

LITTLE WORK FOR SHORT-STOP NOW, SAYS WALLACE.

An unexplained change is going on in baseball, according to Bob Wallace of the Browns. The little Scot is serving his eighteenth year in the big league. Therefore he should know whereof he speaks.

WHY HORINE FAILED.

Swedes Would Not Allow Californian to Jump in His Style.

The mystery of the apparent failure of George Horine, the California wonder, to sweep away all records in the high jump at Stockholm is cleared up by explanations made by his teammates recently.

It is explained that the Swedes would not permit Horine to leap in the manner by which he attained heights which dwarfed all previous records.

The Swedes contended that Horine's head was the first part of his body over the bar, and they insisted that the proper style was feet first.

Their ruling prevented the wonderful jumper from demonstrating his ability to clear heights only dreamed of by his competitors.

In America there has never been the slightest objection to his style.

JOHNSON WORKING HARD.

Washington's Great Pitcher Ready to Go In Any Time.

A glimpse of the pennant and world's series money has made Walter Johnson forget about saving his great right arm. Last season Johnson stipulated that he would not finish games for the other Washington pitchers and that he would not work out of his turn.

American league players would like to see Washington win the pennant, so Johnson would face the Giants in the world's series. Johnson would carry the players' money to win four straight games. They say Walter would whiz 'em through so fast that McGraw's bunch would be lucky to make two good fouls a game.

MILAN GREAT BASE STEALER

Washington Outfielder Leads American League This Year.

Clyde Milan, crack center fielder of the Washington Senators, is a valuable asset to the club. He has stolen more than fifty bases this season and leads the American league. Milan also is running Gandell and Mueller a close race for the leadership of the Washington club as a batsman.

This same Milan was troublesome for the White Sox in their attempt to win



Photo by American Press Association.

CLYDE MILAN.

an American league pennant in 1908. By his base stealing and hitting that season Milan robbed the White Sox of several close games near the close of the year, when each contest had a direct bearing on the race for the flag. Milan and Walter Johnson were the Senators who did the most damage to White Sox hopes. Milan is proving troublesome to Boston this season.

Champion Weight Thrower as Wrestler John Reilly, the former Georgetown University athlete, now physical director of the Kansas City Athletic club, claims that Lee Talbot, the former Cornell champion weight thrower will be one of the leading heavyweight wrestlers during the coming season. Talbot weighs about 230 pounds.

Cardinals Have Giant Pitcher. Pitcher Eppa Rixey, Jr., of the Philadelphia Nationals is six feet five inches tall, but the St. Louis Cardinals boast of a youngster named Weltman who tops Eppa by one inch.

Heat From Compression.

The production of heat by the sudden compression of air or other gas is practised by the Burmese. They use an instrument consisting of a buffalo's horn with a quarter inch hole bored nearly to the bottom and fitted with a tight piston. In a recess in the lower end of the piston is placed a piece of dry pith or other inflammable material. The piston is inserted in the horn cylinder, driven down by a smart blow and quickly withdrawn. When blown on the pith bursts into flame.

For the Children

Little Miss Mavis Yorke, Child Actress and Dancer.



© by American Press Association.

The charming little girl here pictured with a Cupid's bow in her hand is Miss Mavis Yorke, a talented English child actress and dancer, for whom a great future is predicted. Little Miss Yorke has attracted wide attention in London by her sweetness, grace and beauty. She dances like a veritable fairy—so lightly she trips that she seems to float in the air.

Hurdy Gurdy Man. As a fun producer the game of the hurdy gurdy man ranks high and is always a great success at afternoon parties. To play it seat the players in a circle and let one of them be chosen as hurdy gurdy man. Then ask each of the others what musical instrument he will be. After all have chosen the hurdy gurdy man begins to sing:

I'm a hurdy gurdy man, I'm a hurdy gurdy man, You must do the best you can To please the hurdy gurdy man. As he sings he accompanies himself on an imaginary piano, and the others sing with him and accompany themselves on the instruments they have chosen—for instance, the boy who has chosen to be the drum makes the motions of drumming, and the boy who has chosen to be a hand organ grinds an imaginary hand organ, and so on.

Call Ball. This game is good fun and is best played out of doors with eight or ten players. One is chosen to toss the ball, and each player is given a number.

The players take positions not farther than the ball can easily be thrown. The tosser then throwing the ball calls one of the players by his number—8, 10, 2 or whatever he may choose. The player with that number must run and catch the ball, not letting it bound more than once. A good tosser keeps the players on the alert, guessing who will be called next, and by sometimes calling one at a good distance from the ball lends excitement to the game.

Kitty Don't. Such a mischief loving lassie, It tries one's patience quite To watch the child. She cannot do A single thing that's right. 'Tis "Kitty, don't say that, dear!" "Oh, Kitty, don't do so!" These are the words that greet her Whenever she may go.

When just at dusk one evening She climbed upon my knee In playful mood I asked her name, "Why, Kitty, 'course!" said she. "Yes, Kitty, but the rest, dear!" She hung her curly head. The rogue, for just a moment, Then "Kitty Don't," she said.

The Malay Peninsula. One of the richest countries in the world is that part of the Malay peninsula known as the Federated States. These provinces are still under the rule of their native chiefs or sultans, though they are assisted by a British adviser. The tin mines of these small states are more valuable than most gold mines, for they produce nearly half the world's supply of tin, and the result is an overflowing treasury for the states. Vast forests of rubber trees are also proving extremely profitable.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

The Tramp

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP

A young fellow with a jaunty step stood at the gate of a cabin in the wild west and looked at a girl standing in the doorway.

"Could I get a bite?" he asked. "Waal, we don't generally feed tramps here, but I reckon I mought give you a piece of corn bread."

The young man smiled. A tramp! Well, surely that was a change from what he had been, for the year before he had graduated with honor from an eastern college. The field there had seemed too crowded for him, and he had "lit out" with just enough money in his pocket to take him to the new country. The result was that he had got stranded. He was now going to a new diggings he had heard of, getting what he could to eat by the way. But he said nothing of all this to the girl. He thought her for a big hunk of corn bread without butter she gave him and was about to move on when a man rode up to the cabin and said to her:

"I'm lookin' for Joe Dixon, the horse thief. Have you seen any suspicious high jumpers go by here lately?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he fixed his eyes on "the tramp."

"By jing!" he exclaimed. "What luck! You can just come along with me, young feller. Reckon you won't get away with any more horses this season. We'll set you dancin' where the grass is too short!"

"If you take me for a horse thief," said the young man, "you are mistaken. I'm George Catherwood."

"What gail! Didn't I see you when the committee had you just before you give 'em the slip?"

"The committee! What committee?" "That ignorance! You know well enough that I mean the vigilance committee that's bound to stop this horse stealing."

"I'm not a horse thief nor any kind of a criminal. I've come out to this country from the east to get a start. Keep your hands off me."

The sheriff—for such he was—declined to argue the question, but, mounting his prisoner on a borrowed horse, started away with him.

"Where are you going to take him?" asked the girl.

"To Rocky Gulch."

"In a couple of hours another man appeared at the cabin door. He had been running and was dead tired.

"Did you get away?" asked the girl. "Get away? I hain't been taken."

"Ain't you the feller the sheriff took away from here to Rocky Gulch?"

"No, I reckon the sheriff's after me, but he hain't got me yet. Did he take a man?"

"Yes, he took a feller he thought was Joe Dixon. He looked enough like you to be your twin brother."

"You don't mean it! Well, if that's so I don't need to hurry. Can you give me some'n to eat?"

The girl got out another hunk of corn bread which the horse thief ate, then went his way.

By this time night had come on. The girl was thinking about the tramp who had been taken away, and it occurred to her that the sheriff would produce him at Rocky Gulch and he would very likely be hanged the next morning.

There was something in the young man's smile that had appealed to her, and she did not like the idea of his being strung up on account of a mistake. Her father came in and she told him what had happened.

"I don't see what you're going to do about it," he said. "There's no way o' gettin' any word to Rocky Gulch without some one's carrying it there, and I don't know anybody about here that would be willin' to do it without gittin' well paid for the job. And since you say the man was purty well run down there wouldn't be much into it."

With that he sat down to the meager supper his daughter set before him, after which he smoked his pipe and went to bed.

As soon as all was quiet in the house the girl slipped out to a shed where a horse was kept and, putting a man's saddle on him, mounted and sped away in the direction of Rocky Gulch.

The night was dark, and the road was bad, with no guideposts to point the way. The girl trotted on—her horse would go no faster than a trot—making at most five miles an hour. But there was no need for haste, for the tramp would probably not be hanged before morning.

She would have reached Rocky Gulch by 5 o'clock, but her horse went lame, and it was 9 o'clock before she reached the place. Seeing a knot of men under a tree, she called to them and waved her handkerchief. They paused in what they were doing, and, riding up to them on her limping horse and noticing the tramp standing among them, she said:

"That hain't Joe Dixon, Dixon, he came along by our cabin after you left. He looks exactly like this feller. He seemed a good deal set up when I told him you'd got another man instead of him."

She convulsed the men of her story, and they apologized to Mr. Catherwood and told him to go where he liked. That was with the girl, back to her cabin. He told her that his life was hers and he would from that time consider that all his efforts must be for her. He came often to see her and when he struck a job married her. He is now the agent of a mining supply firm and one of the prominent men in the territory.

Antarctic Tibbits. People with delicate appetites would not care to depend on the fare which is provided by antarctic animals. Dr. Lionville, a French traveler, states that the birds of the polar regions taste like duck which has been thoroughly steeped in cod liver oil. The seal gives the idea of boiled beef. It is insipid, with a marked flavor of fish. The various species of whales are of diverse value. Europeans find it impossible to swallow the jubarte, though the Japanese eat it willingly. The orqual is very good for twenty-four hours. Its meat is pale and oily, recalling veal. The fin whale is exquisite, like veal of the first quality.

PROHIBITIONISTS TO HAVE COUNTY TICKET

The County Prohibition Convention will be held in Willamette Hall next Saturday. There will be speeches, a council of war, the nominating of a county ticket and plans for an aggressive campaign against the liquor traffic. O. A. Stillman, candidate of the party for Congress in the first district, will speak in the evening. The managers have issued the following:

"The chaotic condition of old party politics, the number of candidates for each office who will not recognize the demand for the 'undesirable citizen's' support, and the need of officials who will support moral laws, which need Governor West is bringing home to every decent man of us, have given us our present opportunity in Clackamas County. We call upon all citizens of Clackamas County who are agreed with us in the desire to overcome the liquor traffic, to meet with us and help in the attainment of that victory which only our own neglect can prevent."

The statement is signed by C. W. Clark, secretary of the Clackamas County Prohibition Committee.

BRIDEGROOM SMITH SETTLES ALIMONY

W. W. Smith, the bridge builder, who became a benedict for the second time Monday, Tuesday paid to his first wife, Mrs. Eugenia Smith, who obtained a divorce from him, \$30 alimony. Smith and Miss Effie Morris were married Monday morning at Canemah, Justice of the Peace Samson officiating. Soon after the ceremony was performed he was taken to the circuit court to show cause why he had not paid alimony as stipulated in the decree granted his first wife. Smith and his bride will go to Powell River to live. She formerly was a school teacher in Parkplace.

MRS. DAVID M'ARTHUR'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED

Mrs. David McArthur, a well known resident of New Era, was taken by surprise at her home Monday afternoon when friends called to assist in the celebration of her sixty-ninth birthday. The afternoon was enjoyably spent in singing Scotch songs, and with Scotch recitations. A delicious repast was served. Mrs. McArthur was presented with many pretty articles in honor of the occasion.

Charles Hildebrandt, publisher of the Milwaukee Appeal, whose plant was totally destroyed by fire last week, was in the city Thursday. He was formerly editor of the Republican at Council Grove, Kan., and is planning to resume operations at Milwaukee.

WIFE, SUING, ASKS \$100 MONTH ALIMONY

Declaring that her husband is worth more than \$30,000 and has an income of more than \$200 a month, Florence Johnson Tuesday filed suit for divorce against Carl P. Johnson. They were married July 2, 1910, and have been living in Clackamas County. The plaintiff alleges that her husband frequently treated her cruelly and August 22 struck her. Ada Quimby sued George B. Quimby for a divorce, alleging that he attacked her with an ax May 15, 1911, while they were living at 655 Commercial Street, Portland. Alice Pearson seeks a decree from James A. Pearson, alleging that her husband abandoned her July 2, 1909. They were married in Pendleton December 19, 1907.

ESTACADA LIQUOR MEN ARE GUILTY

Henry Miester and W. G. Yanke were convicted Tuesday in Circuit Judge Campbell's court of violating the local option law in Estacada. The defendants contended that the law which was passed November 8, 1910 did not apply to them, inasmuch as their license was granted under the city charter. It was also declared at a city election held several months later the local option law was defeated. The lawyer who represented the defendants, announced that he would appeal to the Supreme Court. The penalty is a fine or imprisonment or both. The defendants have paid the city liquor license of \$1500. Sheriff Mass will go to Estacada today to see that the ruling is enforced.

Romance of a Song.

"Yes, the Die is Cast," has a romantic history. It was written by Colonel Paul Pestel of the Russian army, who, with others, conspired against the Russian government in 1825. The plot was discovered. He was arrested, imprisoned, tried and on July 11, 1826, was hanged. During the interval between his trial and execution he composed the words and music of this song and with a bit of iron scratched them on the wall of his cell, where the song was found some years after his death.

Emerson's Prayer.

Whittier and Emerson were taking a drive together when they passed a small unpainted house by the roadside. "There," said Emerson, pointing out the house, "lives an old Calvinist, and she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself." "Does she?" said Whittier. "What does she pray for, friend Emerson?" "Well," replied Emerson, "when I open my eyes upon the beautiful world I thank God that I am alive and live so near Boston."

When you ask for Cyrus Noble the dealer knows that you know good whiskey.

It costs you the same as any other good whiskey. W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents, Portland, Oregon

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COURSES IN RESIDENCE at the University prepare for the Professions of ENGINEERING, JOURNALISM, LAW, MEDICINE, and TEACHING. Fall semester opens Tuesday, Sept. 17. Address the Registrar for catalogue descriptive of the College of Engineering, the College of Liberal Arts, the Schools of Education, Commerce, Law, Medicine and Music.

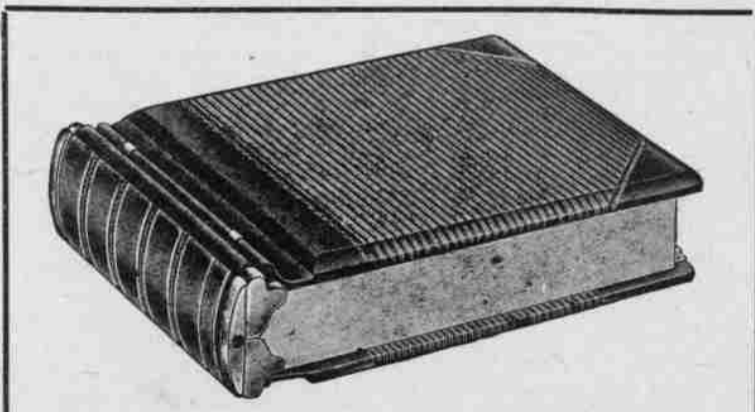
Report of the Condition of the

BANK OF OREGON CITY

at Oregon City, in the State of Oregon at the close of business September 4th, 1912.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Bonds and warrants, etc. Liabilities include Capital Stock Paid In, Surplus Fund, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss. L. E. G. Cauffield, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. E. G. CAUFFIELD, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of September, 1912. E. H. COOPER, Notary Public. CHARLES H. CAUFFIELD, GEO. A. HARDING, T. L. CHARMAN, Directors.



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