

BURNS SOCIETY TO DISCUSS POLITICS

The Robbie Burns Society has planned a unique debate for next Monday night. The members will discuss the candidacies of Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson. It will be a great meeting, and it goes without saying that all arguments for the three candidates will be presented.

SCHAFFER INSTALLS MILL AT MACKSBURG

Fred Schaffer, the sawmill man of Molalla, has installed a mill at Macksburg, on the old Latourette farm, which will begin operation at once. The new mill will have a capacity of about 25,000 feet a day, and about twenty-four men will be employed.

REUNION HELD BY ALLDREDGE FAMILY

One of the social events of the week was the family reunion of the Alldredge family, which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Alldredge Wednesday evening, and proved a most enjoyable affair. The evening was devoted to vocal and instrumental music, the Alldredge family being noted for their musical talent.

HARDING GRANGE INDORSSES WEST

At a meeting of the Harding grange No. 122, P. of H., resolutions were adopted indorsing the law enforcement and anti-vice crusade inaugurated by Governor West and expressing the hope that it will result in the passage of stricter laws and more rigid enforcement.

U. S. MARINES ARE IN FIERCE FIGHT

A cable message from Corinto dated September 17, was received at the department today, which contained an account of an attack made by General Zeledon on the American forces at Barranca Hill, 14 miles from Managua. It said that many shells burst over the heads of the marines at work repairing the railroad.

Price Estate Filed. The estate of R. D. Price was filed for probate Friday, Miss Florence Price being named the administratrix. The estate is valued at \$750.

FOREST FIRE MENACES MOLALLA FARMERS

A forest fire near the home of Albert Engle, who lives near Molalla, caused much alarm Thursday afternoon. Mr. Engle, who feared that his home would be burned, telephoned to his neighbors, who rendered assistance, but the fire was still burning fiercely Friday evening.

FITZ HAS POOR OPINION OF THE WHITE HOPES.

Robert Fitzsimmons strolled into a Broadway hotel in New York recently. Several friends asked him what he'd have, and then one of them queried: "Say, Bob, what do you think of the white hopes?"

O'TOOLE IN MISFORTUNE.

Pirates' Twirler Losing Many Games by Narrow Margin. What about Martey O'Toole? With the season's end not far off fans find the question somewhat unanswered. Battling with ill luck and the handicap imposed upon him by glittering advance notices, the red headed spitball pitcher has worked heroically to justify the expenditure of \$22,500 by the Pittsburgh club to gain his services.

But the \$22,500 is the smallest part of it. That sum has come back through the box office. What Pittsburgh wanted more than anything else was a pitcher. It got a dandy, but he has been unsuccessful. Behind him his club has been lamentably weak on the



Photo by American Press Association.

MARTY O'TOOLE, PITTSBURGH'S \$22,500 PITCHER. Most of his defeats have been his best pitched games, an instance being recently when a home run off him by Schulte was the only run scored in a twelve inning game with the Cubs, probably the greatest game ever staged in Pittsburgh.

O'Toole has been a very erratic pitcher this season. One cannot go behind the facts. But he has weathered his trials bravely and is still plugging along, confident and eager to hit his winning stride. Skeptics who ridiculed the outlay of the big sum to St. Paul for his services have tried to raise the "I told you so," but O'Toole has shown enough to furnish a hundred arguments to the contrary.

After the fans have had their say about O'Toole one way and the other and after critics everywhere have pecked at him and harped on his hard luck and failing efforts to win a lot of games it is a good idea to hearken to the opinions expressed of O'Toole by National league batsmen. Ruben Marquard, Frank Schulte, Dick Hoblitze and any number of leading lights have extolled the merits of O'Toole and have declared him to be a wonderful pitcher.

If you saw it in the Enterprise it's so.

MRS. LAVINA WRIGHT, PIONEER, IS DEAD

Mrs. Lavina E. Wright, one of the early Oregon pioneers, died at Nash, Ore., a suburb of Portland, Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Funeral services will be conducted at the Adams Cemetery, east of Molalla, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will take place in the family lot. Mrs. Wright died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Coates. She was stricken with paralysis on July 1, and had been ill since that time.

FISH WEIGHING NEARLY TON CAUGHT IN SOUTH

R. L. Badger who lives near this city is in receipt of a letter from his brother W. T. Badger of Miami, Fla., giving information that a fish has been caught at that place 45 feet long, and weighing 16,000 pounds. This is some "fish" story, but it is a true one. Mr. Badger states that the Smithsonian Institute has a representative preparing the fish for exhibition purposes. It is the third one of the species ever caught.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

HIS HANDICAP. If you were starting out in the world as a beginner would you begin by throwing \$5,000 into the river?

That is what John Lavery, the Scottish artist, did. When he set out on his journey to success as an artist he deliberately threw a £1,000 note into the Clyde.

Why? Because he feared his money might prove a handicap. He knew he needed the spur of poverty in order to do his best work.

To say the least, the cure was a heroic one. And perhaps he was logical. He knew himself better than any one else and doubtless was wise in concluding that so long as he had money to live on he would lack incentive.

However that may be, the rare logic of the Scottish artist may contribute to the encouragement of the poor boy who is struggling through discouragement or failure.

You have no money handicap? The rich man's son usually falls because of his money. Having plenty, there is too much temptation to take things easy, to put off the disagreeable, to loiter on the way toward achievement. "What's the use?" queries the man who is not obliged.

He who is driven to accomplishment by no other incentive than that of his mere inclination is a rare man. Moreover, some one has said it is a good thing that a man should fail in his first business venture. Certain it is that most successful men have come up through failure.

Failure is experience. And experience educates. Blinded by the dust of the battle which he has lost, the young man concludes that when the battle is lost all is lost. He has yet to learn that the battle is only one in the series of the campaign.

By and by, pondering over his first defeat, he discovers where his line was weak or where he failed to move at the right moment. Having learned his mistake, ere long he is up and at it again—no less zealous, but more wary.

You need not throw away your money in order to begin properly. There are a lot of people who will aid you if you desire to do that. But if you have lost your first little fortune do not let the small matter frighten you. And if you have no little fortune to lose do not let that deter you.

It is a fine thing to be young and strong—and poor. Some Sticker. Gabe—This General Orozco is a per-severing guy. He never knows when to give up.

Steve—Yea. He must have been an insurance solicitor in his younger days. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Luck. "Do you believe in luck?" "Yes, or how could I account for my neighbors' success?"—Detroit Free Press.

Slander. Son—They say I am the living picture of you, dad. Father—It was your mother who said it, I suppose. She is mad at me because I wouldn't give her the price of a new hat.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Showed Them a Neat Trick

By F. A. MITCHEL.

A man alighted from a stagecoach—this happened when most of that region lying beyond the Missouri river was known as the wild and woolly west—at a point called Silver City.

He wore an alpine hat, a tweed suit, fashionably cut, with flaps on the hip pockets; tan gaiters and highly polished shoes. Crossing his waistcoat was a gold watch chain, and in one eye he wore a single glass. The only ornament on him was a cross, apparently made of bronze, which dangled from the watch chain.

"Beg pardon," he said to a man who stepped out of a saloon, "could you tell me what time the stage goes north comes along?"

The questioned man was so astonished at the questioner's make-up—remarkable for that country at that time—that he forgot to reply, but stood gawping at the well dressed man as if he were an apparition sprung from the bowels of the earth.

"And I beg your pardon, stranger," said the man from the saloon. "Would you mind telling me where the show is you come out of?"

"I don't think I quite understand you."

"One of the wax figures, I surmise." By this time another man had emerged from the saloon with a long red mustache, a red face and smelling of liquor.

He, too, started at beholding the gentleman in the tweed suit. "I'm making for Canada," said the latter. "I'm to take the coach here. Would either of you mind telling me where the booking office is?"

"The booking office?" exclaimed the last comer. "What's a booking office?" The stranger dropped his monocle by winking and regarded the speaker with surprise.

"Don't know what a booking office is? Why, it's one of those places where a fellow takes a seat in a coach."

"You don't mean it! Do you know how to dance?"

"I do." "Well," drawing an enormous revolver from his hip, "suppose you show off some."

"Oh, let him alone, Jim," said the man who the stranger had first addressed. "He's a wax figure of the Prince of Wales from a museum."

"I reckon the prince knows how to dance," said Jim, and he knocked the stranger's hat off with a bullet.

"Oh, I don't mind dancing a bit for a fine gentleman like you. But how would you like a handful of gold pieces instead?"

"Do you take me for a road agent?" asked Jim.

"You mean a highwayman? No, indeed. But you feel at liberty to ask me to dance, don't you?"

"Reckon we like to give a man a chance to show off all there is in him." "Well, I'd much rather satisfy you in some other way. You see, there's no place here for dancing. I can't dance in the road, you know."

"You can't, eh?" Jim fired another shot that whizzed within an inch of the Britisher's ear.

"Now, suppose I show you a new trick with coins," said the latter. "I've won no end of money at it. I took in £200 aboard ship coming over."

This was something the roughs could understand. "What do you say, Bill? Shall we take his game instead of a dance?"

"Reckon," acquiesced Bill. "Go in, Mr. Wax Figure, and don't be too slow about it. It's a hot day, and you might melt before you show us your trick."

Jim lowered his revolver, and Bill stood with his thumbs in his belt. The Britisher began his exhibition.

"I have half a crown in me right hand pocket and a sovereign in me left. Now, I'll put a hand in each pocket, this way." He crammed a hand down into each pocket. "Thee'll pull 'em out like this." He drew a fist doubled up from each pocket. The audience stood looking at him with evident interest. Each fist as it came out of its pocket was drawn up under a large cuff, so as to be partly concealed.

"Now, I want you to tell which hand holds the half crown and which the sovereign."

He extended one hand toward Jim and the other toward Bill. Something cracked; a puff of smoke ensued from his right fist, and Jim fell forward with a bullet in his brain.

"Hands up!" said the wax figure to Bill.

Bill saw the trick in an instant, and, knowing that before he could get his hand to his hip and draw his revolver the stranger would serve him with the other hand, as he had served Jim, his hands went up in a hurry. The Britisher went to him and detached his revolver. Several persons loitering near heard the shot and saw Jim fall. They approached the Britisher and heard his story. He showed them a short Derringer pistol he held in each hand. Only one shot without reloading could be fired from each, but they were capable of being concealed.

"You see," said the stranger, "I was told there was shooting going on out here, and I prepared myself."

"What's that cross you wear on your watch chain, stranger?" asked one of the party.

"Oh, that's a bit of a trinket I got in the Boer war last summer." "A kind of a medal?" "Yes." "Any special name for it?" "The Victoria cross."

The Telephone in Egypt. Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

So It Seems. "Speaking of amateur singers"—"Every little music roll has a crime that's all his own."—New York Press.

Army Worms. Army worms annually cause a crop loss of \$8,000,000 or more to United States farmers.

MT. PLEASANT SCHOOL WILL OPEN MONDAY

The Mount Pleasant school will be opened next Monday, with the following teachers: Principal, Professor Buchanan; intermediate grades, Miss Thena Draper; primary grade, Miss Florence Howett. Miss Howett taught at the Mount Pleasant schools last year, and was re-elected for this year's work. Miss Thena Draper will have her first year's work at Mount Pleasant. She taught in the Concord schools last year, and Professor Buchanan taught in the Canby High school last year. There is no doubt that there will be a large attendance this year as there were many families moving into the Mount Pleasant school district during the summer.

SIDEWALKS BEING MADE IN GLADSTONE

Work is being pushed on Herford Street at Gladstone, the street being extended from the electric car track to the County road between Milwaukie and Oregon City. There will be sidewalks 4-1/2 feet wide on each side of the street. The sidewalk along Railroad Avenue, about a mile long has been completed. The water system has been installed and is giving much satisfaction to the residents of Gladstone. This was installed under the supervision of Charles Gallogly, of Gladstone.

The Heathen! The Clergyman—Do you mean to say that your wife goes to church every Sunday without you? Husband—Well, it isn't my fault. I can't persuade her to stay at home.—London Answers.

AMONG THE CHURCHES

First Baptist Church—Dr. W. T. Milliken, pastor. Bible school at 10 a. m., H. E. Cross, superintendent. Canemah Baptist School at 3:00, Chris. Grasier, superintendent. West Oregon City Bible school at 3:00. Morning worship at 11. Evening worship at 7:45. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45.

Catholic—Corner Water and Tenth streets, Rev. A. Hillebrand, pastor, residence 912 Water; Low Mass 8 a. m., with sermon; High Mass 10:30 a. m.; afternoon service at 4; Mass every morning at 8.

Congregational Church—George Nilson Edwards, pastor, residence 716 Center Street, Telephone 295. Morning worship at 10:30, subject "Christian Unity; what keeps denominations apart." Sunday School at 11:50, Christian Endeavor Society at 6:30, subject, "Christian unity; what draws denominations together."

First Church of Christ, Scientist—Ninth and Center streets. Services Sunday 10:45, Sunday school immediately following service; Wednesday evening meeting at 8. Topic, "Matter."

Methodist Episcopal Church—Corner Seventh and Main streets. "The Church of the Cordial Welcome," T. B. Ford, Minister, residence 602, Eleventh and John Adams streets, house phone Main 96, office phone, Main 99. Service as follows Sunday: 9:45, Sunday school, H. C. Tozier, superintendent 10:45.

First Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. R. Landsborough, pastor. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, Mrs. W. C. Green, superintendent. Morning worship at 11 o'clock, subject "My Jewels." Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45, subject, "Straight Home." A sacred song service will precede the sermon.

Parkplace Congregational—Rev. C. L. Jones pastor, residence Clackamas; Christian endeavor Thursday evening 7:30. Sunday school 10, Emery French superintendent; preaching services each Sunday, alternating



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HARRIS GROCERY OREGON CITY, ORE.

Mountain View Union on Molalla Avenue (Congregational.)—Sunday school at 10:00 a. m., and Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Communion at 8 o'clock Sunday, school at 3 p. m., Mrs. A. S. Martin superintendent. Bible study Thursday afternoon at 3:30. Prayer meeting Friday evenings at 7:30. Preaching-Morning service at 11; evening service at 8.

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St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church.—C. W. Robinson, rector. Holy communion and morning prayer and sermon at 11 o'clock. Evening prayer and service at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, William Hammond superintendent.

Williamette M. E. Church—Regular preaching at 2 p. m., Sunday school 3:15 p. m., Mrs. Fromong superintendent.

Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church—Sunday school 9:30 a. m., Mr. Day-Id Bottemiller superintendent. Sunday service 10:30 a. m. Luther League 7 p. m. Evening service at 7:45 p. m. Rev. W. R. Kraxberger.

Church of the United Brethren in Christ—Sabbath school at 10 a. m., F. E. Parker superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. Rev. F. Clark, pastor. Christian endeavor at 6:45 p. m., Alice Boylan, president. Preaching at 7:45.

Christian Church Gladstone Sunday School 10 a. m., preaching 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. by Rev. Ray L. Dunn of Stayton, Oregon. Union Endeavor 3 p. m., C. E. at 6:45 p. m.

German Lutheran Church, Ohio Synod—Rev. H. Mau, pastor. Corner J. Q. Adams and Eighth streets. Morning service at 10:30. Everybody invited.

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