

ADAMS STORE

Ask For Red Trading Stamps---They Are Better

ADAMS STORE



The Adams Department Store

OREGON CITY'S BUSY STORE

Great Booster Sale

Drygoods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Furnishing Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Millinery, Notions Furniture and House Furnishing Goods, including Stoves, Carpets, Bedding, Etc.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

The Adams Annual Booster Sale

Of Good Clothes is Here

You know it means a saving to buy your Suit here now. Let us show you the New Suits of the Celebrated

Hart, Schaffner & Marx and other best makes of Men's Suits. See our big window display, and see our special lot for Booster Days only, at

The Adams Annual Booster Sale

Have you been looking for it? Well here it is now. We know that you know that we save you money if you buy your suit here now. We have the best there is to be had. The Palmer Garment, The Adams Special Tailor Made, and other best makes of Ladies' Suits. We have prepared for our Booster Sale, a lot of fine Suits taken from former price of \$15, \$20 to \$25, we mark them for \$12.50

Booster Day Shoe Sale

Shoe Profits Forgotten For the Day
BARGAINS FOR EVERYONE

WALTON SHOES FOR BOYS

Sizes 8 to 13 98c
Sizes 2 1/2 to 7 \$1.48
Sizes 13 1/2 to 2 \$1.28
BEST VALUES

IRON CLAD SAOES FOR GIRLS

All Sizes 8 to 12 \$1.29
All Sizes 12 1/2 to 2 \$1.39
Ladies', 2 1/2 to 7 \$1.98



For Men Very Special
150 Pairs Men's Gun Metal faced Shoes, good value at \$2.75, special for Booster Day, all sizes
\$1.98

SEE OUR REGULAR FAVORITES

All Styles, All Leathers; Velvets, Suedas, Nubacks, Etc.
FOR LADIES

Crosssett, Abbott, Selz and Yale for men

Furniture Department

FULL OF BOOSTER DAY BARGAINS

To introduce the "Laurel" Range on Booster Day we have arranged with the Manufacturers to allow \$10 off on any "Laurel" Range sold on Booster Days. Now is the time to buy the best range made. Cash or installments.

BOOSTER DAY

sale of

"WHITE"

Sewing Machines

The kind agents sell for \$80. Our Booster Day Price at only

\$5 Cash and \$1 a week



\$35

\$9.80

PLENTY OF ADVICE GIVEN NEWLY WEDS

Miss Margaret I. French and Evert Liisanatti, the latter of 747 Missouri avenue, Portland, received some sage advice Tuesday in Justice Sievers' court, whether they went to get married. Coming unexpectedly in the afternoon, the justice had no witnesses handy to attend the ceremony, and so hid himself next door to the office of Comrade Clyde, of Mendocino Post, G. A. R., and requisitioned the old soldier as one of the two witnesses required by law.

Mr. Clyde looked at the young couple before him, and with a perfectly serious manner, spoke the following words:

"This getting married is a serious business, young folks, but you will find that it is the best thing to do. I have had a great deal of experience in this sort of thing, in fact I haven't been without a wife for more than a year at any time in my life that I can remember. I've been married four times, and I think it is the only way to live. I paid five dollars for getting the knot tied when I married my last wife, and now I wouldn't trade her off for six dollars."

The Junction.
"Now, Thomas," asked the teacher of a small pupil, "can you tell me what a junction is?"
"Sure I can. A junction is a place where a railroad gets a divorce from itself."—New York Globe.

MRS. A. R. DOOLITTLE MOURNED BY MANY

The funeral of Mrs. A. R. Doolittle who died Sunday evening in this city will be held Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. from the Methodist church. Rev. T. B. Ford will officiate, and the interment will be in Mountain View cemetery. The pallbearers will be L. P. Horton, L. Adams, J. L. Swatford, F. C. Burke, F. A. Miles and Jos. Alldredge, all of this city.

Mrs. Doolittle was visiting at the home of her son, William Doolittle when she was stricken. Although she had been sick during the past winter, she was much improved and her death was entirely unexpected. Mrs. Doolittle had suffered no heart trouble before her death, although the illness which she suffered during the winter left her heart somewhat weakened.

Mrs. Doolittle, who was Miss Mary Greenwalt, before her marriage to Mr. Doolittle, was born in Youngstown, Ohio, June 25, 1852. She lived in that place two years, and then removed with her parents to Grand Island, Neb., where she lived ten years. From there she went to Marietta, Calif., where she lived for two years. In March, 1883, she came to Oregon City with her husband, but only lived here two years and moved back to Marietta. After spending a couple of years in Marietta, she again came back to this city, where she spent most of her time. She has lived at intervals in Seattle, McKee, Ore., and for the past year or two has resided in Powell River, B. C., with her husband. She was married to A. R. Doolittle, Nov. 9, 1870 at Edford, Ill.

Mrs. Doolittle was a prominent member of the First Methodist church of this city and was much identified with church affairs. She was also a member of the Oregon City Woman's club. She leaves a host of friends who will regret her death.

Mrs. Doolittle leaves the following children: Mrs. O. W. Cheney, of Portland; Mrs. Charles Lynch, of Powell River, B. C., and Mrs. Cora of Oregon City; Mrs. Benjamin Lynch, of Powell River, B. C., and Mrs. Cora Huston, of Reno, Nev. The following brothers are living: Dan Greenwalt, of Reno, Nev., and George Greenwalt, a state senator and chairman of the last house in the Nebraska legislature. He lives at Broken Bow, Neb. There are five grandchildren, Mrs. W. A. Maxwell, of Seattle; Raymond Doolittle, of Oregon City, Oran Cheney, of Portland; Edmund Doolittle and Florence Lynch, both of Powell River, B. C.

Ignorant, but Ready.
A longshoreman borrowed an able seaman's discharge papers during a strike and enlisted on a full rigged ship. On his first watch on deck the order rang out, "Haul in the jib!" and the longshoreman in his ignorance tore aft like the wind.

Ahaft the wheel he ran foul of the captain, who roared:
"Didn't you hear the order? You don't expect to find the jibboom jutting out from the stern, do you?"

The longshoreman pulled his forelock as he had seen old shellbacks do.
"How was I to know?" he said.
"Different ships, different customs."—Washington Star.

Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

BACKBONE.
There are times in the life of every man and woman when he or she must fight for the right.

The occasion comes to all when we must stand up and be counted on one side or the other.

It may not always seem convenient to do this, may not appear good policy. Yet in the long run it is the only course that wins.

All of us in our hearts know what is right and instinctively love the man who stands for it. The world is full of eyes, ears and tongue, and sooner or later what we do will be known. It will count in the world's opinion of us.

And sooner or later the man or woman who is right is going to be the victor. The man who says the contrary has not looked far enough.

He is either a pessimist or a sophist, or both.

It is a shortsighted policy that fails to reckon with the workings of the moral law.

In all the universe there is no law that works truer or more certainly. The chief quality required to keep us loyal to this law is backbone.

Not only does God hate a coward, but a coward hates himself.

This maxim is unanimous. Moral cowardice is the worst cowardice of all.

It is not enough to know the truth. We must also live the truth.

There are times when we must have the backbone to stand alone.

The test comes which determines whether our armor plate is of tempered steel or is full of blowholes.

Occasion searches us through and through, reveals us to ourselves, discovers whether our spines are made of gristle or bone.

Life is a trying out process. It brings to light every flaw, every peculiarity, every crooked place in character.

The steel rail in the factory may appear perfect, yet contain a hidden defect. When the great locomotives pound over it at fifty miles an hour that defect will become apparent. The discovery will probably involve wreck, not only to the rail, but to a trainload of human beings.

Life is much the same sort of heavy pounding process that the locomotive puts on the rail. If there is a defect in our backbones it will be made evident. It may also entail wreck, and the pity of it is that the wreck will inevitably involve others.

Backbone is to character what the rail is to the railroad. Beware of the hidden flaws, for they are the points at which the break will come.

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

His Father's Ghost

By EDITH V. ROSS

Albert Tweed and Henry Ashurst, two chums eighteen years old, made an agreement that whichever died first would appear to the other. Later they separated.

Twenty years passed. Tweed, who was a steady chap, remained in the place where he was born. Ashurst went to Australia. From there he wrote several letters to his friend, after which the correspondence ceased. From that time forward Tweed heard nothing of his friend. He did not believe that Ashurst was dead, for if so he would have appeared to him, for Tweed was full of the idea that the dead may come back to us. This belief was owing to his disposition, which was easily influenced by tales of such wonders.

When Tweed was forty-three years old he had a wife and three children, the oldest a girl of nineteen. Her father had told her of this agreement of his youth, and she was at an age to be interested in it. Now and again she would ask her father if he had seen the ghost of his friend.

One spring he was called away from home. When he returned, though it was no later than April, the weather was very warm, as sometimes happens in that month. He was fond of sleeping out of doors and considered it exceedingly healthy. His house stood in the center of a large yard, and his front porch made excellent sleeping quarters. Bringing some blankets, he placed them on a hanging bed and turned in.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a sound. There was nothing to obstruct his view of the lawn before the house, and the moon being at the full and on the meridian, he could see all about him as plain as day. The figure of a man was coming up the walk, but with a tread that was absolutely silent. One thing he noticed immediately—that the walk of his approaching person was that of his friend Ashurst. The figure came on up to the steps and looked up to the heavens. This threw the light of the moon full on his face, and Tweed recognized Ashurst just as he had seen his friend last, a quarter of a century before. If he had grown older there was not sufficient change to be noticeable. The only difference in his appearance from that remembered by Tweed was that his face was livid.

Having gazed a few moments at the heavens, the figure came up the steps with the same silent tread and on reaching the porch turned toward Tweed and had taken one step when he seemed to the latter to be suddenly enveloped in a glare of white light. Tweed, who was sitting up watching the apparition, gave a moan and fell back unconscious.

That moan made a sudden change in the situation. Ethel Tweed ran out of the house and, throwing her arms

about her father, endeavored to bring him back to consciousness. "Father," she cried, "it isn't a ghost at all! Do speak to me!"

The ghost advanced to assist her, but she motioned him away, and he went into the house. Tweed opened his eyes and, seeing his daughter, gave a shudder, closed his eyes, opened them again and gasped:

"Harry's dead! He's been here!"

"No, father; he hasn't. It's a mistake."

An electric light in the roof of the porch was gleaming in the father's eyes. He asked who turned it on.

"I did," said his daughter, and, sitting beside him on the swinging bed, she told him that while he was away his friend's son had appeared with a note of introduction. Young Ashurst and Ethel had talked of their fathers' friendship and of the agreement that had been made years before. Being young and thoughtless, Ethel proposed that they should play a prank upon her father. The young man, who was a few years her senior, objected, but finally consented. Taking advantage of Tweed's sleeping on the porch, he had chalked his face, walked across the lawn in the moonlight, then up the steps. As soon as he stood on the porch Ethel, from within, turned on the electric light directly above him. Tweed had by this time become so convinced that he saw his friend's ghost that he failed to notice that the figure was illumined by the lamp.

The next day young Ashurst called upon his father's friend, who had not his own daughter been implicated in the prank played, might not have received him as kindly as he did. The young man presented a sealed letter from his father. Tweed read it, but made no comment. He invited Ashurst to make him a visit, which was prolonged indefinitely. He said that his father had married in Australia, but had gone from there to England and after a short stay had taken his family to South America, where he had become a coffee planter in the interior of Brazil. When his son concluded to go north to study a profession he had

urged the boy to see his old friend.

In time young Ashurst asked Tweed for his daughter, saying that he hoped for his own father's consent to the match.

"No fear of that," replied Tweed. He asked for my daughter for you in the sealed letter he sent. But he said nothing about the prank you played on me and I take it, had no hand in it. Had you not been your father's image when he was your age you could not have imposed upon me as his ghost."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS TOPIC FOR CLUB

Thursday afternoon there will be a meeting of the Woman's club, at which it is desired there be a full attendance, as matters of special import will be taken up. Among these will be plans of the club to serve meals to visitors to the city on Booster days, and so that all arrangements may be completed, it is hoped that every member will be present. A business meeting for discussion of this and other matters will be called at two p. m.

The regular topic for the meeting will be "Public Schools," and T. J. Gary, county superintendent, will make the address of the day. Mr. Gary's paper promises to be interesting and instructive, owing to his wide experience in educational matters, and his special knowledge of public school work and development.

LONG PREACHING TRIP
Rev. E. A. Smith will deliver the memorial address at I. O. O. F. hall Saturday night, when Oregon City lodge will observe the 90th anniversary of the founding of the order.

Sunday Mr. Smith will preach at Highland at 11:00 in the morning, at 3:00 p. m., he will speak at Alberta, and in the evening at 8:00 he will preach at Henri. To cover this schedule he will be practically ten hours on the road, his trip closely resembling those made by "district riders" in pioneer days.

The Enterprise's Booster Day Offer

On these two day only we will give one years subscription to The Weekly Enterprise for 75 cents, or one years subscription to The Daily Morning Enterprise for \$2.50. Votes in the Auto Contest go same as usual.

It takes five different aged whiskies to make Cyrus Noble---each one good in itself. But it takes blending and re-ageing to bring out the best in each---to "round-out" the flavor.

Why punish yourself with rough, high-proof, strong whiskey when you can get Cyrus Noble everywhere?
W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents, Portland, Oregon.