

GANDERBONE'S FORECAST

OCTOBER.
A scene at Armageddon,
A warrior in tin,
And every now and then a shout
Emerging from the din.
Some folks fancy Woodrow,
And others fancy Bill,
And others still for Theodore
Are very hopeful still.

A table and a pitcher,
A speaker on his perch,
And here there someone asleep,
The same as in church.
The miracle of party,
And the perjury of doubt,
With the usual statistics
Till the watchman puts him out.

A woman with a banner,
Another with a drum,
And another with a curtain pole
Revolving on her thumb.
Some folks say it's nothing,
But others think it is,
And like as not it won't be long
Till man is getting his.

The bull moose and the donkey,
The elephant, the zoo,
The trusts against the people,
And the false against the true;
But do not get excited,
Or take it very hard,
For they'll all lie down together
In the sweet barnyard.

October was originally the eighth month of the Romans, but it brought watermelons and pumpkins in at the same time and Numa Pompilius who liked both, pushed it along to tenth place to keep from founding himself a Bull Moose party formed to detrone him, but he held on, and was able in the end to pull the skulls of his enemies around on a string on Halloween, with a candle inside, from which we have our present-day Jack-o'-lantern.

The zodiacal sign for October is Scorpio, meaning the Scorpion. It typifies the manner in which candidates sting one another in the last few weeks of the campaign. October has always been the favorite month of the year. That more people have always married in June has only been explained upon the theory that inasmuch as they are undertaking the battle of life together they

probably consider that it would be just as well to begin at once upon the mosquitoes.

The gentle spirit of the Fall
Will come to glorify the air,
And the football player will appear
The population with his hair.
The referee will climb the poles
And sound his shrill official toot,
And the moth will drill a few more holes
In everybody's Winter suit.

There is no glory to compare with that awaiting just ahead, when the gossamer gets in the air, and the sasparas is flaming red. A million harps have duly twanged upon the glories of the time, but a poet still were rather ranged than not intone his little rhyme.

You may destroy his throbbing lyre and pitch him headlong in the sea, but death alone can quench the fire that underlies a melody. He'll string a horse hair on a pole, and even stronger than before uplift the passion of his soul with getting back upon the shore.

At such a time, though you may laugh it would be probably avail
To catch the acrobatic calf
And tie a brick upon his tail.
One whiff of Autumn in his nose,
And lowering his playful head,
His rear appendage still uprose,
Though weighted with a keg of lead.

You can't restrain the joy of Fall that palpitates in living things, nor hope to dissipate the thrill in which a poetaster sings. The calf will kick and buck around, the colt will cut a few high jinks, and the poet's zither will resound, despite what anybody thinks.

The better quality of air
Will speed the presidential race,
And a cocklebur placed here and there
Will help accelerate the pace.
The trouble earth will gently sway
Beneath the violent attack,
And the trusts will hustle corn and hay
Along the fence inside the track.

The eager riders, all inclined at least resistance to the air, will lash their quadrupeds behind, and feel them fagging in despair. The hungry brutes will smell the hay, and catch the fragrance of the corn, and in their first reformer born, ill rues the torture curse the day that saw the time when plenty shows a helping hand on every side, and still nobody ever throws a bite for being vilified. It never was that way before in any other race they ran, and many a good and lusty roar will sound the perfidy of man.

But that's the kind of race it is, say any creature what he will, and each man's chance is only his with some- how keeping at it still. A strictly uncorrupted trot, with empty stomachs all around, is what they entered, and they've got to make their chargers cover ground. If Rockefeller and his set desire a little sporting bout, why let them wait a bit to get their trust-fed steeplechasers out. We're having one—perhaps the first we ever had, and while it toils, we'll take a care to hold a gun upon the pirate and his spoils.

The Hunter's Moon will sail the sky
To ecstasize the human race,
And men will trail the pumpkin pie
Through many a city eating place.
The cider sign will grace the store,
To offer men its ancient boon,
And customers will bulge the door
With getting out of the saloon.

The twelfth of the month will be the 420th anniversary of the discovery of America, and Messrs. Rockefeller Morgan and Carnegie will give a dinner on that date to Christopher Columbus, who found it for them. The 27th will be the anniversary of the landing in this country of the man for the month will be applebutter, who put the Penn in Pennsylvania, and it will be celebrated in an appropriate manner by everybody who has put the important syllable in full on the 25th, and the password for the month will be applebutter. And then November will renew, with somewhat cooler weather, and the poor consumer sewing two thin union suits together.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

WE ARE BEING MADE.

In one of George MacDonald's books there is this fragment of conversation: "I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Fabur bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where is the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy, "but then he isn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."

Dorothy's philosophy, could we get it deep into our hearts, would greatly help us. We must learn the lesson that the problem of this life is not in escaping hard and painful things, but rather in getting out of such experiences a resignation which should make the heart gentle and the life sweet.

We must learn that we are not made, but only in the process of making. Therefore we ought not to complain at the strokes of the chisel that is fashioning us.

A recent writer tells the legend of "The Complaining Diamond." The rough stone cries out under the blows of the lapidary: "I cannot understand why should I suffer in this way?" The lapidary replies, "Wait; what thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."

And out of all this came the famous Kohinoor to sparkle in the monarch's crown. The Master of Life holds the mallet, and he clips away what is necessary to grave his own features on the stubborn stone. We feel only the sharp edge of the chisel.

Even God (let us say it reverently) cannot make character in a day. We complain of his slow making of us because we forget it takes time and much fashioning for the finished work. The young man makes a failure. He cannot see that it may be the making of him. One may succeed too easily and quickly. One may fail to learn his limitations, or to know the world as it is, or his work.

All who have succeeded permanently have suffered the blows, the grindings, the polishing which the Kohinoor had to undergo.

We are being made. And to all of us there is the teaching of Dorothy's philosophy and the complaining diamond. We who are older bear upon our cheeks and brows the marks of the chisel. Sometimes the strokes were delicate and sometimes sharp. They were needed to make us what we are.

It is God's slow process. What we may be doth not yet appear, but we know that the hand of the Artist and the pattern are Divine.

YOUNG MEN

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COLTS EASY PREY FOR BEAVER MEN

PORTLAND, Sept. 30. (Special)—The Beavers easily disposed of the Colts today in a game to determine which team was stronger. The score was 6 to 1. The Coast leaguers used two pitchers—Harkness and Higginbotham, the former retiring voluntarily after letting the Colts down with three scattered hits in five innings. The Colts called in three, Easterly, Doty and then Southpaw Callahan. When Eastley departed after the first two men up in the sixth inning had hit safely, the score stood 3 to 1. Doty might have unloaded his heritage without further humiliation had not Coltrin, Cruikshank and McDowell mused up succeeding chances. Higginbotham, who finished for the Beavers, proved invincible and Callahan, the side-winder, who relieved Doty in the eighth, also closed strong, although touched up for another tally on a walk, a stolen base and Doan's single.

6 Couples Get Licenses.
Licenses to marry have been issued to the following couples: Anna Josephine Hartley and Paul M. French; Mammie Dundas and Alexander McFarland; Rose Schatz and Chester Van Houten; Elizabeth Perault and Amos Dolores; Lena E. Braun and John Watkins and Marie A. Kanak and George G. Brown.

PLAITS THE THING.
This Picked Up Drapery Extremely Coquettish.



FROCK OF BLUE CHIFFON.
Simple enough in general design is this little frock of machine plaited blue chiffon over a buttoned cassock gown of white charmeuse. Particularly chic, too, is the hat worn with it of black velvet and the smart little patent leather boots with buttoned cloth tops, which complete the gay costume.

Deacon Carter's Goat

By M. QUAD
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When Deacon Carter's widowed daughter died she bequeathed him a goat. It was brought home and made to understand that its future lines were to be cast in pleasant places. It was given the run of the yard, and for three days its attitude elicited sympathy and commendation. It really shed tears over the mistress and the home it had lost, and then it braced up and became playful.

The deacon had a tomato patch, and he went out one morning to pick two or three tomatoes to go with his breakfast. As he gathered them there was a concussion, and it was ten minutes later when his wife came out and found him just coming to himself again.

"W-what is it, Jephtha?" she gasped.
"The—goat!"
"What about him?"
"Come on the run and struck me with his head!"

"But I don't see how he—"
"But she did see. The goat came bounding on like a cyclone and bowled her over and over until she struck the row of sunflowers. The deacon got hold of a bean pole and kept the goat off, and they got into the house, lamed in every joint. This was the outbreak. It was the end of the goat's serenity. Men had to be called to help tie him up, and those who hadn't looked upon him before now came to gaze. Nobody wished the animal ill. On the contrary, it was generally held that grief had driven him to desperation. The deacon was advised to sit up all night and watch to see that Billy didn't commit suicide by hanging.

Two days passed quietly, but on the evening of the second the goat quietly slipped his collar and set out to see the sights of Rome. While ranging around he encountered six different persons on their way to prayer meeting. He took them in as fast as he came to them. Some went rolling into the ditch and some against the fence, but all underwent the same sensation. They thought a tree had fallen on them.

Even a good man can't escape consequences if he is the owner of a butting goat. Next day six limping people wanted to know what Deacon Carter was going to do about it. Like the square man that he was, he offered them \$3 apiece and made settlements.

"If it wasn't that I had promised Hanner on her dying bed"—he said to his wife as the last victim limped away. "I know—I know, deacon," was the reply.
"We'll have to keep him."
"We will."
"Durn his hide!"
"S-s-s-h! There he stands in the door!"

That night the goat was shut up in the barn, but there was a window through which he jumped, taking the sash and glass with him. Mr. Griggs, the grocer, had locked up and was on his way home when some white object flashed before his eyes and he knew no more for half an hour. The sexton of the Baptist church has spent two hours sweeping and dusting, and had started for his fireside with his hands clasped under coat-tails. He went down like ripe barley before the sickle.

Abraham Davis, the undertaker, was taking a little walk before going to bed, or had stepped outside the gate to take one, when he went down with a crash and was out of range of the wireless for ten minutes. Then he crept into the house on hands and knees to ask his wife how the earthquake had affected her.
There were half a dozen others that were treated to various surprises and sensations, and this time it cost Dea-

con Carter \$50 to settle. He was a good man, and he had the interests of Rome and the United States at heart, but his fellow townsmen didn't propose to be batted into insensibility for nothing.

"We'll have to sell him," he said to his wife with a sigh.
"But think of Hanner looking down from heaven!"
"Then we'll give him away to some good family."

"And Hanner's ghost will haunt us!"
The goat was chained up, and for two days he was a quiet, reflective animal. He stood most of the time with half closed eyes, as if seeing his past and hoping to see his future.

Then Sunday came, and the people gathered at the church. The goat worked some sort of hocus pocus on that chain and was once more at liberty. The doors of the churches stood wide open, as if inviting goats to enter with the sheep, and this goat entered. He entered on the run, and within three minutes he had driven out the congregation. Those that were a little slow were given aid.

Could such a thing as that be overlooked and the offender forgiven? You know it could not. With pickets pulled from the fence, with clubs and rocks and umbrellas, they swarmed for the goat, and though he fought back they were too many for him. They finally hemmed him in on the bridge, closing in to take his life, when he went over the rail into the creek and was drowned.

"I s'pose Hanner is an angel," observed the deacon's wife as they sat together that evening.
"Yes, I s'pose so."
"And she saw it all?"
"Yes."
"What do you think she think?"
"Probably that she had a fool for a father."

Portugal's Colonies.
From Lisbon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries went out mariners through the unknown and uncharted oceans to Africa, India and the new world to the west and planted the flag of Portugal in every corner of the globe. But in Africa alone has Portugal maintained its hold of colonies of any magnitude. In India are little bits of Portuguese territory. Nova Goa, southeast of Bombay, being the capital of all Portugal's colonies east of Cape of Good Hope, while as far east as China the island of Macao, in the Canton river, first colonized nearly 400 years ago, still owns the sovereignty of the government at Lisbon.—Argonaut.

Every Syllable.
There are many stories told of the pronunciation of certain English names, that of Cholmondeley, pronounced Chumley, generally finding a place in the list. A story, told of Lord Cholmondeley, gives a possible reason for irregularity in pronouncements.
Lord Cholmondeley was one day leaving his own house, when he encountered an American, who, not knowing his lordship by sight, asked him if Lord Chol-mon-de-ley, pronouncing each syllable distinctly, was at home.
"No," replied the peer, without any hesitation, "nor any of his pe-o-ple."—Youth's Companion.

Kind Hearted.
Hewitt—Why did you marry? Jewett—Just to give a friend of mine, a clergyman, a job.—New York Press.

A Test For Eyesight.
An interesting test for eyesight may be had by observing Ursa Major—the Great Bear—on a clear starlit night. Not every one is aware that Mizar, the second star in the constellation, is a double star. To observe this doublet demands good vision. Some starry night look up to the sky and see if you can rest content in the knowledge that your eyesight is not defective.

The Home.
The home is the cornerstone and bulwark of the state, and everything which tends to keep alive and renew its influence and associations should be cherished and encouraged.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unfair.
Another unfair thing in life—the bride, with a wealth of hair, wears a veil, but the groom, who has a bald spot and really needs a veil to cover it, is denied the privilege.—Atchison Globe.

A Good Wife.
"Thank you, doctor, for prescribing a trip to the Spa for me. Now, will you please ask my husband to give up smoking and drinking beer, and then my trip will be easily paid for?"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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The Morning Enterprise

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