

RIOTERS PLOT ESCAPE FROM COUNTY JAIL

(Continued from Page 1.)

During the afternoon the men vented their spleen over the miscarriage of their plans by rattling the barred doors, pounding upon the walls, and shouting defiance to the county officers. Later in the afternoon prisoners sitting near a grating were overheard to say that they would get him yet for sticking us up on the bridge. This threat is supposed to be directed at Sheriff Mass, who with only five deputies to assist him, made a clever capture of 28 of the malcontents just before dawn Wednesday morning.

Guard to be Doubled.
Hereafter no deputy will go into the county jail unless accompanied by two other officers, and guards about the building at night will be doubled. This last step will be taken to offset any attempt at jail delivery that may be made by sympathizers from Portland or elsewhere.

That such an attempt may be made is thought possible, as Thomas Burns, one of the agitators from Portland, and who was arrested here Wednesday night for refusing to obey the emergency rules of the street speaking established during the excitement following the rioting, returned to the city today in spite of the fact that one of the conditions of his release was that he would remain away until Monday, this day of his trial. Burns was released upon recognizance, and the promise of his lawyer, Attorney Jeffrey, of Portland, that he would stay away from Oregon City until he faced court.

During Friday he was in this city, attempted to get into one of the west side mills, but was recognized and barred at the gate. He then returned to the city proper, where he spent the time interviewing local sympathizers.

No attempt at street speaking was made Friday night in the city, and outside of the disturbance in the county jail there was no disturbance of any nature that could be connected with the agitation earlier in the week.

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Credit for an Idea.

Editor, The Enterprise:
I write this asking that credit be given where credit is due. In the matter of the free speech fight about to be carried out by the I. W. W. organization, the facts are as follows: Seeing that this city, through the arrest of four men attempting to speak, has sent an invitation broadcast for the assembly of I. W. W. from all quarters to participate here, and knowing full well what this meant, I called on Mr. W. S. U'Ren to see what could be done. At the little caucus was Mr. U'Ren, Mr. Chris Schuebel, Robert Schuebel and myself. Mr. U'Ren at once suggested what was afterwards done. He at once interviewed Mayor Jones and was turned down. After returning he called up Mr. McBain and Hawley, who at once saw the point. A conference was agreed and some 20 of the leading citizens were to be notified to meet at the courthouse not later than seven o'clock. What followed after that I could not say, but we do know that Mr. U'Ren put in the entire afternoon to accomplish what has been done; and through the influence of Mr. U'Ren, Mr. McBain and Hawley one of the worst things that could have happened to Oregon City has been avoided. To the fertile brain and the kind heart of W. S. U'Ren riot and bloodshed have been avoided, provided that we keep cool heads and kind hearts.

Respectfully,
W. W. MYERS.

(The above communication is published so that there shall be no appearance of trying to deprive anybody of any credit for the plan adopted by the city and county authorities. The aim of many level-headed men interested in keeping the peace in this community has been, throughout this affair, to remove all appearance of persecution, upon which agitation such as is offered by soap box orators thrives. As a matter of accuracy however, the idea later adopted was first suggested by Chief of Police Ed Shaw, who went to Mr. U'Ren and asked his opinion of it before broaching it to anybody else. Following this, Chief Shaw spoke to the mayor about it, a conference of officials and others was called, and knowing that Mr. U'Ren had already been discussing the matter, the courtesy was extended to him of being present at the conference if he so desired.)

Dividing the Task.
The real division of labor, as a husband once put before me, is, "She says it, and I does it." - Bishop of Bristol.

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Does the work. You all know it by reputation. **\$3.30**
Price
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SECOND BORING TO START SOON

(Continued from Page 1.)

front-row or box seats. Later, when the group explained that they were not thinking of seeing the show, Councillman Long offered, for old-time's sake, to "deadhead" the bunch in; but this also failed to meet with councillorman approval.

Mr. Long was finally prevailed upon to leave the profits of the box office in charge of an assistant, and was rushed back to the council chamber, where the ordinance appropriating \$500 for drilling was put over. In the excitement that followed Mr. Long returned to the box-office, and the council was again minus a quorum. More informal discussion of the matter of pure water followed, and then no other signs of a quorum appearing the meeting came to an end. Just to punish Mr. Long for his defection, the councilmen then went down to his show-shop, deadheaded themselves through the door, and saw the show.

Saturday the special water committee of the council will go out and look over sites where it is believed water can be struck, and will select one for the test. Considerable care will be taken in looking over the ground, and no drilling will be attempted unless there is expert opinion offered that water exists underneath, and unless the meeting favorable terms or potions are given the city.

GETTYSBURG MAP AWAITS VETERANS

To meet the demand for an accurate map of Gettysburg and vicinity during the great memorial celebration which will be held at that historic point beginning June 29-30 years after the commencement of the terrific fight which sealed the fate of the hitherto sanguine Confederacy—the United States Geological Survey has combined four of its topographic sheets and printed a large map. The map covers about 325 square miles, including the Gettysburg battlefield and the adjacent portion of Pennsylvania as well as the adjoining portion of Maryland, and is on the ample scale of 1 mile to the inch. All the roads by which Lee brought his main army in from the West are shown, and the course pursued by the Army of the Potomac under Hooker and later under Meade can be readily traced. Such familiar bloody fighting grounds as Little Round Top, the Wheatfield, and the Peach Orchard are shown in their exact topography almost as clearly as in a bird's-eye photograph, as is also the ground over which Pickett's division of 18,000 men the flower of the South, made its famous but futile charge. The map will be delivered postage free in a mailing tube until July 4, 1913, at 20 cents a copy. Remittances should be made to the Director, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., in cash or money order.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB PLANS RARE TREAT

Members of the Shakespears club met at the home of Mrs. Anderson Friday afternoon and had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Curtiss give an interpretation of Maeterlinck's dramatic story founded upon the fairy-tale of Bluebeard. Mrs. Curtiss was enthusiastically received, and in her part of the program gave a graphic analysis of the subtle meaning and significance of the great Belgian writer's work. Arrangements have been made to have Mrs. Curtiss appear next Friday afternoon, again at Mrs. Anderson's, and give an interpretation of Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Ladies who are not members of the club are cordially invited to attend this reading, which promises to be well worth hearing and of especial interest. A small admission fee will be charged. Mrs. Curtiss has proved herself a profound student of the masterpieces of modern, as well as classical authors, and her appearances here are much appreciated. She adds to the worth of her work by a charm of manner and power of expression that is as rare as it is valuable.

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Sacramento 4, Venice 0.
Oakland 6, San Francisco 4.

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Oakland	520
San Francisco	480
Venice	458
Sacramento	453
Portland	446

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FILM MANIPULATOR BECOMES BENEDICT

(Continued from Page 1.)

Patrons of the Grand theatre who wondered what was the matter with the pictures Friday evening are here informed that there was nothing at all out of the way in the performance. The occasional jumping of the films was caused by the ecstatic heartbeats of Marion I. Dugger, engineer of the "flicker machine" in the fire-proof box above the entrance, for in the intermission between the afternoon and evening performances Mr. Dugger took unto himself a bride.

Justice of the Peace Sievers tied the knot as securely as long experience has taught him how, and pronounced the words that made Miss Charlotte Yandle Mrs. Dugger. Both young people are well known here, and have already been wished the best of fortune by a large number of their friends. Manager Schram, of the theatre, did not know of the happy event until after it occurred, and then his offers to Mr. Dugger of a vacation were politely refused.

In the evening, when the day's work was done, there was a quiet jollification, at which the happy hopes of happiness of all were substantially expressed to the newly-weds.

BUTTE, Mont., June 13.—The Butte local of the United Mine Workers of America, one of the largest and most influential local unions of the entire organization, today held a monster celebration to mark the thirty-fifth anniversary of its founding. The mines suspended operations for the day and a general holiday was observed.

THE RACING PARSON
By M. QUAD
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Moses Barrows was a well off farmer living on the outskirts of the village of Hartsville.

One day as Farmer Barrows sat on his veranda smoking his pipe a stranger driving a horse and buggy came along. Just opposite the house the horse suddenly halted and refused to go on.

"Seems to be trouble here," said Moses as he walked down to the gate. "I should say there was!" exclaimed the stranger. "Consumn his pesky hide, but if you'll lend me an ax I'll cave his head in."

"Had him long, stranger?" was asked. "About three weeks, and this is the third time he has balked on me. Say, now!"

"Purty good lookin' boss," said Farmer Barrows after he had looked him over. "Where'd you get him?"

"Traded with a feller."
"Mebbe we can swap. I've got a boss that!"

"Then trot him out. I'll trade you even up for anything with hide and hoofs."

The exchange was made without further words, and the stranger drove off. Farmer Barrows had said that there was a cause for a horse balking. It is generally understood that it is in his training.

The new owner began to practice a system of kindness. The horse did not get a harsh word and was asked to do only light work. In the course of a couple of weeks his sullenness had quite vanished, and he was hitched to a buggy to be driven to town. He took about twenty-eight steps and then stopped. He expected to hear swearing and to feel the whip, but nothing of the sort followed. He was given a lump of sugar and patted on the back as a reward of merit.

The next day he was hitched up again. This time he took a hundred steps before balking. No swearing nor whipping. More sugar and more petting. Farmer Barrows even sung the first verse of the "Sweet By and By" into his left ear. So it went every day for a week, and the farmer then said to his wife:

"That hoss is all right now and will give no more trouble."
"I hope not."

"I have always contended that kindness would do it, and here's a plain case of it. I shan't have a mite of trouble driving to town and back."

On the road to the village and half a mile from Farmer Barrows' house the highway crossed a swamp by a narrow corduroy road. Only one vehicle could pass at a time for a distance of forty rods. The new horse ambled along as if it were a joy to live until he reached the middle of the causeway, and then he stopped as suddenly as if hit by a bullet.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Farmer Barrows. He gave the horse five minutes and then asked him to please go on.

No use. Then he descended and gave the animal a lump of sugar and toyed with his ear and asked him as a personal favor to resume his amble. Not a

resume; not an amble. Travelers came up and stopped at either end of the blocked highway and called out:

"Say, you, what in thunder is the matter?"

"Horse has balked on me."

Farmer Barrows used the whip lightly, apologizing to the horse at the same time. No good. He moved his coat and vest, spat on his hands and was preparing to give that horse the licking of his life when the parson of his church drove up with:

"Hello, Brother Barrows. What's the matter?"

"It's this infernal horse! He balked with me!"

"The parson got down and gave the new horse a looking over and said:

"Brother Barrows, you've got a sulky at home, haven't you?"

"Yes."
"Come on back and hitch that horse to the sulky. I think I know what ails him."

"Can't I kill him first?"
"No—come right along."

"You'll never get him ten feet!"

The parson mounted the sulky as if he had been there before, and the horse cheerfully started off at a good trot.

A traveler came along with a good trotter and attempted to pass, but was left in the dust in great shape. The parson overtook two or three well known steppers and beat them to it handsomely.

"Well, how many times did he balk on you?" the farmer asked as the rig came back.

"Brother Barrows, you are a good man, but you have no eye for horses," smiled the parson.

"How do you mean?"
"You've been treating this animal as if he were a plug of a horse and there by humiliating him."

"But ain't he a plug?"
"My dear brother, he can go a mile in 2:30 this very day."

"You—you mean?"
The parson nodded his head.

"But I'm a church member and can't

even go to mass!"
The parson advanced and laid a hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"Horse racing is very, very wicked. Brother Barrows, unless your nag comes to attend!"

And he came in ahead at the next county fair.

Lighted His Cell With His Halo.
The last Australian census managed to yield some amusing returns. Most of us would find it difficult to spell "Presbyterian" in a dozen different ways, but the census officer had thirty-two different variations heaved at him, while thirty-five ways of spelling Roman Catholics were achieved. "Roaming" was discovered.

There were many quaint varieties of religion, "Simple Lifers," "Blue Lights," "Labor Platformers," and so on, while one lovely bit of sarcasm came from a temporary inmate of a large prison— he described himself as a "secluded saint."—New York Sun.

No Danger.
Mrs. Traddles—Tommy, you mustn't go fishing with Peter Rishers. He is just getting over the measles. Tommy Traddles—There won't be any danger, mother. I never catch anything when I'm fishing.—London Tit-Bits.

Wyoming Editors Meet.
CASPER, Wyo., June 13.—The editors of the Kemmerer Camera, the Rock Springs Rocket, the Buffalo Voice, the Medicine Bow Times, the Bates Hole Banner and a large number of other publications that help to make Wyoming a "live wire," rounded up here today for the annual meeting of the Wyoming Press association.

Nothing is more disagreeable than eczema, or other skin diseases. It is also dangerous unless speedily checked. Meritol Eczema Remedy will afford instant relief and permanent results. We have never seen a remedy that compares with it. Jones Drug Co.

EGGS SHOW SLIGHT ADVANCE IN PRICE

(Continued from Page 1.)

Efforts of Portland folk to boost the strawberry market are not proving over successful, and while some fancy berries have been forced up to \$1.20 a crate, the price of most of the crop is remaining at one dollar. Some poor stock is being unloaded at 75 cents, but all good fruit, both for the table and for home canning, is holding firmly at one dollar a crate.

Eggs are about half a cent higher than formerly quoted, which brings them to 18½ and 19 cents. Poultrymen of this section are still selling most of their output direct to consumers or to local grocers, and are not concerning themselves with Portland markets.

Local raspberries have appeared in a limited quantity in Portland markets, but are sky-high in price. Early cantaloupes are also incoming from the south, and are going at \$5 a crate.

Green corn is to be had at 50 cents a dozen. California blackberries are in the market at \$1.50 a crate of 15 pounds. Southern loganberries are also to be had, but are poor stock, and not ripened.

Livestock, Meats.
BEEF—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; bulls 4 to 6c. MUTTON—Sheep 5 to 6½; lambs 6 to 6½c.

VEAL—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grades, and 15c lb. WEINIES—15c lb; sausage, 15c lb. PORK—9½ and 10c.

Poultry—(buying) Hens 11 to 12c; stags slow at 10c; old roosters 8c; broilers 20 to 21c.

Fruits.
APPLES—50c and \$1. DRIED FRUITS—(buying)—Prunes on basis 4 for 35 to 40c.

Vegetables.
ONIONS—\$1.00 per sack. POTATOES—Nothing doing.

Butter, Eggs.
BUTTER—(buying)—Ordinary country butter, 22 to 22½c. EGGS—Oregon ranch, case count

17½c; Oregon ranch candled 18½c. Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:
CORN—Whole corn, \$32. HIDES—(buying)—Green saltd, 9c to 10c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each. WOOL—15 to 16c.
MOHAIR—28c.
FEED—(Selling)—Shorts \$28; barn \$26; process barley, \$30.50 to \$31.50 per ton.
FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.
OATS—(buying)—\$28; wheat 93c; oil meal selling \$38; Shny Brook dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds.
HAY—(buying)—Clover at \$8 and \$9; oat hay best \$11 and \$12; mixed \$9 to \$11; Idaho and Eastern Oregon timothy selling \$20.50 to \$23; valley timothy, \$12 to \$15.

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