great combination and are cutting considerable ice with their funny stuff on the road with the Washington club. Altroek joined the club in Cleveland and was met at the door of the hotel by Tom Hughes, the pitcher, who inquired: "Say, Nick, what was the matter with you in Kansas City? Was your arm sore?" "No, indeed," replied Nick. "My arm is all right, but the bats are getting too big."

For several seasons Altroek has always had a lot of trick stuff with the first base mitt. His new stunt is stopping the thrown ball with the mitt, letting it roll up one arm and around his shoulders and back into the other hand.

COBB WANTS \$6,000 RAISE. Will Demand \$45,000 For His Next Three Years' Work. Taking into consideration his worth as a drawing card, as well as his ability as a ball player, Ty Cobb is going to demand \$45,000 for his next three years' work with the Detroit club.

This is Cobb's last year under the \$27,000 contract which he signed three years ago, and he admits that he is going after a substantial increase, just how much he will not say.

Cobb is just as good a player as he was three years ago, and his value as



Photo by American Press Association. TY COBB IN HUMOROUS MOOD.

an attraction has increased considerably. Being with a losing team has handicapped his playing to some extent, but there is no doubt that as an individual Cobb pulls at least \$30,000 into the coffers of the Detroit club during a season.

There are other players possessed of drawing ability, but none of them is equal to Tyros, and this, he says, must be taken into consideration when the new contract is made.

SCHALK COSTLY BALL PLAYER Chicago White Sox Paid \$15,000 For Milwaukee Boy.

The deal whereby Ray Schalk, the Milwaukee association team catcher, goes to the old Roman Comiskey, owner of the Chicago Americans, for approximately \$15,000 is the second largest in the history of baseball where an individual was concerned. Marty O'Toole cost the record sum of \$22,500, and he has so far proved a good investment.

Schalk, competent critics say, is a wonderful player and will prove worth the sum paid for him. It is a wonderful price to pay for a player other than a pitcher.

Schalk is rather a little fellow, weighing 150 pounds and being five feet eight inches high. But he has a deadly



aim and is hitting over .300. Being but twenty years of age he has a long period of usefulness in front of him, barring accidents.

RIVERS TO FIGHT MANDOT. Mexican Lightweight to Tackle South-erner in Vernon, Cal. Labor Day. Joe Rivers, the Mexican lightweight, will meet Joe Mandot in a twenty round bout at Vernon, Cal., on Labor Day. Rivers has decided to remain on the coast until late in the fall instead of paying a visit to New York. He owes his success to Tom McCarey and prefers to box under his auspices as long as profitable matches are in sight.

Rivers says he hopes Wolgast will consent to a return match at Vernon on Thanksgiving Day, but if the latter should decline the issue the Mexican then will accept an offer to box either Willie Riethe or Packey McFarland in Madison Square Garden some time in December. Rivers has made nearly \$40,000 in the last two years.

THE TRESPASSER. In a New York tenement where 25 cents for the gas meter is a problem and rent day is a tragedy a poor woman drew on her meager savings of dimes and pennies to summon a doctor for her baby, whose suffering was intense.

The doctor said the babe must have the fresh air of the parks. Whereupon the mother took the child to Central park, which, valued by financiers as worth a billion dollars, belongs to the people of New York.

She saw an unoccupied lawn and took her baby there. Mother and child lay down upon the grass in the shade and soon were both asleep.

Scarcely were the slumbers begun than the majesty of the law appeared. A park policeman awoke the tired mother, worn by the sleepless nights in the hot tenement, and demanded her name and address. He placed her under arrest and notified her to appear next morning in the court.

Terrified and weary, the poor mother went back to the stuffy, noisome "home" to spend another sleepless night.

In the morning she left her baby with a neighbor and appeared before the magistrate, where she confessed to the heinous crime of trespassing on the people's premises.

The court fined her \$1. Weeping, the woman said the doctor's bill had taken all her savings, whereupon she was remanded to jail.

As she started to go with the policeman a probation officer who had witnessed the trial interfered and pleaded with the court to remit the fine, which the court did, but sternly remarked that the law must be enforced.

The probation officer afterward took the matter up with the park commissioner, who commended the park policeman for the arrest.

Well— Possibly the requirement to "keep off the grass" is proper and there must be a penalty.

But just the same— Mercy and discretion are never out of place. Surely should the future historian of the first quarter of the twentieth century come across this story of how a poor mother with a sick baby was arrested for trespassing in a park owned by the people and remanded to jail he will pause and moralize on the subtle cruelty of the age.

Loses His Grit. "Isn't that fellow ever going to propose?" "I guess not. He's like an hour-glass."

"How's that?" "The more time he gets the less sand he has."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fraternal Fractions. Lodger—My brother is coming on a visit. Have you a couple of spare cots? Landlady—A couple! Is he so big as all that? Lodger—No, but you see the fact is, he really consists of two half brothers.—Boston Transcript.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

News of Willamette Hop Pickers

INDEPENDENCE, Sept. 2. (Special)—The L. A. Morrison special arrived at Independence on time with the hoppers from Willamette. Four wagons with hop racks took the baggage out to the yards. O. Larsen got the first corner lot and after getting his tent set and everything in tip top shape started to work picking at a rate of about six boxes a day.

Leo Larsen is a close second. Frank Oliver has promised to keep all saws filed and knives sharpened even if he has to work over time.

Charles Andrews is looking after the mail for the whole camp. He attended the mail carriers' convention. Mrs. Waldron carries water and splits wood and helps keep the pickers in good humor.

Mr. Richardson and daughter secured one of the finest locations on the main street and are keeping everybody supplied with beans.

The baby of Mr. Lutes has a bad cold. Albert Runyan and mother are snugly located in a fine grove and Albert expects to lead from the first tap of the bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert are here and Mr. Calvert is supplying several yards with Willamette grown potatoes. He expects also in case of an election to be mayor of Hopville.

Dr. Sizer and family camped close to the first row and expect to be first out next last in, and also attend to the health of everybody.

Hops are fine. Disputed Authority. There is a story told of Drs. Chalmers and Stewart, who argued on the street corner on some knotty point of theology with Scottish pertinacity until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked, "You will find my views very well put in a certain tract."

To his surprise, his antagonist replied, "Why, I wrote that tract myself."

Agriculture In Great Britain. Out of 56,799,994 acres, the total area of Great Britain, only 9,000,000 are unused for agricultural purposes.

MANY CHILDREN WIN PRIZES AT FAIR

The following were the prize winners at the juvenile fair held in Canby last week:

Best General Exhibit— First—Union Hall. Second—Macksburg. Third—Canby.

Best Individual Exhibit. First—John Robbins, Union Hall. Second—Harold Vinyard, Canby.

Field Corn, Class A. First—Rufus Kraxberger, Macksburg. Second—Melvin Mahlum, Canby.

Field Corn, Class B. First—Frank Stevens, Macksburg. Second—Edward Doegril, Barlow.

Sweet Corn, Class A. First—Eddie Wilkerson, Union Hall. Second—Walter Keesling, Macksburg.

Class B. First—Myrtle Burns, Union Hall. Second—Harold Vinyard, Canby.

Pop Corn, Class A. First—Ernest Reese Canby. Class B. First—Harold Vinyard, Canby. Second—Fred Q. Goebel, Aurora.

Muskmelons Class B. First—Harold Vinyard, Canby. Squash, Class A. First—Lewis Mitts, Needy.

Class B. First—John Robbins, Union Hall. Second—Fred Ganske, Macksburg.

Watermelons. First—Frank A. and B.—A. M. Wonders. Class B. First—Harold Vinyard, Canby. Potatoes, Class A and B.—A. M. Wonders.

First—Frank Stevens, Macksburg. Class A. First—Eddie Wilkerson, Union Hall. Potatoes, Class B. First—Harold Vinyard, Canby.

Pumpkins, Class A. First—Rudy Harms, Macksburg. Class B. First—Sam Mark, Needy. Second—Harold Vinyard, Canby.

Cabbage, Class A. First—Elsie Kraxberger, Macksburg.

Class B— First—Arabella Goebel, Aurora. Second—Earl Burns, Union Hall.

Tomatoes, Class A. First—Rufus Kraxberger, Macksburg. Class B. First—Robert Newton, Canby.

Celery, Class A. First—John Robbins, Union Hall. Grain Selection, Class A. First—Walter Keesling, Macksburg.

Bird Houses, Class A. First—John Robbins, Union Hall. Second—Earl Burns, Union Hall.

Canned Fruit, Class A. First—Hazel Keesling, Macksburg. Second—Bertha Borch, Macksburg.

Class B. First—Inice Keesling, Macksburg. Second—Eva Whipple, Canby.

Loaf Bread, Class A. First—Lillie Harms, Macksburg. Second—Verness Reese, Canby.

Mechanical Toys, Class A. First—Earl Harms, Macksburg. Second—Muriel Bissell, Canby.

Piece Furniture, Class A. First—Walter Keesling, Macksburg. Second—Norbert Broeren, Barlow.

Class B. First—Chaffer Newton, Canby. Labor Saving Device. First—J. Christensen, Canby.

Loaf Bread, Class B. First—Dorma Haines, Canby. Second—Sarah Wilkerson, Union Hall.

Mending, Class A. First—Kate Harms, Macksburg. Second—Myrtle Oats, Canby.

Darning, Class A. First—Lillie Harms, Macksburg. Apron, Class A. First—Vera Lorenz, Macksburg. Second—Elsa Kraxberger, Macksburg.

Class B. Aprons. First—Edna Phelps. Dresses, Class A. First—Vera Lorenz, Macksburg. Class B. First—Edna Phelps.

Asters, Class A. First—Kate Harms, Macksburg. Class B. First—Robert Newton, Canby.

Sweet Peas, Class A. First—Lillie Harms, Macksburg. Loaf Cake, Class A. First—Bertha Boeche, Macksburg.

Class B. First—Marion Evans, Barlow. Second—Myrtle Burns, Union Hall. Best Piece of Fancy Work. First—Marie Bowers, Macksburg.

Chickens, Class A. First—Walter Keesling, Macksburg. Second—Glady's Thompson.

Class B. First—Ralph Koehler, Canby. Second—Remonia Kinney, Macksburg.

Special Best P. R. Cockerel. First—Tom Carleton. Ducks, Class A. First—Grover Harms, Macksburg.

Class B. First—John Robbins, Union Hall. Second—Wm. Webner, Macksburg.

Watkins Special. First—Herman Etzel, Macksburg. Wheat, Class A and B. First—Melvin Mahlum, Canby.

Cake, Watkins' Special. First—Inice Keesling, Macksburg. Layer Cake, Class A. First—Bertha Boeche, Macksburg. Second—Elsa Kraxberger, Macksburg.

Class B. First—Leona Parmenter, Barlow. Second—Myrtle Burns, Union Hall. Third—Lillian Condit, Canby.

Special Mention. Cora Reese, apron. Irene Malanima, piece of fancy work. Anna Stefni, cushion.

Charles Dregnil, China peas. Jenny Thompson, Jabot. Irene Wurfl, Crochet Hood and Bootee.

Mattie Kessling, Summer squash. Rudolph Etzel, 10 Wonders' A. M. potatoes. Julia Nerbow, bedspread.

Oswald Kraxberger, Summer squash. Sarah Wilkerson, Bantams. Lena Kummer, Center piece.

Alford Boeche, popcorn. Erich, Boeche, millet. Walburger Kraxberger Cabbage.

Alan Hutchinson, Bantams. Dow Hutchinson, Bantams. Oscar Hills, a family of Buff Bantams.

Harry Roming, tomatoes. Clifton Marks, popcorn. Orvil Marks, Bantams.

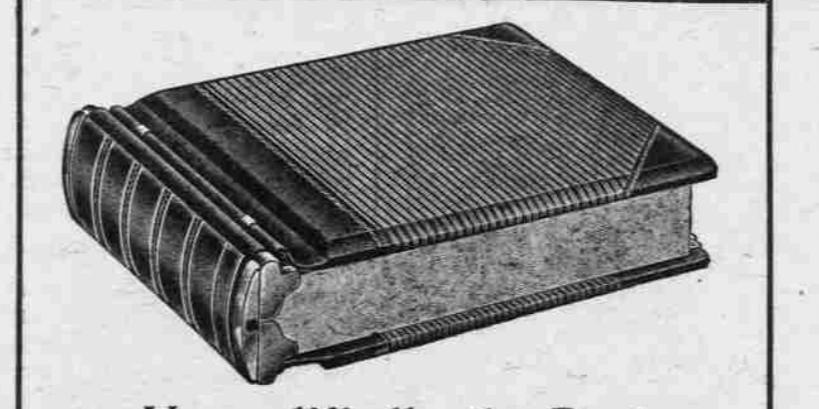
Clyde Lorenz, R. I. Cockerel. Walter Lorenz, Buff Orphington cockerel.

Dora Goebel, Onions. Lizzie Goebel, Carrots. Arabella Goebel, 1 box wonder tomatoes.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

I am a power for great good if you do not abuse my use. In cases of need---I do my work well. I am a builder up of health and strength---in the hospital or in the home. For the invalid or the convalescent---for the tired or over-worked I offer a great help. A little of me goes a long way. I have been among you for three generations.

I'm known as Cyrus Noble throughout the world. W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents, Portland, Oregon



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