

THE SAME ANIMAL THAT TAFT RODE.



Nine and Ten

The Pranks of a Pair of Twins
By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Their names were Nina and Christina, but for miles around their home on the West creek turkey farm they were known as Nine and Ten. The Mason twins were never far apart. As little girls their pink sunbonneted heads bobbed in harmonious companionship over the rolling farm acres. The Mason twins were very beautiful to look upon, and they were so similar in face and form that even their own father, Captain Dod Mason, couldn't tell them apart. They were sweet tempered, merry hearted girls, and they had never lacked for admirers, who led a most unhappy existence, for it amused the Mason twins to change characters and puzzle their prospective lovers almost into imbecility with their pranks. But Cupid had been playing pranks with the twins themselves, and today Nine and Ten, busied with the work of their motherless home, were silent and distraught. Suddenly Nine spoke, her back turned to her sister, as she reached into the china closet: "Ten," she began, faltering: "Yes," replied Ten in the same sort of voice. "Are you—are you engaged to Jack Nickerson?" There was a little silence while Ten shook her duster out of the window. Then "How did you guess?" she asked in a low tone that tried to be gay. "Oh, I thought so, that's all. I may as well tell you that I promised to marry Linn last night." Nine's voice sounded tragically hollow from the depths of the closet into which she persistently burrowed. "Oh!" Ten cried sharply, and then she left the room. Nine heard her run...

"Told me what?" it was Jack's turn to stare. "That I was engaged to marry Nine." "I didn't know that you were engaged to her," said Jack shortly. "Congratulations—and all that, you know?" "Th-oh," said Linn dryly. "Going to ride down to the cottonwoods?" They turned their horses and trotted slowly across the crisp pasture land. It was a frosty November day, and the tang of approaching winter was in the air. When they drew near the cottonwoods they heard the raucous grubbings of the mammoth gobblers that were the pride of the ranch. By mutual assent Linn rode around to the south side of the little thicket while Jack protected the eastern way of escape. With a loud yell and a thunder of hoofs Linn raced through the thicket, driving the wandering birds before him. It would have worked all right, only the biggest gobbler of all and the leader of the flock lifted his huge spread of wings and flew up into the lower branches of the nearest tree, and soon he was followed by the entire flock of fifty, whose bulk darkened the sparsely clothed trees and hung, a menacing force, over the irate driver's head. "Let 'em stay, then," said Linn crossly. "We can get 'em after dinner. What do you say?" "Suits me," said Jack, and together they rode silently back to the farmhouse, where Nine and Ten were superintending the placing of the dinner on the table. Nine was very pale, and her eyes were bright and sparkling, always a sign that things were going wrong with her. Ten's eyes looked as if she had been crying. It was a silent meal; there was universal embarrassment, and even Captain Dod, absorbed in his dinner, noted the silence. "What's the matter?" he called bluffly. "Everybody in the deldrums!" Next time you folks ride ten miles to a moving picture show at Ponto you better see something to laugh at! Didn't anything funny happen last night?" "Well, what's the news?" he went on sardonically. "Anything gone wrong? I've been approached by two young men and two young women this morning, and they're all engaged to marry each other. I took it calmly, for there isn't a better pair of young chaps in the world than my two partners—not a word, boys—and if I've got to give them twins away I'd rather give them to you two, but—" He glared around at them once more and continued: "Somebody had made a mistake, and till it's found out I will draw my consent, and I declare every one of you disgraced! Understand?" Without waiting for a reply Captain Dod arose with dignity, and grasping his plate of pudding in one hand and the pitcher of maple sirup in the other, he retired to the little room that served him as an office. Silence still reigned at the table, but it was a relieved silence. Suddenly Linn excused himself and departed. Jack followed suit, and there remained no one but the twins staring dejectedly into their puddings. All at once Nine spoke resentfully: "I think you've treated Jack horribly. Ten Mason, so there! He's the best fellow in the world and you can't appreciate him." Ten lifted her drooping head and faced her sister. "Humph!" she flared scornfully. "Jack Nickerson can't be compared with Linn Oswald." The twins arose and stared at each other across the table, then all at once they ran around and fell into each other's arms with little startled cries of understanding. Out on the ranges Linn and Jack were riding back to the cottonwood clump. In their hands were long rawhide whips. Both were whistling merrily, and, while their eyes were evasive, each one seemed conscious of the other's rising spirits. Suddenly Jack became sunk in gloom. He spoke raspingly: "Your hilarity over your release is not very complimentary to Nine." "Neither is your complimentary to Ten," stared Linn. A half hour later Nine and Ten walked demurely across the ranges, sent thither by their father with a message to his partners. When the twins reached the southern confines of the last field they charged upon them a furious flock of bronze gobblers, heads down and heavy wings beating the ground. Close behind them raced Jack and Linn, their eyes tenderly anxious of the approaching twins, their mouths hard set with determination. The twins had played their last prank. They must be made to publicly acknowledge their foolishness. For an instant the girls were rooted to the ground in terror. Forgotten were their father's instructions of how to circumvent the angry turkeys when the succulent but testy bird went on the rampage. The two pairs of blue eyes saw nothing save the approaching brown army and behind them the forms of the men they loved. All at once Nine's feet found wings, and she darted to the right and toward Jack Nickerson, while to the left Ten swerved and, skirting the rushing flock, forgot everything save that Linn Oswald was there. "Jack, Jack!" cried Nine. "Linn, Linn!" screamed Ten. "Here!" shouted the two men in chorus as they leaped down and each lifted his ladylove from impending danger. At supper Captain Dod beamed upon their contented faces. "Engaged again?" he asked cheerfully. "Hum! Right side around now, I hope!" "Oh, yes, indeed," they all chorused, and the voices of the twins were most emphatic.

COMEBACKS TO BE QUITE NUMEROUS

Many Players Once in Fast Company Are to Return.

THEY WERE NOT QUITE RIPE.

Through Draft and Purchase Both Major Leagues Hope to Be Benefited Next Spring by the Additions—Some Veterans to Be Given Another Trial.

"Comebacks" will be numerous at the big league training camps next spring—not aged "comebacks" of the class of Tom Hughes and Jimmy Callahan, but youngsters and seal-velts who were up before and failed to make good because of inexperience or accidents. Their relegation to the minors did not mean that they did not have the stuff in them. On the other hand, it simply meant that they were not quite ripe for fast company. Consequently he goes back to develop. Well, there were many such men pulled back by the draft or purchase during the last few weeks. Cleveland has seven of them, in fact. Catcher O'Neill of Worcester was an Athletic recruit, as were Pitcher Collamore of Scranton and Utility Player Hyde Barr of New Orleans. Third Baseman Manush of New Orleans has been a member of the New York Giants as well as the Athletics. Outfielder Williams was with the Browns last spring, while Catcher Konick of Dayton was given

FASHION DECREES.

The favored styles in suits—Pointed Trimming. The tailored suits shown in the shops for early fall and winter wear have skirts that measure from two and a quarter to two and a half yards in width. Many of these models have the tunic effect or show a side slash. The coats are from twenty-eight to thirty inches in length and a number have a slightly raised waistline. Among the newest designs in trimmings, says the Dry Goods Economist, as well as laces and embroideries, are in long pointed effect. In the narrower effects those take the form of vandyke



points, but in founcing and tunics the points are directed upward, frequently extending from the hem of the dress to the hips. These designs are somewhat newer than the bands. Blue serge is a favorite for tailored suits this autumn. One of the new fancies is to trim it with white cloth collar and cuffs touched up with a little black satinet braid. The suit picture is so treated. JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches for the bust measure for the coat and from 32 to 34 inches waist measure for the skirt. Send 10 cents each for these patterns to this office, giving numbers—skirt 703, coat 704—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Secret Admiration. "Mrs. Hollington refuses to speak to that cloak model," said one young woman. "Yes," replied the other, "but she tries her best to look like her."—Washington Star

Wants, For Sale, etc.

LOST—Red Jersey Heifer, white hind legs, yearling, small square bell on neck, strayed about Thursday, August 31. Finder please notify H. J. Scherer, Oregon City, Route 6, Box 49.

STRAY—Black mare, three white feet, brand LT on right hip, weight about 1200 pounds. Reward. PAUL SAUER, Estacada, Ore.

FOR SALE—Two ponies with saddles. Good for children or stock ranch, 7 years old, would trade on cows or horse and spring wagon. H. Schermer, R. 5, Box 57, Phone Farmers 73.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Red cow, white face, one horn is crooked. W. Geller, Milwaukie, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 288A. Phone Milwaukie Red 694.

WANTED—Girl for general housework in small family. Apply 610 Seventh St., Oregon City.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas County. Wm. B. McAtee, Plaintiff, vs. Ivy McAtee, Defendant. To Ivy McAtee, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, said date being more than six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: For a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant and for such other, further and different relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable. This summons is published by order of Hon. J. U. Campbell, Circuit Judge for said Clackamas county, Oregon, which order was made and entered on the 29th day of September, 1911, and the time prescribed for publication is six weeks, beginning with the issue of Friday, September 22nd, 1911, and continuing each week thereafter to and including Friday, November 3rd, 1911. FRED J. MEINDL, Attorney for plaintiff.

Heart to Heart Talks. By EDWIN A. NYE

CHILD SLAVERY Alma Whaley of Chattanooga, Tenn., drank one and one-half drams of carbolic acid in an attempt to end her life, but was saved by the physicians. Why a suicide at fourteen? The girl revealed the fact that she with several of her fellow workers in a factory had entered into a suicide pact, preferring to die rather than work in the mills. Listen to the child: "We all wanted to die at our frame. We go to work at 6 in the morning and work until 6 at night. We have no time to play. Little Bertha cries and says she would rather be dead than alive. So we made up our minds we would die." What a tragedy of childhood! Without the power of self analysis these children did not fully realize perhaps that under the depressing and monotonous labors of the mill both their bodies and brains were being stunted, but they did realize they were miserable. They did realize they were being cheated of their birthright—the right of self development, the right to education, to recreation, to play. They did realize that because of the long and grinding hours of labor in the insanitary factory with its nerve racking noises they were losing the best years of their lives. Their parents? It is sorrowful to record that in many cases of this character the parents are to blame, dividing with the greedy mill operators the responsibility for conditions as they are. "But," say certain legislators—"I worked on the farm as a child when I had to reach up for the plow

PREFER TEAM WORKERS TO RECORD HOLDERS.

A ball team is not helped by players who have in mind their individual records and overlook the welfare of their team. It is because John McGraw discourages such tactics that his team has been a success this season. The same is true of the Cubs and the Athletics. Ball players to be valuable to a team need not have remarkable records. They need not be leaders, but if they work for the best interests of their team they bring about desired results. Unfortunately, the player who works for his team does not always get the credit he deserves, while the chap who is out to make a record for himself frequently receives applause which he should not be given.

GREGG IS PITCHING DISCOVERY

Cleveland Pitcher Regarded as Worthy Successor to Addie Joss. Vean Gregg is the great pitching discovery of the season in the American league, baseball fans say. This youthful portside came in the nick of time to keep the Cleveland club on the baseball map. He is a worthy successor of Addie Joss as the premier pitcher of the Buckeye metropolis. There is no denying the coming of Gregg has made a pennant possibility of the Cleveland club—in 1912. No club could go through the series of disasters that has befallen the Naps in this year of grace and survive to enter the fray as a contender for the bunting. Nearly every great player of the Naps' galaxy of stars has been out of the game for various periods. At one time this season LaJoie, Jackson, Turner, Birmingham and Easterly were forced from the game, and a makeshift team was necessary.

HE'S THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD

hastily up the stairs to her own room, listened to her light tread across the floor and then silence. Nine withdrew her head and looked miserably around the sunshiny room. "I don't see what is the matter with her," she murmured. "If she's engaged to marry Linn she ought to be the happiest girl in the world—just fancy!" Captain Dod Mason and his two partners, Linn Oswald and Jack Nickerson, had been riding around the ranges taking count of the flocks of turkeys. It was the shipping season, and soon the handsome bronze birds would be corralled and protestingly executed and hustled into the cold storage cars that even now awaited their coming on the spur tracks at Ponto. "My appetite tells me it's nearing dinner time, boys," said the captain genially as they concluded their conference. "If you can manage to get that last flock of gobblers out of that roost in the cottonwoods I'll telephone down to Ponto for the gang to come up in the morning, and we'll start things going. Coming to the house now?" "I'll be along presently," remarked Linn gloomily. "Guess I'll take another look at those chaps in the cottonwoods." "Same here," added Jack Nickerson laconically, and together in moody silence they watched the captain's round figure riding easily across the ranges, his horse gracefully rising over every split rail fence that impeded his progress. "Fine old boy," said Linn, with a heavy sigh. "Best ever—I say, Linn"—Jack's voice had lost its customary tone of assurance. He spoke almost shyly. "Fire ahead," encouraged Linn recklessly, as if he knew what his companion was going to say and wanted to get it over with. "I'm engaged to marry Ten Mason," blurted Jack suddenly. "Then you ought to be the happiest man in the world," uttered Linn gravely as he held out his hand. "Happier than the man who marries Nine?" demanded Jack jealously. "Who told you?" Linn stared at him.



Photo by American Press Association.

THE OUTLET PERPETRATED BY WALT McDUGALL



AT THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN. And they are all wondering why the Summer has been so fruitless although they were always dressed in the very latest mode regardless of expense or trouble!



GINK AND BOOB BOOB COPS OFF A HALF DAY'S REST BUT GINK GETS A DREADFUL SHOCK

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Takes His Pick.

Apropos of foolish questions, this story is told of a Philian haired son of the old "rod" who was working in a ditch. A spectacled daughter of society approached and haughtily asked: "And, my man, what work do you do?" The friend of the green looked up. He took his short stemmed clay from between his lips and answered so he swung his feet over his head: "Shut up! I take it to be you. And so be it, I'm a farmer."

A Taste of Brogue.

An Englishman met a man at a French table d'hoite, who addressed him in French. His accent betrayed him, and rather rudely, the Briton said: "Ah, you are English." "The devil a doubt of it, darlin'," replied the stranger. "An Irishman, now, 'tis better," went on the other. "Well, this isn't strange," said the man. "My French always shows me to be English and my English to be Irish?"