

DON'T FAIL to be on hand tomorrow morning, Thursday, at NINE O'CLOCK

It Means Money in Your Pocket

REMEMBER

The Grand Concert in the hall TONIGHT beginning at 7 o'clock.

As the band plays you will have a chance to inspect

The Enormous Furniture Values

which will be plainly marked and displayed for the occasion. Nothing will be sold until Thursday Morning when the doors open at 9 o'clock. BRING YOUR FRIENDS.

FREE TO ALL

If some reliable bank should advertise that on a certain date it would give away twenty dollar gold pieces you'd be right on the spot at the opening.

Well we are doing far more than that. We are inaugurating a GREAT HURRY OUT SALE in which hundreds and hundreds of dollars are to be saved.

Nothing Ever Like It Before

Don't take our word for it. Just be on hand tomorrow morning and see for yourselves.

We Will Give Absolutely Free

On Thursday Morning a Handsome \$30 Quarter Sawed Oak Davenport

The first 150 people who enter our doors on Thursday morning after the sale starts at 9 o'clock will each receive absolutely free a ticket bearing a number. You don't need to buy a cents worth, just walk in and get a ticket. It costs you nothing to try. Just get up a little earlier and be in line waiting when the doors open.

FRANK BUSCH

Exemplary George.

She admitted being jealous of her husband. Consequently they quarreled frequently and, woman like, she confided in her best friend.

"You are unfair at times to George," said the best friend one day as the two sat on the veranda of the suburban home. "I saw George in the city yesterday, and he didn't see me. So I kept watching him. He had a seat in a crowded subway car. At least two-score women, most of them pretty as a picture, came in and passed by him or stood in front of him. And George never looked at one of them. He was deeply interested in his paper."—Philadelphia Times.

Thorley's Heart Trouble

He finds a Satisfactory Cure.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyrighted American Press Association, 1911.

Thorley was convalescing after a long fever, and the sensible family doctor sniffed contemptuously at the suggestion of a change of air as afforded by some fashionable resort, whether north, south, east or west.

"You want to get near to nature. Of course I know that's a hackneyed expression, my boy, but you do want to get as far back in the country as your pocketbook will take you and stay at some isolated farmhouse where you will not want to see anything save the cloud effects when the sun sets over the mountain peak or hear anything except the songs of birds and the blare of the dinner horn. Drink milk and eat eggs morning, noon and night. Sleep and rest and walk and sleep, and I'll guarantee you'll be made over again in three months!"

"Where shall I go?" demanded Thorley helplessly.

"Anywhere. Buy a ticket for the last station on the line and get off there and ask for board at the last house on the turnpike. It's a long chance they'll take you," laughed Dr. Gregory as he turned to go.

A week later Mr. Fred Thorley was uncomfortably established in a red plush covered seat in a dusty passenger coach which was one of three snaking their way slowly after an ancient and asthmatic engine. The single track road led from the junction where Thorley had boarded it straight into the country through rock ribbed crevices dripping with moisture and hung with ferns, past level daisy fields white as the driven snow, shooting into the dim arches of tall woods only to emerge near some highway crossing where the engine shrieked warningly. There were tedious stops at tiny stations that looked like bird houses, and these grew smaller and smaller until the engine reached the terminal the

sentry box.

"Rosedale—all out!" yelled the brakeman, and he lent a strong hand to help Thorley's evident weakness. There was no other passenger, and when his one trunk had been dumped on the platform and the train had



THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER

couched his way to a siding Thorley surveyed the rustic scene with some dismay in his town bred eyes.

"And not a vehicle to be had for love or money!" he groaned after his interview with the sleepy agent. "Well, I'll walk to the village. You say it's only a mile and a half? I'll send somebody after my trunk as soon as I find out where I'm going to stop."

The agent awoke suddenly to action. "There ain't no hotel here," he said aggressively, as if questioning Thorley's right to thus throw himself on the hospitality of Rosedale.

"Any boarding houses?" demanded Thorley. "Any farmhouses that will take a boarder?"

The man shook his head. "Ain't heard of any," he said indifferently.

Thorley turned on his heel and walked down the sandy road which led away between tall growing oaks and chestnuts. The afternoon was advancing, and he was hot and tired and hungry. He chided himself for falling in with Dr. Gregory's ideas. It would have been far better if he had sought a railroad guide book and picked out some good stopping place.

Nevertheless there was a certain element of interest in the fact that he did not know where he was to lay his head that night. For the rather spoiled young man this was a novel experience.

He passed a frame house freshly painted in a pinkish lavender, with green blinds, and he closed his eyes and shook his head.

The next house he came to was a broad and comfortable one, painted white, with green blinds. Grapevines were trellised all about the house, and there were an old fashioned flower garden and rolling slopes of finely kept lawn. In an adjoining pasture a herd

of his narrative she would fly away with flushed cheeks and eyes hidden behind a soft sweep of long lashes. Then Thorley would not see her for a day or two.

One day Mrs. Beek came out and sat in a big rocking chair near Thorley's hammock and knitted busily at a scarlet shawl.

"Margie is driving with Mart Bentley," said Mrs. Beek, as if this piece of news was not the most stupendous blow Thorley had ever experienced.

"Mart Bentley," repeated Thorley. "Why, why?" His voice ended interrogatively.

"I expect Margie likes to be with him. You know they were playmates when they were little," said Mrs. Beek calmly.

"I didn't know," said Thorley savagely.

"Of course you couldn't be expected to know about it. I'm glad to see you looking so much better. Mr. Thorley," she went on. "We pride ourselves that Rosedale has been the making of you."

"It has, together with your good care, Mrs. Beek," he said gratefully.

"I hope you'll run out often," said Mrs. Beek pleasantly. "Maybe you have one of those automobiles?"

"Yes, I have, and these roads are all right," said Thorley, with rising spirits. "I suppose Miss Margie will be here all summer."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Beek, rising to leave. "Here come Mart and Margie now. They're a handsome couple."

Thorley did not stop to verify this statement. He turned out of the hammock and strode across the lawn and down through the orchard, where he leaned against the fence which bordered a deep, rumbling brown brook.

His rebellious heart was thumping angrily, strongly. He longed for the touch of Margie's cool, slim fingers and the glance of her soft, dark eyes. But very likely her fingers and her soft glances were for Mart Bentley, the good looking young stock raiser, whose place adjoined that of the Beeks.

Thorley did not hear a light step on the orchard grass, and it was not until Margie's slim white clad figure appeared beside him that he knew he was not alone.

He looked at her without speaking for a moment; then suddenly he turned and crushed her hands in his strong grasp. "Margie!" he said hoarsely, "how long are you intending to keep up the game?"

"I'm only a farmer's daughter!" began Miss Fenton demurely, when something in his eyes drew her to her last defenses. "Fred Thorley, you are the very stupidest mortal!"

"Why?" he broke in eagerly.

"Because you don't understand that I became a farmer's daughter for your sake," she finished, with her head on his shoulder. "I was worried to death when you were ill, and I longed to do something for you and I was so jealous of that trained nurse you had."

"Never noticed her looks," said Thorley cheerfully.

"So I told Dr. Gregory to send you down here, and I would be here to entrap you to coming to Uncle Nathan's, and hasn't it been the most delightful summer you ever spent?" she asked.

Thorley's answer was not audible.

of Jerseys showed dim colored against the green grass.

Thorley lingered in front of the gate, eying the place wistfully. Here was the very place for him to recuperate his strength, and yet there was little likelihood that they would let him in, for it evidently was the home of a prosperous farmer—one who had no need to board an invalid young man, no matter how handsome and charming he might be, and Thorley was both of these.

Still, he stood there watching the chickens scratching in the gravel and hearing the soft muffled nip of the Jerseys as they cropped the clover.

Then came a surprise. A sunbonnet came down a shaded path that wound among thick syringa bushes and bobbed to a standstill before him. They stared at each other, stricken with surprise.

"Well?" said the girl at last, for she was the prettiest farmer's daughter Thorley had ever seen, and he had held her brown eyes in his own delighted gaze.

"Well," echoed Thorley, "you see I'm looking for board at a farmhouse. I rather like the looks of this one."

"You do, do you?" she mimicked him, with dancing eyes. "Shall I run and ask Uncle Nathan if he wishes to take a boarder?"

"You wouldn't be so kind?" he cried excitedly.

"Wait," she called over her shoulder and was gone. Presently she returned and beckoned him into the house, where, in the cool recesses of a dim parlor, he concluded a most satisfactory bargain with the girl's aunt, Mrs. Beek, a kindly, white haired woman, who took much interest in an account of his illness. The Beeks sent a wagon after Thorley's trunk, and he was comfortably installed in a large front room, with a fire of hickory logs brightening the cool twilight.

He saw the sunset glory above the mountain peak. He heard the song of birds and the gentle lowing of the cows. He slept in the hammock for hours, lulled by the sweet breezes that swept through the pines. He walked longer distances every day, regaining health and strength as the summer advanced.

In the meantime the pretty niece of the Beeks—Margie they called her—flitted around the place like a slim, bright eyed bird. Sometimes she read to Thorley as he lay in the hammock, and sometimes he read to her, but the themes he chose led by devious ways to the sweet subject of love, and whenever she gained a clew to the thread

FASHION'S LATEST.

The Aeroplane Sleeve and the Individual Gown.

The aeroplane sleeves are the latest. They are as big and floppy as the sleeves of a college gown. The ordinary kimono type is quite put in the shade. This sleeve grows up from the waist line and down from the shoulder and comes together in a gauntlet at the wrist, so that when the arms of the wearer are stretched out the sleeves seem to be huge, batlike affairs, extending to the sides of the blouse in unheard of proportions. However, as they are the latest thing to fly over from Paris it is certain that they will "take."

For the first time in years a woman is going to have something to say as to what she shall and shall not wear and still be considered modishly gowned. The only two items that fashion



CHILD'S ONE PIECE DRESS.

insists upon are the big waist line and a tendency to a slight shirring in of the skirt at its joining to the blouse.

The simple frock made with a gathered skirt is always needed for the younger girls. The illustration shows a charming little frock of this description that will be found very useful as a model for school dresses.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7121, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

MOURNING MODES.

Long Vails in Vogue Once More. Mourning Styles.

Extremely long mourning vails are worn, and these depend not only from the small plain hats, but from the snug little helmet shapes covered with the lines not all concealed by the veil.

A high mourning hat is fashioned from dull, sheer silk in narrow folds. At each side is a tall pointed black wing, the two meeting a few inches above the high crown, which is eight inches high. The brim, which is inconspicuous, is made of folds of the narrow mourning silk.

Net shirred in bands is applied on both brims and crowns in many of the mourning models.

On one smart model, almost of the picture variety, dull taffeta is cut into



CHILD'S ONE PIECE DRESS.

large petals to form a conventionalized flower with a center of erape.

The evening waist that is made with one big revers and lapped surplice fashion is an exceedingly smart one this season. This model may be treated in such a way as to adapt it for formal occasions. JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7121, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Ruined by a Reeling Sea.

Castle Rising is an instance of decay brought about by a reeling sea, the town, once a place of considerable importance, giving way to King's Lynn as the waters retired. A memory of the former relative positions of the two places is kept alive by the lines:

Rising was a seaport town
When Lynn was but a marsh.
Now Lynn it is a seaport,
And Rising faces the worse.

But, though it lost its commercial value, it retained its political status, returning two members down to the reform act of 1832. At that time it had three voters on its poll list, but the only person legally entitled to vote was the rector.—London Standard.

JENNINGS SELLS SUMMER HOME

Home Overlooking Williams River Will Be Built By Him.

John Jennings, of Jennings Landing, was in this city on business today. Mr. Jennings has sold his summer home at Williams River, Connecticut, who intends taking possession in December. The price for this property, which consists of 10 acres, was \$4,200. The house is modern in all respects, and planned and built by Mr. Jennings. It is located on the O. W. P. R. Jennings will build a home at property overlooking the Williams River, near the old Jennings Landing, which is one of the most desirable locations on the water front. He has intention to have the house beautified by one of the best landscape gardeners of Portland. It is the owner of twenty acres.

FREE CONCERT GIVEN TOMORROW

Frank Busch invites everybody to attend big entertainment.

There is no doubt as to the success of a large attendance at the concert at the Busch concert hall this evening, when an orchestra of 15 pieces will play many of the musical selections. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Busch to show to the public the fine collection of furniture they have in stock. Much of this has been placed in the music hall where those who may see it. There will be a picture sold tonight, but those who have certain places reserved for tomorrow will be allowed to see the picture. The concert will be given to all. This concert is given in introduction of the big sale that will start Thursday.

MISS MOREY IS ENTERTAINING

Miss Florence Grace Hostess at Nightly Party.

Miss Florence Grace was the hostess of a party given at her home Friday evening in honor of Miss Marion and Marjory who left Monday for Forest Grove, Oregon. The guests of Miss Grace were the members of the U-Got-You party. The affair was termed a party, and the refreshments consisted of peaches and cream cake. The rooms were artistically decorated.

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

Rheumatism Can Be

Cured Nature's

Way.

Hot Lake Sanatorium

Write For Booklet

HOT LAKE, OREGON



NATURAL HOT MINERAL BATHS.