

Yesterday and Tomorrow

Yesterday was a great day for the Morning Enterprise carriers. A number of subscriptions were turned in on the district and everything started off...

OBERLIN ALUMNI IN OREGON BANQUETED

MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION HAVE PLEASANT EVENING AT COMMERCIAL CLUB, PORTLAND

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dye and sons, E. C. and T. M. Dye, were in attendance Saturday on the meeting of the Oregon Association of Oberlin College students...

First Basket Picnic. OBERLIN, Ore., April 1.—Mrs. Harriet, principal of the town school, and Miss Hill, primary teacher, set the pace today in holding a basket picnic in the woods...

MAINE RAISED.

PENACOLA, Fla., April 1.—The hull of the steamer battleship, Maine, in Havana harbor will be exposed later than June 1, according to Frank M. Daniels, the contractor who built the cofferdams around the ship...

CARPENTERS ON STRIKE.

ST. LOUIS, April 1.—Four thousand union carpenters struck today because of the refusal of a contractor to increase of 5 cents an hour in wages...

CAUGHT IN ELEVATOR.

Young Italian Loses Part of His Foot at Cabin Mills. A young Italian whose name could not be learned was severely injured in the elevator at the Crown Paper Co.'s mill at 2 o'clock Saturday morning...

2 DAYS Showing The Most Thrilling and Dare-Devil Feat Ever Accomplished.

Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS BUFFALO JONES AT THE GRAND Monday and Tuesday April 3 and 4

Story Proves a Fake. There was a story being circulated Friday to the effect that the Mr. Hood Railway, Light & Power Co. had a force of 50 men working on a proposed railway line to the Motilla country...

A Practical Playwright

He Found Studies From Real Life Difficult and Dangerous.

By F. THOMSON SMITH.

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I am a writer of plays. Now, if there is one rule for every department of what the French call the beaux arts—there is no collective name for them in English—it is "use models."

One spring I determined to go for my models to the country. I wanted, first, to locate my play where I could give it a pastoral flavor and, secondly, to depict the better grade of country people...



"Oh, excuse me!"

Powell. With this I had all the elements for my play. I don't mean that I had a motif or a plot, but scenery and characters, together with the most important feature in every play, which we playwrights call the "heart interest."

Of course I must not let the lovers know I was sketching them. That would spoil them at once for models and excite their animosity against me as well. I had plenty of time and resources not to hurry. For the first week I occupied myself in laying down a scenario or skeleton for my play and in making excursions roundabout for attractive spots in which to locate the principal scenes. I proposed to have the scene painter use them.

A model for a character came to me in the person of Miss Emphemia Withers, a young woman about five years my junior—I am thirty-five—and principal of a children's school. The female villain of a play is called the "heavy woman," and this person, who was to make all the trouble in my play, was until Miss Withers arrived a blank to my brain. Therefore I lied her coming with joy. She did not need to be lied. What I wished to copy was a real person. It was as easy for me to make a lead person on the stage out of a good one, or vice versa, as for an artist to convert a marble into a sour expression by turning the corners of the mouth down instead of up.

I had one advantage with Miss Withers that was denied me with the two lovers. I could be with her occasionally, while I must needs study the others from a distance. I really knew very little of Emily Powell till Miss Withers told me that she was a very bright girl. She also said that Mr. Bradshaw was an instructor in a neighboring university. This forced me to introduce a more artificial coloring into my play than I had intended.

I had not been at work long before I resolved to take Miss Withers into my confidence with regard to my play and my models—that is, excepting herself. By this I not only got the benefit of suggestions from her, but was enabled, if I wished, to go out to where the lovers were strolling or sitting. I could do so in company with another, thus the better concealing the fact that I was watching them. While they were sitting on a rustic seat on a hillside Miss Withers and I would be perched on the crest looking down upon them. Alas! I could not long have maintained such a position; with a companion it was perfectly natural that I should do so as an infirmity.

In one respect I was badly handicapped in my work. I wished Miss Withers for my "heavy" woman, but was prevented from working her into the play because I dare not let her know she was to be my model for such a part. All I could do was to sate such of her idiosyncrasies and her sayings as would give her prototype in the play the realism I desired, that I might have them at hand when I should be obliged to use them. She would often ask me to explain to her such parts as were left unfinished, but

I could not satisfy her except by explaining that they pertained to her. This I dared not do. As the summer wore on I made excellent headway in my work and congratulated myself that when staged the realism there was in it would make it a great success. Whenever I notified Miss Withers that the lovers had gone forth on a stroll she would leave whatever she might be doing to accompany me. We would stroll through the park, keeping out of sight as far as possible, yet where we could observe them. One thing I confided with almost shame. It was absolutely necessary to my purpose that I should watch him in their conversation. There was a bench backed by bushes on which they often sat together. Miss Withers and I by taking a circuitous course found it possible without being observed to conceal ourselves in these bushes and hear all they said. It was exceedingly risky, but I considered that the end justified the means. These being interviews would in my play touch the hearts of many persons, I considered Miss Withers also justified since she was my assistant.

Two persons wrapped in a common work are very liable to become wrapped in each other. And the more absorbed they are in the former the more unconscious they are liable to be with regard to the latter. Miss Withers was called away for a few days during which period I was surprised that I was unable to do any work. In fact, I discovered that she was at least a thief even if this was her only iniquity, for she had stolen my heart. But I was by no means ready to yield to such enticement and when she returned went on with my play without showing any signs of least an intentional sign of my own "heart interest."

One day when Miss Withers and I were passing the barn on the Powell farm she expressed a desire to go to the hayloft. We entered the barn, mounted to the upper portion by means of a ladder, lifted a trapdoor sufficiently to get us on to the second floor and found ourselves in with the sweet smelling hay. Cupid delights in odd places for forcing swains. The hay was very inviting to sit on. Edging on the fragrant lounge, I yielded to the influence of both the subdued light and the delicious resting place and poured forth, like the bird in the poem, my "unpremeditated lay."

I had scarcely finished when we heard a snicker immediately under the trapdoor and persons scurrying down the ladder.

We looked at each other with crimson faces. Then, springing up, I rushed to the trapdoor and attempted to raise it. It had been bolted beneath.

Another play than the one I was at work on was being enacted. The lovers we had spied upon had detected us and turned the tables on us. We were locked in a hayloft and could not get out until we were let out. Here was a pretty how-do-do. When some one came in to feed the stock we could attract attention, the door would be unbolted and we could go free. But how would we be thereafter looked upon? Bribery and corruption could not avail us, even if practiced by one so adept in chicanery as my "heavy woman." What was to be done? Nothing. We awaited the inevitable, and I surmised what that inevitable would be.

Within half an hour we heard our names below. The two lovers were there—and several others. We heard them rummaging about and presently some one said, "Let's go up and sit on the hay." All agreed and began to ascend the ladder. Then the bolt in the trap was shot, the door was lifted and the head of Emily Powell appeared. Seeing us she put on a pretended look of surprise, exclaimed, "Oh, excuse me!" and disappeared. In a few moments we heard the party leaving the barn, and there was nothing left for us but to do the same.

It was fortunate that I had offered myself to my companion, for it enabled me to do the only thing to save us from obloquy if not from ridicule, which latter nothing could save us from. The eavesdroppers said nothing of what they had heard, but I boldly avowed that Miss Withers and I were engaged. She neither affirmed nor denied my statement to me or any one else and looked as though very very the furthest thing from my heart. However, before we parted she had so recovered from the misadventure as to give an undemonstrative consent.

On returning to the city I completed my play and had no difficulty in putting it on the boards. I took my scene and others of her family to the theater when the piece was put on for the first time and, leaving them in their seats, went behind the curtain. It was soon evident that the production would be a great success. The interest was accumulative till the climax in the third act, and at the fall of the curtain I was called on for a speech. While making it I glanced down to where I had left Miss Withers, expecting a congratulatory smile. I was astonished to find her seat vacant. As soon as possible I went to the orchestra chairs and asked Mrs. Withers what had become of her daughter.

What was my horror to learn that she had recognized herself as the female villain of the play and had gone out during the third act in high dodges.

I followed her, but was not admitted to see her. I called the next day and the next with no better success. But I did not give her up until I heard that she had gone away, no one knew where. I cursed my folly in taking the woman I loved for a model, especially of a female villain.

I never succeeded in mollifying her, and I am still a bachelor.

For the Children

The Men and Her Cousins do - waaa.



Our best has a flock of riddle-do-was. That follow her round all day. Some are yellow; and one is black. And two are a pretty gray. And at evening time when the sunset light is shining between the trees Our best picks out a shady spot. And calls to her riddle-do-was. And there in the shadow beneath the trees They run to her gladly, the riddle-do-was. —St. Nicholas.

Names of Canadian Provinces.

Of course we all know that Nova Scotia is the Latin for New Scotland. The name was given by the Earl of Stirling's Scottish colony. New Brunswick was so named in 1764 after the family of the reigning sovereign of Great Britain, the house of Brunswick. Prince Edward Island was named after Edward, duke of Kent. Quebec is from Kebec, a narrowing. This is an Indian word and was given to the site of the first French settlement because the St. Lawrence river narrows there. The province took its name from the leading settlement. Ontario is from the Indian Oonotario, meaning beautiful lake. The province thus gets its name from one of its principal lakes. Manitoba is also of Indian derivation. Manitoba means the passing of the Great Spirit. Saskatchewan is an Indian word in the Cree dialect meaning swiftly flowing water. Alberta was named after the sixth daughter of Queen Victoria, wife of the Duke of Argyll, Louise Caroline Alberta. British Columbia honors Columbus, the discoverer of America, and also the empire to which it belongs.—Halifax Herald.

Lighting the Candle.

"I'll bet you that I can light this candle," said George to Bobby, "without touching the wick." "Go ahead and prove it," said Bobby shortly. Since the coin episode he never disputed the possibility of a thing with George. George lighted the candle and let it burn until the snuff was quite long. Then he quickly blew it out. A thin thread of smoke rose. To this George quickly applied a lighted match. Bobby started in amazement, for the flame ran down the smoke and rekindled the candle. This is a simple experiment. If you try it you will be surprised at the distance from the candle you can hold the light and yet have the experiment succeed. It is a pretty and fantastic trick.

An Egg Race.

On either side of the room six large hard boiled colored eggs are placed in a line at intervals of about a foot. At the far end of each line is a large open basket or a coarsely woven nest. Two leaders are chosen, who, in turn, choose sides. A player from each side is given a large wooden spoon and stands at the near end of his line. At a signal each starts to spoon up the eggs one at a time, carrying them to the nest. A list of the winners on each side is kept, and at the end of the game the side which has the greater number is the winner. Small individual prizes may be given to all the players on the victorious side—for example, tiny nests filled with egg bonbons.

The Bottle Conjurer.

State to the company that it was proved some years ago at a theater that to crawl into a quart bottle was an impossibility, but the rapid progress made by the march of intellect in these enlightened times has proved that any person may crawl into a pint bottle as easily as into his bed. Having thus prepared your intentions, you get a pint bottle and place it in the middle of the room, then go outside the door and, creeping into the room upon all fours, say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is crawling in to the pint bottle."

Arbor Day.

Grow thou and flourish well Ever the story tell. Of this glad day. Long may thy branches raise To heaven our grateful praise! Waft them on sunlight rays To God away. "Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees" On this glad day. Bless thou each stout at hand O'er all our happy land. Teach them thy love's command, Great God, we pray. Deep in the earth today Safely thy roots we lay. Trees of thy love. Grow thou and flourish long. Ever our grateful song Shall its glad notes prolong To God above.

PEACE TALK STOPS.

Interest Centers in Fighting at Santa Barbara and Sonora. EL PASO, Tex., April 1.—Nothing more is heard of peace negotiations. Interest all centers in the fighting at Santa Barbara and in Sonora. Details of further fighting in those regions are lacking today. Word comes from Guadalupe, however, that fighting is expected in Jallisco, as Luis Moya, leader of a band of Insurrectos in Durango and Zacatecas, has entered Jallisco. The State Legislature of Jallisco has appropriated \$60,000 for the organization of State Rurales to oppose the Insurrectos.

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