

Milwaukee and Northwestern Clackamas

MILWAUKIE.

The Commercial Club postponed its regular meeting Dec. 23 until January 13, 1911, on account of the holidays.

The Commercial Club is preparing a folder of descriptive matter setting forth the facilities and advantages of Milwaukee, of its residence section and business properties, which the members expect to distribute to the public in January.

The Live Wire or Junior Athletic Club held a meeting at the library last Thursday evening. The business men of Milwaukee were invited to attend the meeting and several men were present, and spoke in favor of the movement to provide a gymnasium.

An entertainment will be given early in January to raise funds to provide suitable apparatus for the gymnasium. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Elkins entertained Mr. and Mrs. N. Grizzell and family, of Portland, Christmas day. Mrs. Grizzell is Mr. Elkins' sister.

Miss Rusk, of San Francisco, is visiting her parents near Milwaukee. The Grange will hold a reunion New Years Eve at their hall for all members.

J. A. Keck was in Oregon City Thursday on business. Councilman Fred Lehman and family are spending the holidays in Eastern Oregon with Mrs. Lehman's parents.

Geo. Wissinger was off duty several days on account of stomach trouble. Ray Stryker, of Montesano, Wash., spent Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Geo. Wissinger.

Ex-Mayor Shindler's trial came off Wednesday afternoon. The Wetzel building is going up very fast and will add much to the appearance of Main street when completed.

Christmas was celebrated by most every family in Milwaukee, several different parties entertaining at home and others going away to visit relatives or friends.

Our postmaster is very busy closing up the year's business and sending in his official reports. A Happy New Year to all.

Church Notes. Evangelical church—Rev. E. Hadebaugh, pastor. Sunday school, 10:30 a. m.; John Gracie, superintendent. Services 11:30 a. m. by the pastor; Y. P. A. at 7 p. m.; evening service at 8 o'clock. Teachers' training, Tuesday evenings; prayer meeting, Wednesday evening; choir practice, Thursday evening.

Dancing Party. New Years Eve the Errol Quartette will give a social dance in the City Hall.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain's Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by all dealers.

JENNINGS LODGE.

The great festival day of the year has just passed. Many family reunions were held with the exchanging of gifts on the anniversary of our savior's birth. And not only in the homes, but the churches of all denominations were beautifully decorated and special music rendered on this occasion.

A number of the churches celebrated on different evenings, giving the people the privilege of attending the services of more than one of the churches. On Sunday evening a short program was rendered by the pupils of the Grace Chapel Sunday school, and a treat for the children was provided for by the committee in charge. The school opened the program by singing "Joy to the World" followed by prayer and the reading of birth of Christ from Matt. 2:1-10, by the pastor. Recitations by Clyde Jones, Harry and Mildred Sladen, Ora and Charles Ryan, Frank Jones, Newton Strain, Annie Russell and Beale Roberts and Doris Patton, interspersed by songs by the school and a duet by the Misses Mabel Sladen and Helen Painton and a very fine reading by Mrs. Jones closed the evening's program.

After enjoying the festivities of Yuletide and the passing of the old year so near at hand we pause for a brief moment to see how wonderfully kind Old Father Time has been to we Jennings Lodge folks. The Grim Reaper, Death, has not visited any of our homes and in a number little precious bundles of humanity have come to bless the homes of some six or eight families. A little daughter arrived at Mrs. Moore's and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkmo, Mr. and Mrs. Tozier, Mr. and

Mrs. L. Wilcox and to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Roberts. A number of new houses have been built of the more substantial kind, among them the homes of H. C. Paine, Frank Davy, I. Shenfield, Jess Strain, Ira Hart, the Smith and Kirns cottages. On the east side of the new car line Messrs. Bohlin and Meredith have built little homes.

Through the untiring efforts of Chas. Redmond, an arch has been placed over Jennings avenue and some of our public spirited men have been working for a postoffice, which we wished for before the beginning of 1911. Our public highway has been graveled and many other improvements have been added.

Among the newly married couples coming to the Lodge to make their home early in 1910, one whose wedding was one of some note among Portland society folks, was that of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Dent and also Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Shaver.

Among those who miss from our community is Mrs. Roy Kelly (Miss A. Hines Shaver) whose Montavilla is now her home. Among the many who have removed and taken up residence elsewhere and greatly missed are the families of Walter Becker, Fred Terry, Allen Brown, Joe Evans, Frank Pratt, J. A. Soesbe, Will Halerman, A. L. Clark. All these ladies at one time or another were prominent workers in the Woman's Clubs of this place and while so many have gone from among us, the club work has been at a standstill, but during the year the Woman's Industrial Club has over one hundred books for a library besides a neat sum in the treasury. We have every reason to feel grateful to Old Father Time for the blessings and advantages we have had in 1910. We all wish as if we want to enter into a spirit to help make 1911 more successful than the preceding year.

Miss Mildred Kruse, of Salem, and Miss Nettie Kruse, of Oregon City, spent Monday evening at the home of Miss Mabel Morse.

Among those enjoying the hospitality of the P. D. Newell home during the Yuletide were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newell, Mr. and Mrs. Miner Peary and Glenn Newell, of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. George Morse entertained their relatives on Christmas Day, covers being laid for the 23 relatives and the additional guests being Mr. Christianson, of LaGrande, Oregon, and Clyde Simmons, of the Lodge.

Mrs. Emmons entertained four of our young people to a theatre party on Saturday afternoon, when Clyde Simmons, Arthur Roberts, Helen Painton and Mabel Sladen went to the Baker to see "Charley's Aunt."

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton and son, Harold, called on the J. P. Strain family before departing for their home in South Dakota. Other visitors at the Strain home were Mrs. Frank Pratt, of Canby, Miss Perringer and Gilbert Smith, of Carus and Sue Smith, of Oregon City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox had as their guests for the Yuletide, Mr. and Mrs. Gray Lewis and family, Ratiner, Mr. and Mrs. Holden and family of Sellwood, Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts and children, of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Finley and Miss Anna Finley, of Portland, spent Christmas with their son and brother, Mr. W. L. Finley and family.

We were pleased to see Major and Mrs. Clarkson on our streets during the week, coming out from Portland for a short visit with friends.

Mr. Hestman, of Seattle, was a guest of Geo. Morse and was very favorably impressed with this part of Clackamas county. He sent for his family having purchased the Miller home at Meldrum and are already where the Miller family expect to locate but will be greatly missed by their friends.

Clyde Newell and Miss Emma Newell have recently purchased the Boys property, which is the finest location at the Lodge and are making some decided improvements on it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. Rice was a dinner hostess Christmas day in honor of Mrs. Dr. Littlefield and daughter, of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. John Outfield entertained at dinner Christmas day, Mrs. Backus, Mrs. M. T. Outfield and Miss Amanda Outfield.

Mrs. John Risley attended a reception given by Mrs. Macey, of Portland, Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Lathrop, of Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Sharp, of Portland, was the Christmas guest of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Clark.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. McArthur entertained 14 relatives at a Christmas dinner Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at their beautiful home on Railroad Avenue.

Wesley McArthur and wife, of Ridgefield, Wash., were out of town guests during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Williams and children spent Christmas day with Mr. Williams' sister, Mrs. W. S. Buffington, of Portland.

Mrs. Della Estline, of Risley, is seriously ill in Sellwood with a severe case of diabetes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Masterson attended the Grand theatre in Portland Christmas day, and when Mr. Masterson was standing in line purchasing tickets some pickpocket relieved him of \$15.

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Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

A Story of Farm Life

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Read and there will unfold for you a romance from which you will learn how two plucky daughters of the farm yearned for a college education; how their father gave them the use of a worn-out orchard to secure the money necessary; how they grappled with the apple raising problem and Snyder, the sharper, who was cornering the apple crop; how their father's ambition had much to do with the futures of two young men, one rich and one poor; how the worn-out orchard influenced directly or indirectly not only the lives of four young people, but college work, college sport and college morals as well, and how some of those concerned in this idyl of farm and college were at last persuaded to exchange apple blossoms for orange blossoms.

CHAPTER I

"Hello, daddy!" Mr. Sanders looked up from the harness he was mending in preparation for spring work to see his two daughters standing before him.

"Well?" he said, with an inquiring smile. "We want to go to college," said Mabel. She was the older of the two, a fair haired girl of seventeen.

Her sister Gladys was a year younger, a short, plump little girl with curly brown hair and an irrepressible smile. Their father let the strap he was holding fall to the floor.

"What for?" he asked. "To learn things," said Mabel. "We want to go to the agricultural college and take the domestic science course. If you'll come in the house I'll show you what the catalogue says about it."

Mr. Sanders picked up his strap and went to work again. "You're mighty good girls," he said, "and I want to do all I can for you, but I don't see where the money to send you to college is coming from."

Mabel's lip quivered. "Then can't we go?" she asked. Her father's eyes twinkled as he looked up. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you girls the old apple orchard, and you can use all the money you make from it to go to college with."

The old apple orchard consisted of an acre of apple trees that Mr. Sanders had set out several years before with the expectation of reaping a handsome reward when they should reach bearing age. But the locality was not especially well adapted to apple growing. Weeds and insects played havoc, and the orchard turned out to be anything but a paying proposition.

Mabel turned abruptly and left the shop, but Gladys sat down on a nail keg, with her forehead puckered up in thought. After a few moments she got up and went over to the window. There had been a hard frost the night before, and the apple trees were laden with a white coating of frost crystals that shone and sparkled in the sunlight.

"It's pretty this morning anyway," she said. "Can we really have it to do as we please with?" "That's what I said," her father answered. "You'll have a hard time getting anything out of it, though."

"Well," Gladys replied determinedly, "we're going to get something out of it. I believe we can make that old orchard pay our way through college."

Mr. Sanders smiled. "I hope so," he said. "I'll help you all I can."

"I'm going over to Pearson's this afternoon," said Gladys as they were seated at the dinner table that noon. "Do you want to go along, Mabel?"

"What for?" asked Mabel. "To find out how he raises so many apples."

"He's got better apple soil than we have," spoke up Mr. Sanders. "Maybe that isn't the only reason," persisted Gladys. "I want to talk with him anyway."

Mr. Sanders had a three-year-old colt, which the girls had broken to drive that winter. They had had silver service from J. M. Neal, father of the bride, and a grand piano from the groom. Refreshments were served by Mrs. J. M. Neal.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one drugged disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full particulars. Address: J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SMITH IS FINED. Pleads Guilty to Permitting Minors to Visit Pool Room. H. H. Smith, who operates a pool room on Main street, near Fifth, was arrested Tuesday on the charge of permitting minors to frequent his place and play the game, which is contrary to law. He pleaded guilty to the charge but said that the young man in question—George Dillman—had represented himself as of age.

The case was tried before Recorder Dimick, who assessed a fine of \$10 against Smith, which was paid. He also sentenced Dillman to a jail term of ten days, but suspended the sentence during good behavior. The Recorder says the charge was made that Young Dillman spent much of his time and all his money in Smith's place, and that the young man's friends wished something done in the matter to break up the practice.

LAND WANTED. We have several clients who want to purchase property in Clackamas County. We have a client who wants about 15 acres of land in the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant. Another who wants from two to five acres not too far from the car line.

Another who wants to sell a Clackamas County ranch of 80 acres and will take property in or near Portland as part payment. Another who wants 15 to 30 acres on the Willamette River or on some stream like the Clackamas. We are constantly having calls for good farms. Our Portland agents are calling for all sorts of Clackamas County farms.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL? CROSS & HAMMOND ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Beaver Building. Oregon City.

were forced to admit that he raised fine fruit, but they were inclined to give credit to his rich, somewhat sandy soil rather than to his painstaking care. He rubbed his bald head delightedly when the girls told him their errand. "Of course you can make it pay!" he exclaimed. "That acre of apple trees ought to send half a dozen girls to college."

Thereupon he entered into a lengthy discussion on apple growing, which the girls only half understood, though they listened with growing interest. "What you want to do first," said Mr. Pearson, "is to prune your trees—cut out about a third of the old limbs and let the sun have a chance to get in. Jeff's out pruning now, I think. Don't you want to come on out and see how it's done?"

Their feet made no noise in the soft snow, and Jeff, who was busily sawing away, did not notice them until his father spoke. He turned quickly and almost fell out of the tree in his embarrassment at seeing the girls. He was a tall, lank, awkward boy of eighteen, but when his honest smile lighted up the freckles on his usually solemn face his unguiliness was forgotten.

"Hello!" he said in response to the girls' greeting as he started to climb down from the tree. "Hold on," his father said. "Mabel and Gladys here want to learn how to prune apple trees. They are going to take a course of apples from their father's orchard next fall." And he chuckled as he pulled off his cap and rubbed his head.

"I believe you're just making fun of us," declared Gladys. "I don't see why we can't raise just as good apples as you do."

Mr. Pearson slapped his hat back on his head and drew his face down. "Mabel and Gladys here want to learn how to prune apple trees. They are going to take a course of apples from their father's orchard next fall." And he chuckled as he pulled off his cap and rubbed his head.

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Gladys gathered up the reins and quickly turned Mollie around. "You can't drive that colt to town in the dark!" cried her mother. "You go with her, Mabel."

"I'm not afraid, mamma," spoke up Gladys. "You need Mabel more than I do. Come on, Mollie!"

It was six miles to Brighton, the nearest place where she could get a doctor, and Gladys well knew that there was no time to lose. If the bleeding didn't stop—She leaped forward and spoke coaxingly to Mollie. The little mare seemed to realize that something was wrong and swung into a stride that made Gladys' heart swell with pride.

The fenceposts sped by in a long jumbled procession, just visible in the dim, ghostly snow light. Gladys kept her eyes fixed on the strip of white road ahead. Just over the end of it the north star shone brightly. Gladys remembered the old story about the star that had led the wise men and whimsically wondered if this star was not there to lead her. On and on they sped, Mollie never varying from that long, steady stride that covered the ground so quickly and easily.

One, two, three, four miles, and still the little mare showed no signs of slackening her pace. There was no wind—nothing but stars and snow and that long, never ending stretch of white road. It was glorious, this night ride, or would have been if it were not so grimly necessary.

"Can't you go just a little faster, Mollie?" Gladys whispered. Mollie gave a leap forward. It almost seemed as if they were flying, so little noise did the mare's swift hoof beats make on the snowy road.

Suddenly she gave a leap sideways. There was a crash as one of the runners struck a stone that some one had carelessly lost from his load that afternoon, and Gladys dived headlong into the soft snow at the roadside.

"Harold Du Val!" cried Gladys. "What are you doing out here?" "Harold held out his hand with a smile. "I might ask you the same question, only I happen to know all ready," he replied. "You're a brave girl, Gladys."

"You haven't answered my question yet," persisted Gladys, the color heightening in her cheeks. "Oh, that's easy. Didn't you know Mr. Gray was my uncle? I've been sick, and the folks sent me out here to recuperate."

The announcement of breakfast cut short further conversation. After the meal was finished Harold insisted on hitching up and taking Gladys home. "I thought you were sick," she said. "I can ride Mollie just as well as not."

"I'm not sick enough to let the girl who used to work most of my problems for me ride eight miles on horseback," he replied as he put on his overcoat and started for the barn. "What have you been doing since you left school?" asked Gladys when they were on their way.

Harold winked a little at the tone of her question. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. "Father wants me to go to college, but I don't like to study well enough."

"What are you going to do?" Gladys went on. "You surely don't mean to go on doing nothing all your life?" "Why not?" inquired Harold as he tilted his hat a little to one side. "I'm having a pretty good time as it is."

"Is that all the ambition you have—just to have a good time?" A disappointed surprise shone in Gladys' honest brown eyes. "Oh, come now," Harold answered lightly. "This is getting too serious. Let's talk about something else—yourself, for instance."

"There isn't anything to say on that subject, only—oh, I wonder how dad-

Gladys picked herself up and shook the snow out of her eyes. The soft snow had broken her fall and kept her from getting hurt. She looked around for Mollie and saw her standing in a drift up to her knees a little ways down the road, with nothing left of the cutter but the thills. In a moment Gladys had waded through the snow to the mare and was loosening the thill straps. As soon as the thills were unfastened she leaped to Mollie's back and headed her again toward town and the doctor.

Mollie was much better as a driver than as a rider, and Gladys found riding her without a saddle hard, jolting work. But she set her teeth and held grimly to the little mare's mane, urging her to a still faster gait.

She was almost to the town now and could see the light in the doctor's big house on the corner. In another moment she was at the door. Giving Mollie the reins a twist around the post, she ran up the steps and rang the doorbell.

The doctor's wife opened the door. "The doctor?" she said in reply to Gladys' breathless question. "I'm sorry, but he started to Kenneset just about ten minutes ago."

Gladys started back as if she had been struck. The doctor's wife sprang forward and caught her. "Why, my girl, you're all tired out. Come in and get warm."

Gladys shook her head. "I—I must catch the doctor," she gasped. "Has he a saddle I can take?"

The doctor's wife, quickly realizing that this was no ordinary call, pointed toward the barn and hurried into the house after the lantern. It was but a moment's work to throw off the harness and replace it with the saddle. Gladys hesitated an instant and then reached for the doctor's riding whip. She was so stiff that she could hardly swing into the saddle, but she smiled bravely back at the good doctor's wife as she turned away into the darkness.

Kenneset was directly west, and her own home was straight south. If she could catch the doctor soon enough he might still be able to get there in time. But what chance did a weary colt ridden by a still wearier girl have of overtaking a fresh team of bronchos? Gladys leaned forward and spoke caressingly to Mollie. The little mare sprang nimbly forward, but Gladys felt rather than saw that she was not running as easily as at first.

Minute after minute passed and still the mare held pluckily to her pace. At last after what seemed hours of hard riding Gladys heard the tinkle of sleigh bells ahead. She knew the time had come for the final spurt. She raised her whip to strike the struggling mare, but threw it in the snow instead.

"Mollie!" she cried, leaning forward. "Go, Mollie, go—just for a few moments more!"

Mollie gave a snort