THAT LOTTERY TICKET

By M. QUAD

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One day a tramp who was pininiy on his last legs staggered into the village of Scottsville and dropped down in the street in front of the tavern. He was carried into the hostelry and a doctor sent for, and in two days he was dead. The verdict at the inquest was that be had died from sickness and exposure.

When the coroner overhauled the dead wayfarer's pockets be found lors of simple things and a ticket in a Prussian lottery. This ticket was in an envelope and had been kept clean. was for a quarterly drawing that would not take place for nine weeks yet, and according to its face it might draw a prize of \$25,000. No one in Scottsville had ever seen such a ticket before, and very little was said or thought about it for three or four days, or until a certain New York drummer came to town on one of his trips. He was appealed to for information, and his reply was:

"Well, I guess yes. I've bough them myself, though I've never had any luck. Why, I've known four different men who have drawn fortunes in that lottery. It's backed by the Prussian government and is as good as forty national banks."

The drummer created an instant excitement about that ticket. It started right in as a main topic of conversa tion and held the place. Then a light ning rod man came along and offered \$100 cash for it. He knew three men who got their start in life by drawing large sums in that very lottery. Three days later a bog drover came

along and made an offer of \$250 for the ticket. According to his story, one of the members of the beef trust got his first \$1,000 from that very lottery. Then a tin peddler offered his whole outfit for the ticket, and the town of Scottsville began to buzz. Of a sudden the landlord of the tavern demanded possession of the ticket. to have and to hold until the debt to him had been paid. A tramp had died in his house. He had put in a bill to the town ofor \$3, but on thinking it over had concluded that \$100 was little enough. The coroner was an hopest man, but he might get drowned in the mill pond and the ticket soaked to

The carpenter who had made the five dollar coffin jumped his claim to \$30 and demanded that he be protected by having the ticket turned over to him. The sexton followed suit. The doctor in the case who had administered only one dose of medicine had not made out his bill yet, but when he did it would be for at least \$50 It was a case that had bothered him, and he couldn't afford to be bothered for less than half a bundred.

Then came a day when Scottsville was almost swept off its feet and left gasping for breath. Along came a Mr Jones, a cattle and hog buyer. He was no old sport, but he knew a good thing when he saw it. He always in vested in that lottery He had bought that ticket in the city. He had lost it on the road, and a tramp had found it. He must be handed his property or there would be such a row as tha part of the state had never heard of Mr. Jones was a good bluffer, but when it came to taking an oath he faitered and was run out of town

Then there came a deacon of the

church from a village a few miles away. He came in humility and shame, but still be came His village wanted a new church building, but the members of that particular faith were poor in purse. It had worried them. but it worried the deacon worst of all He had figured every way be could. but could see no tight until he saw the advertisement of that lottery. He turned to it as a saving clause. He sent money and got the ticket. It was against his conscience, and he told nobody of it Whatever money the ticket drew was to be freely given to the erection of the new church. This was no doubt the true story of the ticket, which had been stolen from the deacon's house by the tramp, but had it been ten times true it would not

have been handed over to him. The day before the drawing, when it did not seem that the excitement could go higher without exploding something, the drummer and the lightning rod man returned. They bid against each other for the ticket. Perhaps they understood each other, but their faces were very grave as the bidding stopped at \$700. Then a huge bonfire had to be built to relieve the strain Few slept that night, and next day a public purse was made up to send a messenger to the city for news of the drawing. He didn't take the ticket with him-oh, no! That would be tak en later on by a crowd of honest and determined men, each one armed to the teeth

At the end of the third day the messenger returned. He was cheered. He was assisted from the stage with tender hands He was assisted to mount a barrel, and then the crowd fell away and waited for his words. He calmly looked about him and then calmly

"Feiler -citizens. That 'ere ticket" -Thirty seconds of awful suspense. "That 'ere ticket didn't draw a durned thing!"

One wild, long drawn yell of disappointment and anger and terror, one long hour of kicks and cuffs and reprisals, one awful night in which infants shuddered, and then Scottsville was herself again.

For the Children

Prince William, Heir Apparent the German Throne.



The innocent looking little boy herewith pictured is the eldest son of the crown prince of Germany. If he outlives his father he will probably sit on the German throne. He doesn't look much like a kaiser now, but he may grow up to be a great war lord. His name is Wilhelm, and he was named after his imperial grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm. His great-great-grandfather, Withelm I., was the first emperor of the German federation, and another ancestor was Frederick the Great, a noted soldier, of whose deeds much has been written.

The Oldest Trees.

There is a yew tree in a churchyard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which De Candolle nearly a hundred years ago proved to be over 2,500 years old, and one at Hedsor, Bucias, which is 3,240 years of age.

How De Candolle arrived at this es timate of the age of these living trees is a simple thing.

This yew, as well as most other trees, adds about one-tenth of an inch in circumference a year. Humboldt makes reference to an enormous baobab tree in central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. Its trunk is twenty-nine feet in diameter. and Adamson proved that it had not lived less than 5.150 years.

This was a mistake, however, for Mexican scientists have proved that the Montezuma cypress at Chapultepec, with a trunk 118 feet, is older by thousand years. The gigantic California redwoods are impressive by reason of their number, great age and

The sequoias of the Mariposa, Cafaveras and South park woods are more than 1.800 in number.

The "grizzly giant" in the Mariposa group is 4.680 years old, while the failen "father of the forest" is very much older.

Looks Impossible. The possibility of putting a bulk as large as twenty quarters, weighing four ounces, into a wineglass already full to the brim with water seems remote, yet it can be done. First procure a wineglass and wipe it perfectly dry inside and out, especially around the rim. Pour the water gently into it from a spouted pitcher, using spring water if obtainable, until the glass is full to the brim. Then drop one quarter at a time. edgeways, gently into the glass. As soon as the edge of the quarter touches the water let it drop, being careful not to wet the edge of the glass Much to your surprise, the water now stands above the level of the glass, but does not spill.

Riddlemeree. What's the difference between forms

and ceremonies? You sit on one and stand on the other.

What word contains the five vowels in order? Facetious.

Why is I the luckiest of the vowels? Because it is the center of bliss, while E is in earth and all the others are in purgatory.

Why are birds so melancholy? Because their little bills are all over-

Why are buttons like great men's birthday anniversaries? Because they are always coming off.

Why is a fish merchant never generous? Because his business makes him sel-fish.

Thread.

Before the advent of spools thread was supplied in skeins. The skein was cut through at one end, and it was wrapped in a bit of paper or cloth with the loop projecting. A pin or a few stitches secured the wrapper and thus kept the thread clean.

Butteroup. Little yellow buttercup Nodding in the grass. Down the road is coming

A merry little lass. Curis are all a-toming In the morning air. If she stoops to pick you Wouldn't that be fair?

Ah, I guess it wouldn't. Sips the dew of morning

From your cup so high! So hide among the grasses. Hide from the little lass. Once she spies your beauty She will never, never pass,

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it better than you can.

Two sprinklings a week with kerosene oil should keep the house free Get the screens over the windows now, so that intruders will not dis-

Are you troubled with crows about your chicken yards? Cover the pens with wire netting. That will fool the

PORTSMOUTH, Ireland, May 19 .-HER NARROW Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton, Ontario, today won the British wo-**ESCAPE** men's golf championship, defeating By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL

to play. Copyright by American Press Asso-clation, 1911.

Pepita was a Mexican girl living with an aunt in southern California. Pepita was an orphan and had inherited a patch of ground, on which the two lived. Near-by was another Mexican family consisting of father, mother and one son. Enrique, just coming of age. Enrique and Pepita, being neighbors and there being no other young men and women near by to di vert them from each other, naturally

One day a man was seen digging in a patch of ground adjoining Pepita's property. He was an American and. though roughly dressed, gave evidence of being a gentleman. Seeing Pepita standing looking at him curiously, he went over to where she was and asked for a drink of water. Pepita got it for him from a spring back of the house, and the stranger chatted with her. She asked him what he was digging the bole for, and he said he was prospecting. There had been no hunting for the precious metals there before, and Pepita did not understand what he meant.

The stranger came over occasionally after that for a drink of water or to borrow something. He said his name was Thomas Burkhalter; that he was the son of a gentleman in the east. He hadn't got on well with his father and had come out west to shift for himself. Pepita thought him very fine. After looking at his white face Enrique's brown visage was not at all attractive. Enrique noticed a change in her, but was at a loss to account

One day a man came to Burkhalter's hole. He was a well dressed man and wore a diamond stickpin in his neck Pepita saw him and Burkhalter standing together talking and looking over at her house. The stran ger went away, and that evening Burkhalter came over to see Pepita. She asked him about the man who had visited him, but Burkhalter was un communicative on the subject. One thing Pepita noticed-that he was very attentive and deferential to her.

Burkhaiter during the next four or five days did as much courting as is usually done in months, sometimes in years. He quite carried l'epita off her feet. She discovered that Enrique knew nothing at all about making love Enrique was much distressed. What could be do? But Enrique had more sense than Pepita and knew a little more about the world, though not much more At any rate, he had sense enough to suspect that Burkhalter had ome motive in devoting himself to Pepita. He went to an old rancher who had always been kind to him and told him his trouble. One day Eurique went to Grigsby, the rancher, and told him that Burkhalter had asked Pepita to marry him

"That's all talk," said Grigsby. "No, no," cried Enrique; "they are to be married tomorrow. Pepita does not wish it so soon, but the man in sists. She would like to raise a little money so that she may get some new clothes to make her appear worthy of so fine a husband."

Grigsby thought. He was turning something over in his mind At last

"If Pepita is going to be married she will not need her farm. What she needs is a little cash. I will buy her property. Go and ask ber for what she will sell it. But say to her that I will not buy it unless she keeps my offer a secret. You may tell ber I will give her \$600."

Enrique sorrowfully bore the mes sage and returned with Pepita, who was delighted to get so much money for what was really not supposed to be worth more than half the amount offered. Grigsby drew up the papers conveying the property to Enrique and placed a mortgage on it payable to himself

"Now," he said to Pepita, "you may tell whom you like that you have sold your farm."

In the evening Burkhalter came to see his flancee and asked her if she would be ready for the wedding the next day. Pepita said she would and gleefully told him she had sold her property for the enormous sum of \$600. Then she showed him the money she had got for it.

He stood looking at her with a blank expression for some time, then told her to put her name on the back of the check and he would ride to a town ten miles distant and draw the money She must be ready for the ceremony by the time of his return. She did as he bade her, and, leaving her, forget ting the kiss, be departed.

Pepita waited all that day and the next for her lover, but he came not Nor has he come to this day. Pepita's aunt at last told her that he must have gone away with the money for the farm. What should they do? Their home was sold, and they had nowhere to lay their heads.

Meanwhile Grigsby had gone to the hole Burkhalter had left with experts and had found that Burkhalter had struck a vein of ore too narrow to pay. but beginning to open up in the farm Penita and sold.

Then came Enrique and showed ber his deed to her property and told her that it was likely worth a fortune. And so it was. Grigsby furnished the means to develop it, and it was sold for a large amount Enrique forgave Pepita and they were married, but the wife never forgot ber folly and her husband's common sense.

Leave it to the old hen to pick out the best nest to lay in. She can do

from insect pests. But be thorough. turb your favorites while they are asleen at night.

Miss Campbell Golf Champion. Miss Violet Hazlett, three up and two

Brandels To Aid Probe.

WASHINGTON, May 19.-Louis D. Brandels, of Boston, is here to coufer with the House committee on the Postoffice Department which is to conduct an investigation into that branch of the Government service.

JOHNSON WOULD BE INVINCIBLE WITH WINNER

Record of Washington's Star Pitcher Proves Handicap Which Losing Team Puts on Great Pitcher.

Probably no baseball player in the country is being more discussed by the fans than Walter Johnson, the Wash ington's American star twirler. Just before the season opened Walter quit and refused to sign a contract because he did not receive his demand for an increase in salary. Johnson wanted \$7,500 and a three year contract. After a little dickering the club compro mised, and he attached his John Han cock to a paper calling for \$21,000 for the next three years.

Some Washington critics claim that ohnson's demands were too great and his record did not warrant the in crease and that he was not with a first



WALTER JOHNSON, WASHINGTOR'S GREAT

division team. More raps were hand ed out when the big in his 1911 debut.

In contrast to this are fans and crit ics in his home and other cities who are raving over the Idaho wonder Wise men, baseballically, with whom the historic names of baseball are as familiar as their own, have hummed his praises and have placed him on a pedestal with the greatest of the great. Yet there are those those thingswhich do him injustice. Records are often a court of resort upon which judgment of a player is based. Just think what one's opinion of Walter Johnson would be if one scanned the pitching averages during the time Walter Johnson has lingered among the American leaguers and based his opinion of Johnson on those averages

Walter broke into the big show during the season of 1907. Since that time he has been successful only once in gathering more victories in any one season than losses. A perusal of the records of 1910 will show that that was the only year in which Johnson glided above the halfway mark.

In the four years in which he has steamed the sphere over the rubber for Washington he has gained a higher average than that of his club. Even in 1909, the year of the big hurricane for Washington, which resulted in the demise of Joe Cantillon as a major league manager and in a final average of .276 for Washington, Johnson won thirteen games and lost twenty-five,

which gave him an average of 342. To pass from Johnson's individual prowess, it is interesting to contemplate what effect a winning club will have upon a pitcher's fame and his place in the hearts of the fans.

Imagine for a moment where John son would rank if placed with a team which finished one, two, three. imagine how that pill would look to the opposition as it sailed over the plate when Johnson had the confidence born of repeated victories. Imagine the joy of a high class club playing behind a pitcher whom every club held in awe.

Some people have even gone so far as to say that Johnson never would lose a game if connected with a pen nant winner. Of course that's absurd The mere presence of a man of that caliber in the box is half the victory Around the Washington club's bench any day that Johnson is scheduled to pitch one can hear the players say: "Well, there's nothing to it today. Walter is going to pitch." Those play ers go out on the field expecting to win, take chances which they would not take with a less reliable man in the box.

The opposing manager gets a hunch that Johnson is scheduled to work "There's no use spotling a good pitchor aculpst this fellow," he will say to himself or one of his fleutenants. He'll practically admit from the start that his team is due to be defeated. and he will send in one of his unreliables to take a chance.

That's the reward a pitcher gets for being a star and the reward a club gets for having that pitcher on its

A LONG TIME COMING

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS Copyright by American Press Asso-

"Would you like to hire a man for

the season?" The question was asked of a woman who stood at the door of a farmhouse. She was about fifty years old, and the questioner looked to be ten years

"You don't seem strong enough to work," said the woman sympatherically. "but come in and I'll get you a

There was something in either the old man's appearance or the tone of his voice that reminded her of some one she had known before. Surely that walk was familiar. She fed him, and when her son, a man of thirty. came in she said:
"Jake, this man wants to help us

out for the haryest season. Can't you hire him?"

"We need help, mother, but I fear the old man is hardly able to work all day to a field in the brolling sun." "I reckon there's some work in me," replied the stranger. "Anybow, I got to earn a livin' or go to the poor farm, and I'd rather kill myself workin' than live on the county.'

Where do you hall from?" asked the younger man.

"I don't know. "Don't know!"

"You see, I'm one o' those persons who suddenly forget everything. It was about thirty years ago. I reckon. that I was discharged from a hos-I remember comtn' out of it. but I don't remember goin' in."

That was about wartime, wasn't it?" asked the woman, much interest-

"I reckon it wal for they told me that when I went in I had on a coat with brass buttons on it. I'd been there so long and there had been so many changes that no one could tell any more than that about it."

The old man looked so lugubrious that the woman turned the subject. "I tell you what you'd better do. Henry," she said to her son. "You'd better let him work for his keep and do as much or as little as he likes." "Just as you please, mother." said

So the old man stayed with them, working sometimes a whole day and sometimes half a day. There hung about him that melancholy to be expected from one who lived in a world from which the earlier part had been blotted out. Those who had taken him in were a widow, Mrs. Hardenburg. and her son. She had been widowed thirty years, baving lost her husband when the boy was a baby. Indeed. Henry had never seen his father. His mother had been married to a soldier boy who a few weeks later had gone to the war and had not returned. He was never beard of after the battle of Fair Oaks in Virginia and was supposed to have been buried among the

One day when the old man suffered from a pain in his back the widow proposed to rub the affected part with liniment. His shoulder binde was ex posed, and she noticed a large mole on

it. She started. She had seen on her husband's shoulder blade just such a mole. The shape of both were pecultar, being of oblong shape with a protuberance on each side, the whole being not unlike a clover leaf. Mrs. Hardenburg said nothing to the old man about it, but that night when alone with her son told-him that she believed the old man was her husband and his father. Henry considered her assertion a mere whim. His father be had always beard had been killed in battle, and the mere similarity of a mark on their visitor's back to one on his father's was hardly sufficient to bring the latter to life.

From that time Mrs. Hardenberg treated the old man with every kindness and attention. But she said nothing more about her discovery to her son and did not mention it to any one except her son.

One day while at work in the barn the old man was kicked in the head by a borse. He was removed to n bos pital and examined by a surgeon, who found that the new wound happened to be in the same location as one that appeared to have been made by a bullet. The patient remained uncon scious, and the surgeon decided to remove a small portion of the skull that was pressing on the brain. As soon as the operation was finished and the sufferer had recovered from the effects of the annestbetic that had been ad ministered he looked at the doctor and

"Did we tick 'em?" "Lick whom?"

"Why, Johnny Reb! You must be a contract surgeon, aren't you? Any way, you're not in uniform."

"What's your name and regiment?" asked the doctor. "Henry Hardenberg, -th Pennsyl

"Well, Mr. Hardenberg, you have been a long while coming to your own. but you've got there at last. The war ended over thirty years ago "

When Mrs Hardenberg was told that the "lost man," as the neighbors called him, was her husband she exhibited no surprise, saying that she knew him from his walk when he first appeared, and the mole on his shoul der blade confirmed ber, in her opin-With the son the matter was very different. He could not believe the story till his resurrected farher had proved it in many ways.

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> Child is Burled. The little child of Mr. and 1 Charles Guttridge, of Springer who died suddenly at the family he was interred this week in the Spr water cemetery.

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