

LOOKING FOR MICA

By M. QUAD

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It was a queer coincidence that brought the three men together at a table in a cheap restaurant. There was Moses Ikestein, who had just failed in the clothing business. He had figured to fall at a profit, but there had been a hitch in his calculations, and he was about done for.

There was Jim Greene, a newspaper man. That is, he had been employed on various newspapers without credit to them or him.

There was Dick Grahame, a shyster lawyer, who had been disbarred and was thinking if he should turn lecturer and expose the rest of the profession.

These three men were eating cheap dinners. Between mouthfuls they sized each other up. None of the three sized another up as an honest man, and this fact warmed them to each other. The meal had been almost finished, however, before Mr. Ikestein ventured to observe:

"Gentlemen, this is a hard world."

"It is," replied Mr. Greene.

"No one can be an honest man any more," said Mr. Ikestein.

"If he tries to be honest he falls and has to pay 90 cents on the dollar," continued the speaker.

"Gentlemen, we three are honest men. We must have the interests of our country more at heart. We must go out in the park and sit down on a bench and talk in confidence. Because of my clothing business you must not distrust me. Because of your business I must not distrust you."

The result of their talk was an understanding, and the result of the understanding was the organizing of the Great Western Mica company. Mr. Greene could write luridly, and he was to manage the advertising.

The public caught on to the ads slowly. It was used to gold and silver mine ads, but this was a mica mine, and it didn't guarantee to pay over 50 per cent dividends for the first twelve months.

Now and then a minister or a widow sent in a poor \$5 for investment, and thus the office rent was paid, but none of the trio bought himself an auto.

"We should have promised 100 per cent dividends," growled Mr. Ikestein.

"We should have made it 150," added Mr. Greene.

"Two hundred at the very least," announced Mr. Grahame.

"But still we may add to the prosperity of the country by being not too honest," continued Mr. Ikestein as he sawed away at his steak. "Gentlemen, into the office this afternoon there came a sucker. He was good to look upon. In his hair there was hay-seed. Among his whiskers were long straws. He was the innocent of the valley."

"And he wanted stock?" was asked.

"Better than that. For stock he cared not. For the land he cared a great deal. Having purchased three more cows, he must have more land for pasture. See?"

"But that land is a mountain peak?" exclaimed Mr. Grahame.

"So I did not explain, but so the innocent man from the valley seemed to know. He said that the higher up a mountain he could get his cows the higher prices he could get for his milk and butter."

"And he will buy it?"

"If the price is right. Gentlemen, it is up to us to think. Have we been too honest? If not, then why have we not met with prosperity? A too honest man has too little to offer the public. We have offered but 50 per cent dividends."

"But the savings banks offer only 4 per cent," protested Greene, who was responsible for putting the mica dividends so low.

"It is true, but a savings bank is not a mica mine. It has a granite building, with bronze hinges on the front doors. It has stained glass windows. It has a president who rides in an automobile. It does not permit the fakes to come in and sell suspenders and lead pencils. Ah, a savings bank is different—very different."

"But about the sucker?"

"He will take that cow pasture at \$1,500 and let us out. I am to let him know tomorrow."

"That's five hundred apiece," said Greene.

"And in a jump," added Grahame.

"And we can take the money and advertise the Arctic Peach company, with dividends at 125. This time we must not be too honest. The public loves him not. It sends him too few checks. It is then agreed that the sucker shall have this mountain peak cow pasture."

The sucker called next day, and the deal was closed. The money was divided, and the three went their separate ways. A week or two later when Mr. Greene saw Mr. Ikestein on the street.

"You see you see?" shouted the latter as he raised his hand skyward.

"I see what?"

"You see the too honest man. You see only 50 per cent dividends. You see we make nothing."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"And you see the sucker. You see the cow pasture. You see we sell out?"

"Yes, I see all that."

"But you don't see, you can't see, you will never see, that it was a silver mine was sold for \$1,500 and the innocent sucker is taking out \$1,000,000 worth of ore a month? Oh, this too much honesty! It will be the ruin of our country!"

Our experiences teach us that keeping the blood lines—interbreeding some people call it—will eventually assert itself. But however good your breeders may nick, all will go for naught if the youngsters are not well and carefully raised. They must be kept growing from start to finish, no let ups, no leaving anything to chance. It must be one continual grind—keep them going.—That's the passport to blue ribbon winners.

One particular item we noticed this winter was in a reconstructed house—formerly tight—in severe weather this house was one mass of frost on sides and top. Since the windows have been taken out and substituted with glass, the house has been as dry as can be.

CONVENTIONS IN MUSIC.

Rules Which Song Composers Seem to Feel They Must Follow.

Why is it that all our musicians in writing a nautical song invariably use a portion of the best known nautical terms? Why do the open fifths in the bass always appear in rustic songs? Because it can't be helped, it seems. Our popular Irish songs always have a bar or two of a well known old Irish melody or a drone bass, otherwise they wouldn't be Irish. The exhausted old Turkey and his partner, the straw, come to the rescue of every "rube" song or dance that is perpetrated, and our national airs must run all through the accompaniment of patriotic songs to give them "flavor."

Because all of these things are "set" they are conventions. Why must every song end on the tonic note, with the preceding tone either the second or seventh of the scale, unless we expect the detestable third or the hollow fifth? Because our audiences expect it.

Should one of your composers in a moment of bravery or recklessness produce a score in which he disregards these many conventions his first night hearers would go away remarking that the music was crazy. They do not realize that they expect to hear the same old thing served up a trifle differently, of course, but still the same.—From "Where Have I Heard That Tune Before?" in Metropolitan Magazine.

TELESCOPE LENSES.

The Small Glass Magnifies the Picture Made by the Large One.

People sometimes wonder why a telescope has two glasses, one at the big end and one at the little end, and they want to know the difference. The glass at the big end is to gather light. It is simply a big eye. If it is a hundred times bigger than the eye in your head it will gather a hundred times more light. It gathers the rays of light coming from a star and bends them all into a common meeting point called a focus, which is a picture of the star. You can look at this picture of the star with your naked eye if you like. But you can see it better and examine it more closely if you look at it with a small magnifying glass. And this is the glass at the small end of the telescope. It magnifies the picture made by the big glass at the other end of the instrument. All telescopes are built on this principle. Sir William Herschel was the first to arrange matters a little differently. He took away the glass from the big end and admitted the rays coming straight into the tube in parallel lines. Then at the bottom of the big tube he placed a bright convex mirror made of burnished metal. When the entering rays fell upon this mirror they were again bent to a point called a focus, which was the picture of the star. To look at this picture he had to place the little magnifying glass at the side of the tube because the mirror had stopped up its lower end.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Something Blind.

In one of the crowded streets of New York a beggar was in the habit of taking his stand every day and appealing to the charity of the passers-by. By means of a short string he held a dog, around the neck of which a card was fastened with the words, "I Am Blind." A very kind old gentleman, who had been in the habit of dropping a penny into the beggar's hat, passed rapidly one morning without doing so. Instantly the beggar rushed after him and asked for the penny to be given, as usual. The gentleman, turning in surprise, said: "Why, I thought you were blind?" "Oh, no, sir," was the cool reply. "It is the dog that is blind, as the card says."

Why a Horse Rolls.

Horses are fond of rolling on the ground, and no animal more thoroughly shakes itself than they do. After a roll they give themselves a shake or two to remove anything adhering to the coat. The habit is of much service to horses living in open plains. On being turned loose at the end of a journey an Arab horse rolls in the sand, which acts as blotting paper, absorbing excretions from the body. A shake removes the sand, and the coat soon dries. Cavalrymen in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way of drying them.—Séhorse Magazine.

Untainted.

Tempted by an offer of considerably more than the property had cost him, Mr. Kreezus, who counted his wealth in millions, had parted with his suburban villa.

"You didn't need the money," said his disgusted business partner, who had just heard of the transaction, "yet for a little filthy lucre you sold that beautiful home."

"I didn't," exclaimed the equally indignant Mr. Kreezus. "I sold it for clean cash!"—Youth's Companion.

Bell Tones.

The peculiar magic in the tones of a bell is due to its striking not a single note, but a chord, and to obtain the perfect octave entails an immense amount of calculation as well as skill. The bell caster, therefore, has to be not a mere mechanic, but a highly trained specialist.

Regular Turn.

"What? You're engaged to Mr. Brown? Then you won't marry Mr. Jones, after all?" "No, not after all, but I whips after Mr. Brown."—Milwaukee News.

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Milady's Mirror

True Beauty.

Beauty rides on a lion. Beauty rests on necessities. The line of beauty is the result of perfect economy. The coil of the hair is built at that angle which gives the most strength with the least wax. The house or quill of the bird gives the most air strength with the least weight. "It is the purgation of superfluities," said Michelangelo. There is not a particle of the plant for every novelty of color or form, and our art saves material by more skillful arrangement and reaches beauty by taking every superfluous ounce that can be spared from a wall and keeping all its strength in the poetry of columns. In rhetoric this art of omission is a chief secret of power, and in general it is proof of high culture to say the greatest matters in the simplest way.—Emerson.

Receipts For Beauty.

If you have a furry call to be beautiful without the time to work up to the permanent affair, here's your chance: First wash your face with warm water and almond meal. Make a sort of paste of those things and wash-off with warm water and dry lightly. Then apply your skin food lest there be any reaction from the drastic treatment to follow. Now take a piece of lemon and rub it over the face till the skin smart. Rinse again, this time with water that is gradually brought down from cool to cold.

You are then ready for the final ceremony. Hold a good sized piece of ice in a towel and iron your face with it. Then look in the glass. This has been found an absolutely reliable recipe before asking for the coveted new bonnet.

Vicountess Wears Huge Earrings.

Vicountess d'Arcy, wife of a distinguished French naval officer, who recently was in Annapolis, wears rings in her ears which are round and large as a silver half dollar. She has a seemingly endless variety of these huge ornaments, certain ones Tuscan gold set in rubies, others diamonds and aluminum, others pearls and emeralds in filigree old gold. One of the most bizarre combinations is a work with a costume of cerise satin and mechlin lace and shows three pigeon blood rubies depending one over the other in a hoop of thin Tuscan gold. There are similar ornaments on her bodice and a big belt buckle in the back made in the same way. Six batons of exact design as the earrings adorn the big black beaver trimmed with cerise plumes and a bird of paradise.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The egg shampoo is one of the best to be obtained. It is cleansing and at the same time provides food for the scalp and hair, making it fine and glossy.

Use may be made of the almond meal jars and cream jars of good size by filling these with medicated cotton, which is employed for applying powder and liquids for the toilet use.

Excellent for sprains is the starch poultice. Pour boiling hot water on starch, spread on linen and apply hot. Poultices may also be made of hops, hemlock or charcoal. Medicated poultices may contain any drug ordered.

If instead of drinking a strong cup of tea or coffee when suffering from a bad headache a woman would drink a cup of hot milk she would be more apt to cure the pain, not because hot milk has medicinal properties, but because it is more easily digested than tea or coffee and soothes instead of stimulates the nerves.

A clear, healthy complexion is an impossibility for a woman who stays much indoors in winter. Women should understand that the pores as much as the lungs need fresh air, and failure to give it will simply make them larger in their effort to breathe. The factor of living in badly ventilated rooms is frequently the cause of large pores in the face.

In bathing the hands tepid water and a bland soap should be used, and always dry them thoroughly. If they are inclined to chap it is a good plan to use a lotion composed of glycerin, one ounce; rosewater, one ounce, and tincture of benzoin, five drops. Rub a few drops into the hands whenever they are bathed. Use also before retiring and draw on a pair of large, soft gloves.

People who are told to use smoked or colored glasses in the house sometimes find this impracticable because they interfere so greatly with vision. This objection does not apply to ordinary white glass set in cuplike frames so shaped that they cut off all light save that which comes from the front. The protecting part may be of wire gauze, vulcanite or such like. Glasses to suit the vision may be set in such frames, and the latter, even without the glasses, are of use when one reads by a light placed at the right or left of the head. Another good protection for the side of the eye is a pair of lensless spectacles with binged side pieces of black glass.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Licenses to marry were granted yesterday to Flossie Warren and Budd Burgoyne, Veta Louise Kelly and Lewis A. Barry, Frieda Vocke and David Doak, Edith Cheney and Thomas Keith.

MODISTIC MATTERS.

Square Necks More Popular Than the Dutch Style.

The square neck bids fair to have the day this summer if signs point aright. Many of the new shirt waists have these small squares instead of a round opening, the neck being trimmed with bands of lace or embroidery insertion inserted at the corners.

Having the hem of one's gown a different shade from that of the dress



CHILD'S BISHOP DRESS.

is a fashion this season. The latest models have a hem of a lighter rather than a darker shade. The girle is usually of the same material as the hem.

The elastic belt studded with steel, jet or colored beads, worked out in a more or less elaborate design, is a favorite.

Straw Jack tar hats are already in the shops for boys, intended probably for the little tourists going south. Sometimes the brims are different in color from the square crowns.

Bishop dresses, or those that are gathered at the neck edge, are exceedingly becoming to small children. The one shown on the figure can be made plain or gathered and stayed with a belt, making a more dainty frock, yet just as easily made.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is out in sizes for children of six months, one, two and four years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 061, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for better postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

The Engineer-Mouse.

Several years ago workmen were digging holes for some telegraph poles near New York, and into one of them a poor little mouse fell. The tiny prisoner at first raced around the hole frantically; then he seemed to set his wits to work. The hole was several feet deep, but he began to dig a spiral groove around it from the bottom, working night and day. When he got tired he built little landings to his staircase where he could rest. The workmen had become interested in him and gave him food, and when on the third day mouse reached the top all the men cheered him.

An Elephant Rope Walker.

The elephant was trained in the olden time to perform many feats. Mention is made of one that walked the tight rope, and not only near the ground. If we may believe what the old writers say it also walked a rope stretched above the heads of the spectators and carried a man on his back.

LOUISA ALCOTT MEMORIAL.

The Concord Woman's Club Heads the Movement.

Orchard House, formerly the home of Louisa M. Alcott, stands today unoccupied and in bad condition.

The Concord Woman's club, through the interest and generosity of one of its members, has been given an opportunity to purchase this house at a reasonable figure for the purpose of opening it to visitors and maintaining it as a permanent memorial to Miss Alcott.

In this house "Little Women" was written, and little paintings and sketches by Amy may still be seen upon the woodwork in some of the rooms. The house is almost unchanged in its general features, but now so desolate it is a pathetic sight to every one who has loved Louisa Alcott's stories and the characters she created.

Miss Alcott's stories and characters have given pleasure and had a great and wholesome influence on almost every girl who has lived in the last forty years, and it is believed that many people the country over will be interested to contribute toward the preservation of this Alcott home. The house and sufficient land about it can be bought and put in order for \$5,000.

If this sum can be raised the house will be repaired and placed in the charge of a permanent organization, which will maintain it as an Alcott memorial. The Concord Woman's club appeals to all lovers of Miss Alcott to help by contributions, large or small. Contributions may be sent to Henry F. Smith, Jr., Middlesex Institution For Savings, Concord, Mass.

Handsome Hand Bags.

Hand bags—we used to call them reticules—grow in size and beauty, and the embroidery on some of them is lovely. Very beautiful are the bead ones worked in a frame in a sort of weaving design, which makes them extra strong. The fashion for these has developed a new industry for women, whose delicate fingers make it a very appropriate work. Japanese embroideries, old brocades and other stuffs are all pressed into the service, and every woman wants many to go with her different dresses and suited to the several requirements of her life. Shopping, visiting and theater bags all have their uses. Some are studded with lads.

POINTERS TO UMPIRES BY BILLY EVANS.

Umpire Billy Evans gives young umpires these pointers: "Never go on a ball field with a chip on your shoulder looking for an opportunity to show off your authority. It doesn't pay. "Always put a player on his honor. Then you will be respected. "An umpire batter is a man who is holding his job by a single thread, ready to be released at any time. Pay no attention to him."

BIG CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

Metropolitan Junior Championship Event Promises to Be Corker.

Widespread interest is being taken in the coming Metropolitan Junior cross country championship run, to be held at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., April 15, and which will be refereed, judged and timed by officials from the Amateur Athletic union of the United States. All the crack teams in the east are entered, and a hot fight for the title is anticipated. Among the clubs to be represented in the coming events are the New York Athletic club, Irish Americans, Mott Haven A. C., Acorn A. A., Xavier A. A., Glencoe A. C., Mohawk A. C., National A. C., Pastime A. C., Mohagan A. C., Flatbush A. C., St. Mary's A. C., Long Island A. C., Hastings A. C., Mercury A. C. and individual entries from a number of the smaller clubs, members of the Metropolitan association.

The greatest junior cross country team in the metropolitan district is the Yonkers Y. M. C. A., who won the National Junior cross country event at Celtic park, New York, Nov. 19, 1910, and finished third in the National senior cross country at Celtic park, New York, Nov. 29, 1910. Springsteen, Condit, the Hastings high school's famous long distance runner; Barden, Frost, Santhouse, Peterson, Holden of Scarborough, N. Y.; Hermans and McCrudden make up the team.

The Mercury club of Yonkers, N. Y., made famous by Mike Driscoll, holder of the indoor two mile championship, will enter a team of boys used to the hills of Westchester, over which a part of the Metropolitan course is laid, such as Charlie Appleyard, Pat Walsh, Albert Hayden, Nicholas Glanacopolis, Warren Lefurgy, Ardell Cooper and William Galvin.

Another dangerous looking team of juniors is the Irish Americans, who are T. E. Hayes, J. J. Reynolds, M. D. Huysman, J. Donnelly, W. Braslin, H. A. Furbank, T. E. Nelson and Mike J. Ryan.

The Hastings A. C. team will be Tony Rose, the plucky Indian ten mile runner; Frank Doerfer, Frank Rowe, Richard Archard, Frank Fuller and Lawrence Mahan.

Over 300 entrants are expected to face the starter on the 15th.

There is no more beautiful stretch of country in New York state than that stretch of highland north of Yonkers and south of Tarrytown. Along ideal and historic roads the big race will be run. The course lies over green-sward a quarter of a mile in length, uphill and down dale, over a shallow where gurgles a purring brook and through a cornfield on to the famous old Albany post road, through the village made famous in Fenimore Cooper's "Spy" three times, and each time in a different direction. Such is the course picked out for the first big event outside of the Yonkers Marathon to be run in Westchester county.

BIG CUE CIRCUIT PLANNED.

American Three Cushion Billiard League is the Latest Suggestion.

Plans for the formation of an American three cushion league have been formulated in Chicago. A ten city circuit is contemplated, with Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Pittsburg as the eastern end and Minneapolis, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago as the western. The tournament will be run along the same lines as those of the National league, each city playing a home and home series of three games each, starting in the fall.

BASEBALL POINTERS

Pitcher "Red" Nelson of the St. Louis Browns is a brakeman on a freight train in winter.

Manager Fred Clarke of the Pittsburg recommends running or walking up stairways as the best possible method of developing and strengthening a ball player's legs.

If both of Detroit's candidates for first base fail to deliver George Moriarty will take the position. He isn't crying for the job, but is willing to help the club out of a hole.

Manager Fred Tenny of Boston says that Bobby Lowe was the greatest utility player that baseball ever knew. Fred also says that Billy Hamilton was the greatest center fielder.

Eddie Noyes, the St. Louis American's new pitcher, looks and acts as if he will make some noise on the big circuit the coming season. He is an undergraduate at the University of Chicago law school.

Pitcher Mathewson of the Giants is said to have invented or discovered a new ball. It is a size enough freak, and it has been dubbed the "quiver" on account of the decided quiver of the ball as it nears the plate. The antics and gyrations of the sphere make the onlookers marvel.

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