

A SUMMER BOOM

By M. QUAD

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It was Deacon Spooner who started it. The doctor sent him off to a summer resort for two weeks to get rid of fever, and when he came home he had the biggest kind of an idea in his head. He got down to the postoffice that same evening and said to the crowd:

"What we want to do is to turn in and make High Hill a summer resort. She's got everything the heart could wish for, and if we don't see 10,000 people here next summer it will be our own fault. I'm primed with facts and statistics, and I move we call a public meeting for next Tuesday evening."

The idea met with favor, and the meeting was called, and during the interval the price of butter and eggs went up 30 per cent. Most of the families in town decided on taking boarders, and they decided that \$10 per week would be a fair charge. There was a large turnout at the meeting, and Deacon Spooner went right to business by calling for order and saying:

"The idea is to turn High Hill into a summer resort and welcome thousands to her gates. To get a boom under way our motto must be 'Pro Bono Publico.' There must be no hanging out, no examples of individual selfishness. I'm one who is willing to turn my house into a hotel for the summer; to accommodate the strangers who will come here, and I'll also make the price of board as reasonable as possible."

"Deacon, about what would be your price for board?" asked Truelove White from the audience.

"From \$10 to \$12 a week, I guess," was the reply.

"And what would you fodder the people on?"

"Mostly on meat and taters, but of course apple sauce and custards would come in pretty frequent."

"Then I move that the price of board be fixed at \$11 per week all round, with extra for washbowl and looking'glasses."

The deacon put the motion to the meeting, and it was carried, and he then said:

"There will be hundreds come here who will want to buy land and build cottages. I've got twenty village lots, and in order to start the ball rolling I'll put 'em in at a low value. I hope others will follow my example."

"What would you call a low value, deacon?" asked Moses Turner as he rose up.

"Well, I might say \$400 apiece. I presume they'd bring twice that, but we don't want to rob anybody."

Then came the question of hauling the people to and from the railroad. Nothing so discourages a person as to meet with extortion on the start. He had thought the matter over, and it was his idea that the charge should be \$2 per capita in each direction. In case any one started a livery stable in town—and three or four such institutions would be sure to rise up—the fixed rate should not be above \$5 an hour for a horse and buckboard. When he was at a summer resort he had lugged for pumpkin pie, and it was not to be had. People who came to High Hill would long. The pumpkin pie would be ready, but there must be no extortion. Every pie, no matter whether round or square, should be cut into four pieces and the price per piece should be 25 cents.

There was one thing more, and the deacon proceeded to state it. The people should turn out to welcome every new arrival and make him feel at home, but for every such turnout there should be a fixed charge of 30 cents, and the same should be collected with the board bill. The meeting adjourned amid great enthusiasm, and several of the houses were illuminated in honor of the occasion, and everybody went to bed happy. They were still rejoicing next day when a tin peddler came along. He heard what had happened, and then he shook his head and mournfully replied:

"I'm sorry, but you people will be disappointed."

"But how?" was asked.

"Why, Halifax is offering all that you are and is going to throw in two mudholes and the brickyard for nothing, and the crowd will all go that way."

"Then we've got to have a cave?" said one of the boomers. "Everybody coming to a summer resort expects to see a cave and is willing to pay 50 cents to wander around in it."

"But Halifax has got one, and the admission is only 10 cents."

"But we can advertise spelling schools every evening in the summer."

"They've thought of that over there."

"Then we'll have a camp meeting. That'll be a novelty worth a dollar a head to sinners from the city."

"Halifax is already advertising that very thing."

"Look a here," said the boomer in his desperation. "We can't be beat. We've two pairs of twins to show to this town, and the price won't be over 10 cents."

"And Halifax is going to show trip-lets for a nickel," answered the peddler as he turned away.

Only one summer resorter appeared at High Hill that season, and he slept in a fence corner and stole apples for his breakfast.

The Bad With the Good.

Visitor—Why don't you open your windows and let in some fresh air?

Flatman—Because as sure as we do we'll let in some stale air that comes next door starts playing about this time of night.—Exchange.

Two Problems.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end and how it began."

DO YOU LIKE IT?

The One Sided Gown is Quite the Fad.



DRAPED ONE SIDED TUNIC EFFECT.

This pretty frock shows what may be done with odd bits of good material. It also shows the new one-sided effect. With the aid of a few yards of taupe chiffon and a little silk cord and tassels of the same color purchased new the frock was made from an old pink satin dancing gown and some taupe colored and rose embroidery ripped from a once handsome Japanese negligee.

The Handy Pad.

The simplest and most useful of pads for busy memoranda is made from the ordinary penny tablet of small size. At the middle of one end, on the back, fasten a common brass ring by doubling a bit of tape through it and gluing the latter firmly to the pasteboard backing. By this it can be hung on a handy nail, from which should depend also a cord with a pencil, always ready for use. Choose a pencil with rather soft lead, but without a rubber, tie the cord securely to a notched piece in the middle of the pencil, and have both ends sharpened. Then if one has need to use it in haste whichever end one grasps will be the right one to use.

For the Bridge Party.

One of the new conceits for the bridge player is a convenient reticule made of ribbon. Very wide satin ribbon is formed into three bags, each longer than the one next above. The



SCORE RETICULE OF WIDE RIBBON.

bags are designed to hold score card, tally, pencil, handkerchief and—if the game is for something more substantial than prizes—a handful of gold pieces. The reticule swings from the arm on ribbon loops.

A Simple Preventive.

Professor Trilbert of the Pasteur Institute at Paris has demonstrated that burning sugar develops one of the most powerful antiseptic gases known. If sugar were burned in the house when one member of the family has the grip or merely a cold, there would be less danger of its spreading throughout the household. This may be easily done by putting a few hot coals on a shovel or pan, sprinkling them with a tablespoonful of sugar and letting it burn in the rooms where the sick person has been.

No More Worry.

"Party that lost purse containing \$20 need worry no longer. It has been found."—Brooklyn Life.

Denmark's Sovereigns.

Denmark has had a most curious array of sovereigns, the Blue Tooth, Forked Beard, Simple, Hungry, Bare-foot, Lamb, Pious and Cruel being among them. This latter, who was Christian II, belied his real name by gaining the additional title of the Nero of the North. There was probably little happiness in Denmark when he sat upon the throne.

Old Bet. Hecate's Bay of Somers, about 1810, imported the first elephant brought into the United States. Old Bet, with other animals soon after imported, formed the first traveling menagerie in the country, with which Van Amburgh, the lion tamer, was afterward associated. Thaddeus and Gerard Crane, Lewis Titus and John June, familiar to the public as enterprising showmen, were from Somers and North Salem.—Westchester County Magazine.

Argument Unholy. An argument is an effort of two people to keep each other from finding out the truth.—Life.

CONSCIENCE STRICKEN

Story of a Sea Captain Who Would Not Go Down With His Ship

By BENJAMIN HAWKES

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At the Sailors' Snug Harbor at New York, a home for aged seamen, about all the old fellows have to do to keep away the blues is to smoke their cuddy pipes and spin their past experiences into yarns. Some call upon their imaginations to help them out; some have told the wonderful happenings so often that they have come to believe them, while others, especially in stories of the ghostly order, did not from the first doubt that they were without the pale of nature's laws. Perhaps of all such yarns spun by these men this one told by old Bob Backstay, eighty-seven years old, is the hardest to swallow, and yet he believed every word of it and convinced some of his hearers of its truth.

"Mate, we've all been sailors for nigh on to a century under the tradition that a master's business is to go down with his ship. Landsmen think that



LIKE A SKELETON.

pretty hard on the old man, and mebbe it is, but we sailors, bein' brought up that way, we can't git over it. The rule has grown and grown till now, adays a cap'n won't be lookin' off no matter how many are around to take him and how little use there is of his stayin' on the vessel. A master I once sailed under tried to save himself afore the crew when the ship was wrecked, and he never was the same man arter wards.

"His set preyed on his mind night and day, he got thinner and thinner, his eye got more and more melancholic, till at last he died of 'conscience-stricken' and we b'listed him overboard. We all thought that his mind and his body would be at rest, but they wasn't, as you'll see by the yarn I'm goin' to spin about him.

"We hadn't more'n dumped him when the wind hauled out of the south into the northeast and freshened into a gale. From a gale it riz into a storm so sudden that it stopt most of the crew offen the deck, swept in every-thing breakable, broke away every mast, and left the vessel on her beam ends."

"When the storm had cleared away there was twelve of us clingin' to different parts, but the whole vessel was awash, and we hadn't nothin' to eat or drink. Jim Harkiss was holdin' on to the same ratlines with me, and he soon gave it up and let go. One after another the men give in and were washed overboard. After awhile there was a man left but me. I suppose it was because I was born stronger'n the rest, and that's the reason I'm alive today at purty near ninety."

"I disremember how long I was a-clingin' to them ratlines, but one time I looked up and saw what I thort was a sea serpent comin' for me. I opened and shut my blinkers to git the salt out of 'em. Somep'n reached above the serpent's head, and that somep'n was a sail, square cut, histed up on a low mast. So I reckoned the thing was a ship with a serpent for a figurehead.

"When she got near enough I see only one man on her. He was standin' on the poop deck, which was, sot up high. He hadn't no hat on his head, and his hair was a-flowin' about in the breeze. The craft kept comin' closer and closer till the man standin' on the poop deck was as plain to me as a light-house. His nose was thin, his cheeks was hollow, his eyes glittered like diamonds. There was somep'n so melancholic in him, especially in them eyes o' his'n, that it give me a sort of nightmare. I looked away from him, but somehow I had to look back, and there he was still starrin' at me.

"I ever was the skinniest lookin' thing I ever see. Expectin' as I was that the next wave that washed over the ship would put me where any mate had gone, this melancholic feller was like a second death.

"Then all on a sudden I thort I recognized our captain that I deserted us and the ship when we thort we

was goin' down. I knowed he was dead and we'd histed him overboard, but there he was or his ghost, I couldn't tell which, walkin' about on this queer lookin' craft, writin' his hands and shakin' his head, while every now and then he give a faint groan that sounded like a distant bell buoy, though sometimes it swelled up more like a foghorn.

"His ship come on toward me, and when he got a cable's length from me he turned, follethin' with those melancholic eyes and kep' 'em on me till I thort they'd burn into my brain. He didn't say nothin', and I was too far gone to speak to him myself. I tried to, but my tongue was so dry it warn't no use. While he was comin' he stood on the fo'castle. While he was passin' he walked aft, still keepin' them eyes o' his on me, and when he cleared us he leaned over the taffrail, lookin' back at me.

"Then, seem' myself deserted by a ship sailin' past me that might take me on, I got voice enough to cry for help. But I wished I hadn't done it. The figure on the serpent ship, our captain or his ghost or whatever it was, began to writhe and to moan, and every writhe and every moan seemed to pierce me to my heart. Then I was sure it was the captain's ghost that couldn't rest under the water and had to keep sailin' over the water, his conscience borin' holes in his brain for havin' tried to save himself before the crew.

"He drifted on past me furdur and furdur away, the wind barely fillin' the sails of his ship, but he didn't change his place from leavin' over the taffrail and giarin' at me till he got so far I couldn't see his eyes; then he began to pace the deck again. He passed on, walkin' from port to starboard, from starboard to port till he got so far I couldn't see any space between port and starboard.

"He was gettin' hull down when the wind hauled and purty soon come straight out o' the quarter into which it had been blowin'. Then I looked for the phantom ship with our captain on her, and the marrow in my bones froze up to see that it was a-comin' back. It didn't seem as if I could stand to see that conscience-stricken man go by me again. I was hangin' on for my life, but I vowed I wouldn't call on him for help, for I couldn't bear to see his writthin' and hear his moanin'."

"Was, he came along again lookin' at me from the fo'castle as he done before, shiffin' as he went by to the stern. It seemed as if he'd growed a hundred years older. Somehow it seemed to me I had too. I reckoned I'd been hangin' on to the ship all that time, while the captain had been wanderin' about on the ocean repentin' for leavin' his crew in the lurch for the purpose o' savin' his own carcass. He'd got so thin that it seemed with every gust o' wind I could hear his bones rattle. And the places where his eyes were was great big black holes, and way down in 'em there was two sparks that looked like cat's eyes in a coal hole.

"Just as he got ahead of me his figure went before the great big ball o' the sun that was a settin' in the west. The light shone through his tugs and the flesh—if there was any flesh—but the bones stood out against the blood red sun like a skeleton in the flames o' purgatory. I shut my eyes so I couldn't see it, and when I opened 'em the sun had sunk and there wasn't nothin' but the black water about me and the shinin' stars above.

"That was the w'fulest night I ever spent on the water or off of it. It seemed to me that every wave that rolled by was sayin' 'Next, meenin' that the next one would take me sure. But at last I heard a shout, and then I slid off into the water and all was black as midnight.

"I didn't know nothin' after this till I felt somep'n warm goin' down into my vitals and settin' in the blood movin'. Comin' to myself, I found myself in a boat and was h'isted up a ship's side. Laid out on the deck, I got a tablespoonful o' soup now and then, more and more of it as I was able to stand it, and gradually got on my legs again. I'd been taken up just in time to save my life."

The old sailor stopped, retit his pipe which had come out during his recital, and a wave o' criticisms on his story.

"I was wrecked once myself," said one of his audience, "and three days without a bite to eat or a drop o' water. I see no end o' ships passin', and, though I begged 'em to take me aboard, all the crew laughed at me. When I did git picked up I was like you. I didn't know nothin' about it till it was done. Then I knowed there wasn't a real ship passed me. They was all phantoms."

Several others related similar experiences, after which Joe Walker, the best educated of the lot, spoke up:

"The things you fellers saw when you was starvin' wasn't either real ships or phantoms. They was what the doctors call delirium. That man Bob Backstay saw wasn't his captain at all. Bob had been thinkin' about the captain, and when he was wear dyin' saw the man in his mind. And that's the explanation of all the rest of these yarns."

These wise words produced little effect on men who had not been educated and who at an early age had imbibed the superstitions usual to sailors and who were too old to become rational. Nearly all declared that there was no reason why the captain should not wander just like any other ghost. And there wasn't a man among them who would say there was no such thing as ghosts. Backstay said that the one he had told about was the only one he had ever seen, but he was sure he had seen that one.

"Nice and Snug." Duckworth was such a delicate courtier he could afford to jest with a queen on a very unpleasing subject even. Once he was showing Queen Victoria over Westminster abbey. When they came to the spot where kings and queens lie Queen Victoria shivered a little and said, "I should not care to be buried here—it seems so cold and damp." "Madam," replied Duckworth, "I assure you it is perfectly dry. You would be quite nice and snug."—London Saturday Review.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

Large advertisement for The Morning Enterprise featuring a large '\$2' price tag and text: 'Pays for the MORNING ENTERPRISE a whole year—By Mail—during Bargain Period, now on, which closes December 31, 1911. Take advantage of this offer by paying for a renewal of your subscription at Bargain Period rate, and tell your neighbors about this snap.' The Morning Enterprise A WHOLE YEAR BY MAIL \$2

AMATEUR MINSTRELS DELIGHT BIG CROWD

The minstrel show given at the Shively opera house Friday night under the direction of the C. B. Wilson, M. D. Phillips and Harold Swafford, with E. T. Fields as stage manager, was one of the best home talent shows ever given in this city. Long before the curtain rose every seat in the house was occupied, and standing room was at a premium. Had there been more room there would have been several hundred more persons attending, for many went to the box-office Saturday afternoon expecting to obtain seats, but were disappointed in not being able to get them.

Every number on the program received its share of applause, and the end-men kept the audience in good humor by their witty sayings. The interlocutor, C. B. Wilson, played his part to perfection. Mr. Wilson is at home on the stage, and the management is to be congratulated upon obtaining him.

The work of the orchestra, which was composed of home talent musicians, was excellent. Many of the latest musical selections were rendered between the acts, and each one received much applause. The orchestra was composed of the following: Piano, Miss Nellie Swafford; drum, Roy Baxter; flute, Clayton Stafford; cornet, Charles Schoenheit; violin, Professor Sager; clarinet, C. A. Nash; trombone, B. T. McBain; violin, Leon Dealzar; cello, A. H. Baker.

R. V. D. Johnston, who recently arrived in this city, assisted with the musical program. He came here from Sonora, Mexico, and will probably locate here. Professor Sager was leader of the orchestra.

The program follows: Overture..... Orchestra Selection..... Orchestra Opening Chorus, "Band, Band, Band"..... Company Baby Rose..... H. Confer "When the Bob White Whistles in the Meadows," Arca Long, soloist "Down by the Old Mill Stream"..... O. B. Tonkin "Lily"..... Mr. Sheriff "You"..... Frank Alldredge "Mandy Lee"..... Sextette "Let Me Have a Kiss Until Tomorrow"..... Harold Swafford Selection..... Male chorus "The Vale of Dreams"..... Victor Gauk "Mobile Bay"..... Arch Ross "My Hula Hula"..... Gilbert Long and entire company Curtain. Clog Dancing..... V. Valerio Musical trio..... Ham and Egg Brothers Whistling duet..... Swafford and Sheriff

ILLUMINATED CLUB SWINGING OREGON CITY FREE LIBRARY PROSPERS

choice of books than many of the older people. Some table-books full of illustrations of historical events are wearing the young mind away from the comic sections of the newspapers. Some of the prominent women of the town have promised to present the library with table-books (some classic or historical event beautifully illustrated to attract and interest the boys and girls). These books may be made the nucleus for a choice collection kept at the library and not for circulation.

The library is holding its own with the branch libraries in Portland and as we are able to meet the increasing demand upon the library we shall be able to grow twice as rapidly in the future.

Trouble With Her Head. "How's your wife?" "She's having constant trouble with her head."

"Can't the doctor help her?" "No; nobody but the milliner."—London Tit-Bits.

Queer Old Laws.

France in 1314 passed laws regulating the size of the cloak and robe, the breadth of the trimming and the number of suits possessed by each person; also the diet, including the hour of meals and the number of dishes.

Hotel Arrivals.

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel:

David Boyd, F. C. Herr, Mrs. A. V. Looney and daughter, W. A. Benson, Joe Warner, Mrs. B. O. Evans, Miss Hevans, Portland; Gus Nelson, W. Slack, San Francisco; J. A. Luskman, Portland; Mrs. May Harp, Kille, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Emily Barnard, Spokane, Wash.; Nat. Schermer, E. W. Zirkel, Portland; Phil Donough and wife, Bear Cliff, Wash.; Jacob Hahn, San Francisco; C. H. Gram, Portland.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Julia A. Spooner to E. J. and E. M. Spooner, 4 acres of sections 24, 25, 26, township 1 south, range 2 east; \$10.

E. J. and E. M. Spooner to T. I. and Iva M. Hickey, 2 acres of sections 20, 21, 22, 23, township 1 south, range 2 east; \$750.

John H. and Elsie E. Rankin to William O. Johnson, land section 14 township 3 south, range 2 east; \$14.

Mattie Haddock and H. W. Haddock to William M. Moore, lots 15, 16 block 27, Oregon Iron & Steel Company's First Addition to Oswego, 11.

W. F. Schooley and Sophia M. Schooley to D. C. Williams, lots 1 and 6 of block 5, West Gladstone; \$400.

John J. Edgren and Amanda Edgren to Martin Hennum, tract 12, Outlook; \$100.

C. D. and Sedonia Latourette to Martin Hennum, tract 15, Outlook; \$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 30 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 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. & N. railway, and special excursion rates are to be had at all times. Ask agents. HOT LAKE SANATORIUM HOT LAKE, OREGON. WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.