

THE SCOTCH LASSIE

By ELIZABETH CHARNLEY

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My brother is a young widower with several little children, and I, his sister, am his housekeeper. I advertised for a governess for the children and secured the services of a young girl who had recently arrived from Scotland. She had lived in affluence in her native land, but shortly before her coming to America a large bank failed, of which her father was a director. The law in Scotland is very hard on men who directly or indirectly lose money for others, and in this case all the directors of the bank, though they were entirely innocent, having left everything pertaining to the bank to the president, were all convicted of fraud and sent to prison. Our governess' father was among the number. She begged to be allowed to go to prison in his place, but of course was not permitted. He died long before the end of his term, and his daughter was left an orphan.

In time my brother began to appear conscious of Grace MacAllister's presence in the household. If he came home and found that she had gone out on an errand for herself or the children I could easily detect a look of disappointment in his face. But after his wife's death he was very dependent in finding every one of us at home when he returned from business, and it was impossible for us to get away for any length of time. Then, too, in the evening he would rely on us to play cards with him, usually calling in a neighbor to make a fourth hand. And so a year went by and all was going well when something happened.

A young man about Grace's age, with a trifle of the Scotch dialect about him, came to the house and called for her. That evening Edgar was in a very bad humor. He was obliged to give up his game of cards. Grace remained in the drawing room with the stranger till late, while I was trying to amuse Edgar in the library. At 10 Edgar went out to his club—something he had not done before since Miss MacAllister had become one of us—and at 11 returned in, if possible, a worse humor than when he departed.

I supposed Grace would say something about the visitor—the only caller she had had since she came to us—but she did not, and it would have been impertinent for me to question her about him. Edgar fenced a good deal with me to find out who the man was without appearing anxious to know, and when I told him that Miss MacAllister had not said anything about him to me my brother seemed to be very ill at ease.

For a few weeks the stranger called to see Grace frequently. When with him she usually closed the door of the room they were in, and in any event, when conversing with him it was in such low tones that not a word they said was even overheard. During this period Edgar was positively unbearable. He fretted because he must forego his cards and at one time went so far as to ask me to suggest to the governess that the stranger's absorption of her time and attention was interfering with her care of the children. I knew that he was suffering from jealousy and that if I did what he proposed he would never forgive me.

One evening when the young Scotchman did not call Miss MacAllister came to me and said: "The gentleman who has been to see me frequently of late is a sutler of mine from the time I was a weeding. When my father was in trouble my lover kept away from us. Now he comes courting me, but I don't love him, and if I did, that he once blamed my father would be a barrier between us. I sent him home yesterday, and he's now on the ocean on his way to bonny Scotland. I've known that his presence here might excite curiosity, but I didn't like to tell you who he was and what was his errand till he had gone."

I lost no time in imparting the confidence to Edgar, telling him for the first time who was Miss MacAllister's visitor and the reason of his presence in America. I shall never forget the sigh of relief he drew or the expression on his face while I gave the girl's history. "You see, my dear," I added, "Miss MacAllister is sensitive on the point of her father's misfortune or failure to watch those interests he was expected to watch."

I said this because I had feared, as I have already mentioned, that Edgar's feelings or treatment of the girl would change if he knew the facts or that his study honesty and discrimination between right and wrong might lead him to say something that would hurt Grace against him. He made no comment whatever on what I had told him, but the next day informed me that he had proposed to Miss MacAllister and had been accepted.

And then I learned for the first time that an affair had been in progress between them ever since Grace had been a member of our family, though only in feeling, for not a word of love had been spoken between them. Her misfortune, which he got for the first time from me, only served to draw him the nearer to her.

Though Edgar's sister, I am not one to believe in brotherly and sisterly housekeeping arrangements, and I was much pleased at the affair on Edgar's, the children's and Miss MacAllister's account. The children loved her dearly, and she makes them a devoted mother.

Never a Let Up.

"Poor pa's just working himself to death."
"Why, I thought he had a political job."
"He has, but it seems as if he no sooner gets reappointed than it is necessary for him to get out and work again so that somebody else won't get it next time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Oak Tree Bark.

The bark of very large oak trees weighs in some cases as much as three tons.

Woman's World

The Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupation.



MISS FRANCES CUMMINGS, MANAGER OF BUREAU

For a good many years past the college girl who has completed her course and faced about to make her own way in life has been confronted with the fact that practically no field was open to her except that of teaching.

Of late, however, the college graduate has begun to reach out toward a different state of things.

In New York city, where the number of college women seeking vocations other than teaching is very large, this need is being met by the newly organized intercollegiate bureau of occupations. The bureau, which is in reality a superior sort of employment agency, dealing only with the higher grades of specialized service, has been inaugurated and is at present supported by the New York alumnae associations of eight leading women's colleges. It aims not only to secure congenial occupations for exceptionally equipped women, but to supply employers with a more intelligent and responsible class of workers, in this way creating a demand for the specialized service which can be secured only from women who have been well educated and mentally trained.

The work of this new bureau is the outgrowth of an effort made by the members of the New York alumnae organization of Smith college to help solve this problem for Smith graduates who wished to do other things besides teaching. After some months of investigation and consultation the Smith college alumnae in New York city offered to contribute \$1,000 toward the establishment of such a bureau, provided the New York alumnae of some other women's college would donate a like sum. The alumnae of Vassar promptly responded to this proposition, for there was the same desire among Vassar students to enter upon vocations other than teaching. These two organizations then took the matter up with other college alumnae clubs in New York city, and the result was that the bureau was launched under the management of the New York alumnae organization of Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley colleges.

Throughout the entire venture Miss Mary Van Kleeck, herself a Smith college graduate, has been the moving spirit. She is the president of the bureau; Mrs. Charlotte J. Farnsworth of Wellesley, an authority on vocational and social training for women, is vice president; Miss Ethel Stebbins of Cornell is secretary, and Miss Antoinette Putnam-Cramer of Smith is treasurer. There is an advisory board composed of the presidents of the eight colleges in the bureau, as well as a local board of directors composed of twenty-two members of the New York alumnae organizations. These local directors are in close touch with the officers or committees having charge of recommendations in each of the women's colleges concerned, so that the needs of girls still in college can be made known to the bureau and new vocations for women may be communicated to students who are planning their future work.

The bureau also co-operates with the appointment bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial union in Boston, which is doing a similar work, and there is a kindred movement on foot in Philadelphia.

Miss Frances Cummings, the executive manager of the bureau, is an interesting example of its effectiveness in getting the right person into the right place. Miss Cummings, also a Smith graduate who did not want to teach, spent the first four years after leaving college in secretarial work, which gave her a wide experience in clerical, filing and executive methods. She then entered the tenement house department of New York city, where seven years of promotion brought her to a responsible executive position as a reviewer of inspectors' reports. This thorough groundwork of executive experience, coupled with the cultural training of her college course, fitted her admirably for the broad demands of her present position. Miss Cummings' sympathy with the college girl's ambitions and her complete understanding of the technical requirements of the average employer enable her to mediate very wisely between the two. While the bureau is intended principally for college women, well educated women with culture and experience or with some special training fitting them for the work they wish to do are also eligible.

Expanding Opals.

The reason why opals are so often lost from their settings is that they expand with heat more than other precious stones and consequently force open the gold which holds them in place.

MISTAKES.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes. Organize victory out of mistakes.—F. W. Robertson.

Best Thing Out.
"Do you know what is the best thing out?"
"No. What is it?"
"I haven't decided whether it's an aching tooth or a conflagration."—Exchange.

quill by day and by night. They do not bear that continued distant rustle of the waves we hear now nor the boom the waters make when they dash against a rock. Nothing is so frightful as a great black cold wave. It is merciless. Did you ever get caught out among them?"

HOLDOUT TIME IS NOW HERE.

Baseball Players Are Asking For Increase in Wages.

HUGE SALARIES ARE BUNK.

Few Diamond Stars Receive Over \$5,000 For Their Work—Demand of Vean Gregg For Big Increase Brings Out Interesting Fact.

The season for holdouts has started. The athletes who make a living by playing baseball are asking for additions in their pay envelopes next year, the owners of the clubs are refusing them, and the usual "I'm through with the game" statements are issued, north, east, west and south, wherever the disappointed athletes may reside.

The larger number of disputes over salary matters in baseball never becomes public. Those that are published



FRANK SCHULTE, CUBS' OUTFIELDER.

come from the players; the owners do not care to tell about them. Every club in the country has its arguments over the salary question, just as every business house has, and they are always settled.

Vean Gregg, the phenomenal left-handed pitcher from the coast; Grover Cleveland Alexander, whom the Philadelphia Nationals secured for \$500 and who proved one of the biggest pitching sensations of the year; big Ed Sweeney, the tall and muscular backstop of the New York Highlanders—they are among the holdouts already announced. There will be others, for the season is just starting.

National league moguls look upon Gregg's demands as a joke. This is not his first dispute with the Cleveland club over salary. He had a few before this. What he wants for pitching for Cleveland in 1912 is \$5,000.

In the National league there are but five players, outside the managers, who are getting \$5,000 or more a season. They are:

Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants, whose salary is said to be \$8,000 a year and who gets the top figure paid a National league player, will get the same amount next season.

Hans Wagner of the Pittsburgh Pirates gets probably \$1,000 less than Mathewson. He again led the National league in hitting this year and will probably sign for the same figure next season.

Mordecai Brown, the veteran member of the Cubs' pitching staff, is paid about \$6,000 a year. His work last season will allow him to demand an equal salary figure in 1912.

Sherwood Magee of the Phillies, one of the best hitters in the game, pulls down \$5,000 a season. He will demand and undoubtedly receive the same salary next year.

Tommy Leach of the Pirates got \$5,000 last year, but all he hit in 102 games was .238, and his salary will be cut by Barney Dreyfuss.

Frank Schulte, the Chicago Cubs' star right fielder, is paid about \$3,500 for his season's work.

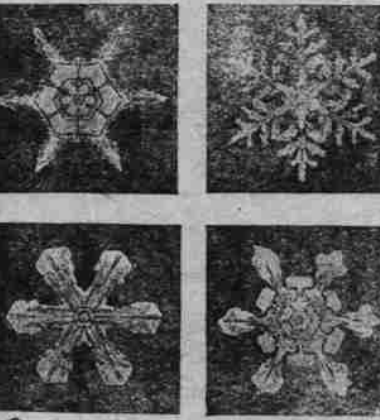
Only four clubs in the National league are paying as much as \$5,000 to any one ball player. Take the Cincinnati Reds, for instance. The highest salaried man in the team is Larry McLean, the giant backstop. Besides being one of the best catchers in that league, McLean is a great slugger. But all he gets is \$4,500.

In the American league Ty Cobb of Detroit is the highest salaried ball tosser. Ty receives around \$9,000 and is worth every penny of it. Walter Johnson, the Washington's star twirler, last season attached his signature to a three year contract calling for \$21,000. Larry Lajoie of Cleveland is paid about \$6,000. Joe Jackson, his teammate, will get about \$5,500 next year. Eddie Collins of the Philadelphia Americans receives around \$4,500 for a season, while Tris Speaker of the Bostonians gets about the same.

Attell and Kilbane to Battle.
Abe Attell will battle Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight championship of the world at Los Angeles the afternoon of Feb. 22. The fight is scheduled to go twenty rounds.

For the Children

Delicate Beauty of the Snow Crystals.



Nearly everybody is familiar with the exquisite beauty of snowflakes. Formed as they are on the general plane of a hexagon, no one ever saw two snow crystals precisely alike. Nature sends out billions and billions of her snow handiwork, but every copy is an individual and peculiar one. She delights in variety, and truly the snowflakes are not the least of her wonders. Even in a cake of solid ice one may see the delicate, beautiful snow flowers packed closely together, for the ice is simply one mass of these marvelous products of nature's art gallery.

Floating lazily in the clear blue reaches of the sky are other examples of the wonders of water dust. The glorious clouds, like fabled castles filled with dream folk, are either tiny drops of water or minute crystals of ice soaring far above the busy world below. Sometimes these ice crystals cover trees, window sills and grass with their beautiful spicules of hoar frost, and every one knows what a famous artist Jack Frost is in the matter of window ornamentation.—Popular Mechanics.

Whits Horses of Berkshire.

Between Abington and Uppington in England there is a famous valley known as the "Valley of the White Horse." It is so called because of a huge figure of a horse at full gallop which is crudely fashioned on the side of a precipitous hill of chalk by removing the surrounding turf.

The figure is almost 374 feet in length, and when the sun is shining upon it it can be seen plainly for almost twelve miles. By whom or how long ago it was cut is not known, different persons ascribing it variously to the Saxons, Danes and Druids.

Many attribute it to King Alfred and say that it is a symbol of victory erected by him after the battle of Ashdown, at which he defeated the Danes.

In course of time the trench which outlines the figure of the horse fills naturally and grows over. When this happens the people of the neighborhood have a custom of meeting for the purpose of cleaning it out, and this they make the occasion for a great festival, at which the men compete in many sports for prizes.

Fisherman—A Game.

If there is a large table at hand all sit around it to play the game of fisherman. One of the players is armed with a short stick, to which a piece of twine is attached, the twine being tied in a loop at one end. The fisherman drops his line in such a way that the loop lies on the table about the center.

When he says "Whose fish?" all the players place the tip of one finger (fourth finger of the right hand) on the table inside the circle formed by the twine. When "My fish" is called all must withdraw their fingers before the fisherman pulls in his line. This must be done quickly or fingers will be caught. Each fish caught counts one for game. Each player should have his turn as fisherman.

Pull the Square.

A jolly romping game for younger boys and girls is played in this way: Roll back the rug from the center of the floor and on the boards make a small square outlined with chalk. All then join hands in a circle around it. The music starts up, and the children begin to dance around the square. As they dance they try to draw some member of the circle into the square. Any one stepping inside the chalk boundaries is out of the game, which continues until but one player is left.

Conundrums.

Which is the largest bug in the world? The humbug.
Why is the oyster the wisest animal? He keeps his mouth shut.

What class of persons have the most bones in their bodies? Those that feed on fish.

The Scissors Grinder.

The scissors grinder goes along
With chiming bells that seem to ring
Always the same dear little song.

He is a quaint old man and kind
With merry eyes which seem to smile,
And as the shining scissors grind
He hums a little tune meanwhile.

His whirling wheels go round and round,
The chiming bells just now are still,
But yet his lips keep up the sound
Of song that seems our hearts to thrill.

We children follow, one and all,
So much we love this little tune.
We answer gaily to his call
And think our friend is gone too soon.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
This is the burden of his song.
It seems of Fairy Land to be
This musical and chiming song.
—Philadelphia Record.

1st.

Gerald—I thought I'd drop in on you.
Geraldine—I don't care for lemon drops.—Town Topics.

Not Particularly Complimentary.
Ella—My face is my fortune. Stella
—You will escape the disgrace of dyeing rich.—New York Times.

A Bookkeeper.

"My papa's a bookkeeper," said little Johnny, proudly.
"Yes, I know it," rejoined small Edna. "He borrowed a book of my papa six months ago and hasn't returned it."—Chicago News.

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MAYOR DISMISSES HEAD OF POLICE, E. L. SHAW

(Continued from page 1)

with Dimick's assistance as Mayor, by which the Mayor attempted to give to the S. P. Ry. Company a franchise which was worth about \$30,000 for practically nothing. Worse than that, Mayor Dimick's franchise would have materially injured the value of every foot of property on the hill.

"Mr. William Sheahan, who was then a member of the City Council, vigorously protested against the granting of the Dimick franchise and suggested to some of the citizens that a public meeting be called to protect against the granting of this franchise. The public meeting was called and a resolution unanimously adopted against granting Mayor Dimick's franchise. At this meeting, to protect himself, in his effort to grant the franchise, the Honorable Mayor Dimick misquoted a Supreme Court decision that had just been handed down in regard to the rights of the city in connection with the property in question. Notwithstanding the unanimous protest of the business men and taxpayers at that meeting the Mayor insisted on granting the franchise before the expiration of his term.

Then the citizens of Oregon City were compelled to sue out an injunction against the Mayor and his members of the Council to prevent them from granting the franchise and reducing the residence value of the property on the hill. The residents of Oregon City who live on the hill today have the privilege of using an overhead crossing that is clean and safe. In addition to this, the S. P. Ry. Company expended a large sum of money on the South End Road, as the result of this injunction, which the citizens were compelled to get from the courts to protect the city from Mayor Dimick and his five members of the City Council.

"The Mayor has also attacked the financial standing of Oregon City by saying to the public that the city warrants cannot be sold. This comes with poor grace from a man who is at the head of the city government. I am informed by the Treasurer of Oregon City that the city warrants have been called in for payment up

to within about ten and one-half months. At the expiration of Mayor Dimick's four years of administration the city warrants were three and a half years behind. Mayor Dimick knows that there has been a large amount of improvement warrants issued which the banks have taken care of to protect the contractors. As soon as the bonds for these improvement warrants are floated which will be shortly, all of the city warrants will again be taken by the banks as they formerly were. Mayor Dimick knows all the facts, and yet slanders the credit of his city.

"I believe every man who has the best interest of the city at heart should stand by the City Council in retaining them to make room for other men who certainly did not enforce the laws when they held office under Mayor Dimick's former administration and to which he points with pride. The offices of Oregon City should not be used in payment of political debts.

Mayor Dimick was shown the letter of Mr. Schuebel and made the following reply:

"Mr. Schuebel is again falling his duty as a citizen and taxpayer to warn the citizens of Oregon City against that vicious policy that the present Mayor is liable to pursue. He goes into past history and devotes a good deal of his time to excusing his own delinquencies for not enforcing the law when he was Deputy District Attorney for Clackamas county during the time that I was Mayor of this city, and this is the first time that the single tax advocate has thought that my policy as Mayor of Oregon City was going to be vicious or detrimental to the taxpayers.

"I presume that if I had not said anything against the single tax in my former letters his feathers would not be ruffled and he would not now be accusing me of not enforcing the law during my former administration and offering excuses why he did not enforce it himself when he was District Attorney and had all of the power of the state behind him and by one word from him, without a criminal action being filed he could have put every slot machine out of business and closed every saloon on Sunday.

"I consider Mr. Schuebel's statement as thin as his statements usually are when he attempts to spit his venom on someone whom he dislikes. He speaks of the Southern Pacific

franchise and knows that he tells an untruth about me urging the passage of the franchise before my term of office expired, as Mr. Sheahan, Mr. Koerner, and Mr. George Story acted on a committee that examined the franchise presented by the company and afterward the council went into the committee of the whole and agreed upon a franchise that was suitable to them and which was passed after my term of office expired. I wonder if Schuebel thinks for one moment that the Mayor of Oregon City can pass ordinances or does it require the votes of the majority of the City Council.

Now I wish to say that Rudolph Koerner was the chairman of the franchise committee and he recommended the passage of the franchise and I would like to ask if anyone in Oregon City would dare say that Mr. Koerner would violate his oath of office as a councilman.

"Mr. Schuebel's criticism with men who know him would not need an answer but on account of new citizens here who did not live in Oregon City at that time I feel that the same should be replied to. Mr. Schuebel is always like a soapbubble. He loves to spread an alarm in order to see his name in print, but he is not particular whether his assertions are based on facts. He is angry on account of something that doesn't just suit his fancy and he gets relief when he hears from Joe Fels.

"Mr. Schuebel writes a pathetic story of a husband who lost money through a slot machine and loves to tell what a great philanthropist he was in recovering the money, but fails to state why he did not stop the operation of the slot machine, although he was duty District Attorney and had all the powers of the state behind him.

"In order to put Mr. Schuebel right before the world I would like to ask why he did not write his letter prior to election. The people knew me and knew the record of my past administrations and re-elected last December without any effort upon my part, and I wish to inform him that during the year 1912 I will with the aid of the council give the people a clean, honest business administration so they will be perfectly satisfied at the close of the year.

"In a few days I will give a full history through the columns of this paper of the financial condition of Oregon City and Clackamas county from the beginning to the end of each administration.

BROTHERHOOD MEETS.

The Fraternal Brotherhood met at the Knapp hall Friday evening and after the installation of officers the remainder of the evening was devoted to a social. The people knew me and knew the record of my past administrations and re-elected last December without any effort upon my part, and I wish to inform him that during the year 1912 I will with the aid of the council give the people a clean, honest business administration so they will be perfectly satisfied at the close of the year.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John R. Oatfield and Elsie Oatfield to Robert E. Canfield, 73.5 acres of Orin Kellogg D. L. C., township 2 south, ranges 1 and 2 east; \$1.

Conrad and Olena Lang to Citizens Mutual Telephone Company of Needy, range 1 east; \$750.

4 acres of section 5, township 5 south, J. W. and Josephine Smith to T. J. Kraxberger, 10 acres of section 23, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$1,500.

L. S. and Lilly Wilson to John A. and Maude Arquette, lot 10, block 20, Estacada; \$10.

Joseph V. and Ettie E. Harless to W. O. and Idella T. Dickerson lots 13 and 14, block 3, Marless Addition to Molalla; \$10.

John J. Wallace to Ida M. Wallace, 40 acres of section 4, township 4 south, range 3 east; \$1.

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