

# Patchwork House

A Scheme That Was Relinquished After Viewing the Result

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Yes, sir, I've got all my family around me," was one of Joshua Hallam's familiar sayings when he was showing his house to a stranger. "Now, my oldest son, Hen, and his wife live in the north wing; Jim lives in the south wing with his family; Lucy's folks have that third wing stretching off back—they don't get much view; but Lucy's got two more rooms than some of the others—and my wife and me live in the middle."

"That's a very admirable arrangement," remarked the stranger, who happened this time to be the new minister, "and it shows a wonderfully harmonious family relationship."

"Yes, sir," said Joshua emphatically. "You see, the garden is all divided off into sections, and each one has his chicken houses and portion of the big barn. I certainly got all my folks around me," he called as the minister walked smilingly away.

He opened the gate and walked up the broad middle path that led to his own front door.

Within the warm sitting room Mrs. Joshua Hallam rocked energetically and said to herself the "air tight" stove.

"What's the matter, ma? You look all upset," said Joshua, unwinding the muffler from his throat and tossing it with his cap on the table.

"Matter enough!" quavered Mrs. Hallam, laying the paper aside. "What you think Hen and Maria are going to do, Josh?"

"I don't know—not by that second hand automobile Penfield offered them. I'll go in and tell Hen what I think of that." Joshua opened the door to leave the room, but his wife caught him deftly by his flying coat-tails and dragged him back.

"It's worse than automobiles," she said fiercely. "Listen while I tell you, and see what you can make out of it. You know, Maria is all took up with



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them new people that bought the Fray place on the hill. She spies every thing that the woman does and wears, and now she wants Hen to paint their part of the house red, like the Fray house. What do you think of that?"

Joshua scratched his head thoughtfully. "Why, they can't do that, ma, because I'm going to paint the bull house myself. It's going to be light green, with darker green trimmings. I've ordered the paint this very day. I'll go in and talk to Hen and Maria."

"That ain't all," went on Mrs. Hallam, with mournful triumph in her tones. "Susan and James was in here, and they laughed at painting the house red, and they said they wanted their wing painted yellow, with white trimmings, and Lucy she said she favored a cream color and she guessed she and Walter would paint their part that color. It's a dreadful mess all around."

"I shall put a stop to that," said Joshua, arising with dignity and switching his coat-tails beyond the reach of his wife's restraining hand. "This house has got to be painted one color or none at all. It's going to be light green."

Joshua Hallam passed through the hall and entered a transverse passageway that led to the north and south wings, where his sons dwell in their respective homes.

His knock at Henry's door brought Mrs. Henry Hallam's generously proportioned form, snugly arrayed in the latest fashion, before his observant eye.

"See, Maria, I thought at first you was Mrs. Pierpont Vanderaster!" he said jocosely as he sat down. "Where's Hen?"

"He went down to the village a while ago. Said he'd be back before supper." Maria looked rather conscious as she said this, and her expression was not lost upon her father-in-law.

"I just came up from the hardware store; it's a wonder I didn't see him," said Joshua heartily. "I been ordering paint for the house and it's just come. Dibble and his men are coming up to-morrow to begin."

"We thought we wouldn't have Dibble," Henry's engaged Jones to point out.

"He has!" exploded Joshua. "John Dibble's always painted this house

ever since I've been in it, and I guess he's going to paint it now."

"Is he going to paint it pea green or red?" Maria's voice was icy cool.

"Light green—that's the color."

"Ours is going to be red," asserted Maria, with her most provoking smile, and because he had never quarreled with Maria and now did not know what to say Joshua shook his head angrily and went away.

His visit to the south wing was quite as unsatisfactory. Said Jim:

"Now, Susie, here, she's always wanted to live in a yellow house. When she was a girl, before she was married, she says she always planned that when she had a house of her own she'd have it yellow."

Susie nodded her head. "That's what I always said," she agreed heartily.

"Why is it none of you ever set up to say what you wanted before this?" snarled Joshua angrily. "I never heard no disagreement about living in this here green house when I give you a roof over your heads. I recollect Susie, here, saying she just liked green. It was so cool looking."

"I meant I liked yellow," said Susie stubbornly.

"Paint it yellow then," said Joshua, turning on his heel. "I shan't stop you. The house will look like a crazy patchwork—that's what it will!"

"My part's going to be cream color," said Lucy with decision when her father sought her gentle presence. "If Maria and Susan have had their choice I don't see why I can't have my part painted to suit me. Walter says he knows where he can get a lot of cream colored paint real cheap."

"What will this place look like?" thundered her father.

"It'll look real unique," said Lucy calmly as her father stamped back again through the crooked little passageway that led to his own part of the house.

"They're crazy, every one of them," he said to his wife as they sat down to supper that night. "Let 'em paint their houses any old color they like. They'll be the laughingstock of the village. As near as I can find out there's four painters coming tomorrow, and each gang is going to paint one of the wings. Well, ours will be light green."

At that moment Maria was telling Henry that she was glad theirs was to be red, and Jim and Susan were telling their painter they wanted a bright golden yellow, and Walter Pratt had told Lucy that he had secured the bargain in cream color.

Late the next afternoon Lucy's young daughter, Amy, stood by the front gate as her grandfather came through. She was a pretty girl, with flying yellow curls and blue eyes. Now her cheeks were dimpling with laughter.

"Doesn't it look funny, grandfather?" she cried.

"Does it?" he asked gloomily, surveying the light green house, with its projecting wings of red and yellow and cream.

"It looks just like a salad," giggled Amy, tucking her hand in his arm.

"There's green for lettuce, and red for beets, and yellow for hard boiled eggs, and cream for the dressing. I don't believe they know how funny it looks."

"Suppose you tell them, then," suggested Joshua grimly as he led the way into the house.

A half hour later Amy returned, still smiling. "I've told them it looks like a salad," she said, "and I believe they know it, but they don't seem to know what to do. Mother cried and said she would never have thought of having hers different if Aunt Maria hadn't decided on red. Aunt Sue said she thought red and yellow was niggery, and Aunt Maria"—Amy paused and stifled a disrespectful laugh.

"What'd Maria say?" asked Joshua hopefully.

"She didn't say anything, but she threw a book at the cat and then got mad because the pages were torn. She didn't hit the cat."

"Just like Maria to get peevish because she couldn't hit the cat," murmured Mrs. Hallam tearfully.

"I got an idea," said Joshua happily. "You call all the folks in here. Amy, tell 'em I got something to say."

When they were gathered, Hen and Maria, Jim and Susan and Lucy and Walter, Joshua Hallam surveyed them benevolently over his spectacles.

"Children, Amy, here, says the house looks like a salad. This won't do. We're the laughingstock of Little River tonight. Now, we're a patchwork family somehow. Each one of us goes to make up the hull quit—see? If we don't agree the quilt's going to be a crazy one, with all sorts of clashing colors—same as this house. Now, if we're going to have a patchwork house, let's have the colors look well together, just the same as we all have to make our dispositions fit together—see?"

They nodded shamefacedly, seeking each other's encouraging smile with furtive glances.

"Suppose we get Dibble and Jones and the rest of 'em to figure on painting the house and let him bring in all the colors each one wants—see? They can fix the colors in different places so they'll look all right. There's the main body of the house and wings one color."

"Pea green," murmured his children with one accord. Joshua bowed appreciatively.

"And there's the trimmings and the blinds and the roof and the chimneys. Why, I do believe it'll be the handsomest house in Little River. What do you say?"

Their assent was unanimous.

"Now, all of you set down and have supper with ma and me," commanded Joshua, rattling in the cupboard for cups and plates. "I guess there's enough to eat."

"Shall I make a salad?" asked Amy mischievously. "There's plenty of paint left!"

## For the Children

Demonstration of the Pulling Power of a Small Magnet.



Replying to the question from one of its readers, "Why does a magnet pull?" the editor of St. Nicholas says:

No one knows just why or how a magnet pulls. As with electricity, we know only the results of the power and some methods of its use.

However, your inquiry suggested the question of how much a small magnet can pull. To test this I tied the armature to the "platform" of an ordinary weighing scale for family use. Then I tied a strong cord to the loop of the magnet, put the cord through a hook screwed to the table and pulled. When I was not trying to take a photograph I could pull it down to five and three-quarter pounds, and there it broke away. For an exposure of ten seconds I could not hold it steadily enough at a point much beyond that shown in the accompanying illustration.

Try it. You will be surprised to see how many pounds merely a little toy magnet can pull.

If one had a series of weights each not much over five pounds, what a grand total the little "horseshoe" could lift in a series of repeated efforts, each effort being at its limit of power!

## A Pueblo Dance

The feeka or arrow dance is picturesque as practiced by the Pueblo Indians in Arizona. One of the braves led before his friends, who are drawn up in two ranks. Here he is placed on one knee, bow and arrow in his hand, when the Malinchi, a handsomely attired young girl, commences the dance. From her right wrist hangs the skin of a silver gray fox, and bells that jangle with every motion are fastened to the end of her embroidered scarf.

At first the maiden dances along the line in front, by her movements describing the warpath. Slowly, steadily, she pursues; then suddenly her step quickens as she comes in sight of her enemy. The brave follows her with his eye and by the motion of his hand implies that she is right. She dances faster and faster, then suddenly seizes the arrow from him and by frantic gestures makes it plain that the fight has begun in earnest. She points with the arrow, shows how it wings its course, how the scalp was taken and her tribe victorious. As she considers her dance she returns the arrow to the brave. Firearms are discharged, and the whole party wends its way to the public square to make room for other parties, who keep up the dance until dark.—Chicago News.

## Riddlemeers

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? They both run.

What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers? The doorbell.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet stands still? The road.

What ship is it that no woman objects to embark in? Courtship.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

## A Piece of Candy

Who says candy is not good to eat? Mrs. Sarah Bush, who lives in Kirkwood, Pa., likes candy, and she often gets to eat. She bought some a week or so ago and ate part of it. She began on another piece, and her teeth crunched on something hard. A piece of nutshell! Oh, no; it was not a piece of nutshell. It was a diamond, that's all, and it looked as if it might have come from a ring worn by the person that made the candy.

## The Cattail

The cattail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is so long-used for making paper as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, and its stems are used for the manufacture of mats, chair bottoms and the like.

## The Toy Soldier

I've heard of many soldiers Who after they had fought In two or three hard battles Have won renown. There ought To be some decoration Or medal, I should think, For one who's fought so often. The sold was black with ink One day—I was disgraced For life! 'Twas Marathon That time. I've been at Sumter. I fought there, on and on! At Fort Ticonderoga. I lost a leg. An arm At Bunker Hill was taken. In Lexington's alarm With my gun was smashed to pieces. And yet I fought next day At Gettysburg, Gibraltar, Bull Run and Monterey. I'd like a little medal. I think it should be gold. For in the ranks of soldiers Was never one so sore bold. —Youth's Companion.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

## OWEN G. THOMAS BLACKSMITHING AND REPAIR WORK.

Best of work and satisfaction guaranteed. Have your horses shod by an expert; it pays.

All kinds of repair work and smithy work. Prompt service; greatest portion of your work can be done while you do your trading. Give me a trial job and see if I can't please you.

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## CATCHER SCHMIDT TO TURN PUGILIST.

Charley Schmidt, the Detroit American league catcher, will turn pugilist. Schmidt announced recently that he is anxious to meet any of the heavyweights in the ring today. Although Schmidt has quite a reputation with his mitts, he has never appeared in public in a bout.

His friends insist that if he makes good in the ring he may quit the diamond forever. Schmidt is on the odds with the Detroit team and has been trying to effect his release or sale to some other club. He weighs 185 pounds.

## HOW "ONE ROUND" HOGAN BECAME A FIGHTER.

Frisco's Sensational Lightweight Was Once a Plumber's Helper.

A street fight between two plumber's assistants is what started "One Round" Hogan on the road to fame. Hogan was a plumber's apprentice and had served three years of his time when he took up the fighting game. He says he never would win a prize today at wiping a lead pipe joint, but that he's a bear at threading two-inch pipe.

Hogan, whose first name is Jack, is confident he will eventually win the lightweight championship. He points to his bout with "Knockout" Brown in New York recently as to what he can do. Hogan has fought forty-one battles, and of that number he won the first thirty-nine—many of them by the knockout route. On account of winning several of his fights in the first round he was given the name of "One Round" Hogan.

"I have been fighting just one year," said Hogan recently, "and you can see that I have been pretty busy to get away with forty fights. They gave Frankie Burns the decision against me on account of a foul, but if I fouled



FRISCO'S SENSATIONAL LIGHTWEIGHT IN ACTION.

him it was certainly not intentional. They disqualified me for butting. I think I can lick Burns any time he starts."

"How did you start in as a fighter?" was asked.

"It was on account of winning a street fight over some plumber's assistants. I never took a boxing lesson in my life."

Hogan then told of how he worked as a plumber's assistant, and as he was leader of a gang he naturally had to fight all the time.

A fight club in Frisco had engaged a young fellow named Steele for a preliminary bout, and as he had no opponent the manager, who had seen Hogan in a street fight, offered him \$15 to go on. Hogan grabbed at the job, and before he had gone four rounds he knocked out so many of Steele's teeth that the fight had to be stopped.

"And the worst of it," said Hogan, "is that I didn't get the \$15. The manager told me that \$5 was enough for me, and I couldn't argue him out of the other ten. Finally he told me that I was pretty lucky to get a chance to fight at all, and he promised me that he would give me another fight the next week. I fell for that line of talk, but to this day I am still trying to get that ten."

Hogan is just twenty-two years old and is an orphan. Apparently he has made the best of his opportunities at school, as he talks intelligently and uses good English. He is a clean living young fellow and has not been in the fight game long enough to fall prey to its many temptations.

## Revive Racing in Denver.

Horse racing on an elaborate scale may be revived in Denver the coming summer. Two bills have been introduced in the legislature which will permit racing with the pari-mutuel system of betting, and it is planned to have at least two race meetings of thirty days at Overland park.

## Distributes Over \$8,000,000 in Purse.

More than \$8,000,000 in purses has been distributed by members of the grand circuit, which annually attracts the best of the light harness horses.

## April 16 In American History.

1802—France declared war against Mexico. Being engrossed with the civil war, the United States could not protest against this violation of the Monroe doctrine.

1800—Richard H. Mather, distinguished professor of Greek, died, born 1835.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:30, rises 5:14; moon rises 9:50 p. m.; planet Mercury seen setting after sun; Easter.

## April 17 In American History.

1790—Dr. Benjamin Franklin, inventor, philosopher, statesman and wit, died; born 1706.

1806—William Gilmore Simms, author of southern historical fiction, born; died 1870.

1861—Virginia adopted ordinance of secession, the eighth state to withdraw from the Union.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:37, rises 5:12; moon rises 11:02 p. m.; moon at Apogee, farthest from earth, distant 251,800 miles; planet Mercury seen setting after sun; 12:30 a. m., eastern time, all Jupiter's bright satellites seen east of planet.

## April 18 In American History.

1731—William Williams, "signer" for Connecticut, born; died 1811.

1775—Paul Revere's famous ride out of Boston to arouse the colonial patriots.

1847—Battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico; General Winfield Scott defeated General Antonio de Santa Anna.

1906—Earthquake at San Francisco and vicinity. Many buildings in the city reduced to ruins, which later took fire. Tremor recorded as far east as Albany, N. Y.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:38, rises 5:11; moon rises 11:50 p. m.; planet Mercury seen setting after sun.

## April 19 In American History.

1721—Roger Sherman, "signer" for Connecticut, born; died 1793.

1775—Beginning of American Revolution; battles at Lexington and Concord, Mass., between British regulars and American patriots.

1813—Benjamin Rush, "signer" for Pennsylvania, died; born 1745.

1861—Baltimore rioters attacked the Sixth Massachusetts and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania—volunteers marching to the defense of Washington.

1898—Cuban intervention resolution passed congress; ultimatum to Spain.

1906—Fires continued in San Francisco; many buildings dynamited.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:39, rises 5:09; moon rises 12:51 a. m.; moon farthest south or lowest; 6 a. m., planet Uranus at quadrature with the sun, being 90 degrees west of that body.

## April 20 In American History.

1861—Colonel Robert E. Lee resigned his commission in the United States army.

1862—Severe earthquake throughout the whole of California.

1902—Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, died; born 1834.

1906—Fires checked in San Francisco. Total deaths recorded 498. Loss from fire over \$300,000,000. Gross loss from all causes over \$1,000,000,000.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:40, rises 5:08; moon rises 1:36 a. m.; 9:03 a. m., moon in conjunction with Uranus, passing 30 degrees west of that planet.

## April 21 In American History.

1836—Battle of San Jacinto, Tex.; defeat and slaughter of Mexicans by Texans under Sam Houston; Texas independence secured. General Santa Anna, the Mexican leader, was captured.

1873—General John Adams Dix, U. S. A., noted figure in the civil war, died; born 1798.

1886—United States Minister Stewart L. Woodford given his passport at Madrid. Date fixed as the beginning of the Spanish-American war.

1910—Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), author and lecturer, died at Redding, Conn.; born 1835.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:41, rises 5:06; moon rises 2:14 a. m.; 1:27 p. m., eastern time, moon at last quarter in constellation Capricornus; sun's declination 12 degrees north of celestial equator. This day 1906, Peary's farthest north thus far, 87 degrees 6 minutes; 1908, Dr. Frederick A. Cook claims to have reached north pole.

## April 22 In American History.

1791—James Buchanan, eighteenth president of the United States, born; died 1868.

1815—Andrew Gregg Curtin, famous war governor of Pennsylvania, born; died 1894.

1908—Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota, the last of the "war governors," died; born 1815.

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:41, rises 5:06; moon rises 2:47 a. m.

## HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The following are those who have registered at the Electric Hotel: C. A. Will, M. Reilly and wife, A. B. Davidson, city; R. E. McClure, Hinton, Oregon; Albert Lees, St. Johns; Clark Green, Wilhoit; H. Holman, E. F. Baker, Monument, Oregon; W. T. Hoffman, Independence; G. Rainey, city; L. R. Runyon, C. M. Knight, Marshfield; S. A. Chapel, Portland; T. F. Duff, M. Trullinger, Molalla.

Now is the time for pancakes and maple syrup. Maple syrup can be bottled 25 cents. Olympic Pancake Flour 25 cents at the grocery.

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