

# Two Oliver's

A Skating Episode

By Clarissa Mackie

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Oliver had discovered the forest in closed pool as he tramped through the woods on his survey of the territory. The ice was thick and dark and smooth as glass, and it invited him to test it. The next day he deserted his assistants and sought the frozen pool with a pair of skates slung over his shoulder.

He was kneeling on the bank fastening his skates when he heard the sound of light footfalls on the thin crust of snow. He looked up.

A girl was coming down the woodland path, swinging shining skates over her shoulder. He could see that she was dark, with soft masses of curling black hair and large black eyes; a lovely rose color bloomed in her cheeks and tinted her tender lips. She wore a bright red skirt with a jaunty fur jacket, and on her head was perched a cap of something soft and fleecy.

The girl did not seem to see Oliver as she came lightly down to the edge of the pond and knelt down to adjust the skates to her pretty russet shod feet.

For an instant she poised on the edge of the ice like a bright blue bird.

Now she suddenly dashed toward him with fur-gloved hands outstretched. Instinctively he dodged her embrace, and as he slipped past she uttered a soft chuckling laugh.

There ensued the most startling experience in Oliver's career. For a half hour he was pursued about that small key space by this girl of the fairy form and luminous black eyes. Not a word did she utter, but now and

then that low, delicious laugh broke from her lips as her finger tips brushed his sleeve.

Oliver, puzzled and quite as silent as his fair pursuer, doubled and turned and twisted and found difficulty in evading the grasp of her hands.

There was no sound in the forest save the ring of their skates upon the ice and the occasional fall of some frost laden twig. In the distance blue-jays were screaming, and occasionally the call of a crow came down from some altitude.

All at once, when Oliver had again slipped through her little fingers, the girl stopped and pressed her hands over her beating heart.

"It's not fair, Oliver," she pouted. "You have decidedly the advantage of me. If I had not been handicapped I would have caught you long ago."

Oliver Ray caught his breath sharply. What was this girl saying, and why did she call him Oliver?

Again she spoke, this time with an acute note of anxiety in her sweet voice.

"Don't tease, Oliver. Won't you speak? Your silence frightens me." Again her head was bent in that listening attitude, only the eyes turned toward the young man were pitifully eager.

"I wonder if you have not made a mistake," began Oliver gently, when the sound of his voice startled her into a terror that carried her swiftly to the other side of the pond.

"Oh, who is it? Where is Oliver?" she wailed.

"I am Oliver Ray," said the owner of that name apologetically. "I am in charge of the surveying party, and I took the liberty of enjoying a quiet skate on this pond. I am sorry if I frightened you, but I thought you could see that I was a stranger."

"I thought it was my brother Oliver. He came down to skate, and I was following him. Sometimes he tries to tease me by keeping very quiet and pretending that he is not here. Have I—have I been pursuing you around this pond?" she asked in a horror-struck voice.

"I rather enjoyed the exercise," admitted Oliver with a smile.

"And your name is Oliver also?" she asked suspiciously.

"Here is my card, if you will look at it," said Oliver, tugging at his breast pocket.

"Oh, I couldn't read it; I am blind," she said simply.

"Blind! Good Lord, how could I guess that?" gasped Oliver. "Why, if I had only known I might have saved you all this trouble. Pardon me, but it does not seem possible."

"It is only too true," said the girl, a tinge of pathos in her voice. Then, as



H. HEYER

"DODGED HER EMBLACE"

if his own quiet tones had reassured her, she went on: "I was not born blind. I could see as well as anybody until a year ago, and then one day I fell through the ice in this pond and contracted a form of rheumatism that the physicians say caused the loss of my sight."

"But it is not incurable. Surely you must recover your sight some day," protested Oliver.

A clear whistle sounded through the woods, and following the crash of frozen branches, a youth of sixteen came running toward them. "Oh, there you are, Elsie! Are you all right?" he called anxiously.

"Yes," she said severely. "Where have you been, Oliver Lewis?"

"I didn't think you would be down so soon, Elsie, and I ran on to chin a little with the surveyors beyond here, and I forgot all about you. When I did remember I didn't lose any time getting here, you can bet!" He looked curiously at Oliver Ray, and the girl introduced them with a repetition of that delicious laugh.

"I was afraid you might fall in," said the boy after shaking hands with the tall young man. "You don't want another cold bath, do you?"

"I escaped that," said the girl. "Besides, Oliver, dear, the ice is quite firm, isn't it?"

"Not over yonder. Oh, I forgot, Elsie, dear; you know the place between the four poplars?"

"Yes; that deep hole."

"It's thin there. I clucked a stone in yesterday, and it went in kerplunk! It isn't growing any colder either. Besides, who wants to skate in there anyhow?"

"I would," said the girl daringly—"that is, if I thought I would fall in. Perhaps the shock of the icy water would restore my sight." She turned her soft appealing eyes toward the two Oliver's.

"Don't you dare try, Elsie!" cried the boy. "You might catch pneumonia and die, and what would dad and I do then?"

"But I am so helpless," half sobbed the girl, putting her hands before her sightless eyes.

All at once, without warning, the ice upon which they stood separated into one cake which capzined them into the icy waters of the dark pool.

It was Oliver Ray who bore the brunt of the rescue. Elsie lost consciousness at once, and her brother gave her into Ray's stronger grasp while he tried to fight for life. In the end it was Ray who saved them both. Afterward he never could tell how it happened that he lay panting on the surface with the unconscious form of the girl beside him, while young Oliver puffed and blowed and sobbed over his sister.

Then Oliver Ray brought forth the emergency flask that he always carried on these surveying trips and trickled a few drops between the pale lips. After that it was only a short while before they carried her home on a litter improvised from Ray's heavy overcoat. It was a short walk through the woods to the edge of the extensive lawn that surrounded the Lewis estate, and before long the three half-frozen victims were being blanketed and put to bed with hot water bags and many fiery internal doses.

It was three weeks before either one of the trio stirred from bed. Ray had taken a severe cold, and so had young Oliver Lewis, but Elsie had once more fallen a victim to the dreaded rheumatism, and no coercion of the white-capped nurse who presided over the sickrooms in the motherless household would permit the girl to receive a visit from either of the other convalescents. Then at last came the day when Oliver Ray was to take farewell and rejoin his party of surveyors.

Mr. Lewis, who had become warmly attached to the young man, invited him to the library to say farewell to Elsie, who was now sitting up. At her feet sat young Oliver, brimming over with the joy of renewed health.

"Here is your rescuer, Elsie," said her father. "Mr. Ray is leaving us now, and perhaps you better tell him the good news."

Elsie turned her head very slowly toward Oliver Ray, and her large dark eyes met his with a different expression in their melting depths. Slowly they wandered over his face, at first wonderingly and then gladly, and at last, as if conscious that she was betraying her pleasure in his exceeding good looks, she blushed and turned her head away, but her hand remained in his.

"She can see!" uttered Oliver incredulously, and Mr. Lewis chuckled assent, and his son turned an ecstatic handspring on the rug, crying: "It was the shock of the icy water! The doctor says he can cure rheumatism all right, but he's forbidden sis to skate any more."

"I don't care," smiled Elsie radiantly. "I shall always love that pool. If it had not taken away my sight I would not have known the blessedness of its restoration."

"And if God had not sent Mr. Ray to the pond I might now be childless," said Mr. Lewis with emotion.

Oliver Ray went away with a dizzy light in his eyes and a recollection of the happiest three weeks he had ever spent. Today had been his crown of joy. He walked through the woods past the pool, which had melted now and lay dark under the afternoon sky. As he stood here looking down into its green depths thinking of the blessed Providence that had sent him to the skating place that wintry day there came also to him the thought of how the pool would look in June, when the forgetmenots fringed its borders and when the love notes of the wood thrush broke the exquisite silence.

There was another in the picture—Elsie with love-light in her eyes for him.

## SLOW RUNNERS BECOMING SCARCE

Demand For Speed on Bases Greater Every Year.

MEN LIKE COBB WANTED.

Detroit's Great Star Ideal Type of Fleet Foot Ball Player—Eddie Collins Another—Devore Gives Promise. How Some Are Spoiled.

Ball players in the big leagues who are slow on the bases are few and far between. The general impression that fast runners are a rarity is wrong. By this it is not meant that all ball players are the equal of Ty Cobb, Owen Bush, Eddie Collins, Hans Wagner, Tris Speaker, Larry Doyle and Josh Devore, but almost every man playing the game in the big circuits is much faster than the average person on his feet.

How often the remark is heard in the grand stand at a game, "Why, I can run the bases faster than that fellow!" All right to say, but the chances are a hundred to one that the person criticizing the player in a race around the bags with said player would be just about arriving at third base when his opponent crossed the plate.

Men like Cobb, Bush, Devore and Collins are extremely fast on the sacks and travel at incredible speed. Coupled with this speed each has the more important faculty of getting off fast. No other player in the country has anything on Cobb in this respect. So fast is he on the getaway that catchers have been heard to say that he is usually halfway down by the time the ball leaves the pitcher's hand.

Any twirler with a slow delivery is a nightmare to a catcher with Cobb on the cushions, as the poor backstop is certain to draw down the comments of the fans for his failure to get the ball to second in time to nail the cyclonic Georgian.

Eddie Collins, the Philadelphia American great second baseman, is another whose speed on the bases is marvelous. This great young player goes into the base with terrific impetus and has a slide which makes him a hard man to place the ball on. Cobb and Collins on the same team would soon have half the backstops in the American league under the care of a lunacy commission.

Josh Devore of the Giants is a wonderfully speedy man, and many players think he will be the Cobb of the National league. Probably no player in the older organization practices circling the bases more than Josh. Every morning the Giants' outfielder can be seen practicing running the bases.

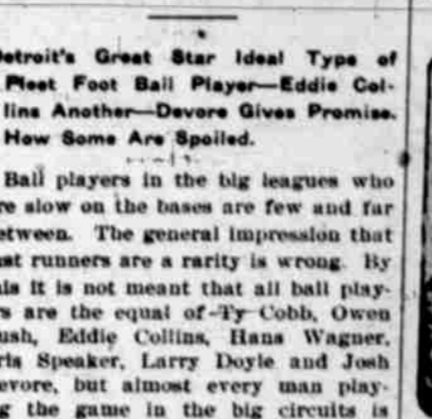
Hans Lohert of the Philadelphia Nationals holds the record for circling the bags—that of 11.45 seconds, made in Cincinnati last fall. While Hans is remarkably speedy, his one big fault is that he is not very quick in getting away from the plate.

Many other players can travel as fast as Cobb, Devore or Collins once they get started, but they lack the fast starting ability and are therefore on an average at least a second slower in going from base to base.

One point that is generally overlooked in commenting on a ball player's ability to get down to first quick is the knack he has of getting rid of his bat with the least loss of time. By carefully watching the batters it will be seen that no two drop the willow the same way. Some carry it a few feet down the line, others throw it back of them, some toss it in front, while many have the knack of dropping the bat in such a way as to give them a leverage for a start, just as a jumper will use weights in making a broad leap. This matter of bat dropping is one of importance, and many players devote hours to acquiring the knack of doing it properly.

In successful base running the player who can go into the sack without diminishing his speed has a big advantage over his brethren who instinctively slow down as they approach the station. Many players who would be known as speed kings on the bases are spoiled because of the fact that they are unable to overcome the tendency to slow up. These are the men who are oftentimes called slow on bases. It is lack of nerve rather than lack of speed with the legs that places the majority of ball players in what might be termed the "average" base running class.

## Points For Mothers



Never use letter paper or envelopes to figure on or for memoranda—it shows you do not realize that the first requisite in business is economy. The same rule applies to burning of lights that are not needed; whether there is a meter or a "flat rate" makes no difference—avoid waste.

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## FOR THE TABLE



Handsome Lace Trimmed Tablecloth With Appliqued Motifs.

Lace trimming appears on the smart new tablecloths to an extent to be expected in a season when lace is used everywhere that it is possible to use it. One particularly handsome cloth was adorned with a deep border of lace, made by applying lace motifs to the surface of heavy net. The lace motifs were also applied on the linen.

Fashion is fickle in table service as well as in other things. The formal dinner table of today is not what it was a few years ago. The whole

## WATCH Special Sale for next Saturday



People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription for one or more months, at ten cents a week, can have the daily delivered for a year for \$3.00 by paying a year in advance.

People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription, by mail, for four months at a dollar, may have the paper for a year for \$2.00, if paid a year in advance.

Subscribers to the Weekly Enterprise may change their subscriptions to the daily, receiving credit for half time on the daily that the weekly is paid in advance. When they choose to add cash to the advance payment equal to a full year's advance payment they may take advantage of the \$2 rate.

We make this special price so that people who have paid in advance on some other daily and wish to take the Morning Enterprise, may do so without too great expense.

# Are You a Subscriber To the New DAILY?

## The Morning Enterprise

Will You Help Us Boost Your Own Interests?

By carrier, 1 year \$3.00  
By mail, 1 year 2.00

Send in Your Name and Remittance

PLEASE NOTICE.

To introduce The Morning Enterprise into a large majority of the homes in Oregon City and Clatsop county the management has decided to make a special price for the daily issue, for a short time only, where the subscriber pays a year in advance.

By carrier, paid a year in advance, \$3.00.

By mail, paid a year in advance, \$2.00.

People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription for one or more months, at ten cents a week, can have the daily delivered for a year for \$3.00 by paying a year in advance.

People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription, by mail, for four months at a dollar, may have the paper for a year for \$2.00, if paid a year in advance.

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BOGUS TWENTIES AFOAT.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6.—(Special.)—Counterfeit \$20 gold pieces, eleven in execution as almost to detection, have been agreed upon by over San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific Coast, according to information given by the Federal authorities today.

The spurious gold pieces appear much like the genuine that they deceive even the most scrutinizing less examined very closely.

The date on the output is 1911, and it will be found on close observation that the metal is a trifle light. The ring is almost as good as the genuine mate coins, though to the experienced ear it will seem a little "brassy."

Shed no tears over your bank's early advantages. No really great man ever had any advantage that himself did not create.

## WATCH Special Sale for next Saturday

D. M. KLEMSSEN

## PITCHER TOM HUGHES USES "BEAN BALL" THIS YEAR.

Old Tom Hughes, who is back with the Washington Americans, tells a funny one on how he was so successful in the American association last season. Hughes says his "bean ball" was responsible for most of his success, and he is working it this season. The first ball Tom shoots up in a careless manner right in close to the batter as though he really wished to "hit him. Then he starts working the outside corner after driving the batter back from the plate. Tom always was a star when he cared to work and may show something in his last chance in the big circuit.

## Never use the office telephone as a gossiping convenience.

Encouragement will do much to help a shy child to overcome the nervousness felt when brought into contact with others in study or at play. Never discourage shy children; never scold them before others.

## The Middy Nap.

It should always be remembered that a midday sleep is excellent for small children and may be kept up with advantage until the child is five and of course longer if the mother likes. It is a good plan to let a baby have its sleep out of doors, lying down in the perambulator, except, of course, during the very cold months.

## Put Yourself in the Ad-Readers Place...

When you write your classified ad—or any kind of an ad—try to include in it just the information you'd like to find if you were an ad-reader and were looking for an ad of that kind.

If you do this—to even a small extent—your ad will bring results!

## Invalid Food.

When any meat extract is to be given to an invalid try making it with milk instead of water. It is most nourishing made in this way and very appetizing.

## For a Headache.

If a child gets a bad headache from being out too much in the sun lay him in a cool, dark place and raise the head on a pillow. Apply ice to the head if possible; if not, bathe it with cold water. Loosen the clothes; give no stimulants.

## The Shy Child.

Encouragement will do much to help a shy child to overcome the nervousness felt when brought into contact with others in study or at play. Never discourage shy children; never scold them before others.

## Insect Bites.

To alleviate the pain caused by the stings of insects apply a drop or two of strong ammonia or of a strong solution of washing soda to the affected part.

## Are You a Subscriber to the New Daily?

If The Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clatsop county. Your support means more strength for the work.

### Will You Help Boost your own Interests?

For a limited time the Morning Enterprise will be sold to paid in advance subscribers as follows:

By carrier, 1 year \$3.00  
By mail, 1 year 2.00

Send in your name and remittance.