

THE WIDOW THAT WON

By M. QUAD

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As the wife of the village carpenter Mrs. George Fane had few troubles and many happy days. They were not rich, but they had enough to eat and fairly good clothes to wear, and the taxes on their home were not too high.

Mr. Fane died one day. That could be counted as a trouble, but not too burdensome to be borne. Time lightens all griefs, and time lightened this one for the Widow Fane. When the year of mourning was up she found Solomon Williams, the village blacksmith, waiting to say to her:

"Widow Fane, I knew George for many years. He was a good man and a good husband. I know you have mourned him, but a woman can't go on mourning forever. I want a wife."

"Well, Sol, I'll think it over and let you know," was the reply.

He called a week later, and she said she would marry him. No courting and no great display of sentiment. The wedding was put for a month ahead, but only two weeks had elapsed when the blacksmith got tangled up in a thrashing machine he was repairing, and his leg was so badly mangled that it had to come off. The widow gave him a month to recover from the shock and then visited him to say:

"Solomon, I'm a plain spoken woman."

"Drive ahead, Mary," he replied.

"I couldn't marry a man with a wooden leg, and you'll have to have one when you get up."

Two months later Farmer Griggs, widower, called. He had five children, and he wanted a wife. He spoke about the weather and the crops and then said:

"Widder, I wish you would consider me. I've often said to myself that you was a mighty nice woman."

"Give me three days to think it over."

At the end of three days Farmer Griggs called again, to be told that he was accepted.

Four days later a horse kicked Mr. Griggs smack in the face and smashed his nose so flat that the doctors had to make a long hunt to find it. When they found it they told him that he would be a noseless man from thence on. There wasn't enough of it to call a nose any more.

Of course the news was carried to the widow. She made three or four calls of condolence and waited six weeks and then came to the business in hand by saying:

"Mr. Griggs, I'm terribly sorry for you, but I never could marry a man without a nose."

"Surely you couldn't."

Next came Mr. Hardy, bachelor, owner of the sawmill in the next town, who drove over to call. He said he felt embarrassed, but managed to blurt out that if she would marry him he would be the happiest man in the state.

"Well, I kinder want to make folks happy," was the reply. "and if you are over this way next week drop in."

Mr. Hardy was surely "over that way," and called for his answer, and exclaimed aloud over his happiness. The wedding was set four weeks ahead this time. When it was known to the village there were people who predicted another calamity, but the widow smiled at the idea. Ill luck never followed anybody that far. Just a quiet wedding and a trip to Boston.

But it was not to be so. In bossing around his sawmill, Mr. Hardy got in the way of the saw and lost both legs at a clip. His life was saved, but he would be almost a helpless cripple the rest of his days. The widow Fane sent him several messages expressive of pity, but said she couldn't marry him.

Three engagements, three accidents, three failures to marry!

"Dear me, but that's enough," said the widow to herself, but fate had decreed otherwise. It wasn't a month later when a man named Slater came to the village thinking to open a store. He had sold a farm and wanted to make a change. About the time that the Widow Fane was told that he was a childless widower he called at her house. He had heard the full story, and he was in business besides.

"Widow Fane," he said, "take a week to hunt up my past and then say whether you will marry me or not."

"I had thought"—she began when he interrupted her with:

"I shall call next Saturday."

From all that could be ascertained, Mr. Slater was a very fine man, and when the next Saturday arrived and he called for his answer the Widow Fane said:

"I will accept your offer. I want Parson Hopes to marry us."

"He shall when the time comes."

"But the time is this very minute. Can't you see I've got my Sunday clothes on?"

"Very well."

"He lives half a mile from here. I'll send a boy after him. You sit right there and don't stir. Don't hardly breathe. I'll hold for Mrs. Wise from the window to come in and be a witness. This is the fourth time, and if anything happens it'll be the last time."

It was the last time, not because anything happened, but on the contrary. The parson came, the couple stood up and were married, and report says they have lived very happy ever since.

The Turnpike Era.

Between the years 1780 and 1840 innumerable plans were made for the creation of turnpikes in the United States. There had been one great success, the Lancaster turnpike in Pennsylvania, and then came countless other projects. In 1811 New York had 137 chartered roads, with a total length of 4,500 miles, and the sum required to build them amounted to \$7,500,000. An era of canal digging and then of railroad building followed this period, but the canal promoters and railroad men had great difficulty in advancing their schemes. They were considered in some when they insisted that the mountains and plains could be conquered by these means of transportation.

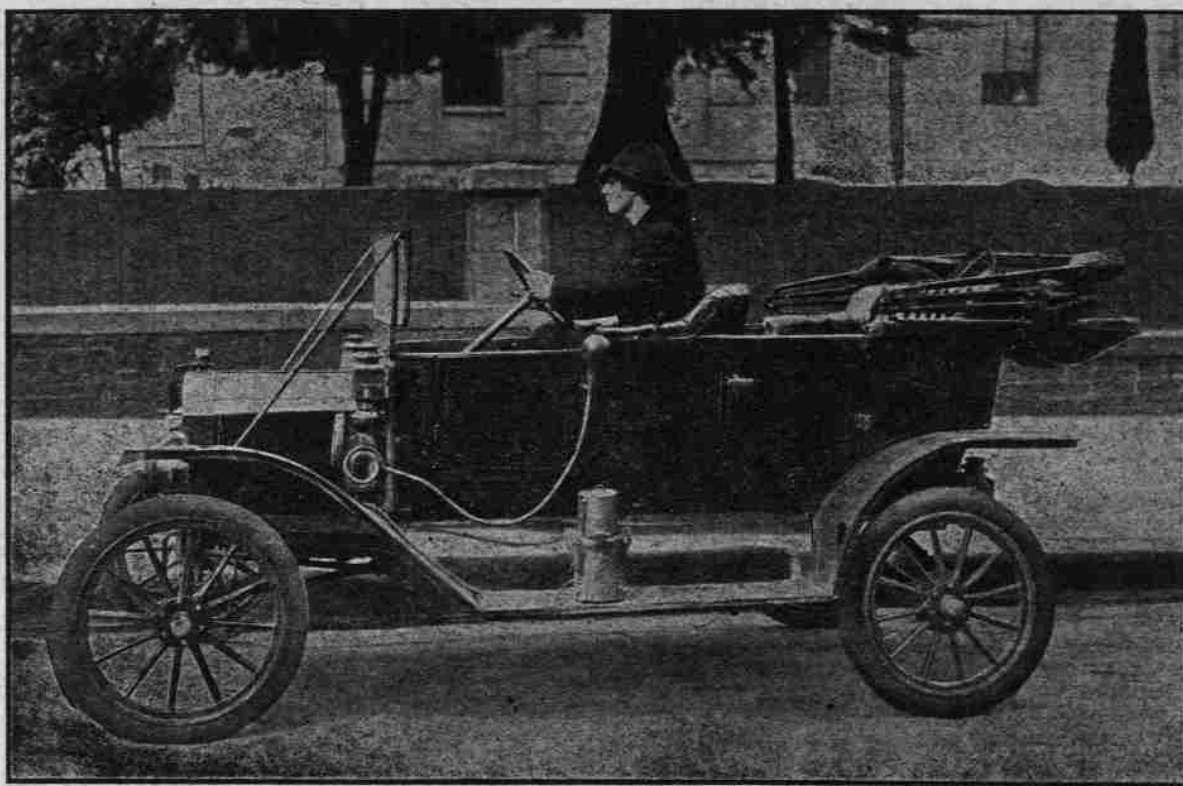
ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE CONTEST

STARTS FEBRUARY 19th, 1912

ENDS SATURDAY JUNE 1st, 1912

CONTEST OPEN TO ANYONE IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY EXCEPT EMPLOYEES OF THE ENTERPRISE OR THEIR FAMILIES. HERE IS A CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE THAT IS WORTH EVERY BIT OF EFFORT YOU CAN PUT INTO IT. BY A LITTLE WORK YOU CAN BE THE OWNER OF AS FINE A CAR AS ANY ONE. JUST THINK \$785 FOR A FEW WEEK'S WORK.

IF YOU ARE A QUITTER DON'T ENTER, BECAUSE THIS CAR WILL BE WON BY THE ONE THAT HUSTLES MOST.



\$785 FORE DOOR FORD

| DAILY | VOTES |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| 6 months, by carrier.....\$ 2.00 | 400 |
| 6 months, by mail.....1.50 | 400 |
| 1 year, by carrier.....4.00 | 1000 |
| 1 year, by mail.....3.00 | 1000 |
| 2 years, by carrier.....8.00 | 2500 |
| 2 years, by mail.....6.00 | 2500 |
| 3 years, by carrier.....12.00 | 5000 |
| 3 years, by mail.....9.00 | 5000 |
| WEEKLY | VOTES |
| 1 year by mail.....\$ 1.50 | 200 |
| 2 years, by mail.....3.00 | 400 |
| 3 years, by mail.....4.50 | 600 |

OWING TO THE PERSISTENT DEMAND THAT HAS BEEN MADE TO KNOW WHAT THE RULES OF THE CONTEST WILL BE WE PRINT BELOW A SCHEDULE OF VOTES. THOSE DESIRING FURTHER INFORMATION CALL OR WRITE THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF THE MORNING ENTERPRISE.

Car on Exhibition at Elliott's Garage

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

PENSIONING MOTHERS.

Speaking of laws—One of the most humane statutes of any state is the mothers' pension law of Illinois.

It is this way: In most states when a mother is left a widow with children she is unable to support the state steps in and makes the children motherless as well as fatherless.

That is to say, the state takes the children from the mother and puts them in an orphan asylum or some charitable institution.

Which when you come to think of it is monstrous.

The state takes the child from its mother, who of all persons is most able and willing to care for it properly—to "mother" it—and puts it into a big brooding pen with a lot of other children.

And it calls that benevolence!

Of course the purpose is a benevolent one, but it is mistaken kindness. When you rob a child of its mother you rob it of its best friend, and when you rob a mother of her child you rob her of all that makes life worth while.

Now—

Under the law of Illinois instead of separating mother and child the pension act allows every deserving mother from \$5 to \$10 per month for each child. The pension continues until the child is self supporting.

And this pension is of right and not of charity.

How much better than to take children from their natural mothers and put them in a crowded pen under charge of a man.

Or—

How much better than to put widow and children under the care of a supervisor of the poor, after the manner of most states, and dole out to the family—as paupers—so much of beans and bacon and coal.

The cost is the same. Illinois gives the mothers the money. They know better than any superintendent of the poor how to use it, to say nothing of the suspicion of graft that often attaches to the purchase of supplies for the poor.

Let the mother keep her kiddies. She will do better by them than any stranger. They are her children. To bring them into being she has gone into the jaws of death.

In a hundred years from now it will be told of this generation as an unspeakable cruelty that society actually took children away from their own mothers.

Just Like a Whale.

Why is a water lily like a whale? Because it comes to the surface to blow.—London Telegraph.

Silk of Japan and China.

Of the 12,500 tons of silk annually produced by Japan and China two-thirds is retained for home use.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Hats to Be Worn From Now Until April.

Here are some of the new features in hats we will wear from now until April. You needn't take up with all of them, but you may wish to adopt some of them.

Turbans of flowers are mixed with braid, with nacre silk and velvet. The piece goods are usually employed in the way of giving height.

In some new medium size hats the brims are of straw and the crowns are tams of nacre taffeta. Some of the tams are fuller and turned up at one side. Nacre taffeta is also used for facing. Hand sewed braid hats are a feature well liked for pliability.

The blouse made with a peplum is very new and smart. Here is a model



THE PEPLUM BLOUSE.

that can be finished in that way or with a belt and worn at a high or natural waist line. 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, 723, 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. When ordering use coupon.

No..... Size.....
Name.....
Address.....

The little daughter of a well known Baltimore clergyman recently startled the family while at breakfast by suddenly exclaiming:

"I'm full of glory!"

"What on earth do you mean, child?" the father hastened to ask.

"Why," exclaimed the youngster, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I've swallowed it!"—Exchange.

Suspicious.
Estelle—I shuddered when he proposed. Bertha—Was he so awkward?
Estelle—Oh, no! He did it so well.

DEMAND FOR HOPS SHOWS DECREASE

The hop market appears to be on the decline. Since the first of the current month, outside of transactions between dealers there has been very little business in the Oregon market, and that little for the most part has been at prices under the top quotations of the past two months. The demand in the East has fallen off in an uncertain way, indicating that many of the brewers at least have hops enough to run them to the end of the season.

In some quarters now 40 cents is believed to fairly represent the market on Oregon goods, and sales between dealers at a fraction under that figure have been reported this week. A fact that in this connection is taken to mean much is that the dealers are now more or less generally on the selling side, indicating, in their minds at least, that the height of the season has been passed and that the market from this time on will gradually gravitate to the 1912 basis.

It is not believed, however, that there is any danger of the market going in any disastrous way in the near future. The comparative strength of the contract as assurance that hop values during the coming twelve months will hold at a relatively high figure. For the coming crop in this state it is said that contracts at 25 to 26 1/2 cents are readily obtainable, and for three-year contracts 15 to 19 cents have been rather freely offered for some weeks. To date the growers in this state have shown little disposition to sell ahead.

In California a good deal of contract business is said to have already been put through as high as 27 1/2 cents having been paid in some instances for the coming crop.

The few growers in Oregon who have 1911's yet on hand are still holding more or less firmly for better figures than are now being offered, but for several days practically no trade in the country has been reported.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 6 1/4 pounds for 45-50¢. Fruits, Vegetables.
HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 7c to 9c; salted, 5c to 6c; dry hides, 12c to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each.

HAY, Grain, Feed.
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, \$28.50 to \$29.50; wheat, \$28 to \$29; oil meal, \$33; Shady Brook dairy feed, \$1.25 per 100 pounds.

FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$26; rolled barley, \$39; process barley, \$49; whole corn, \$38; cracked corn, \$38; bran \$25.

FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.25.

Butter, Poultry, Eggs.

POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens, 19c to 11c; spring, 10 to 11c, and roosters, 8c.

Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 25c to 30c; fancy dairy,

40c. EGGS—Oregon ranch eggs, 25c to 27c.

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 \$1.10 per hundred. humped; Australian, \$2 per hundred. ONIONS—Oregon, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per livestock, Meats.

BEEF—(Live weight)—Steers, 5c and 5 1/2-; cows, 4 1/2-; bulls, 3 1/2-

VEAL—Calves bring from 8c to 13c, according to grade. MUTTON—Sheep, 3c and 3 1/2-; lambs, 4c and 5c.

PRIDE

IN OUR

FACILITIES
GROWTH
BUSINESS

WE HAVE

ALL THAT

Our modern printing and binding establishment would interest you. We would be glad to have you inspect it.

Oregon City ENTERPRISE

Maker of

BLANK BOOKS
LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS