

The Old Man of Oragua

A Story of Life in the West Indies.

By MARY D. PARKE.

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Ralph Freeman tilted back in his chair against the whitewashed wall of the long building and stared at the glory of the setting sun beyond the Caribbean sea. The magazine he had been reading slipped through his listless fingers and clattered to the floor.

It was the close of a hot day in Porto Rico, one of those steaming tropical days that is so like its predecessor in every detail of climate and occupation that all perception of time is lost and one lives in a dreamy haze of unreality.

Ralph Freeman had lived that way for a year, ever since he had fallen heir to a small banana plantation and left the States to carve a fortune for himself. There had come to him abundant health, very little money and less happiness than he had expected. He had left behind him a broken engagement. He had been fiercely jealous of Lillian, and she had appeared to accept the attentions of that rich cotton broker with complacency. When Ralph reproached her matters had come so swiftly to a head that it was not until he was on the steamer bound for Porto Rico that he realized he must in reality begin all over again.

Now he had been reading a magazine story of a man in the tropics, a man who was separated from the girl he loved; how the girl, passing on a yacht, had tossed a bottle overboard, a bottle containing a letter to the man.

It was a pretty story, a clever story, but a very unlikely thing to happen, thought Freeman moodily. He was situated much as that other man was, but there would never be any bottle or message for him! If Lillian had married the cotton broker it would not be strange if she was cruising in the Caribbean waters, but that she cared enough to send him a message of any sort he did not believe. Such things might happen in stories—

"There were giants in the earth in those days," he quoted cynically, just as his eye was arrested by the glitter of sunlight on a bottle dancing on the waves close to the white beach. With



FOUND HIMSELF HOLDING HER HANDS.

a bound he had reached the wooden stairs, raced down them to the water's edge and then, impatient of delay, dashed knee high into the waves and rescued the bobbing bottle.

Empty it was now, and he tossed it down on the pebbles with an angry laugh.

He was tired of his solitary existence; he longed inexpressibly for the haunts of men. Days passed and weeks slipped away in the dreamy existence on this tropic isle. The work on his plantation required little supervision, and the negro hands appeared to idle the long days through, and yet somehow the crops were harvested and shipped by mule team to the nearest port where the fruit steamers touched. His one story office building was a tiny affair, and one hour a day was ample to keep his business correspondence and accounts in perfect order. His field hands lived in scattered huts somewhere about, and in this isolated region he was often called upon to act as physician to the suffering bodies of his childlike neighbors when the voodoo doctors failed to work a cure.

Suddenly he was seized with a desire for home—to see cities full of white men, to feel the bird pavement under his feet, to be hemmed in by cliffs of brick and stone, to hear the din of traffic and to participate in the light and gaiety of scenes of pleasure. By traveling all night he could catch the fruit steamer that in passing might drop him at San Juan. From there he could take a steamer for HOME. Now he thought of home in capital letters. Rodriguez, his Portuguese foreman, might harvest the next crop. He would see to things later. Now he must go home.

He rushed into his bedroom, locked up his books and few personal belongings and tossed some clothing into a bag. Servants rushed hither and thither at his commands. Rodriguez hastened from his abode and received his orders in stolid acquiescence. A mule team clattered before the door in the moonlight, and his traps were bundled

into the wagon, and he took his seat beside the driver.

The long whitewashed building gleamed white in the moonlight; the sea was an expanse of molten gold; the sky showed stars dimmed by the full moon riding high in the heavens. There was the heavy scent of luscious fruits and flowers, the rank smell of vegetation, the peace of the land of the palm, but the cold cities of the north were calling to him, and he was going—going home!

Exhilarated, he turned and waved a farewell to his servants. "Adios! Adios!" he called, throwing silver among them. Then there broke from among the palms fringing the plantation a running dark form, a man speeding in haste, and Freeman's heart sank a little, because he knew the signs. This messenger was from one in trouble. Some one sick or dying needed him.

"I will not go," he told himself fiercely, but when the native had thrown himself at his feet and begged him to come to his father Freeman found himself relenting.

"Who is your father?" he asked to gain time, not that it mattered, for there was no caste among his people.

"The old man of Oragua!" cried the man. "If the master comes not he will die!"

"Why, he is the voodoo man! Well, no physician can cure himself. I'll go. Drive on, Dominique, to Oragua!"

They plunged into the forest road, the messenger running beside the cart, one hand resting on the shaft. Freeman sank into moody reflection. He regarded this interruption as an augury that he had best remain behind. Among these superstitious people he was growing to believe in all sorts of signs and presentiments, hardly aware of it. It did not occur to him now to turn away from the sick man. Go he must, if only to use his scanty but practical knowledge of medicine to soothe pain or perhaps effect a cure. His remedies were mostly the simple old fashioned ones he had learned from his mother.

Oragua lay over to the south, a tiny scattering of huts near the beach a few miles away from his plantation. In going there he could not catch the fruit steamer. Missing that, it would be days before he might get another, unless he traversed many miles of rough roads to reach a railroad line. He settled despondently in his seat, his momentary enthusiasm smothered by the pressing necessity of the moment.

He discovered the old man sunk in a state of coma. He had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and there was nothing the young American could do, save to apply simple remedies that would at least soothe the waiting relatives that he was doing something. In fact, his presence was needless, his sacrifice in vain.

Morning found him closing the eyes of the old man of Oragua, who had after all gone to the Great Physician to be cured spiritually as well as bodily of his ailments. When he had withdrawn from the hut of mourning and Dominique had thrust in the cart a large basket of fruit that the grateful relatives of the old man of Oragua had pressed upon Freeman the latter walked down to a little point of land that jutted into the sea. When he emerged from a grove of palms into the full sunlight he was startled by the sight of a large steamer lying perhaps a quarter of a mile from shore. Two small launches were putting off from her, and another was almost under his very nose at the water's edge.

Wild with excitement, he rushed away and called his servant to bring his luggage. Then he intercepted the first boat, which had just landed a dozen tourists, men and women, who looked at the sun browned American with friendly eyes.

From the sailors Freeman learned that the vessel was the Tripos, a tourist steamer, cruising among the islands. Her steering gear had gone wrong off Oragua, and while it was being repaired those passengers who desired it had gone ashore. The steamer was outward bound from New York and would make San Juan in the course of her trip. They thought it likely that the captain would take Freeman as a passenger.

Delighted at this happy turn of fate, which seemed to have been brought about by the old man of Oragua, Ralph found infinite satisfaction in seeing his luggage stowed in the boat. Then he gave final directions to Dominique and bade him farewell.

Now the other launches landed their tourists, and they, too, gazed at Freeman as they streamed past. Suddenly his heart jumped madly and the blood raced through his veins as it had not done since he had last seen Lillian Wade. For there she was, staring back with wondering eyes, starry with happiness at seeing him.

Forgetful of the cotton broker and his possible relationship to Lillian, Ralph Freeman found himself holding her hands and trying to appear conventional before many curious eyes. At a little distance he saw an astonished looking elderly woman who seemed to be waiting for Lillian.

"Oh, Ralph! To think you should be here!" She was breathing quickly. "I was going to you—I'll tell you all about it later. Then you haven't forgotten me, and you have forgiven me for being such a brute!" he fairly stammered in his haste.

"I've been punished, Ralph, for my perversity," she said humbly. "I did not care a bit for that man, only I was vexed that you should doubt my loyalty in the least. Come and be introduced to Mrs. Ford—I am traveling with her. It is all so wonderful!"

"You can thank the old man of Oragua for this, dear," he said to her as they went along. And to himself he whispered softly, wonderingly, "And you can bet I believe there are giants in these days too!"

DANIELS' RETIREMENT.

"Human Fish" Says He Will Not Be Member of Next Olympic Team.

The competitive field is soon to lose C. M. Daniels, the champion swimmer, of the New York Athletic club. And this time it is no idle rumor. The great swimmer himself vouchsafed the information before the race for the 220 yard metropolitan title recently, and he added that he would not be a member of the American Olympic team in 1912. The news comes as a sad blow, for if ever an athlete was qualified to represent his country and to hold its honor in an international contest Daniels is the man.

Possessed of sprightly speed the like of which the world has never known, able always to do a little better than his best when the occasion required and blessed with nerve and grit, he has been the ideal of the successful competitor and one upon whom one could always rely. His loss will be irreparable, for, though other and younger men are fast developing, it will be hard, if not impossible, to find



CHARLES M. DANIELS, WHO WILL QUIT COMPETITIVE FIELD.

another swimmer able to give his wash to all comers at any distance from fifty yards to one mile.

And there is small hope of persuading the champion to change his mind. Growing business interests and the care of a family take up so much of his time that it is impossible for him to train properly, and he wisely contends that it is no use trying to do anything unless one can do it in the right way.

For the race which he won by a scant margin from James Reilly in New York recently he had absolutely no preparation, and he realizes that the day has passed when he can expect to beat his rivals without training. Newcomers are improving so rapidly that even he must be at his best to win, and one must commend his decision in retiring at the zenith of his career, much as all will regret his loss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOUNTAIN VIEW.

J. B. Fairclough, of Ogde Mountain mines, spent last week in Oregon City. Mrs. Geo. Roberts and baby spent Thursday of last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Dickey.

F. M. Darling drove to Milwaukie Thursday to get jars for their green house flowers.

Mrs. Lewellen is able to be up again and her daughter, Mrs. Ida Cromer and baby, have returned to their home in Springfield.

Mrs. J. B. Fairclough has an attack of la grippe.

Mrs. E. D. Barto is on the sick list. The Mountain View Improvement Club met in regular session last Friday evening with J. E. Calavan as president. The regular routine of business was transacted. The question, "Resolved, That the Negro Has More Cause for Complaint from Treatment of Whites Than the Indian," was debated. Speakers, J. Gorbett and J. E. Calavan, affirmative, and Wm. Beard and Sam V. Francis, the negative. The judges decided the question in favor of the negative. The special program for Friday evening will be a question box. All asked to write questions.

Mr. Simpson and family of Canemah, bought J. W. Gerber's property on Hood street and moved in last week. Mr. Crawford has been sick again and is improving.

Mrs. Minnie Albright and son, Carl, spent last Thursday in Sellwood with relatives.

Cliff McConnell, of Walla Walla, Wash., was the guest of J. M. Gilbert and family Saturday and Sunday. He went to Polk county Monday to get a band of sheep.

Died, Feb. 12, 1911, D. Robeson, aged 79 years, 10 months, 26 days. Interment in the cemetery at Colton.

Mrs. N. M. Aldredge is getting better slowly.

The measles are getting quite a start in this burg. Little Charlie Mason is very sick. John Aldredge and family have measles, also Mrs. Ott's little baby.

W. G. Hall and wife, F. F. Curran and wife and Geo. Everhart and wife attended the entertainment at Clairmont last Saturday evening and report that it was fine and they were well paid for their trip.

Lee Jones, of Philometh, is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. P. Roehl this week. Mrs. Roehl is able to sit up a little each day.

Mrs. Mary Jones and daughter of Eldorado, were in this burg Monday on their return from Portland where they visited a week with Mr. Jones' mother.

The Socialist club will meet at 611 Mt. Hood street next Sunday at two o'clock. The saloons, also raised the saloon license to \$800 a year. An op-

porter, Frank's store in Portland, is home this week on a vacation.

Mr. Leonard Sinclair, of Carus, is calling on old friends in this burg and down town this week.

Mrs. R. J. Bealey and son, Walter, of Vancouver, B. C., are visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L. Hickman.

OAK GROVE.

Improvement Association special meeting Thursday evening in Green's Hall. Everyone invited. Several important questions to be discussed.

Basket ball game Friday evening between the Oak Grove Seniors and the Parkplace teams.

Miss May Brown, of Turner, Or., spent Wednesday with her old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Charles Worthington.

Mrs. A. C. Lewis is sick with la grippe.

Mrs. John Risley was a Portland visitor Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Young went to the hospital Tuesday to visit with her husband, who had a serious operation lately.

Mrs. Virgil Clark was a Portland visitor Tuesday.

H. B. Warren and R. E. Emmonds have purchased the store of Graham & Son and will be pleased to see all old customers and many new ones.

Mrs. Alf Allen of Risley, was in Portland Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Vosburg left Thursday for Spokane, Wash., to spend several weeks with Mrs. Vosburg's sister, Geo. Sherer left Tuesday morning for his mill over in Washington, near Vancouver.

Mrs. R. L. Herron, who has been quite sick, is well and able to be out once more.

Mrs. Bonney, of Woodburn, spent several days last week with her niece Mrs. R. L. Herron.

Mr. J. Rupert has a severe case of la grippe.

Mrs. Riley spent Wednesday with friends at Woodstock.

Mrs. V. Blackeby, of Woodburn, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. L. E. Bentley and family.

Mrs. Roy Blackeby and sister, Miss Able, were Portland visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. H. Payne, mother of Mrs. L. E. Armstrong, was tendered a postal card shower on her 80th birthday at Mrs. Guy DeGolia's home, near Cherryville, February 13.

A Valentine party was given by Lindsey McArthur at his home Tuesday evening. Games were played until a late hour. A lunch was served by Mrs. McArthur. Those present were: Margaret Lewis, Mary Stein, Elsie Skillee, Edna Shubert, Madge Ellis, Edwin Shubert, Barton Sherer, Ernest Griffiths, Paul Herron, Vernon Bennett, Robert Cosgriff, Hulda Stromer, Ruby Stromer, Hester Armstrong and others.

School Notes. The postoffice department of the school went into effect on Valentine day and many Valentines were sent back and forth through the office.

The school will debate with the Barclay school, "Question, 'Resolved, That Emigration Should Be Further Restricted by Law.'"

The legislature was continued for another week. Two bills passed the House.

Mrs. Endicott was absent today on account of sickness.

Church Notes. M. E. church, Rev. Henry Spela, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m., by pastor. All invited.

FIRWOOD.

The funeral of Mrs. J. T. Friel, Sr., took place at Cherryville Thursday, Feb. 16 at 12 o'clock. Mrs. Friel passed away Monday, Feb. 13 at 5 p. m. She had not been well for over two years, as she had had several strokes of paralysis, the last proving fatal. All that materia medica and careful nursing could do proved of no avail.

The deceased leaves a husband and seven children, all living and were present to pay their last tribute to their beloved mother. The children are Mrs. Viola Kirby, of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Maggie Murray, Sandy; Mrs. Eva R. Hart, Sandy; Mrs. Phoebe Allen, Cherryville; Mrs. Mabel McIntyre, Salmon River; John T. and Jerry S. Friel, Cherryville. Mrs. Friel was born in Delaware in 1845, where she was married, moving to Slough City, Ia., about forty years ago, where they lived until four years ago when they came to Cherryville, Ore. She was a kind and loving mother and it is needless to say will be greatly missed, but the consolation is left for those who mourn that she has passed from the suffering of mortal sense to her home in the spiritual realm. "There is no death, what seems to be is only transition." "Oh, never sit we down and say there's nothing left but sorrow! We walk the wilderness today, the promised land tomorrow. And though age wears by the way, and hearts break in the furrow, we'll sow the golden grain today, and harvest comes tomorrow." The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

Antone Malar is at Corvallis attending the O. A. C.—Farmers' week.

Mrs. Grace Pridemore, of Three-Six, is visiting Mrs. E. D. Hart this week. Monday came the nearest to being a blizzard of anything this country has witnessed for some time.

MILWAUKIE.

The election having gone for improvements it is to be hoped Milwaukie will be "lifted out of the mud." There is no obstacle in the way and no excuse why this town can't be put on a par with other growing suburbs of Portland. Of course there is quite a difference of opinion as to the streets improvement should be made. This idea of digging out a trench in the middle of the road and throwing in a little gravel to sink out of sight, does not require much engineering skill, but the property owners have to dig down just the same. It looks reasonable to have the work done right in the first place, and if some of the work done in other up to date towns would be studied it might prove a valuable lesson and it is to be hoped the present coterie of public officials will not spend the people's money for some unsatisfactory experimenting. It is an easy thing to sit on a road roller and rock crusher, and draw four or five dollars a day, but it is another thing to make a good serviceable and economical street or road. The following is the result of votes cast: Street improvements, yes, 84; no, 36. Shall we hold biennial elections, yes, 87; no, 40. Shall Milwaukie spend its own road tax, yes, 108; no, 21. Shall Milwaukie issue bonds for \$5000 for sewer or street improvements, yes 88; no, 39.

Council met in regular session Tuesday evening, February 14, and took up the message of the ordinance regulating the saloons, also raised the saloon license to \$800 a year. An op-

porter to regulate the prohibiting of minors in the pool room. An adjourned meeting to Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, will be held to canvass the ballot and finish up some unfinished business that was brought before the Council. There will be a petition presented for the improvement of Main and Washington streets.

Several petitions are in circulation for street improvements and will be presented to the City Council at the next regular meeting.

The effort of the Commercial Club in conjunction with the City Council to pave the way for street improvements has been crowned with success.

The charter amendment submitted to the voters at the election last Monday carried with a large and handsome majority, which shows the people begin to realize that improvements are a necessity and we hope to see a great change by the end of the year.

The pool room is moving to the new Wetzel building, and the patrons of the postoffice will have no further cause for complaint. It is large and roomy and the average Milwaukie will have ample space to spend his time and incidentally his money.

The Portland Label Co. has opened up for business in the old hotel building in the quarters formerly occupied by the defunct Willamette Publishing Co. Mr. Kinzel, the proprietor, is an experienced man.

It is to be hoped the Southern Pacific R. R. Co. will put an agent in the Willsburg and Beaverton depot here, as it is not very pleasant to have freight and baggage dumped off to lay in the drizzling rain, with no one to look after it.

The tile factory is ready to turn out wall tiling such as is used for partitions in first class buildings. Some of the clay was imported from China.

C. C. Mullan is building five pleasure boats for Crystal Lake Park. Mr. Witte spares no pains or money to make his resort attractive.

The Smoker given by the Milwaukie Commercial Club Friday evening was a grand success. Mr. F. F. Piper was presiding officer and toastmaster, and demonstrated his ability as an orator, humorist and entertainer. A large and appreciative crowd was present. The evening was enjoyed by all. Fifteen new members were added to the Commercial Club membership.

The Mothers' and Teachers' Club will give its play Saturday evening in the City Hall, entitled, "A Street Fair." General admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 35 cents. Children 15 cents. All home talent. All come and help the Boys' Club and gymnasium.

Remember the basket social given Friday evening by the Grange. Women's Work Club held a social at the home of Mrs. A. Prallus Wednesday afternoon. A very pleasant time was had by all present. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mothers' and Teachers' Club will meet Feb. 24 at the school house at 3 p. m. Regular meeting.

Prof. Gens was out Wednesday evening and gave the club its first lesson. The club will be furnished dumb bells and all apparatus needed. The Professor will come out every Wednesday evening for the present.

The traveling library arrived at the free reading room Friday and books are ready for distribution.

J. A. Peterson is out again after a slight attack of appendicitis. Chester McLaughlin is hauling wood to market this week.

Mayor Ewing, of Minthorn, has been sojourning in Portland a few days this week.

Mr. Sheppard and wife, who formerly lived in Milwaukie, have returned after an absence of several months, and say Milwaukie is good enough for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lehman were Portland visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Morand of Quincy addition, was in Portland Wednesday.

Chas. Maple, now employed in Jancke Drug Co., Portland, will resign his position and go into the Maple Drug Co. at Sixteenth and Alberta streets with his brother.

Geo. Stone, the popular meat cutter and a fancy boxer, has a big jaw. Mr. Stone says it is toothache but we doubt it as he goes to Sellwood quite often to box with the boys, and we think he got a bad slap in the face.

Mr. Geo. Maple is expected home from Celilo this week to remain permanently.

Ike Mullen has returned home from the Sellwood hospital where he was treated for typhoid fever.

E. M. Kellogg is moving over into the new Wetzel building.

Mr. Parallus has recovered from rheumatism and la grippe and is able to be out.

W. H. Prunk, our amiable druggist, has been to Salem on business and pleasure combined.

Church Notes. Evangelical church—E. Radebaugh, pastor. Sunday school 10:30 a. m., Fred Birkemeier, superintendent. Preaching at 11:30 a. m. by pastor. Y. P. A. at 7 p. m. Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh, State President of W. C. T. U. will give an address at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. Choir practice Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting Friday evening with Rev. J. C. Emmel.

SHUBEL.

E. F. Glinther has two acres of land nearly cleared for spring crop. That's a good way for an old farmer to pass the long winter months. Take out a stump occasionally, keep a fire nagging away, saw into stovewood the wood that will burn in a stove, and lo and behold! when spring arrives a couple of acres of cleared land are ready to contribute their share of life-giving elements to the general fund.

Orlando Fellows, of Highland, purchased a cow of John Heft.

Mrs. R. Glinther visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grossmiller last Sunday afternoon.

David Moeckle and family have moved to C. Mural's where Dave is clearing land.

Charley Steiner and Miss Mary Hoffman were married last Saturday. They have many friends who wish them success in their new venture.

Walter Shubel is sick with measles. A large number of relatives spent the afternoon at Henry Hettman's today.

R. Glinther has received a fine organ from the East yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hornschuh went to Oregon City Friday.

Luke Duffy is selling fine clover hay.

Mrs. F. Blum visited Mrs. E. F. Glinther one day the past week.

A number of our young folks went to Clark's last night to help commemorate the 102nd anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, and report a very sociable time. All honor to Lincoln. Our nation's guide. Let us learn more and more of his ideas and labor to put into governmental practice, more of his intentions.

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