

The Half Fool

By M. QUAD

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One day when Abner Gray appeared in the village of Medina for the first time the first citizen he met sized him up for a half fool. He appeared to be a young man of about twenty-four and was stout and lusty. About all that he had to say was that he was looking for work, and he found it at the livery stable. He was given work at \$10 a month, which the stableman had been paying double that to have done, but he had said to Abner:

"You see, you may run across a buried treasure, and if you do it's all yours."

He worked for the liveryman for two months, and then, having found no treasure, he decided to quit his job. There was a rush to secure his services. He was a good worker, and he could be had at half price. He put in a month at the village tavern, and as the treasure still eluded him he engaged himself to Deacon Spinney.

The deacon had a talk with Abner. He was not going to deceive the man in the least.

"Abner," he said, in his slow and honest way, "I have got ten acres in corn."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to hire you to attend to them."

"Do you think the British buried any gold in that field?" was asked.

"Um! I can't say. Folks are saying that they buried gold somewhere around here. It might have been in my cornfield, and it might not. If you want 40 cents a day and board till that corn is shelled you can go ahead."

"But I must be looking for buried treasure while I work."

"And I'll allow you to do that."

"And if I find a box of gold?"

"It will be all yours—that is, half of it shall be yours."

"But I want it all. Mr. Jones, the carpenter, wants me to go to work for him. He says a carpenter often finds buried treasure, and he always keeps it all."

"Well, I can afford to be as liberal as Mr. Jones. Go to work, Abner, and make the dirt fly."

The village was still keeping track of the half fool. There was a general grin when it was known that he had gone to work for Deacon Spinney, and he was accosted on all sides with:

"Hoe away, Abner. You'll find that box of gold before snow flies."

"How deep do you suppose they buried the box?" Abner would ask in a whisper.

"About two feet. You see, General Washington was hot on their trail and shooting them in the back, and they wouldn't have time to dig more than two feet."

"And how much gold would there be in the box?"

"At least \$20,000 and maybe double that. The British were mighty mean about some things, but when they buried their gold they heaped up the measure."

"All right. I'll be looking for that box every day."

Abner had been working in that cornfield for ten days and doing two men's work in one when Deacon Spinney found his conscience troubling him. He therefore walked down to the field to say:

"Abner, I think I ought to tell you that I don't believe the British ever buried any gold hereabout. I can't find in history that there were ever any British soldiers as far west as this."

"So you are going back on your word?" asked the hired man.

"Well, n-u-no, but I want you to understand that I don't believe there is any treasure here. It's 40 cents a day."

"But I'm to have all the treasure I find?"

"Exactly."

"Then it's all right?"

"But I'd like to have you tell people that I don't believe there is any treasure here."

"I will."

Abner kept his promise. When asked about his wages he would reply:

"It's 40 cents a day and board and lodgings and all the treasure I find."

There are people yet in Medina who will tell you that on the afternoon of the seventeenth day of corn hoeing Abner Taylor was seen jumping up and down and running about and swinging his arms. Those who saw him from a distance did not go near him, thinking he had been attacked by bumblebees. No inhabitant of the village saw him drop from his window that night and head for the cornfield on the run nor return four hours later. It was the same next night, and on the morning after Abner said to the deacon:

"I have found the treasure and am going away."

"What, what?" exclaimed the deacon. "You say you have found something?"

"Yes, a box of gold."

"In my cornfield?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Half a bushel or so. I couldn't lift the box."

"And where is it? Abner, I think we must divide up that money between us."

But Abner took to his heels, and Medina saw him no more. They found the empty box, and they almost wept as they figured on the amount it had held, but the half fool had fooled the wisest and was far away.

**An Exception.**

"Some philosopher says there is always a right way and a wrong of doing a thing."

"I wonder if he ever tried to fall downstairs the right way."—Judge's Library.

**Stuff.**

"You can reach a man's heart with food, a woman's with flattery," remarked the wise guy.

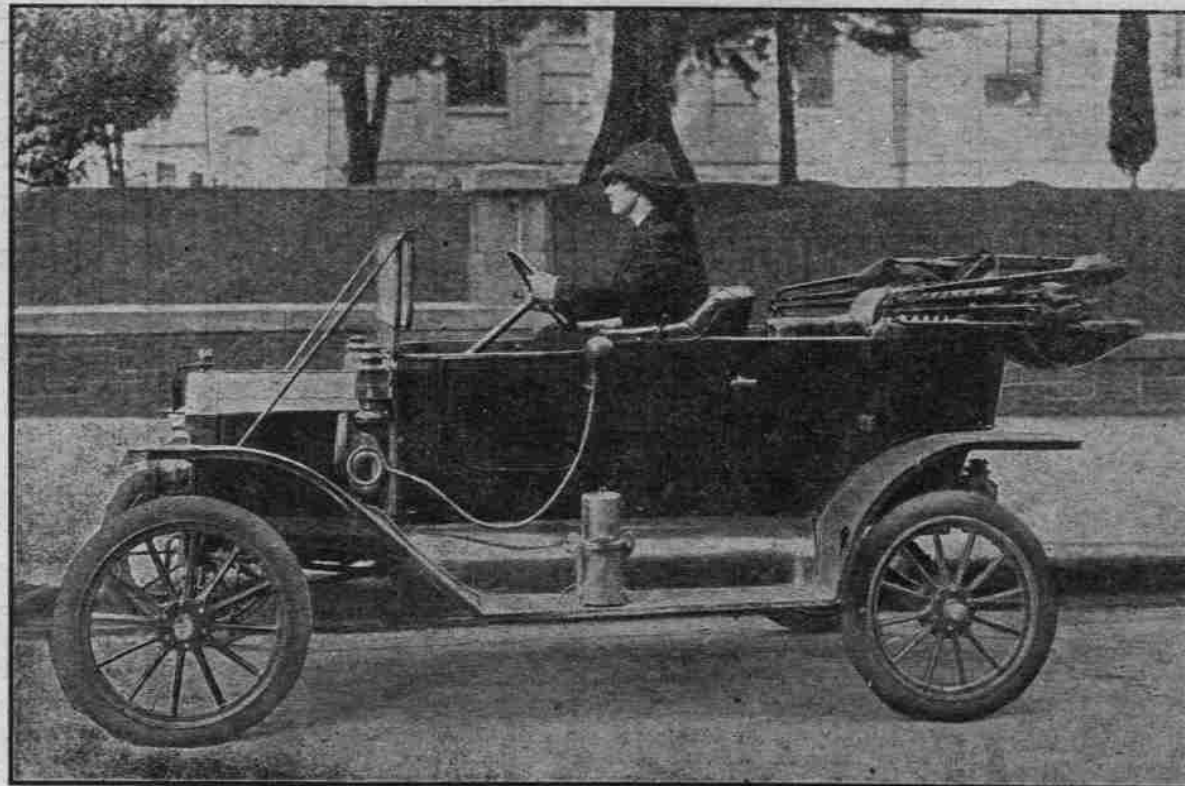
"In other words, stuff them and they are yours," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

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### PYTHIAN SISTERS GIVE ENTERTAINMENT

The Pythian Sisters tendered Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Simmons a surprise at their home Tuesday evening, the occasion being the celebration of the eleventh wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, who were presented a handsome cut glass fruit dish and salt and pepper shakers. The evening was spent in games and refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons have taken an active interest in the Pythian Sisters of this city, and the members decided on this plan to show their appreciation of the work they have done. The affair, which was a complete surprise, proved a most delightful one.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Dimick, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Beaulieu, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beaulieu, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Baxter,

and Mrs. J. Perciful, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. Bruner, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. White, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. O. Erickson, Miss Lillie Trembath, Miss Violet Johnson, Violet Beaulieu, Elda Baxter, Margaret Simmons, R. Peterson, H. Thoen and Carl Johnson.

**Napoleon's Height.**  
How tall was Napoleon? Bourrienne, who, according to a writer, had ample opportunities for observation, says that he was five feet two inches. Captain Maitland, who measured him on the Bellerophon, found his distinguished passenger to be five feet seven inches. Constant says that Napoleon was five feet one and a half inches. Bunbury insists that he was not less than five feet six inches. Napoleon chose short men invariably for difficult enterprises. He was convinced that Caesar and Alexander were men of diminutive stature. Speaking of the achievements of his generals, Napoleon said that Kleber had "all the qualities and defects of a tall man."

### Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

#### ADDITION.

Life is largely a process of simple addition.

The fact that two and two are four is a tremendous fact.

Suppose you try to make two and two three. You go to the poorhouse. Or to make two and two five. You go to the penitentiary.

Simple, you say? Suppose you want to build up a fortune.

You must begin with addition. It is simple at first. But after you have added awhile you can begin to multiply. And that goes faster.

One time one is one, but a hundred times one is a hundred. It is the testimony of all men who have succeeded in making money that the first thousand dollars is the hardest to get. That thousand is the foundation, the first layer, of the pyramid. It is easier to build thereafter, because addition is slow and multiplication is rapid.

It is so of building character.

It is difficult at first because you are laying the foundation by a layer of right actions. Add up these right actions and you develop a habit. And habit multiplies. By and by you acquire a momentum in habit that carries you on.

It is the old Scripture story of doubling the talent.

Or like the rolling snowball.

But you must add up the right sort of things. If you try to add up merely your ancestry, your family, your social position, etc., you will soon find that your birthright will not necessarily make character.

Moreover—

Birbright and position will not count in the world's estimate. It may please your pride, but if you try to parade it you will become ridiculous.

Begin with simple addition.

Add up slowly that which you have really acquired of and by and for yourself. Like the snowball, the sum will

The Morning Enterprise is the best breakfast food you can have.

be small at first, but it will grow. Two and two are four, but two times four are eight.

Begin at the beginning.

Most persons try to begin with multiplication rather than with simple addition.

Most persons want to put the capstone on the pyramid without first laying the foundation and adding to the superstructure.

First learn how to add.

After that multiplication will come easy.

The time to read the Morning Enterprise is at the breakfast table or a little before.

### APPLES ARE OFFERED IN CARLOAD LOTS

So weak is the apple market at this time that carloads of supplies are now being offered by the various growing sections to the local trade on consignment.

One car from White Salmon entered the trade during the past twenty-four hours. Notwithstanding the attempted boosts of certain persons who have liberal supplies of apples in cold storage, no buyer for these apples in carlots could be secured at prices that were at all favorable.

The worst of the situation at this time in the apple trade is that the speculators who are so intent upon boosting the price are loaded up with cheap quality stock from other districts which can only be sold in times of scarcity and then at lower values than the product of any of the prominent districts.

That there will be a heavy press of California apples upon the market within a short time is the conclusion of a prominent San Francisco speculator who was here recently in an effort to unload some of his surplus.

"Apples will be even cheaper in April than they are now," is the statement he made to local commission men.

While extra fancy Spitzenbergs are being quoted as high as \$2.75 by one receiver any movement even of this quality, could not be made above \$2.

50. In general apple prices are quoted unchanged but handlers are not losing much chance to sell even if they are compelled to shelve.

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, 7c to 9c; salted, 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 \$30; wheat, \$28 to \$29; oil meal, selling \$53; Shady Brook dairy feed, selling \$1.25 100 pounds.

**FEED**—(Selling)—Shorts, \$26; bran \$25; rolling barley, \$39; process bar-

ley, \$40.

**FLOUR**—\$4.50 to \$5.25.

**Butter, Poultry, Eggs.**

**POULTRY**—(Buying)—Hens 11c to 12c; spring, 10c to 11c, and roosters 8c.

**Butter**—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 25c to 30c; fancy dairy, 40c.

**EGGS**—Oregon ranch eggs, 20c.

**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.

**ONIONS**—Oregon, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred; Australian, \$2 per hundred.

**Livestock, Meats.**

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

**VEAL**—Calves bring from 8c to 13c, according to grade.

**MUTTON**—Sheep, 3c and 3 1-2c; lambs, 4c and 5c.

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### CLACKAMAS COUNTY BANK

at Sandy, in the state of Oregon, at the close of business February 20, 1912.

Resources	Dollars	Cts.
Loans and discounts	11,763.00	
Banking house	1832.95	
Furniture and fixtures	2,346.55	
Due from approved reserve banks	4,407.96	
Cash on hand	2,613.82	
Expenses		1,597.57
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$24,201.85</b>	

Liabilities	Dollars	Cts.
Capital stock paid in	10,900.00	
Undivided profits	827.19	
Individual deposits subject to check	10,787.67	
Demand certificates of deposit	791.89	
Time certificates of deposit	1,795.10	
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$24,201.85</b>	

State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss.

I, M. A. Deaton, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

M. A. DEATON, Cashier.

CORRECT-ATTEST:

A. L. DEATON,

W. A. PROCTOR, Directors

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of February, 1912. (SEAL). PERCY F. SHELLEY, Notary Public.