

MORNING ENTERPRISE OREGON CITY, OREGON.

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CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER

May 29 in American History. 1813-A British attack on Sacketts Harbor, Lake Ontario, was repulsed by the American garrison. 1866-Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, died at West Point, N. Y.; born 1786. 1877-John Lathrop Motley, historian, died; born 1814. 1911-The United States supreme court ordered the American Tobacco company to dissolve unless reorganized; penalty for violating the Sherman anti-trust act.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS. Evening star: Saturn. Morning stars: Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars. Saturn sets northwest by west and ceases to be an evening star. The planet is in conjunction with the sun at 1 p. m.

IT IS TO As election in Portland GIGGLE draws nearer and nearer, the municipal vaudeville performance grows more and more humorous in its aspects when viewed from the outside by mere lookers-on. Among recent developments is to be noted the appearance of a new weekly paper-Portland is the most fertile field for weekly papers that exists outside of dear old Boston. This new paper blossoms forth into a general tirade against the things that are, explicitly condemning everything from Mayor Ruslight up-or down-to the Portland daily press. It is quite a sprightly addition to the offerings of the political fight; and while its aim seems to be a mite hazy, its intentions appear to be radical enough to suit the most disgruntled kicker of all.

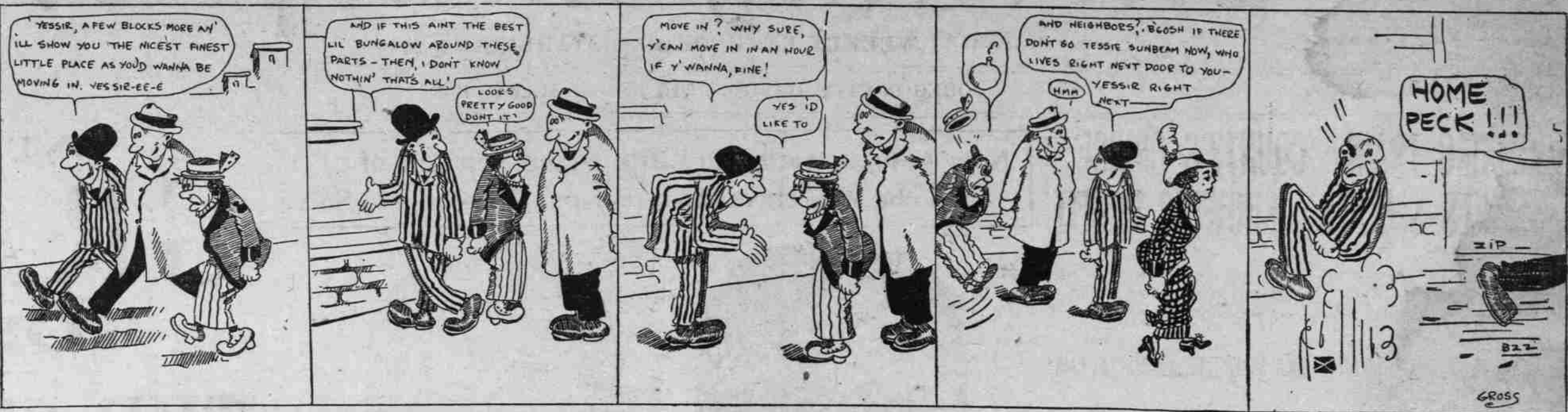
Added to this the happy family of big dailies now seem torn asunder again, and the spectacle is offered of two usually serene and dignified papers joining in a sort of Artemus Ward interchange of compliments. While neither has referred to the other yet as "that vile insect down the street," language such as this may be expected before the end of the campaign. Verily, Portland is having a fine time with itself, and with its 99 candidates-but fortunately it will soon be over.

MORE UPON This matter of the THE SAME schools, and what is wrong with them, seems to be taking up considerable of the public attention. Mr. Gary, county school superintendent, is himself not quite satisfied with the manner in which the modern young idea is taught to shoot and from time to time comments thereon. One of his latest epigrams on the subject is "school is not preparation for life, it is a part of life." Mr. Gary has observed and he knows whereof he speaks.

School is life, and it is mighty poor life these days. It is so poor, in fact, that we no longer have that time-honored platitude about school days being the happiest ones of all. Modern school days are not happy for anybody concerned. They are not happy for the students, because the

MR. HENRY PECK AND HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS

By Gross



FOR YOU This is the month, the week, and to-day is the day for you to be looking forward for the comfort and pleasure of your family by purchasing a good home. DILLMAN & HOWLAND have just what you want in the way of City property as well as small tracts. SEE THEM.

boys and girls are confused with a mass of studies of practically no value to them in everyday life; they are not happy for the teachers, because the instructors realize that there is little enthusiasm among the pupils, and because they know that much of the teaching is worthless; they are not happy ones for the parents, because many of them can ill afford to have their children puzzling their minds over so much useless matter.

Wherein lies the remedy, is the question that confronts all. It is not thought satisfaction will be found entirely by a return to the olden-day courses, when reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic were the standbys for the years of school life. The hope of the future, according to the general opinion, lies in the vocational school; in courses of study designed not only to be helpful in later life, but to be a part of the life of youth itself. Children will learn the necessary things much more rapidly if they are taught them indirectly. While it is true that they have to be rigorously drilled in some of the simpler subjects, such as spelling and the art of writing-now almost a lost art-much of the other work can be furnished them incidentally with instruction of real interest. Arithmetic, for instance, can be made a part of almost any vocational study; it can be co-ordinated with manual training, and even with domestic science.

History, geography, science, as well as grammar and other studies, can be taken up indirectly with vocational work. History and geography, in particular, can be made interesting to even the dulllest dunce if taught by story and not by rote. Manual training and domestic science can be made the basis from which more advanced scholars can branch out into botany, agriculture, physics,

or a host of other things; and they can be so taught that the children will welcome the hours in the class room or the laboratory, and will not go drudgingly from study to study as prisoners go from task to task. The truth of the matter is that while every other phase of modern life has undergone a great transition in recent years, school work is still hide-bound by the binding cords of the past. The desks of the modern school are more comfortable than the benches of former years, blackboards are less of a strain upon the eyes, classrooms are better ventilated and better lighted-but the curricula is still a monstrous thing which is jammed willy-nilly down the throats of the youngsters like a distasteful medicine. Schooling is presented to the child as something that has got to be suffered, instead of being offered as a tempting pathway to new fields seen vaguely in the distance.

Everything outside of school has been made more attractive, child life has been regarded as a thing that should be made pleasant-but school life has lagged behind with some few other remnants of bygone eras. The change must come and come speedily else we will become a nation of under-educated folk, a land of illiterates, a people of superficial slams. It is well that the public mind is turning to this matter, for only through public agitation will a betterment be brought about.

"THIS IS MY 16TH BIRTHDAY" Erich Korngold Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whom critics speak of as the most amazing phenomenon in present-day music, was born in Brunn, Austria, May 23, 1897. He is the son of Dr. Julius Korngold, the reviewer of music for the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, and a man of high standing in his profession. The elder Korngold has guided his son's studies in music, but no teacher seems to have any important share in them. At the age of eleven years the boy wrote the music to the pantomime "Der Schneemann". In the two years following he wrote a pianoforte trio, a pianoforte sonata in "D" minor, a second sonata in "E" major, and a set of seven "Marchenbilder" for the pianoforte. All of his compositions have been enthusiastically praised by the critics. In addition to the pieces enumerated the young composer has written an "Overture to a Tragic Play," which was performed at the Mikisch concerts in Leipzig a year ago.

longer or shorter as liked. This frock is made of black and white checked voile, with collar and cuffs of handkerchief linen embroidered in bright red. For the twelve year size the dress will require six yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, with three quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs.

HE WANTED GORE By M. QUAD Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press. I had heard from the old man's neighbors how his reputation as a rough and tumble fighter was once saved by his wife, and, though I had thrown out hints several times, neither of them seemed inclined to tell the tale. I therefore had to wait till the signs came right. One autumn day Zeb took me along with him as he visited his traps for mink along a creek, and as we rested on a rock previous to the long walk back to his cabin he said, "That ain't much of a yarn."

FASHION HINT By JUDIC CHOLLET The simple frock closed at the front is a favorite one for girls. This one has set in sleeves that can be made



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HE WANTED GORE (continued) "But I'll begin by saying that I'd worked so hard for three or four years arter the war that I got all run down. That same year a critter named Pike moved into the neighborhood. He talked so loud and blawed so high that everybody was skeert of him, and he jest went 'round steppin' high and bossin' the roost. That critter used to cum down to my cabin and brag and blow and tell how many men he'd licked, and one day I gin him plain to understand that I didn't believe his stories. That made him mad, and he went away, sayin' as how he'd wallop me fur his next victim. He knowed I was in poor health and couldn't fight a fly, but every two or three days he'd cum down and stand in front of the cabin and yell:

"Now, then, Zeb White, cum out yere and git the awfulest wallopin' a human critter ever received. I'm no hand to brag, but I kin the both hands behind me and then chew yo' up in two minits. I've licked forty-seven different men and never got my nose skinned. Either own up that yo' don't fight a man or cum out and be walloped."

"That's the way he'd talk to me," continued Zeb, "and I'd get so mad that I cried like a child. Bimeby I begun to git a little better, and one day when he was callin' on me to cum fo'th and be walloped I told him that if he'd show up a week from that day I'd tackle him. He went away crackin' his heels and whoopin' and rejoicin', and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"Zeb White, if yo' was a well man yo' could wallop that critter befo' I could make a hockebac, but yo've been down the banks all summer, and yo' can't git well in a week. I'm sorry yo' passed yo' word, but bein' it's passed well he'll be abide by it. I'll git whisky and roots tomorrow and brace yo' up."

"And did you get better?" I asked. "No, I got worse. Whisky and roots didn't do me no good. When the w'ck was up I was in bed and too feeble to walk across the room. That pesky critter knowed jest how it was with me, and yit he cum and stood in front of the cabin and shouted to the ole woman:

"'Would yo' do me the everlastin' kindness to tell him to step out yere while I chew his ears off and stay my hunger?"

"He's sick abed just now, but if yo'll cum back arter dark he'll make yo' eat grass and beller like a calf!"

"Then yo' kin be lookin' for me. Widder White, I'll be kinder sorry to see death take him fur'm yo', but I must hev him fur my forty-eight victim. Good afternoon. Widder White, good afternoon."

"I cried myself to sleep, and it was arter dark when I woke up. That that varmint had cum back, 'cordin' to promise, and was in front of the cabin a-shoutin'!"

"Zeb White, the time has cum fur yo' to be pulverized. Mebbe I won't do no mo' than chew yo' ears off and cripple yo' fur life, but I'll do that much fur shore."

"Jest about the time he begun to holler my ole woman begun to git outer her clothes and inter mine. "What yo' gwine to do? sez I. "Gwine out to wallop that critter or die!" sez she.

"It wasn't no use to talk to her. When she got all dressed up she looked like a man, and as she stood in the door that varmint creaked his heels together and crowed like a fooster."

"And about the fight?" I asked as Zeb was silent for several minutes. "It was full of surprises," he answered. "That varmint was only a blow-hard arter all. The ole woman walked around him two or three times and then sallied in. He hollered at the first jump and tried to git away, but she wouldn't let him. She scratched, kicked and pulled his hair, and when she finally let up on him he wouldn't hev looked wuss if half a dozen bars had played with him. I've seen a heap of men walloped, but he was the wallopedest man of the hull lot."

face away from me. 'befo' that fight she was a mighty humble woman and left all the bossin' to me. Sense then she's-she's-" "She's not so humble?" "Jest so. Jest got the idea that she kin wallop me same as she did him and thar ar' days when she's all ready to make a try at it. Sples a woman to git some nobush in her head."

And an hour after we got home that evening I overheard her saying to him: "Now, Zeb White, yo' git me up a heap of firewood by the back doah tomorrow or take the consequences. If you don't I'll make yo' back ache fur a hull month to cum!"

A Case of Casts. A German professor praised American democracy at a Boston dinner. "You have equality here," he said, "and the gods, I am sure, look down on you with grave nods of approval."

"But how the gods must laugh at the silly social distinctions which prevail abroad. I know, for example, of a cabinet minister who on an electioneering tour was invited to dine with two village political lights-a garbage man and an ash man."

The minister accepted the invitation with pleasure, and the garbage man also said he would be there, but the ash man spoiled everything by refusing to sit at table with a garbage man."-Exchange.

Describing a Railroad. The Fall Mail Gazette in 1890 asked its readers to name the worst railway in England. And one English kicker answered thus: "Sir-The Southeastern railway is the very worst railway in the world. The engines are asthmatic. Its lamps are trimmed by foolish virgins. Its fares are excessive. Its carriages let in the snow in winter and are furnaces in summer. Its motto is unpunctuality. Its principal station is approached through the neck of a bottle. It ruins the temper, destroys the digestion and enables one to realize the horrors of Dante's 'Inferno.' I am, sir, yours obediently, the Worm Who Turns."

Conversation. "I had a poet on one side and a millionaire on the other." "What did you talk about?" "I talked to the poet about money and to the millionaire about the intellectual life."-Life.

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FOR SALE-Good as new Esty organ. Call E. P. Elliott, 7th and Main St.

FOR SALE-Double surrey, \$65.00, or will trade for good cow. Inquire this office.

FOR RENT-House in Parkplace, next to Grange hall, near Baby home, would make a fine general store; has fine room on second story, building about 30x50. See E. P. Elliott & Son.

FOR RENT-One 6-room modern cottage on Taylor street, between 8th and 9th. Apply to George Randall, corner 5th and Jefferson Sts.

LOST-Between 4th and 5th street on Washington, an inner tube of an auto tire in a small bag; finder please return to Williams Bros Transfer Co.

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WANTED-Honey bees in any kind of stands, will pay \$1.00 per stand and call and get them anywhere within 20 miles of Canby. Address M. J. Lee, Canby, Ore.

GOOD STEADY middle-aged man and wife want work on farm at once; lady good cook-no children. Address R. R. No. 2, box 170, Oregon City, Oregon.

BIDS FOR WOOD-Bids will be received by the trustees of the Elks Lodge, No. 1189, for 60 cords of No. 1, sound, first growth fir wood; no objections to rough wood; delivery to be made by August 1st. Address all bids to E. J. NOBLE, secretary. By order of the Board of Trustees. J. F. RISLEY, Chairman.

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GOOD PASTURE For cattle and horses; forty acres in clover; running water, well fenced. Located opposite my home on the main road one mile west of the West side school house. A. K. FORD, phone Farmers 296, or inquire of Charman & Co., city drug store.

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Carnegie and Lord Weardale Talk Over Peace Celebration



Photo copyright 1913, by American Press Association. THESE are two of the great pacifists of the day. Of course you recognize Andrew Carnegie on the left. The other is Lord Weardale of England, chairman of the committee from Great Britain which came to the United States to arrange with the American committee for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English speaking people in 1915. Mr. Carnegie, the man of many libraries and many millions, was one of the New York committee that met the visitors and welcomed them to our shores. Lord Weardale and his companions later visited Washington, where they met the president and other notables

Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME. When the green gets back on the trees an' bees 'is hummin' aroun' ag'in. In that sort of an easy, go as you please. Of way they bum round 'in. When you ori to work an' you want to not.

And I like it--don't you? Every sea son is good, but summer--well, summer is the wine of the year. The bees like summer, and the bees have more sense than some people. The birds like summer. So do the flowers. So does the small boy.

Some people picture heaven as a place where summer never ends. Well, they do not have to go to heaven to find that condition. They can get it in southern California or down around the equator. But there can be too much of even as good a thing as summer.

These little winter absences heighten our enjoyment of it, just as we appreciate home the more when we have been away. Winter is a good thing because it whets the appetite for summer. The sun is a magician who by merely looking upon the fields and trees covers them with verdure and blossoms. He is an artist who uses the earth as a canvas and places thereon colors compared to which man's best creations are but weak imitations and daubs. He marches northward, and a belt of green advances before him announcing his coming. When he has reached his farthest

English Triumphant.

One of the reasons why English is expected to become a world language is that English people refuse to learn another. A correspondent sends the following example: At Muscat, at the entrance to the Persian gulf, there lived for many years an Englishman, supposed to be the only, or almost the only, British resident on the 1,500 miles of Arabian coastline from Aden to Kuwait. It would seem that he could hardly have escaped knowing Arabic. Yet he confessed that he could not speak a dozen words of that language.

The First Gas Tubes. William Murdoch, a Scottish mining engineer, appears to have been the first to suggest that gas might be conveyed in tubes and used instead of lamps and candles. He made a very ingenious gas lantern for himself, with which he used to light his way over the Cornish moors at night. This lantern consisted of a bag filled with gas and fitted with a tube, at the end of which the gas could be lighted. Carrying the bag under his arm, Murdoch used to light his way home at night. On meeting any one he would give the bag a squeeze and thus send out a long tongue of flame. This led to his being looked upon as the demon of the Cornish moors.

Her Expectations. "Though my daughter has no dowry, she has some expectations. It may be 10,000 francs, perhaps more." "Yes, yes; can't you fix on a sum?" "Well, not just yet. I'm afraid. It's a lottery ticket."-Pele Mele.