

Woman's World

Mrs. Helen Britton, Owner of Big Baseball Club.



Mrs. Helen Britton.

Mrs. Helen Britton of Cleveland, O., has the distinction of being the only woman owner of a big baseball club in this country and possibly in the world.

The feminine manager of a baseball team, according to preconceived ideas, should be a heroic specimen of womanhood, one of the man talker kind, with stiff cuffs, a four-in-hand and a stride.

When asked how her club got its name Mrs. Britton replied "that red was her favorite color. I love to wear it and do most of the time just as a touch of allegiance."

Although Mrs. Britton never misses a ball game unless staying away is absolutely necessary, she is nothing of an all around "sport," but extremely domestic in her tastes, and her strong, handsome husband says "that when it comes to keeping home comfortable and happy the presiding genius of the St. Louis team is a pennant winner."

Mrs. Britton is a fine example of how it is possible for a woman to pursue beauty, business, homemaking and pleasure at once and be a success in all the roles.

Season's "Smart" Color Is Pink Red. At last the season's smartest color has been settled on. It does not happen once in a decade that the women of the so-called smart set and the women who set the fashions for the inner circle of society's exclusive few agree upon the season's color.

Mrs. Browning's Sonnets. They say Mrs. Browning showed her husband with much diffidence the sonnets she had written in celebration of her love. "Sonnets From the Portuguese," she called them, incorporating in the title a love name he had for her, for he termed her the Portuguese because of her dark skin and eyes.

Trunk Trays. Trunks have improved along with everything else in this progressive age. The trunk with one tray is a rarity, and most trunks are made with five or six trays.

Solving a Difficulty. A painstaking mother of two children was attempting to give them a serious idea of her anxiety to make them good and to make plain to their minds the gravity of the task before her.

How, indeed? Mrs. H.—Her husband simply won't listen to her. H.—How the deuce does the lucky fellow manage it?

FANS PRESENT ANGORA GOAT TO GRIFFITH AS A MASCOT.

Mrs. Clark Griffith, the handsome wife of the Washington manager, was thrown into a fit of hysterics the other day when an expressman called at the Griffith flat in the national capital and informed her that he had some sort of a wild animal to deliver and there were charges amounting to \$7.50, which he stood ready to collect.

With the aid of a helper the expressman deposited in the front parlor a crate decorated with letters that spelled out the words "Washington Club Mascot." Half a dozen names were inscribed on the rough boards, including a sign which read: "From Craig, Mont. Feed this mascot every two days. He is fond of tin cans and old shoes."

Manager Griffith was soon informed of the arrival of the goat and had a good hearty laugh over the incident. "Some of the boys out on my ranch probably sent it on for a joke. The only thing I'm sore about is the fact that I've got to pay the express charges."

"CHICK" EVANS BUSY GOLFER

Covers Most of United States and Some of Europe in One Year.

Charles W. Evans, Jr., the well known Chicago golf player, has covered much territory during this year. Last winter he went to Chicago to Atlanta and Pinehurst, then back to Chicago, then to Scotland, England and France; then back to the Essex Country club, thence to Detroit, back



Photo by American Press Association.

"CHICK" EVANS, CRACK CHICAGO GOLFER. to Apawamis, to Vermont, a little later at Troy, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. This is believed to be the busiest year of competition that any golfer in history can boast of.

SUTTON TO PLAY HOPPE.

Chicago Man to Try Again to Beat Champion at 182 Balk Line.

Billiard followers were surprised at the challenge of George Sutton of Chicago which almost immediately followed his defeat at the hands of William F. Hoppe for the 182 balk line championship. Many of them felt that Sutton after his defeat in New York recently was displaying a temerity that was not supported by his skill in that match.

Sutton and his admirers profess to believe that Hoppe displayed signs of a falling off in execution at the recent meeting. The fact that he played a string of 500 points with an average of only 22 2-22 with runs of 80, 75 and 62, they cite as evidence in support of their theory. Sutton even in poor form counted 266 points with an average of 12 2-22 and runs of 124, 38 and 33.

It has been arranged that the second match will be decided in New York. The date has not been set, but it will probably be the latter part of January or the first week in February.

Malice and Superstition. In the middle ages malice and superstition found expression in the formation of wax images of hated persons. into the bodies of which long pins were stuck. It was confidently believed that in that way deadly injury would be done to the person represented. This belief and practice continued down to the seventeenth century.

The superstition indeed still holds its place in the highlands of Scotland. "where," says a well informed writer, "within the last few years a clay model of an enemy was found in a stream, having been placed there in the belief that as the clay washed away so would the health of the hated one decline."

Kind to Father. Dorothy (affectionately)—Father, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you? Father (fondly)—Indeed I would not, my darling! Dorothy—Then I'll marry Mr. Lumley. He is willing to live here!

Called. "I asked the audience to lend me their ears," said the verbose speaker, "but in three-quarters of an hour they were dozing." "I see," replied the financier. "They called the loan."—Washington Star.

Prophetic Strokes

A Clock Whose Hands Had Not Moved For Years Suddenly Strikes at Night

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the Harz mountains stands the castle of Wertheim, though it is now a ruin. In the castle tower was a clock, which was said to be one of the first ever made. During the period when the castle was last inhabited this clock had long ceased to strike the hour.

Since that day the staircase in the tower ascending its four sides in frequent right angles some seventy feet had completely rotted away, leaving the clock on the strong floor that had been built for it.

Baron Ludwig Wertheim was the owner of the castle at the period of this story. He had but one son, below



"THAT'S NOT NEWS TO ME!"

whom there was no male heir to the title. Caspar was forty years old and his wife thirty-eight, and they had no children. This was a source of distress to the old baron, realizing, as he did, that with his son the title would become extinct. Since it was one of the oldest and most respected in the land those living in the vicinity felt the same regret.

One night when a bleak November wind was blowing those asleep in the castle and those at the base of the hill were awakened by a strange sound, a sound that thrilled them and filled them with wonder. They heard the stroke of a tower clock. To those on the hill it sounded close by. To those at the bottom it seemed to come from a distance. The only clock capable of creating such strong vibrations within a hundred miles was the one in the tower of Wertheim castle.

And what a sound it was! Some said that it seemed to them like the distant boom of a gun on a sinking ship, some that it was a knell, some like the angelus that summons mortals to prayer. All agreed that it was a dirge, and to all there were that hoarse wheezing and creaking that might be expected from long disused and rusty mechanism.

One, two, three! Then there was a silence, while the listeners counted the beating of their hearts, at the end of which the strokes were resumed.

But what a difference between the first and last series of beats! Instead of being funeral the second were joyous. Could those silvery tones come from the old clock in the tower? And yet what clock was there near by that could be heard so distinct, so vivid? None. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! The strokes were counted by every person in the castle, beneath the castle and within hearing distance of the castle. They were heard by persons living ten miles away. These joyous strokes sounded differently to different persons. To some they were like the sound of wedding bells, to some the chimes of Easter, to others those which ring out at a christening.

Of all who heard them the old baron was the only one to interpret them. He counted the first strokes and when he heard the third knew that his brother, as he sometimes called the clock, had sent him a message. Then when the ten strokes that followed ended he sank into a restful slumber such as he had not known for years.

The next morning the castle yard was filled with people looking up at the tower and the clock above. There

was a babel of voices, some averring that a trick had been played upon them by some mischievous person who had climbed up to the clock and struck the bell, that it was superstition or imagination alone that led those who heard the sounds to attribute to them different intonations. One of these skeptics entered the tower at the bottom and looked up to determine if he could see any evidence left above as to how it could have been scaled. There was nothing but the four interior sides, showing marks here and there of where the staircase had been built against them. But even this man beat a hasty retreat, for while he stood gaping upward a piece of stone or mortar fell from above, landing within a few feet of him. He was too frightened to notice what it was, and no one else dared enter the tower.

Only the baron failed to discuss the cause of the old clock suddenly resuming the strokes that it had given for 200 years and had ceased to give for nearly sixty. But it was noticed that from that memorable night he, who had appeared youthful and vigorous for his years, began to show signs of decay. A cold storm in December brought on a chill, from which he emerged much weakened. In February he received a shock from which it was evident he would not recover.

One day his son entered the room where he lay with news that he hoped might rouse his father to rally. He announced that a child would be born to the house of Wertheim.

"That is not news to me," said the old man, and, turning over, fell into a sleep. Hours after this his daughter-in-law approached the old man's bed to receive his congratulations. He was still sleeping and so still that she became alarmed and called her husband. The baron was dead.

A great concourse of people attended the funeral of the man they loved so well. It was held in the chapel of the castle, and after the ceremony the body was lowered into a vault under the chapel floor. Then the throng, having left many a garland on the replaced marble slab, withdrew.

That night—it was rather in the small hours of the morning—those sleeping in the castle were awakened by a crash so loud that it was heard, like the mysterious sounds of the bell, for miles around. No one got out of bed to learn the cause of the noise; all lay shivering with an unaccountable dread. But with the first light of day many jumped out of bed and, putting on their clothes, went out into the court yard with a view to learning what had disturbed their slumbers. They huddled together exchanging remarks and looking about them to see if there was any evidence that any part of the old walls had fallen. But the walls were the same as the night before. Then one man went to the clock tower and looked inside. He saw a heap of old rusty iron and rotten wood. It was the clock.

The event, happening the night of the baron's funeral, strengthened the position of those who had averred that there was something more than human in the mysterious strokes which had been heard at the close of the previous year. Might not they have foretold the baron's death?

"How could that be," protested the doubters, "since there were but three strokes and the baron did not die for four months?" "Granted," was the reply. "But he died in the third month of the year. And, as to the clock, surely it gave notice of its own as well as the baron's death."

One thing puzzled all—the fact that the old man when his son announced to him that a grandchild would be born to him not only replied that it was not news to him, but manifested no interest that it might be a boy. Most of them believed that, whatever the message the clock had given, the baron alone was accorded a power to understand it.

In time it was announced that the child would be born in October. Then some one remembered that October was the tenth month in the year and that the number of the second series of strokes that had been given by the old clock had been ten.

At this discovery nearly every one who had doubted the supernatural behavior of the clock gave in, and those who did not admitted that if Baron Ludwig's grandchild should be a boy they, too, would be converted. On the 10th day of October a baby boy came into the world, and not a soul within the castle inclosure or among the retainers living roundabout but believed that the baron's "brother" had foretold the day of his death, of its own destruction, and that he would be blessed by the birth of a male child to perpetuate the family name of which he was so proud.

The astonishment at this prophetic announcement was nothing to that of one who was in the secret of the mysterious strokes. A young man with a mania for climbing, by throwing a looped rope over a projection of the tower, had succeeded in getting up to the clock and had made three sounds with a piece of iron, which he followed by ten more with a piece of wood.

So astounded was he with the coincidences which subsequently occurred that he almost believed he had been sent to the tower by some guardian spirit of the baron to make the announcement to him of events that afterward occurred. When the first flush of wonder had died out the climber confessed that he had done the striking. Only a few believed him, and they accused him of witchcraft.

He left the place to save himself from being burned alive and never returned. The child born at the time became the father of many children, most of them boys, and the title is still in existence.

More Than Petit. Madge—He stole a kiss from me. Mabel—Well, that is very petit larceny. Madge—it wasn't; it was grand.

Large Wardrobe Necessary. "My wife dresses according to the weather." "My wife hasn't that many gowns."—Boston Transcript.

Mogok Valley Rubies. Ruby mines of the Mogok valley are known to have been worked since the year 1600. Just how old these mines are nobody knows, for they have produced practically all the rubies of ancient and modern times.

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PUPILS TAUGHT TO AID PARENTS

Pupils were given five minutes for milking a cow, five minutes for lighting a fire, five minutes for sleeping in fresh air, five minutes for taking a bath, and so on through the long list of common duties incident to home-life and country. The rule of the school is if any pupil who has earned six hundred minutes may have a holiday, at the discretion of the teacher. If the pupil asks for a holiday to use for some worthy cause the teacher grants it providing it will not interfere too much with his school work. It is further provided that no pupil may have more than one holiday in twenty days. Space will not permit my giving a more detailed account of the plan. I trust that enough has been given to show the principle involved. The teacher was subjected to volleys after volleys of questions from the superintendents, but was able to answer all of them with alacrity. The chairman called upon the parents to give their testimony as to the success of the movement. I cannot write here all that was said, but will give two or three samples of all. One good motherly looking country woman said "before this plan was started I got up in the morning and prepared breakfast for the family and after breakfast gave time to the preparation of the children for school. Now, when morning comes the girls insist upon my lying in bed so that they may get breakfast. After breakfast they wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, and do many other things as well as make their own preparation for school. I think the plan is a success. My only fear is that it will make me lazy." One father said, "I have two boys—one in the High School and Jack, here. It was as hard work to get the older boy out in the morning as it was to do the chores, and as Jack was too young to be compelled to do the work, I let them both sleep while I did it. Now, when the alarm sounds, I hear Jack tumbling out of bed and when I get up I find the fires burning and the stock at the barn cared for, so all I have to do is to look happy, eat my breakfast, and go about my business. Yes, it is a great success in our home." At this point Superintendent Alderman said, "Jack, stand, we want to see you," and Jack, a bright, manly appearing country boy of fourteen years stood blushing, while we looked our appreciation. One man told of the many things his daughter had done, whereupon it was suggested that she might do so much that her health would be in danger. A pleasant smile filtered across the face of the father as he said, "daughter, stand and let these men see if they think you are injuring your health," a bright, buxom, rosy-cheeked girl—the very picture of health and happiness arose while we laughed and cheered. To the question "does this work interfere with the work of the school?" The teacher pointed to the record of the school in a spelling contest that is being conducted in this country and read "100 per cent for this month, 98.12 per cent for that" and said, "no I find that the children have taken more interest in their school work and are making more progress than before." When alone, after time for reflection, I thought, "one swallow does not make a summer" and one school does not prove that this is a good plan. In Spring Valley the conditions are ideal—a board of directors who do their duty, a citizenship that is far above the average, girls and boys from well-ordered homes of a prosperous people, a teacher who would succeed anywhere with half a chance, a wide awake, sympathetic county school superintendent, and yet I thought if this is good for Spring Valley school might it not be a good thing for all our schools. I have not reached a conclusion, but have had much food for thought, and am more than pleased with my experience and observation. What do you think about it, gentle reader? Is it a passing fancy? A fad, if you please? Or is it a means for training boys and girls to habits of industry and to a wholesome respect for honest toil? Will it bring the home and the school into closer relation? And will it cause the country boys and girls to love their homes, to love the country with its singing birds its babbling brooks, its broad fields and slender hills? I don't know, teach me?

GROWERS HOLD SPUDS FOR HIGHER PRICES

While weather conditions have been such that a fractional advance has recently been forced in the jobbing price of potatoes the market in general is showing practically no improvement. While plenty of business is available for the Oregon potato, still the prices asked are out of line with what buyers are willing to offer. The result is that Oregon potatoes are scarcely showing any movement while competitive markets have been selling potatoes right along. With its greatest crop available for market, Idaho is now supplying the potato demand that was recently coming to Willamette Valley producers. This change of buying base is due to the willingness of Gem state growers to sell the product at whatever price buyers can be induced to offer. Oregon growers continue to hold and even though a better price was available, it is not likely that any material increase in the marketing would be shown here. As a rule those who retain best quality potatoes in this section are holding out for 2c a pound flat. According to dealers, there is always the possibility that an extreme value will be received, but the probabilities seem to be that the market will ease off after general marketing starts. Only severe damage to the potatoes being held in store is considered as a factor toward a higher range than at present. Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows: DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 6 1-4 pounds for 45-50's. Fruits, Vegetables. HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 5c to 6c; salters, 5 to 6c; dry hides, 12c to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each. HAY—(Buying)—Timothy, \$12 to \$15; clover, \$8 to \$9; oat hay, best, \$9 to \$10; mixed, \$9 to \$12; alfalfa, \$15 to \$16.50. OATS—(Buying)—Gray, \$27 to \$28; wheat, \$28 to \$29; oil meal, \$52; Shady Brook dairy feed, \$1.25 per 100 pounds. FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$26; rolled barley, \$39; process barley, \$40; whole corn, \$39; cracked corn, \$40; bran \$25. FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.25. Butter, Poultry, Eggs. POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens, 10c to 11c; spring, 10 to 11c, and roosters, 8c. Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 25c to 30c; fancy dairy, 40c. EGGS—Oregon ranch eggs, 35c to 37 1-2c. SACK VEGETABLES—Carrots, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; turnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; beets, \$1.50. POTATOES—Best buying 85c to \$1 per hundred. ONIONS—Oregon, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred; Australian, \$2 per hundred. Livestock, Meats. BEEF—(Live weight)—Steers, 5c and 5 1-2; cows, 4 1-2c; bulls, 3 1-2c. VEAL—Calves bring from 8c to 15c, according to grade. MUTTON—Sheep, 3c and 3 1-2c; lambs, 4c and 5c. HOGS—125 to 140 pound hogs, 10c and 11c; 140 to 200 pounds, 10c and 10 1-2c. Subscribe for the Daily Enterprise

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 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, and special excursion rates are to be had at all times. Ask agents.

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