

U'REN CRIES OUT TO FELLS FOR CASH

BOOKS BY SHIELDS SENT BACK TO MILLIONAIRE.

Single Taxers Make Claim for Funds to Keep Army of Paid Workers Going—Farmers and Businessmen in Fight

Indications have been furnished in Portland of the tremendous sum of money that is to be expended to force down the throat of the state the Single Tax doctrines of Henry George.

Because there seems to be a temporary financial stringency, W. S. U'Ren is sending back an earnest call to Joseph Fells and the other millionaire subscribers to the Single Tax Fells Fund. He is using a club, too.

U'Ren Asks for Books. Mr. U'Ren's club is proof of the work being done by the Oregon Equal Taxation League, the organization of farmers and business men that is combating Single Tax.

U'Ren called up Charles H. Shields, secretary of the league, and asked for 50 copies of "Single Tax Exposed," the work that is being distributed by the league.

"Why," said Mr. Shields, "I know what you want them for. You intend to send them back to the subscribers of your fund and get more money, don't you?"

"Er—er—" Says U'Ren.

"Er—er—" began Mr. U'Ren, but he ended by admitting the truth.

"Sure you can have the books," said Shields, "and I trust that they prevent you from getting a single other subscription by converting all the men whom you intend to reach."

"You know and I know, that Single Tax is just a trick and a snare."

But Mr. U'Ren did not answer.

Leading Economist to Handle Campaign

Charles H. Shields, who as secretary of the Oregon Equal Taxation League, is in charge of the campaign of education against Single Tax and the Graduated Tax is one of the best known economists in the West.

Mr. Shields was president of the anti-Single Tax organization



CHARLES H. SHIELDS

In Washington, and met with marked success in the campaign in that state, Single Tax being overwhelmingly defeated.

Mr. Shields believes that for its own sake, Oregon will reject Single Tax. "Vote Nos. 304, 306 and 308 and you kill it in Oregon," he said.

Mr. Shields is author of "Single Tax Exposed."



TRYING IT ON

By DEAN COLLINS

Oh, ours would be a beautiful state, If the Single—Sh—h! I mean, If the Graduated Land Tax Scheme Got into our social machine; For then we would get a chance to know How fast the neighboring states could grow. It will be simple, for then they will keep growing while we are standing still.

When the graduated land tax scheme Gets working, then we'll spy Capital flocking to neighbor states And passing our own state by; And thus, at the very trifling cost Of several billions of dollars lost, We'll have a chance to perceive, I wot, The size of the lemon that we have got.

Experience is a bitter school Where a fool, however, may learn; And that is the school to which our friends Of the new regime would turn.

ESTACADA SCHOOLS TO BE AMONG BEST

The Estacada High School will open Monday, September 16, with the following teachers and grades:

Principal and instructor in history, Burgess F. Ford. Instructor in High School English and Latin, Mrs. Maude W. Devore. Instructor in Science and Mathematics, F. B. Guthrie.

Instructor in sewing and teacher of the seventh and eighth grades, Miss Minnie Altman. Instructor in sewing and teacher of the sixth grade, Miss Abbie Stites. Manager of the south basement and teacher of the fourth and fifth grades, Mrs. Maude B. Graham.

Librarian and teacher of the primary department, Miss Eva Wash. Mr. Ford, who begins his first year's work in the Estacada school, was graduated from the Willamette University at Salem. He also is a graduate student of Northwestern University of 1908-1910; Department of History Montana Western two years, and Lebanon High School 1911-12.

Mrs. Claude W. Devore is a graduate of the University of California. She taught in the Sutter City high school for two years, in the Drain high school for three years, and in the Estacada public schools for eleven years. Mr. B. Guthrie is a graduate of the Minnesota Agricultural College; taught in the Birmingham, Mich., high school for two years; in the Minnesota Agricultural College four years, and engaged in the Industrial Mission Work, at Kamerun, West Africa, two years.

Miss Minnie Altman taught in the Portland public schools for ten years and in the Estacada school for two years.

Miss Abbie Stites taught in the Eastern public schools for one year.

Miss Ellen Erickson, is a graduate of the Estacada High School and was a special student of the Summer normal in Salem. She taught in the Estacada public schools one year.

Mrs. Maude E. Graham taught in the Oregon public schools for eleven years, and will teach her second year in the Estacada school.

Miss Eva Wash, who is a graduate of the Oregon State Normal, and special student in the University of California and Oregon, taught in the Perrydale, Or., school for two years, and had charge of the primary department of the West Oregon City schools for two years.

Professor James, who has been city superintendent and principal for the past four years, has resigned to accept that of supervisor of Estacada school district. Professor James gave excellent satisfaction while principal of the school, and will retain his residence in Estacada.

The Estacada high school will be represented in the State Contest to be held at the Willamette University May 24, 1913. The Estacada High School belongs to the Oregon Inter-scholastic Debating League, and the local "tryout" will be held on the evening of December 20. Contests will be held as officers of the district determine.

The Estacada school has been equipped with apparatus for three branches of study. The agricultural laboratory will be well equipped and the fine exhibit at the recent Estacada Juvenile fair at Estacada shows what the pupils are doing in that school district. It is planned by the pupils and teachers to have even a larger and better Juvenile Fair at Estacada next year.

The Estacada board of school directors, J. P. Woodie, L. E. Belkiss, J. W. Reed, Mrs. Sarah E. Bates, has arranged to install shower baths for the benefit of the students. They will be ready for the opening of the school term.

The Estacada school is adjacent to the athletic grounds which will be used by the pupils. If the pupils show the proper spirit contests will be arranged with other schools. Trips are certain to the University of Oregon, Oregon Agricultural College and Willamette University if the boys will make good next spring.

The following is the course of study:

Freshman—Ancient history, English, Algebra, Physiology, agriculture, spelling, sewing.

Sophomore—Medieval and Modern history, English, Geometry, Agriculture, Arithmetic, sewing, spelling.

Junior—English, Agriculture, sewing, Latin, Physics, spelling.

Senior—English, Chemistry, Agriculture, Latin, American history, spelling.

Spelling will be required of every student in the high school regardless of classification.

The girls will take advantage of the sewing class, and it is necessary for each pupil to be equipped with sewing box, thimble, scissors and emery. It is the intention of the teacher of this class to have a fine exhibit of needlework at next year's Juvenile fair to be held at Estacada. Special work will be given the pupils in this class two or three weeks before Christmas. Seventeen models are to be worked out by the seventh and eighth grade pupils; twenty-five models to be worked out by the ninth and tenth grade high school students and thirty models to be worked out by the eleventh grade students.

Two literary societies will be formed. Unless otherwise agreed upon every other Friday at 2 o'clock will be the meeting time and it will be required that every student be a member of one of these literary societies.

Madrid's Night Watchmen.

Madrid still has the medieval night watchmen. They admit late comers to the apartment houses at night, but no longer sing out the hour or the condition of the weather. They still go by the name of "sereno," which they got from the fact that, as it seldom rains in Spain, their cries about the weather generally ended with that word ("las tres y sereno").

The Shortest Way Out of A Difficulty

By JAMES D. ANDREWS

Major MacDonald, as the name indicates, of Scotch descent, was every inch a soldier. He claimed that army officers should be celibates.

But Major MacDonald could not enforce his opinions or their practice upon those under his command. While he restricted himself to celibacy, his officers were marrying and raising children, and many of the men in the ranks were doing the same thing. The consequence was that during several years when his command was located in one place it came to comprise nearly as many women and children as soldiers.

Then came the order to move. Even the major was not prepared for the increase of his military family and the herculean task of transporting the living impedimenta, to say nothing of furniture and baggage. The migration was from Fort W. to Fort J., and since the command consisted of two companies and each company was allowed but one wagon, it required a dozen trips for both wagons to make the transfer.

During the hegin the major fumed and stamped and swore that he would rather command a tribe of Indians with a full complement of squaws and papooses, for, while his own force was loaded down with effects, the Indians carried their clothing—when they had any—on their backs. His wrath was especially irritating to the wives of his soldiers, who considered that they



WELCOMED HIM WITH CHEERS.

had their rights even as part of an army. The move was a trying one for all, and they had been some time settled in their new quarters before the garrison resumed its wanted good humor.

As soon as the furniture was in position and the trunks, boxes and barrels unpacked, the officers' wives—there were two captains and four lieutenants, all married—got together to fire blank cartridges or empty words at the major. They began by calling him a brute, a monster, a devil, but finally simmered down to applying no more disagreeable name to him than crusty old bachelor. They then resolved to express their dissatisfaction at the treatment it had received and take measures against its recurrence.

There was one dissenting voice in the clatter of tongues. Mrs. Captain Ferguson, a good natured, motherly woman, avowed that the major was right; that an army encumbered with women and children would be better equipped with blank cartridges; that the army was no place for them, and being an encumbrance, they should bear patiently any scolding the commander chose to give them.

A couple of months after the hegin a niece of Mrs. Ferguson—Miss Gwendolin Brayling, a young lady of nineteen—came out from the east to visit her aunt. When the major heard of her arrival he snuffed the air ominously. The ladies whom Mrs. Ferguson had reproved for their strictures on the major at once took notice, wondering how the new impedimenta—as they had come to facetiously style Miss Brayling—would affect the major.

"Did you ask permission to have her come?" asked Mrs. Lieutenant Harkness of Mrs. Ferguson.

"I did not," replied Mrs. Ferguson. "I shall take care of her in every respect. She shall be no encumbrance upon the garrison."

"He'll get even with you," exclaimed Mrs. Captain Wetherby, shaking her head ominously.

To this Mrs. Ferguson did not deign a reply.

Miss Brayling had scarcely had time to make the acquaintance of the ladies of the garrison before she was privately warned by them to keep herself at as safe a distance as possible from the commander.

"What'll he do to me?" she asked.

"What'll he do? Why, what a question! Don't you know that he considers women a drawback to the command? If there was an article in the

"regulations" to cover the case he'd convene a board of survey to condemn every one of us and make a bonfire of us."

"What an awful man!"

Now, it happened that Captain Ferguson soon after Miss Brayling's arrival was promoted to be major and assigned to the command of Fort G., 100 miles south of Fort J. He had no sooner left the fort, his wife, children and niece in an ambulance and his effects in an army wagon, than Major MacDonald was heard to say, "There go five clingers and one soldier."

There was not a lady at Fort J. who did not envy Mrs. Ferguson the change, but all had at least the satisfaction in her going that they would feel the more freedom in abusing Major MacDonald.

About a week after the departure of the Ferguson's Major MacDonald received an order from Washington directing him to inspect the army stations in the vicinity and report on their condition. Turning over the command to the next officer in rank, he departed with a single orderly and remained away a fortnight.

After this the major was continually making inspections, remaining away from his command on each tour from a few days to a few weeks. His departure was always hailed with delight by the ladies at Fort J., and his return was regretted, for during his absence they ceased to feel that they were a necessary evil and breathed freely.

"I wish," said Mrs. Lieutenant Wetherby, "the government would keep him inspecting till he came to the age of retirement."

"And I wish," said Mrs. Lieutenant Gunter, "that some woman would get him, load him down with baggage and he'd be ordered to move at five minutes' notice."

One day when the major was off on his fifth tour of inspection Captain Harbison, who was in command of the post, confided to his wife a secret. MacDonald was not going away from his command on inspection duty at all. He was simply absenting himself without leave.

"You don't mean it? Where does he go?"

"Nobody knows. I suspect he may

have secret orders to investigate something."

"That's not usual in the army. At least in time of peace. There's no secret service except in war."

"That's all the explanation I have to give," replied the husband. "Be sure not to say a word about what I've told you."

"Of course not." And as soon as the captain left her she went into Mrs. Wetherby's quarters and told her the story. In half an hour it was known to the wife of every officer of the garrison.

The next time Major MacDonald went out on a tour of inspection he took a new uniform with him that he had just received from a New York tailor and a trunk full of other clothing.

He had been gone several days when an army wagon was driven into the fort and a considerable load of brand new furniture and a dozen trunks were dumped in front of the major's quarters.

The episode occasioned a greater commotion than an attack of a thousand Indians. Every woman, including the children, in the fort stood on the parade gapping at the pile, and there was a clatter of tongues that would have drowned the post band.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mrs. Gunter. "Let's bring all our empty trunks, boxes, suit cases and bandboxes and put them on the pile."

"Wouldn't it be mutiny?" asked one of the more timid ladies.

"Mutiny! There's no such thing as mutiny for us. We're not in the army. Come on!"

Every woman rushed to her quarters and back, she and her older children carrying articles to swell the major's pile. When it was so high that they must be tossed upward to get them in position it stopped growing, but the impedimenta was enough to drive a quartermaster insane.

The next afternoon a smart little wagon was driven into the fort, and who should appear on the back seat but Major MacDonald and Miss Brayling! When the officer saw the pile in front of his quarters his brow darkened for a moment; then he broke into a laugh. Several ladies were on the parade who hastened to welcome him

back, and he presented his companion to them as Mrs. MacDonald.

Both the groom and the bride entered into the spirit of the joke that had been perpetrated, and, the news spreading that their commander had returned a married man, the garrison poured from their quarters and welcomed him with cheers. Then all took hold, separating the additions from the real impedimenta, and carried the latter into the quarters of the bride and groom.

In the evening all was ready for a wedding reception, for some of the boxes the groom had sent contained eatables and drinkables, and there was a merry time at Fort J. Some one proposed the health of the newly married couple with the words:

"May their belongings never diminish!"

The major replied, pleading himself thereafter to consider the wires, children, cats, poodles, furniture, trunks, boxes, bandboxes, beds, bedding and wearing apparel, a part of the paraphernalia of war to be respected accordingly.

"You ladies," he added in conclusion, "are indebted to Mrs. Ferguson for a happy outcome from your troubles. Since my marriage she has confessed that she brought her niece out here with a view to making a married man of me and thus putting me in the same boat with the rest of you."

Rainy Spots.

The rainiest day on record anywhere in England was Aug. 6, 1857, when the rain gauge at Scarborough, holding nine and one-half inches, was filled to overflowing. The rainiest place in England is Sty Head, in Westmorland, where the mean annual fall is 175 inches, but where in wet years there have been measured 200 inches, or 17 feet.

How Are You Healed?

Mentality is marked on the heel. Only those with pronounced brain ability have lines there sharply seen. Others have them as mere markings. If there is a network of small lines upon the heel it means great versatility. People who draw, paint, play and dabble in the languages have many heel lines. A smooth surface of heel denotes a placid, nonworking brain.

JOHN D. THREATENED; GUARDS HIS MANSION

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The large force of armed guards which has been stationed around the John D. Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, for the last two weeks, was established because of threats of death received by Rockefeller himself and members of his family, according to the World.

Eighteen negroes, deputy sheriffs and a squad of detectives, all armed, constitute the guard.

According to the World, Rockefeller and his son have received a number of letters threatening both their lives and property and demanding heavy ransom.

Threats to kidnap two young children of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who are ill with measles at a nurse on the estate, have also been made, it is said.

BRITAIN WON'T ASK CANAL ARBITRATION

LONDON, Sept. 3.—Complete disavowal was given this morning by the British Foreign Office of the so-called official announcement that the British government formally would demand arbitration on the Panama Canal tolls question.

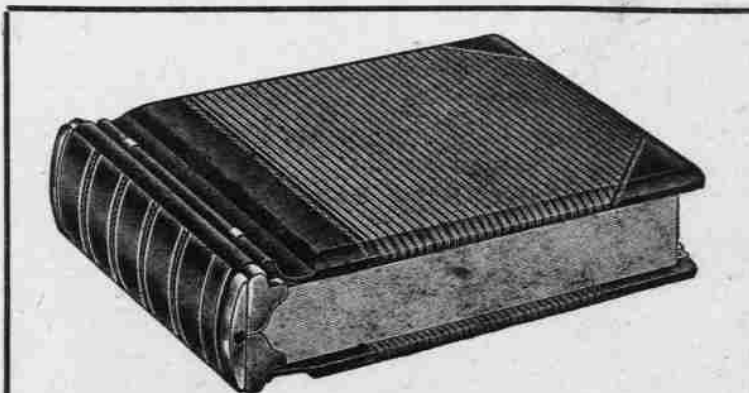
"The lines of action which lie before the British government now are being considered, and any announcement of this kind is premature."

This is the full text of the formal statement given out by the Foreign Office in reply to requests for details as to the reported demand for arbitration.

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

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



Unqualifiedly the Best

LEDGER

The De Luxe Steel Back

New improved CURVED HINGE allows the covers to drop back on the desk without throwing the leaves into a curved position.

Sizes 8 1-4 to 20 inches

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

Headquarters for Loose Leaf Systems

Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico

traversing the states of SONORA - SINALOA - TEPIC - JALISCO. Gives Access to OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH

Cattle, Farming, Mining, Timber

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet soon to be published. H. LAWTON, G. P. A., Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.

Lava.

Lava may be blown into opaque bottles of gossamer lightness, and the harder sort makes a beautiful green glass of half the weight and double the strength of ordinary glass. But it is not always the same. Every volcano pours out its own special brand of molten mixture, disagreeable to walk on, but sometimes yielding precious products, as pumice stone. Lava, like all things, decomposes under the touch of time, as the fertile plains of Sicily testify.