

LUSCIOUS FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

PRODUCED AT THEIR BEST WITH IN THE CONFINES OF GRAND OLD OREGON.

HARVEST DAYS COMES WHOLE YEAR

Roses Twelve Months of Year, Strawberries Eight Months and Oregon Apples Last From Fifteen to Sixteen.

PORTLAND, Or., April 22—(Special.)—Oregon can go some when it comes to raising fruits and vegetables of remarkable size. Investigation seems to show that the fertile soil of the Northwest grows better and larger agricultural products than any other portion of the country, if not the world.

Florence boasts a turnip that measured 18 inches one way and 11 the other.

Sunnyside, near Milton, produced strawberries for both Christmas and New Year.

Benton county grain fields looked green and promising as early as January 14.

A crop of oats sown near Sheridan in September was harvested December 23.

Jacksonville had a cactus in bloom during the winter months, certainly an evidence of a warm climate.

A woman picked ripe strawberries in her garden in Lafayette on January 4.

Corvallis believes it could hold a mid-winter rose show, so numerous were the blooms on out-of-door bushes during the last few months.

Eugene lays claim to having had second-crop new potatoes for Christmas day, with grapes and raspberries ripe and luscious, still on the bushes at that season, and roses blooming and lawns as green as in summer.

A. L. Foster, of Marshfield, has a hen that makes a specialty of laying large eggs. Last year she produced 40 double-yolks eggs. One egg laid this year has three yolks and is six and three-quarters inches in circumference and weighs four ounces.

Mrs. E. Blaisdell, of Portland, will have to be considered when it comes to an egg-producing flock of hens. Her nine full-blooded Buff Orpingtons laid 126 eggs between March 6 and March 29, or an average of nine and two-fifths eggs a day.

O. C. HIGH SCHOOL GIVEN FIRST DEFEAT

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL SECOND-TEAM WINS ONE OFF LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The Washington High school second team, of Portland, defeated the Oregon City High aggregation in a closely contested game here Saturday afternoon on the Canemah Park grounds. The score was 7 to 6, the winning run being made in the ninth inning. Eleven hits were obtained by the visitors off of Telford's delivery. Beckert was taken out in the fourth inning, after a disastrous experience in the third, when the home team plied up three runs, and Kellogg scattered his favors during the remainder of the game. The two Washington pitchers allowed eight hits. Telford struck out 10 of the visiting batters and Beckert and Kellogg had eight strikeouts to their credit. Sheehan starred for Oregon City, and Telford created a sensation by stealing home. The defeat is the first the local bunch has experienced this season, having played four games. Dunn umpired balls and strikes and Hargreaves looked after the bases. The players and their positions follow:

W. H. S.	W. H. S.
Baker.....cf.....	Chapin.....Pitcher
Sheehan.....2b.....	Phillips.....1b
Wilson.....ss.....	Robertson.....3b
Arison.....lf.....	Robinson.....rf
Telford.....p.....	Beckett.....c
	Kellogg.....lf
	Michels.....1b
	Andrews.....rf
	Alldredge.....3b
	Friedrichs.....c
	Toves.....lf

Runs by innings:
W. H. S.....0 3 2 1 0 0 0-7
O. C. H. S.....0 0 3 1 0 0 0-6

HIT-RUN STYLE CHANGED.

Modern Clubs Do Not Play Same System as Originators.

No play in baseball is made a mess of more than what is known as the "hit and run." The originator of this system of play had in mind an action which would ordinarily assure the runner of advancing and at the same time increase the chances of the batsman of getting the ball into safe territory. It was played with this in view by the old Baltimore team, but nowadays the only time it is successful is when the batsman makes a clean base hit.

When playing the hit and run the batsman is not supposed to swing hard on the ball. He should shove it through the place which either one of the infielders has just left in an effort to cover the bag for which the base runner has started, yet nowadays one seldom sees a batsman trying to make this play, for he swings with all his might.

Wrestling at Olympic Games. The wrestling games at the Olympic games in Stockholm, Sweden, next year will be according to the Greco-Roman style, instead of catch-as-catch-can.

McIntyre Still a Young Man. A ball player soon becomes a veteran. Matty McIntyre of the Chicago club is just thirty years of age, yet by the fans he is regarded as an old man as far as baseball is concerned.

Window Display Booster Day. One of the pretty window displays that attracted no little attention on Booster Day was that of Wilson & Cooke, and crowds stopped at the window to view the miniature horse parade, which was operated by water power. In line were horses, Brogger Jones, who had been awarded the blue ribbon, several cows, mules, etc. Viewing the parade was a miniature dog, whose head moved with approval as the parade passed by. This display had been arranged by R. D. Wilson and caused much comment upon its structure.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

ELBERFELD BELIEVES KEELER WAS MOST VALUABLE BALL PLAYER.

By MOLLE K. WETHERELL

"I think Ty Cobb a wonderful baseball player, a player with a large amount of baseball brains, but Willie Keeler was king of them all," said Kid Elberfeld recently. "Perhaps it is because I played six years and a half with him, batting behind him all the time, but for never failing brain work Keeler was a wonderful player."

"He is just as great a player today as he ever was too. Of course the years have slowed him up just that fraction of a second necessary to get him at first base, but he hits the ball just as well and is just as resourceful as ever."

"Keeler was fast on his feet and lightning fast at the bat. He could outguess the average pitcher or fielder. His bunt was a beauty to see, for he could make the shift in the twinkling of an eye. No ball feared him. If it was over the outside corner he'd step over and get it. If it was in close he'd shove it on a line over the infielders' heads."

"When it came to inside ball Keeler was the master of them all. In all the time that we played together he never once missed a sign. If he didn't see it he'd let me know, and I'd flash it back to him. He played ball with his head every minute he was on the field."

"Yes, Ty Cobb is a marvel, the best player in the big leagues today, but Willie Keeler was king of them all."

CY YOUNG MAY COME BACK.

Veteran Flinger Is Likely to Be as Good in Spring as of Yore.

Whether or not Cy Young has ceased to be a cold weather pitcher is one of the questions that are bothering Manager Jim McGuire of the Cleveland Americans a little. Until last year Cy was considered one of the best cold weather pitchers in the country. Boston always figured on using him often

in the spring while the other twirlers were waiting for the warmer temperature. Almost invariably he pitched the opening game for the Hubs, and he generally won it also. His famous no-hit-man-reach-first-base game was played May 7.

Last season, however, Cy pitched some bad ball in the spring and also had some mighty poor luck in failing to have his team play behind him. His best work was done in the hottest weeks of the campaign. According to that dope, McGuire would be right in saving Cy until the chilly breezes are a thing of the past. But the leader of the Naps has a hunch that Cy may come back this spring and show some of his Boston form. The chances are that Cy will decide the question himself. If he is right when the season opens he will ask McGuire to work him. If not he will be content to wait a la Bill Donovan until the salary wing thaws out under a broiling sun.

W. H. S. Sheehan.....cf.....

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Farmer Comes Near Losing His Animal Booster Day.

A horse belonging to a farmer who had hitched it on the river bank in the rear of Pope & Co's hardware store, fell into the river on Booster Day—Saturday—and came near drowning. It had gone down in the shafts and the owner found it necessary to unhitch the animal in order that it might get up. At that the horse began to thrash around and roll and the next thing the farmer knew the animal had rolled into the river.

After some considerable swearing and sweating the animal was rescued, little the worse for its experience.

Kind to Her, But She Left. Howard T. Stokes has filed a suit for divorce against his wife, Ida R. Stokes, to whom he was married on June 24, 1891. In his complaint Stokes claims that his wife deserted him January 6, 1909, while they were residing in Portland. He claims he has been kind to her, and there was no reason of her deserting him.

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HER FIRST LOVE MESSAGE

By MOLLE K. WETHERELL

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Johnny Cosgrove was a station agent on the G. T. and W. railway. Johnny had been at school with Mabel Town, and they were very great friends.

Mabel lived about a mile from the station, not far from the track, and Johnny, in order that he might chat with her during the lonely evenings when he was obliged to stay at the station with but little to do, rigged a private wire from the telegraph line extending along the railroad to Mabel's house, introducing it in at her window. Then he put in the rest of the apparatus, and the two youngsters could chatter through the keys like magpies.

The principal time for these conversations was after Mabel had gone to her room and ostensibly to bed, but really to chat with Johnny. Here the key was in an extension where the clicking of the key was not likely to disturb any one else in the house, though no one objected to their dialogues, because Mabel was supposed to be fitting herself for a telegraph operator.

One evening Johnny had been talking with Mabel as usual. It was a stormy night, and, being all alone in his office and consequently very lonely, he kept her at the instrument late.

Mabel had been in bed perhaps an hour when she heard in her sleep the call that Johnny and she used to attract each other's attention. Some time was required for her to wake up, and when she did she heard the machine clicking. She began to read in the middle of a sentence:

"He's gone around to the other door. I've locked it, but he can smash a window easily. There! He's getting in and coming for me!"

There was a brief lull, during which Mabel, who by this time was wide awake, waited, fearing that she would hear no more. It was evident that a robber had broken into the station. It occurred to her that the first thing he would do would be to order Johnny away from the instrument that he might not be able to give the alarm.

She was therefore surprised when the clicking began again.

"He has ordered me to keep on working the key, covering me with his revolver. He says the minute I stop working it he will put a hole in my head. I see his object. He knows there is no station near enough for me to send word and get assistance before he has flushed what he has to do, and while using the key my right hand is employed so that I can't attack or shoot him. I can hear him going toward the safe, which he can do without risk so long as he hears the clicking of my key."

There followed a few seconds of silence, during which Mabel held her breath, and when the sounds recommenced they did not mean anything. Doubtless the robber had turned and ordered Johnny to keep on. Mabel ran to her brother's room, awakened him and told him what was going on at the station. Henry Town got out of bed, dressed himself as quickly as possible, put a revolver in his pocket and a rifle on his shoulder and started for the station. Meanwhile Mabel went back to the telegraph instrument, and when the clicking ceased for a few moments began to tell Johnny what she had done and that her brother was coming. It required some time for her to get the message through, for every time Johnny stopped the robber, who was working at the safe lock, turned and ordered him to proceed. But Johnny managed to hear a few words, such as "coming" and "escape," and knew that he was to be relieved. But whether the man would succeed in opening the safe before some one came to stop him was a question. He was evidently a skillful crackman, the safe was as if he counted on getting it opened before assistance could arrive. He drilled a hole in the lock and began to work the tumblers.

He had not been engaged more than twenty minutes when Johnny, facing the window as he did, saw a figure dimly looming up in the darkness without. He was so agitated that he ceased to work the key. The robber turned and sent a bullet close to his ear. At first Johnny thought the shot had been fired at the figure without, but an order to "go on" convinced him of his mistake.

The burglar again turned his back and recommenced his work. Then there were sounds of dropping tumblers, and Johnny heard the safe door pulled open. At the same moment there was a "crack" at the window, leaving a small hole. Something dropped behind Johnny, and, turning, he saw the robber lying on the floor, blood oozing from a hole in his head.

Springing to the window, he unlocked it, and Henry Town stepped into the room.

The first thing Johnny did was to click the news to Mabel, and the reply was the first message embodying love that passed between them.

It happened that Johnny had considerable cash in the safe, which he intended to send in the next morning. This the robber doubtless knew. The fact of so much money being saved through Mabel disposed of the company to liberality, and they sent her a handsome check. A year later, when she and Johnny were married, they sent another for a wedding present.

At the same time they promoted Johnny to one of the largest stations on the road, giving him a commensurate salary.

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PUT UNDER BOND.

Frank Capen Required to Give Bond Friday in Sum of \$100.

Frank Capen, whose uncle, L. Capen, made charges that he was afraid of him and feared for his life and safety, was before Justice Samson Friday. After hearing the evidence in the case Justice Samson bound the young man over on a peace warrant in the sum of \$100.

Samson did not think there was any cause for the act but knowing that the old man would feel better if the young man was under restraint, and as he was old and nervous the Judge put the young man under nominal bond. The bond was easily given and the young man released.

GOWN FOR MUSICALE.

The New Modish Stripes—For Gowns of Every Type.



GOWN FOR MUSICALE.

The girl who sings and whose means are limited is often compelled to make the same gown do for both her afternoon and evening engagements. To find a gown that will be both simple enough for the one use, yet dressy enough for the other, is not so easy as it may seem. The gown pictured here combines these qualities. It shows the new striped effect, here achieved by bands of satin on the bodice and tunic. Ball fringe edges the tunic, which falls over a band of the fashionable renise lace. A striking appearance is given to the costume by means of the use of horizontal stripes in the side panels.

Black and white stripes will naturally have first place in the early autumn's gowns, because we are under the seductive thrall of this combination. Several of the important dressmakers have already turned out gowns of black and white striped satin draped with black chiffon cloth or marquisette with a touch of handsome berry lace on the shoulders.

With these gowns go turbans or large hats of black net, with white sigrets and green scarfs, or Alsatian bows of black and white striped ribbon.

The whole idea is a good one for spring, for attractive as black is its universal usage the past winter rather depressed one. If it had not been for the freedom of wearing vivid colors as a contrast we would have had a somber assemblage indeed.

MY LADY'S BONNET.

Recalls the Headgear of Her Great-grandmother.

Man has never been able to disassociate woman's millinery from the name of bonnet, and now he may literally speak of his wife, sister or daughter's bonnet since the most modish things in the shops are the coquettish little affairs that tie under the neck with ribbons. The bonnet pictured here is an



A SPRING BONNET.

almost exact copy of the headgear of the French directoire period and recalls the old fashioned poke bonnet.

Bonnets are far more becoming to young girls than older women, for whom, presumably, they are intended, and some of the quaint bonnet effects of this season make charming frames for girlish faces. On young girls these captivating bonnets are babyish and picturesque, and the fresh, pretty face is all the more lovely because of the quaint bonnet that surrounds it.

Cerise and the American Beauty shades play a prominent part in the present millinery bouquet. Every year artificial flowers grow more like their natural prototypes until there seems nothing more for the artist to accomplish.

A Day of Trouble

But It Had a Very Happy Close

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Never, never, never!" exclaimed Alice Ransom tearfully as the front door closed behind her father's portly form. She flew to the window and watched him walk slowly down the steps to the carriage waiting at the curb. He flung in his traveling bag and without one backward glance at his white hair bowed the door and was whirled away.

"After all these years, to ask me to welcome a stepmother into our perfect home life—a stranger, too, at least to me, for father admits that he knew Mrs. Pomroy when she was a girl and that she was my mother's dearest friend. Why, I simply couldn't go into that church and see them married and know that I would have to divide father's love with anybody else!" Alice threw herself on a sofa and wept heartily over her desolate state.

The wedding would take place that afternoon at 4 o'clock at a quiet



"I'M AWFULLY SORRY."

aptown church. There would be only a few of her father's closest friends and perhaps Uncle Dick and Aunt Caroline, for they took an exasperatingly philosophic view of the middle aged romance. Henry Ransom's daughter would not be there, and her absence would show to the world that she disapproved of her father's second marriage.

It was only 10 o'clock now, but her father had left the house because of her perversity, and she would not see him again for a couple of weeks, because the couple were to take a short wedding trip to Hot Springs.

To work off her feelings she determined to go for a walk.

A thick white chiffon veil obscured the traces of telltale tears, and with her Boston terrier, Muffins, tugging at his leash, Alice started briskly toward the park. Muffins made tentative leaps after bright eyed robins and growled when his mistress yanked him to attention after every attempt at sport.

A quiet bench behind a group of cedars afforded a chance to sit down, and Muffins, lying at Alice's feet, preened his pink tongue and cast reproachful glances at his mistress, who had chosen to be so severe this morning.

She did not hear footsteps crossing the turf, and the ugly growling of two dogs aroused her to consciousness that she was not alone. Just as she realized that the intruder was a tall and very good looking young man, in spite of the fact that his face wore a moody frown, the stranger dog, a bull terrier twice the size of her pet, escaped from leash and pounced upon poor Muffins with a savage snarl. Instantly there was pandemonium. From every quarter there came crowds to watch the exciting match between the two high bred dogs. The young man, at the risk of being bitten by his own beast, finally rushed in and, grabbing the collar, dragged the animal away from Muffins by main strength.

In spite of her terror Alice felt a vague pride that Muffins had held his own with the big dog. Indeed, the terrier bore more marks of the fray than the wriggling Muffins, who had at the first attack torn away from his mistress's frail grasp. A sturdy policeman scattered the crowd and offered to arrest the young man, but changed his mind at the sight of a well filled pocket-book.

"You want a better hold on them two beasts, mister," he warned as he rolled away. "If they get at it again I'll have to run yer in fer disorderly conduct. Yer lady's frind's dog is the better wan of the two, I'm thinkin'."

Alice sank down on the bench again, weak from the momentary excitement. She could not repress a little smile of triumph at Muffins' courage and bent to caress the dog. The terrier, snapping snarling at the end of his leash, glared at Muffins and growled threateningly.

"I'm awfully sorry," began the young man, with a pleasant smile, "but Regs seems to have forgotten his manners this morning. Usually he is a most gentlemanly dog. I hope the little fellow isn't hurt."

"No; I cannot blame you," said Alice slowly. "Then all at once they began to laugh."

With jealousy gone there remained pity and love for the middle aged couple who were making a new venture in life. They talked about the loneliness of the bride and groom and how there would be no son or daughter to lend a loving presence at the ceremony. Their strange meeting that morning was another marvel in a day that was always to be marked in their memories for its important happenings.

"I'm going home to dress," said Alice suddenly, and Philip Pomroy called a taxicab for her and left her at the park entrance, while he went home to make peace with his mother. Henry Ransom found peace when he walked up the aisle of the church and saw the loving face of his only daughter smiling upon his new found happiness.

OAK GROVE GIRLS' BAND

Serenade Mayor Brownell at His Office on Saturday Afternoon.

The Oak Grove girls' band, in attendance on the Booster Day event in this city Saturday, serenaded Mayor George C. Brownell at his office on Main street in the afternoon. After the serenade, which was greatly enjoyed by the Mayor, that official made a short address to the girls in which he offered them the freedom of the city—and then some.

And, to tell the truth, the girls enjoyed the impromptu incident as greatly as the Mayor.

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A PRISONER'S MESSAGE

By H. SANBORN BROWNE

John Bounce was a prisoner in a county jail in the wild west. He had foolishly bought a horse for \$10 that was worth a hundred, not thinking that the seller, being willing to part with the horse for such a low price, must have stolen it. John was arrested, charged with the theft, convicted and sentenced to serve five years in jail.

"One day the jailer said to John: 'I shall see your wife tomorrow. Have you any message for her?'"

"Yes," replied John; "tell her to get me out of this."

The jailer looked at his prisoner, surprised.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you wish her to intercede with the governor to pardon you?"

"No; I wish her to tell me how to escape."

The jailer looked at John again, this time with a melancholy expression. He considered that a man who would send such a message by one whose business it would be to thwart any plan that might be adopted and was losing his mind.

"All right," he said, humoring the poor man; "I'll give her your message."

The jailer went the next day to the town where the woman lived and, having transacted the business he had to do, went to see her.

"How is my poor husband?" she asked at once.

"Have you the courage to bear some bad news?" inquired the jailer in lieu of reply.

"Yes; tell me at once," she asked eagerly.

"Well, I fear the confinement and the attendant misfortunes have affected his brain."

The woman was very much overcome by this and begged the jailer to tell her what had brought him to such a conclusion, whereupon the jailer gave her her husband's message. As soon as she heard it she set up such a wall that many of the neighbors rushed in to know what was the matter. Mrs. Bounce told them that the imprisonment her husband was suffering for an offense of which he was innocent had affected his mind; he had gone daff. They advised her to secure the services of a lawyer to have John brought before a commission to determine the facts. If one of unsound mind had been coerced into injustice had been done which should be righted. The prisoner had always been much liked in the town, and a great deal of sympathy was manifested for him. When the jailer told them he promised the wife that he would observe her husband closely and when he came again would bring her another message—that is, if John had any to send.

The next message the jailer brought Mrs. Bounce was: "My jailer thinks me insane. He never was more taken in his life. Wings are growing on my shoulders. By the first day of the month they will be fully grown, and then I shall fly to the chimney and return to you and our children."

When Mrs. Bounce received this message she waited longer than ever, declaring that the cruel treatment her husband was receiving, being incarcerated in a cell, was making his condition worse every day. The jailer assured her that her husband was not in a cell, but in a room by himself, in which there was an old fashioned, large chimney giving fine ventilation. But she refused to be comforted.

As soon as the jailer had departed Mrs. Bounce went out and bought several ladders, besides fifty feet of rope, and put them in her cellar. On the night of the last day of the month she hitched the family horse to the wagon, put the ladders and the rope in it and set out for the jail. She timed her starting to reach her destination at midnight, and, stopping a short distance from the building that stood by itself, she carried the ladders to the wall that surrounded it. Picking one ladder against the wall, she mounted it, and, selecting another that reached from the wall to the roof of the cell, she climbed on to the roof and, going to a large chimney, let one end of the rope fall with a thud on the earth below. John, who was on the watch, heard it and, seizing it, tied it around his body under his arms. Mrs. Bounce began to pull.

The chimney was not large enough to enable John to help himself, but his wife was a strong as well as a shrewd woman, and by dint of hard pulling she got him up, and, scrambling to the top of the roof, and to the ground outside, they took the ladders and the rope with them and drove away.

The next morning Mrs. Bounce told the neighbors that her poor doted husband had appeared at home during the night, declaring that he had wings on his shoulders and had flown to the chimney. They were all very much grieved, but swore that the half-witted fellow should not go back to jail. When the jailer learned what had happened he knew he had been outwitted, but he dare not tell the story to the authorities. So he made a feast at recapturing John, but was driven off by the neighbors and finally reported that it would be impossible to take the lunatic back to jail without a large sheriff's posse. So the matter went by default, and John remained at liberty.

It is needless to say that he soon recovered his sanity.

REAL ESTATE.

Willamette Valley English Walnut Ranch Company to W. A. Chapman, land in Clackamas county; section 28, township 6 south, range 1 east; \$2500.

Portland Water Power and Electric Transmission Company, 4.28 acres of section 24, township 3 south, range 3 east; \$1.

Mary B. Lett to E. K. Dart, land Everhart's First Addition; \$175.

John W. Loder and Gracia E. Loder to Lewis A. McMains, land in section 25, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$1.

Lewis A. McMains and Julia E. McMains, land in section 25, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$6000.

R. P. Pfister and Minnie Pfister, lots 7, 8, block 10, Canby; \$1.

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