

Portuguese Laziness.
If the Spaniards may be regarded as indolent as a race the accusation might be leveled against their neighbors, the Portuguese, with greater justice. Galicia has supplied Portugal with labor for centuries, and the wily little Galegos are figuratively the bees in the Portuguese hive. Soubrey tells a story of an Englishman at Oporto who asked his servant to carry a box.
"I am a Portuguese, not a beast!" exclaimed the offended native, who walked a mile to find a Galego to carry the burden.

Tinkleman's Joy Ride

He Was Thankful When It Was Over

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Paul Tinkleman had possessed the handsome red touring car for ten days and he was still under instruction from the mechanic when he was introduced to Helena Judd. To say that he immediately fell in love with her will explain what follows.

The morning after his meeting with Miss Judd Paul went forth to take his sixth lesson in the operation of the machine. He had reached a point where he could run the car along a deserted stretch of country road with Dibbs, his instructor, standing on the step beside the steering wheel. Tinkleman's method in every undertaking was slow and sure, and he usually won out in the end. It was very likely that when Dibbs had imparted his last lesson to the young man Paul Tinkleman would know more about the running of a motorcar than the expert himself.

This morning of the sixth lesson found them running easily along just the sort of deserted suburban stretch that Paul liked. Close by was a small, red painted building plastered with colored posters.

"Is that the little shop where you bought the cigars the other day?" asked Paul of his instructor.

"Yes," replied Dibbs.

"Please run in and get some more will you? My pockets are empty."

Dibbs jumped down and entered the building. Almost immediately he returned.

"No one but a boy inside. He says his father is up at the house yonder, and as he doesn't appear to want to trust me in there alone I'll go up and root out the old man myself."

Paul, wrapped in huge fur garments, leaned back and enjoyed the crisp autumn air with its balm of sunshine.



"WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE ME BACK?"

Suddenly he heard a motor horn, and there swept past and then backed to a standstill beside him a limousine containing two ladies. One of them was Helena Judd, and the other was her hostess of the night before, Mrs. Parsons. Paul was out of his own car and beside their door in an instant.

"Oh, Mr. Tinkleman, I'm sure you're going to be perfectly dear and help me out of a mess," began Mrs. Parsons in her excited manner.

"Command me," said Paul promptly and was rewarded with a smile from Helena.

"I'm trying to get Miss Judd to the junction in time to catch the 11:10 train for town, where she has an important engagement at 3. A few miles back we punctured a tire, but Henri thought he could patch it and get us to the station in time. Now the tire is flat again, and it is 11 o'clock. Can't you take Helena to the station? Now, my dear girl, I know Paul will be delighted—so good of you to help us. No; I will remain here while Henri telephones for another motor. Thank you so much, Paul, Godby, Helena!" Mrs. Parsons closed the door after the protesting Helena had alighted and complacently watched Paul Tinkleman's perturbed face as he assisted the girl into the tonneau of his car.

He glanced up the hill where Dibbs had disappeared and then perplexedly at the machine. His eye caught the amused glance of Mrs. Parsons' chauffeur. Possibly the man guessed that he could not run a car, and he hesitated to confess his helplessness before them all, especially her.

"Hurry!" warned Mrs. Parsons. "You haven't a minute to spare!"

Paul's jaws snapped together, and he bent down and cranked the car. He could do that to perfection. It had been his first lesson. Then, still stinging under the skeptical smile of Henri, he took his place at the wheel, pulled a lever, and, with one last desperate glance up the hill, he managed, more by luck than skill, to get out into the middle of the road and dash swiftly down its length.

He kept to the middle of the road. His course was undeviating because he clutched the steering wheel with desperate hands and held it rigidly in position. The road was straight and ran, a hard, white-oyster shell ribbon, into a blurred distance. He had forgotten to inquire what "junction" Miss Judd wished to reach, and, as a matter

of fact, he was not acquainted with the locality. When ten delicious miles had curled from under the tires he turned and shouted the question at her.

"Where is the junction?"
"I don't know!" Her sweet voice fluttered in his ear. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Parsons!" The breeze stole away the rest of the sentence.

Paul groined and bent to his task, resolving to enter the first decent cross road he came to. Railroad junctions were usually situated on a well traveled road, and he could not miss it. Perhaps there would be a signboard. There were signboards, but the speed of the machine was such that they whizzed past his line of vision like solitary white birds.

The clock in front of him denoted 11:30, and he was still rushing along the road at goodness knows how many miles an hour when he felt the pressure of a light hand on his fur clad shoulder. There was a whiff of fresh violets with her voice as she spoke again, this time anxiously:

"Perhaps we had better go back, Mr. Tinkleman. I'm afraid it is too late to reach the junction. There is the train whistle now!"

He tried desperately to reduce his speed, but somehow his wits forsook him, and his pull was at the wrong lever, and their onward rush was terrific.

"Oh, don't, please!" came the voice from behind. "Don't try to catch the train! Look out!"

He had slightly turned his head when she spoke and had not noticed a road that crossed the highway. A farm wagon along this road was hurrying to avoid collision with him. Miss Judd's warning cry came too late. The motorcar grazed the tailboard of the wagon, and the vehicle swung violently aside and dislodged a pyramid of crates, and the onward flight of the red car was followed by loud denunciations from the enraged farmer and the frightened squawks from a hundred chickens.

After that his way was troubled with many narrow escapes from disaster. The road seemed suddenly alive with vehicles of every description, and their avoidance of a serious accident was due more to the skillful driving of the people they met than to any ability on Paul's part. He had the middle of the road.

He wondered desperately what he could do. He had pulled and pushed at every lever, and still they rushed on.

"Mr. Tinkleman"—this time she spoke angrily—"will you please take me back to Mrs. Parsons?"

"I'll try!" he called back, and he determined to turn around at the very next open space the road afforded.

They had left a little village where a whole galaxy of stars had beamed upon Paul's frantic passing, and the road ahead was straight and narrow and bordered on either side by the high stone wall of a private estate. There was no evidence of a space large enough to whirl the car about at top speed.

Just then the little hand pressure was on his shoulder again, and this time it was followed by a firm clutch. Then something brushed his cheek, and a daring feat had been accomplished. Miss Judd had calmly climbed over the back of the seat and was beside him, and the car was going like a red streak. Paul was angry because of her temerity and with himself for being the cause of it.

"Are you intoxicated, or don't you know how to run this car?" Miss Judd's determined voice whipped him like a lash, and he turned and said to her the words he should have said in the beginning. "I don't know how to run the blamed thing, and I don't know what to do!"

"I do," she said vigorously. "Change places with me—there and there!"

Paul found himself meekly permitting her to take the driver's seat in the rocking car, steadying her with his strong arm, which had proved so useless in this dilemma. With skillful hands darting here and there, the big car responded to her touch and slowed down and finally stopped panting in the shadow of a high arched entrance gate in the stone wall.

Paul turned a very white face toward her. "What can I say to you, Miss Judd?" he asked humbly when her gesture silenced him.

"As it happened," she said breathlessly, "you were not to blame. I was thrust upon your care before you had an opportunity to explain."

Of course Miss Judd was at the wheel going back. They took their time. They broke no speed limits, and she cleverly avoided the main road on which they had broken all speed laws and crept back to the cigar shop by devious, quiet ways.

An anxious Dibbs was at the little shop awaiting them, and Paul never forgot his look of amazement as his employer ran the big machine up to the path, for Helena had insisted on changing seats with him at the last moment.

"You may take us up to the Parsons' place, Dibbs," said Paul nonchalantly as he took a seat beside Helena in the tonneau.

Dibbs stared. "To the Parsons', sir? Which one? There's a Methodist—"

"Mrs. Parsons' place—Brenkwater!" thundered Mr. Tinkleman with burning face, and as he looked down at his companion he saw that she was convulsed with laughter and only a pink cheek was visible. Then they both laughed.

Of course the inevitable end of this is that before many months the parson came to them, and as Paul Tinkleman stonily maintains that every "joy ride" should end as his own did it would seem that a marriage license should be attached to every chauffeur's license.

Workers on Stilts.
Thousands of men in England earn their living during a considerable portion of the year by their ability to walk and work on tall stilts. Most of them are employed in the hop fields of Kent and other districts, where they have displaced the high steepleadders formerly in use. During the pole stringing season the stilt walkers, twelve feet from the ground, perform the work with ease and without loss of time or motion. A trained stiltman will do the work of four or five men working with stepladders.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

Greatest Offer Ever

The Morning Enterprise and The Weekly Oregonian

(Clackamas County's Daily)

(The Northwest's Greatest Weekly)

Until November 1, 1912

Regular Price of the Morning Enterprise by mail is \$3.00

\$3.00

Regular Price of the Weekly Oregonian is \$1.50

JUST THINK--More than an Entire Year to Clackamas County's live daily and the Northwest's greatest weekly for the price of one paper only. Bargain period ends October 31, 1911. On that day, or any day between now and then, \$3 will pay for both papers to November 1, 1912. Positively no orders taken at this rate after October 31, 1911.

Subscribe with your postmaster, or R.R. carrier, or bring direct to the Oregon City Enterprise, Oregon City, Ore., on or before October 31.

This Offer is Good to Present as Well as New Subscribers

This Offer is Good to Present as Well as New Subscribers

Send Your Subscription at Once and Tell Your Friends About Our Great Offer
The Sooner You Subscribe the More You Get, As the Paper Starts at Once

Forgot Her Orders.

Dorothy was so homesick at her first party and cried so bitterly that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

Dorothy accepted the idea, but a few minutes later upon answering a timid ring at the door the hostess' mother found Dorothy bathed in tears.

"Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?"

"No'm'm, I f-forgot to say I had such a nice time."—*Browning's Magazine.*

The Broken Heart.

A girl who had refused young Lansing said to a friend: "I have broken his heart, I fear."

"You have, you certainly have," the friend replied. "You've broken it right in half."

"In half? What do you mean?"
"I mean that he takes to girls out to the theater every night now."—*Exchange.*

PROMPTNESS.

Learn to act promptly. In the affairs of this life a prompt decision is often more important than a right decision. One man makes up his mind and acts, it may be wrongly, but if so he finds out his mistake, corrects and retrieves it before another man has acted at all. It is possible to waste a great amount of time by thinking and still more by talking over actions. First thoughts are sometimes wiser than second and generally wiser than third.

Oysters a Foot Long.

Labelist missionaries in America wrote to Europe in 1887 that they had eaten oysters a foot long. They said they were very palatable and fully as good as the English variety. An early writer states he had seen oysters thirteen inches in length in Virginia, where in 1899 many of the famished settlers found in the oyster banks a means of preserving life.

Color of the sea.

Poets sing of the deep blue sea, but it is not always blue. Millions upon millions of microscopic algae or seaweeds and subaquatic plants give the Red sea its peculiar tint, and the Yellow sea of China is said to be colored by the floods of the great rivers which wash down vast quantities of mud. Generally speaking, the ocean is nine in ratio to its saltness.

Finding More Material.

"How large is your Mammoth cave?" asked the foreign tourist.

"Nobody knows exactly," said the native. "It's so large, though, and people get lost in it so easily, that when a man is about to explore it he makes his will and wishes his weeping friends goodbye."

"Most astonishing! I never heard that before!"

"Oh, well, of course, it isn't quite so bad as that. I was only joking."

(Entry in foreign tourist's notebook: "Another curious custom among Americans is that when they tell an amusing lie they call it a joke."—*Chicago Tribune.*)

Enlarged Pores.

Campbor water, used frequently during the day, will decrease the size of enlarged pores of the nose.

Pupils To Give Recital.

Invitations have been issued for a recital to be given by the pupils of Oscar Woodfin for Friday evening at the Congregational church. Mr. Woodfin was recently in charge of an entertainment given at the Gladstone hall for the benefit of the choir of the Christian church, and which proved a most delightful affair.

Our greatest clubbing offer. The Morning Enterprise by mail and the Weekly Oregonian, both until November 1, 1912, for only \$2. Offer closes October 31, 1911.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The Sandy Land Company to Carl Storck, lots 13, 14, block 12, Sandy, \$1.00.

W. F. and Louise Stine to Clarence R. Hotchkiss, lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, block 4, Oak Grove; \$2,200.

COAL! COAL!

We have the best at low price. Lay in winter supply now.

Korreck Poultry Food.

Oregon Commission Co.
11TH AND MAIN STS., Oregon City.

Estacada State Bank to Dave Eshleman, lots 1, 2, block 32, First Addition to Estacada; \$325.
Edward Hettman and Emille Hettman to Charles Hayner et al, 82 acres of section 29, township 4 south, range 3 east; \$9,000.
C. M. and Alice Dillely to George E. and Clara Thomas, lot 1 of block 44, Oregon Addition to Oswego; \$250.
Amelia Miller and Louise Miller and Elizabeth Miller to George Miller, land in section 28, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$1.
George Miller and Emily Miller to Amelia Miller, Louise and Elizabeth Miller, 30.63 acres of section 24, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$1.
David E. Pendleton and Anna Pendleton, 40 acres of section 2, township 3 east; \$1.
Emanuel Olson to Thomas F. Olson, land in sections 19 and 20, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$1.
William Olson and Ella Olson, Thomas F. Ryan, land in section 20, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$1.
D. F. Warner and May Warner, W. E. Brooks, 36 acres of section 2, township 3 south, range 4 east; \$1.
Fred A. Ely and Christine Ely, Mary Parrish, land in Clackamas county; \$1.

NOT EXPENSIVE

Treatment at Hot Lake, including medical attention, board and baths, costs no more than you would pay to live at any first class hotel. Rooms can be had from 75 cents to \$2.50 per day. Meals in the cafeteria are served from 20 cents up and in the grill at the usual grill prices. Baths range from 50 cents to \$1.00.

We Do Cure Rheumatism



Hot Lake Mineral Baths and mud given under scientific direction have cured thousands. Write for illustrated booklet descriptive of the Hot Lake Sanatorium and the methods employed. Hot Lake Sanatorium is accessible, as it is located directly on the main line of the O.W.R. & N. railway, special excursion rates will be had at all times. Agents.

HOT LAKE SANATORIUM
HOT LAKE, OREGON.
WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.