

When the South Wind Blew

It Helped to Solve the Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A little trading schooner had carried Lester Bidwell from Manila to a group of tiny islands that lie at the south-east of the Philippines. And when the ship's dory had left him on a snow white coral beach with his traps heaped about him he felt the first quivers of distrust in his mission.

The neighboring islands were bits of dark blue blurred against the blue sea. His own feet showed a curving stretch of coral beach with a background of thick jungle. Tall palms waved in the breeze, and there was the delicious smell of ripened fruit. Except for the lapping of the waves on the beach and the chattering of monkeys in the trees there was the dead silence of complete isolation.

Lester carried his traps to the edge of the jungle and set forth to seek the legacy left him by his friend Gilbert Olds. It took two hours to circle the island.

Making a sort of rough camp occupied another hour, and when it was completed Lester had a small hut thatched with palm leaves and bound about with cordage from his valise. In the hut he placed his stores of food and water, inflated the air mattress he had brought and was ready for business.

He drew out Gilbert Olds' last letter, written from this very same south sea island. One week after receiving this letter he had heard of Gilbert's tragic death.

"Dear Lester," this last letter read. "I have found what I came after and if I can get away safely shall be with you almost as soon as you receive this. In case I never come back—and in this part of the world one is apt to drop out suddenly and inexplicably—leave everything and come down here and take your legacy. The pearls will be yours if anything happens to me. You

know you grabbed me to this adventure, and your trust in me will not be shattered.

"Below I have given sailing directions from Manila, and almost any small trading captain will bring you along. There is not much danger of your finding anybody here, for the island bears a bad reputation among the natives, and there is nothing to attract the traders save a bountiful supply of water to fill their empty barrels. Until I leave the pearls will be secreted in the trunk of a palm tree marked on the map below. Must stop writing now, as I have a chance to send this letter over to the mainland. As ever yours, Gilbert Olds."

It was easy to recognize the island from the sketch Gilbert had made. "In the trunk of a palm tree" is a very indefinite description of a hiding place, for there were hundreds of trees on the island, and many of them towered fifty or sixty feet above his head. He sat down to a solitary supper thinking of his lost friend and the meager tidings he had been able to gather of his sad fate. The captain of the trading schooner had shaken his head dubiously when Lester questioned him.

"Mr. Olds' fate isn't rightly known, sir," the captain had said. "He was a young chap that took chances, and, in my opinion, he lost out on one of his chances. You can't count on these natives hereabouts. They're a tricky crowd, and I've heard queer stories about that island. There's many a man lost his life going after the Rose of Dawn pearls, and the natives keep away from it because they say it's haunted. They will hang around it if there's a white man there. I suppose they're waiting for somebody to discover the pearls, and when they're found, why, it's all up with the shark, or all down, I should say, for of course, they'll throw him to feed the shark."

There was a chance, a bare chance, that Gilbert was yet alive. He might be a prisoner on another island, perhaps suffering torture rather than disclose the hiding place of the pearls.

Lester thought about these things while the sun sunk and a glorious moon arose to light the world with silver radiance. A little breeze sprang up from the south, and Lester leaned against the trunk of a palm and turned his face to the cooling touch.

"It's toward it, faintly, sweetly, borne on the wings of the wind, that I must go," he said, and in the night he crept over the reef and

This was the haunted island of the natives. Was it the spirit of Gilbert Olds seeking to hold communication with his friend?

After an invigorating cup of coffee Lester made a thorough examination of the island and found many traces of Gilbert's occupation. There was his former camp not thirty feet away from the site of Lester's thatched hut. There was a good sized tent pitched here and many utensils scattered around. There were traces of tramping bare feet in the sand around the tent door, and Lester counted that there must have been a dozen men besides Gilbert Olds, for the latter's footprints were easily distinguished from the others, for he had worn shoes.

There was no doubt that Gilbert Olds had been attacked by natives from the neighboring islands and carried away to death or captivity.

A careful search of the most prominent points along the shore did not reveal one that had a hollow trunk of that in any way seemed to offer of a hiding place for some of the most splendid pearls of the east. Early in the afternoon the wind sprang up again from the south, and almost immediately Lester heard the sighing murmur of the night before.

He shook off the feeling of uneasiness at the strange sound and tried to place its source. Of one thing he was certain—that it hovered over the tall palm beneath which he had sat the night before. He stood beneath its slender, tapering trunk and looked wistfully upward at the thick tuft of branches above his head. If he only had the steel spurs of a telephone wire man the mounting of that tree would be a small matter.

All at once there stood plainly before him as if written on the sand a picture in a long forgotten geography of his youth. It was a drawing of a south sea islander climbing the bare trunk of a palm tree. The man had tied a long scarf about the tree and his own waist, and then, bending backward, his bare feet pressed against the tree, he braced himself against the scarf and slowly ascended.

It was a difficult feat to perform, but Lester was no mean athlete, and there was a thin cashmere blanket that would form an excellent brace for the ascent. He kicked off his shoes, twisted the blanket into a rope, tied himself to the tree with plenty of slack and tried. He failed utterly. While he rested, bruised and scratched, another idea came to him, and he immediately put it into practice. His bag also produced a long coil of flexible rope which had seemed to him a useful adjunct to his traveling kit in the tropics. A half hour's play with this resulted in his lassoing a thick bunch of the top branches and pulling it taut. Now, with the rope in his hands and the brace once more in place, Lester gradually drew himself up to the tufted top of the palm, where he rested panting among the branches, while the weird music played almost in his ears.

Now that he was up here it was easy to find the source of the hidden melody. An aeolian harp fashioned from a cigar box and some strings from Gilbert's mandolin was cunningly concealed in the branches where every puff of the south wind resulted in a strain of music. Why had Gilbert placed the harp there? Was it a precaution against his possible capture by the natives, and did it indicate the palm tree which contained the pearls? Lester believed it did.

He found the pearls easily. Just beneath the tufted top a square outline was cut in the trunk. Lester thrust the blade of his knife in one wedge and pried it open like a little door. The pithy trunk had been hollowed out, and there, wrapped in an oilskin bag, were the pearls which had cost a score of lives since the fame of their presence on the island had gone abroad.

With the pearls in his bosom Lester slipped down from the tree just as the sun sank below the horizon. Later when the moon was rising he sat watching its silver track across the sea. As he watched something black bobbed into the radiance and stayed there, gradually coming nearer, nearer, until it came into the little harbor. Lester stood at the water's edge to greet the man in the slender canoe.

"You got here just in time, Gilbert," he said coolly. "My trading schooner is a day ahead of time. I see her drawing into the harbor now."

"Thank heaven!" panted Gilbert Olds as he fell exhausted on the sand. "You got the pearls, Lester?"

"Inside my belt," returned Lester, his hands in those of his friend. "You were captured and have escaped from one of the islands, old man?"

"Yes; there are fifteen canoes and about a thousand sharks in my wake. I hope your schooner is not far off." Lester answered the hail of the trading captain and ran up the beach to collect his things. When he came back Gilbert stood at the water's edge. "You'll tell me all about it some day, Gil," he said affectionately.

"It's one of those things that will never be told, Lester," said the other slowly. "The pearls were not worth the price I paid."

Yonkers. Yonkers is built on a site that was owned by a Dutch patroon in the early history of New Netherlands. His son, a wild, rollicking chap, was called Jonge Heer (young lord), and he so disturbed the whole country round by his mad pranks that he was the talk of the neighborhood. Thus the village, of which his father's house was the center, became identified in the thoughts of the people with the Jonge Heer, for he was its life and its spirit. Yonkers is a corruption of Jonge Heer. The "J" in Dutch has the sound of English "y," and indeed at the start the title was often written and pronounced Jonkeer.—New York Telegram.

GREATEST GAME EVER PLAYED

Recent Detroit-Chicago Battle Will Never Be Forgotten.

TIGERS' WONDERFUL FIGHT.

With Score 13 to 1 Against Them Jennings' Warriors Made Most Phenomenal Finish in History of the National Game and Won Out.

If there be any animal that possesses greater gameness and greater skill in fighting against overwhelming odds than the tiger, then the popular name for the Detroit baseball club ought to be changed. For the past four seasons the club has displayed wonderful fighting spirit against big odds, but in a game with the Chicago White Sox at Bennett park, Detroit, on June 18 last the Tigers played and won the greatest battle in the history of baseball. There never was a struggle like it before, and there probably never will be another.

The score stood 16 for Detroit and 15 for the White Sox when the great game ended. These figures, though large, are not particularly impressive, for there have been a lot of major league battles in which the runs have been about as numerous on both sides. The point is, however, that when the Tigers went to bat for their fifth time the count was 13 to 1 in favor of the enemy. If a ball club isn't licked when its opponents are a dozen runs in front, with only five more periods of batting remaining, at least its prospects of escaping said licking aren't sufficiently brilliant to encourage extensive betting.

In this exciting game the Sox plied up seven runs in the first inning, three in the fourth and three in the fifth, the Tigers while landing one lone tally—then began the fun. In the fifth started a series of batting rallies by Jennings' errors that gave them four runs in that inning, three in the sixth and five in the eighth. In the meantime the Sox in desperation had added two more to their count in the seventh, leaving the score at the beginning of the ninth at 15 to 13 in favor of the Sox.

Jennings used eighteen men to turn an impending rout into a brilliant victory, and the climax came in the ninth in such thrilling fashion as to rouse the fans to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Hughey had nearly exhausted his reserve forces in three previous rallies, but his resources seemed unending. He sent Lathers to bat for Mitchell, who had stopped the visitors' hitfest in the eighth inning. Lathers fanned, but Jones, another pinch man, waited and then drove a single to center. Bush followed with a single to left. Then came the king of hitters, Ty Cobb, and the fate of the game for the Sox hung in the balance. The crowd went frantic with enthusiasm to think two men were on the bases, one out and the old reliable one at bat.

In this emergency Cobb had two strikes called on him and was angling for a hit when Walsh threw a spitball on the outside and low. Cobb hit the ball sharply to Lord and raced for first. Lord knew the runner and scarcely took time to steady himself. His throw was low, and Collins never helped him out of the hole. The ball rolled to the bleachers, and Jones and Bush romped home with the tying runs. Crawford laced a ball to the center field fence, scoring Cobb with the winning tally and ending the most remarkable game ever played on the diamond.

It was surely a phenomenal game. To overcome so great a lead speaks well indeed for the Tigers. It shows Jennings' team to be one which does not give up a fight under any circumstances. For this state of affairs Jennings alone is responsible. He never quits. Regardless of what the score may be Jennings is on the lines working his hardest. He inspires his players with the never say die spirit, and many is the game which the Tigers have won when but for Jennings defeat would have been accepted as soon as the opposing team gained a formidable lead.

Jennings has proved he is in a class by himself in the American league as a strategist and manipulator of men on the diamond when the occasion demands something out of the ordinary. He manipulates his men in an important battle as a chess master would move his pawns, with a view of a final climax in a checkmate. The recent game also illustrates why Detroit is leading the American league race. It is not the great pitching or the defensive strength of the Tigers that allows them to win, but their really wonderful run getting proclivities. It is, of course, a great hitting team, but as a rule the Tigers get more runs for their hits than does the average ball team. On the bases it is undoubtedly the strongest team in the circuit. Jones, Bush, Cobb, Crawford and Moriarty can all run the bases, and what is more, they are constantly at it. And also the team is made up of hustlers. Under all circumstances every man is on his toes and doing the best he can to help his team. With high grade pitching the Detroit team would simply walk away with the flag this year, but with a staff of twirlers which is none too certain Jennings will have a hard fight on his hands.

Junks on the Irwadi. Eastern ingenuity is often diverted into curious directions. The Burmese use a junk on the Irwadi so rigged and with sails so secured that it can run only before the wind. It is particularly adapted to local conditions. As roads were till comparatively recent times unknown in Burma, river navigation was of particular importance as a means of communication. Usually there is considerable difficulty in ascending a river. This is not so on the Irwadi, for the winds blow almost constantly dead against the current.

A WIDOW'S OLD HORSE

By M. QUAD

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One day the Widow Sanderson was in town, and she found a horse auction going on. The last of the bunch to be put up was an old gray mare. She was skin and bone and then some more. The auctioneer did not slander her character when he called her an old skate.

There was a general laugh of contempt over the old mare, and then some one bid \$2. Out of pure sympathy the widow bid a dollar more, and the nag was hers. She was gazed by the crowd, but the prize was hidden behind the wagon and reached the farm in due time without having once fallen by the wayside. There were two hired men to grin and chuckle and talk about crow baquets, but the woman silenced them with:

"Get along, you idiots! Turn that horse out to grass and take good care of her. If she dies her hide will be worth all I paid for her whole body."

This was early in the spring. When the old mare began to fill up she began to improve. In a month her ribs could no longer be counted from the high way, and she began to gambol a bit. It was when another horse was turned into the lot with her of a Sunday that the surprise came. One of the men came up to the house and said to Mrs. Sanderson:

"Say, you come down to the fence and see that old mare!"

"Dead, is she?"

"Dead! Why, she's the liveliest old nag you ever set eyes on! Come down!"

The two horses were having a play. It was a ten acre meadow, and they were circling it. The farm horse was on the gallop and the old mare on the trot, and yet he could not leave her behind.

"See that gait before a sulky for sure," said the man.

"Looks like it to me," replied the widow. "After this you feed her a few oats every day and use the curry-comb, and don't either one of you boys say a word outside."

The Akron county fair, always held late in September, ranked next to the state fair. Some called the horse racing was even better, because the track was better. When the opening of the entries was announced the Widow Sanderson said to one of her men:

"Joe, here's the money to enter Lady Gray. You can claim to be the owner. You go over to Johnsonville and borrow or buy a sulky and get it here on the sly. The old mare is going into the free for all, and you are going to drive her."

And a few days later she said to the other man:

"Tim, here is a hundred dollars. You go to town and loaf around for two or three days. Bet the money on our horse. Get the best odds you can."

When day and date came they booted the widow's hired man and his equine. They had bet 5 to 1 before, now they bet 15 to 1. The widow had \$400 in the bank. She drew every dollar of it out, and Tim placed it on the mare.

That was a race that is talked of yet. A green driver, an old sulky and a farm horse. As soon as the mare got on to the track her actions betrayed the fact that it was a familiar scene to her, and her driver had the sense to let her take her own way instead of hauling her about. When the bunch got away at last he simply held his horse steady and prayed with all his might. She had "gone some" on the highway, but she seemed to be flying now. She picked up horse, after horse until she had the lead, and she came in winner by such a distance that the other horses were nooted off the track. Not a skip, not a break—just a fast and steady pace, and a driver who was so scared that he had to be helped down from his seat.

The roll of money gathered in by the Widow Sanderson on her wagers and by the sale of the mare after the race was exactly the size of a fifteen cent tomato can. With the bundle in a pillow she called on the minister of her church a few days later and said:

"Parson, I know you have figured things up. How much to paint the meeting house?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars," he replied.

"And how much for pew cushions?"

"A hundred."

"And for the red carpets in the aisles?"

"Fifty will do it."

"And can't we get an organ for \$500?"

"We certainly can."

"And a bell?"

"Two hundred."

"And how much salary is due you?"

"Well—ahem—well, I don't like to say so, but the sum is about \$200."

"Figure it up and count it out, parson," said the widow as she handed over the "tomato can."

"But, widow, I don't understand."

"Won't it at the county fair the other day?"

"Then I can't take it. It is tainted money."

"Parson, don't be an idiot! The men who paint the meeting house will swear. The men who cast the bell will swear. There'll be swearing over the cushions and carpets and organ. There'll be tainted money just as much as this money. You want to swear over your back salary, and, by gum, I'll do some swearing if you don't take the money! There, now!"

And the parson took it.

DAYS OF BUNTING ARE OVER, SAYS COBB.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb says the days of bunting are over in the big league. The lively ball is responsible. It is practically impossible, he says, to beat out a bunt now, and it's always unsafe to try. The ball is so lively that contact with it ever so lightly sends it hurtling to an infielder.

The lively ball also makes it harder on both in and out fielders, he thinks. It is harder to judge a fly ball now than before, and the speed of the infield hits frequently handcuffs the fielder, with the result that the runner is safe.

MATTY SAVING HIS ARM.

Giants' Star Pitcher Employing Methods That Keep Fielders Busy.

Christy Mathewson, the great twirler of the New York Nationals, is saving his mighty right arm. As he grows older Sir Christopher realizes that the time is approaching when he will be compelled to retire. For that reason he doesn't use great speed at all times, but employs methods that keep his

fielders busy. It is only when he finds himself in tight places that Matty puts smoke on the ball to bowl over the opposing batsmen.

Head work rather than brute strength is the secret of Mathewson's pitching this season. His prestige remains incomparable, and the moment he appears on the mound the Giants' rivals seem to know they are up against a hard proposition.

Callahan's Great Record. Career of Chicago White Sox Outfielder Has No Duplicate in Baseball.

Jimmy Callahan's record probably has no duplicate in baseball history. Callahan was hardly a youngster when he quit Comiskey some five or six years ago, and yet after so long a lay-off he is back, batting nearly .360 and is ninth among the base runners. Nor does Callahan appear to be a flash in the pan. He improves, in fact, as the season progresses. When Callahan went into training with the Chicago White Sox last spring the move was suspected of being merely preliminary to slipping Callahan into Duffy's shoes. But this was a mistaken idea. Callahan went out and made good on his own hook and is today one of the most valuable outfielders in the American league.

Johnson Not Showing His Best Form. "Walter Johnson is nothing like the pitcher he was last year," complains a Washington critic. "Physical weakness is keeping him from showing his best form."

Diamond Squibs. "Too many pitchers spoil the game," says Silk O'Laughlin. "Let the twirler stay in until the end."

To prove his slides, spikes first, are legal Ty Cobb invites his critics to take pictures of his efforts to reach base.

The real name of Ping Bodie, the White Sox fence buster, turns out to be Franceto Sanguineta Pizola. No wonder he can hit.

President Somers of Cleveland announces he will send Outfielder Jackson to "colleese." The great player can scarcely read and write.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb is batting .434. Incidentally the Georgia "peach" is leading the American league in batting, extra base hitting, run getting and base stealing.

GREAT WORK DONE BY WOMAN'S CLUB

(Continued from Page 1)

each year, and see if the investment is not most satisfactory. In our endeavor for the material results, we must not forget the social side of our club. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The year just passed has failed in this particular feature. It certainly cannot be said the club has been to expensive.

Husbands Must Aid. We must keep our husbands in touch with club work, and as better way can be found than to bring them around the festival board. To all who have stood so faithfully by the club the last year we feel deeply grateful. Assuming the office with fear and trembling, we have earnestly endeavored to be a faithful servant to the State Federation in October, as a club that has made good, and with the following result of the year's work done by this club reported there, we feel sure of success.

During the year just passed we have taken in \$500.58, maintained a Rest Room, at \$14 per month, contributed \$21.50 to the scholarship fund, erected an ornamental fountain at a cost of \$2200, a rustic Pergola of oak costing \$5. Placed in the McLoughlin Park, purchased flowers for the park and Southern Pacific depot grounds at a cost approximating \$5. kept these places in good condition with the co-operation of the station agent, Mr. E. T. Elias and of the city street superintendent, Mr. Charles Babcock. With the financial assistance of the City Council this club has transformed the McLoughlin Park, from a rubbish heap into what promises to be a joy forever, a place of beauty, and this, too, in one year, or to be exact, in fourteen months. The first work done on the park grounds was begun the first of March, 1910, the fountain was dedicated to the honor of Dr. John McLoughlin, Sunday, June 18, 1911, though erected in May.

We owe much to Mr. Charles Oglesby and Mr. Hiram Straight in being able to erect this fountain at so small a cost, each foregoing all profit in favor of the club. Mr. Harry Jones made it possible to have better walks through the park by donating crushed rock, and screening for top dressing.

Park Work to Continue. To mention all who have so cheerfully assisted would bring this report to too great length. Next year we hope to make as great a change in the north part of the park grounds, by filling in dirt, erecting a rustic bridge across the gulch, north and south. The work done on McLoughlin Park and the Southern Pacific depot grounds is only a small part of what is needed. The club will find the city fathers ready to assist in every way possible. A monument to Dr. John McLoughlin, by this club now, will not be a formidable undertaking.

And the honor belongs to this club to be the first to erect a monument in honor of the "Father of Oregon," Dr. John McLoughlin, and this is no small honor. An effort to bring City Clean-up Day in conformity to the Federation Clean-up Day was successful, the Mayor cheerfully complying with the request. The possibilities of one enthusiastic club woman was shown in the Scholarship Loan Fund last January. Mrs. Mollie Caulfield asked for that day on the program at the beginning of the year. Two of our girls are beneficiaries of this fund, and are very grateful for the assistance. Who will ask for a day on the program the coming year?

Total amount expended during the year, \$451.70; amount on hand \$48.88.

Real Estate Transfers. Mrs. C. Buhman to Matilda H. Pennington, 10 acres of Charming Bend, D. C., township 2 north, range 5 east \$1.

Essell H. Brown and Elizabeth Brown to Brownwald Farms, 45 acres of section 30, township 34 south, range 1 east, \$500.

F. G. and Emma K. Wells to Phyllis Pratt and Della Pratt, all of westerly half of lot 6 and all of 7, block 11, Gladstone, \$41.

Albert A. Miller to J. C. and E. S. Miller, lot 6 of block 52, Oregon City, \$1.

Irving Bedford to A. S. K. Smith, 80 acres of section 9, township 3 south, range 5 east, \$1.

Are you a subscriber to the Morning Enterprise? If not you should let us put your name on the subscription list immediately.

Heart to Heart Talks. By EDWIN A. NYL.

FANNY CROSBY. I am just as young as I ever was. I haven't grown one bit, and I don't intend to grow old. Those who trust the Lord shall preserve their strength, and I trust the Lord.

The brave words were uttered by a woman who is ninety-two years old, or, better, ninety-two years young—Fanny Crosby, the well known writer of Christian hymns.

Speaking to a vast audience in New York the other day, she turned upon the people eyes that have been sightless from the time she was five years old. Since she was a child this blind singer has composed hymns. If you were to strike from the church hymnology the productions of Fanny Crosby you would leave the collections poor indeed. And you could fill many ordinary hymnals from her songs alone.

"I don't intend to grow old." What splendid optimism! And she never will grow old—in spirit. Because of the sublime optimism of her life she has lived long and usefully, because of it her songs breathe of faith and of hope and of trust.

And as the great audience was thrilled by the words of the young-old woman of ninety-two, so has the Christian world been stirred to enthusiasm by the sacred songs of this sweet singer of Israel. Optimism is vitality. Pessimism is poison. Call it what you will—Christian faith, new thought, Christian Science, suggestive therapeutics, or what not—optimism is life. Some of us who have heard the compass of religious thinking and come back to the simple religion of mother's knee call it Christian faith.

Why Fanny Crosby has not grown old is because of her simple and beautiful trust, because she has had young thoughts, sought young company, kept a young spirit. Age is not of the spirit. The body may grow old, but by faith the spirit is renewed from day to day, and, such is the force of spirit over matter, the body itself is wonderfully preserved.

And so the blind singer is not tired of life. On the contrary, she says she intends to live to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. May she accomplish her desire!

Who puts faith and hope and trust into the hearts of mortals puts into the world the tremendous forces of assurance and confidence and courage and health.

Commercial Club Ch...

"Oregon beats Texas and California, and I think Clackamas is the best part of Oregon," said Martin, formerly of Toronto, who was a caller at the Commercial Building of the Commercial Club today. "I am delighted with Clackamas county and expect to locate in Mr. Martin is a new member."

Mrs. J. L. Pace, of 911 E. 1st street, left a cluster of roses in the Promotion Building Friday afternoon. The roses are unusually beautiful.

Mrs. Alice A. Bodfish, who is on a tour of the United States, called at the Promotion Building Friday. Bodfish is delighted with Clackamas county and expects to locate in Clackamas county.

"Oregon is a great state," called upon Secretary Laxeter, Promotion Building Friday. Mr. C. has a farm of 2,700 acres in and grows alfalfa, milk, maize and so on. He says Oregon is a much better state than California.

"This is certainly the greatest fair for roses in the United States," Mr. C. says.

M. Robbins, of route 2, Oregon, and so-called at the Promotion Building Friday. He has a fine herd of cows, Rhode Island Red and chickens. Mr. Robbins said he would be an exhibitor at the county fair. He expects to demonstrate the milk of his cows at the fair. Mr. Robbins also a grower of India prunes.

Earl Berger, of Louan, who was the city Friday, said there would be a large potato yield. He has wheat, or seven feet high which will yield about 5 bushels to the acre. Some of the grain will be exhibited at Promotion Building soon. Mr. Berger reported that the rain did considerable damage to wheat and clover.

"I expect to buy a small place on the divide between Portland and Clackamas," said E. M. Brown, who has just arrived from Kentucky. He was formerly a resident of Padon, Ky.

"We like Oregon City and Clackamas county," added Mr. Brown.

Frank Spurlak, of New Era, brought a load of potatoes to the city Friday, says crops are fine in section. He will contribute to exhibit of Warner Grange at the City Fair, and expects the grade to be first class.

More than 100 persons called at Promotion Building Thursday and visited twenty-five Friday. Many of visitors were from the East who nounced their intention of locating in Clackamas county.

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