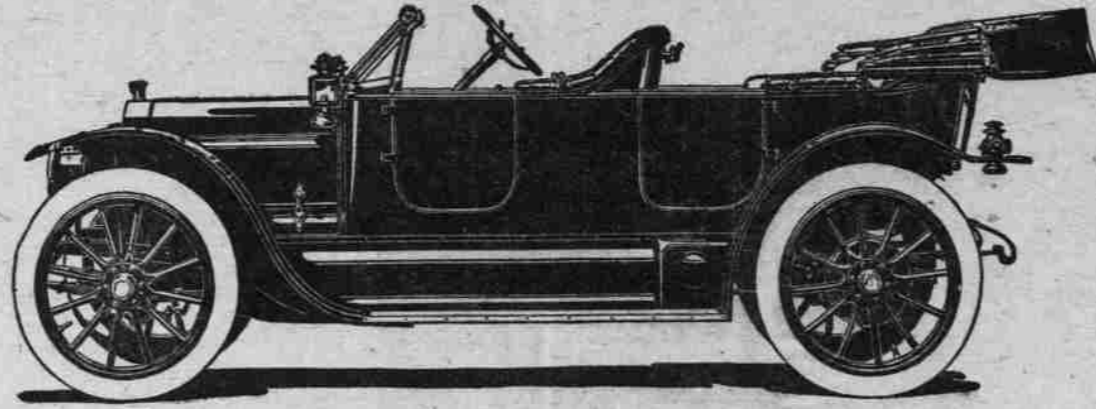


The Leading Merchants of Oregon City Unite in Offering the Greatest Contest Ever Presented in Clackamas County

NO PERSON EMPLOYED BY OR RELATED TO ANY OF THE FIRMS TAKING PART IN CONTEST WILL BE ALLOWED TO ENTER CONTEST

RULES OF CONTEST

- ONE. No names of contestants will be known, each entrant having a number.
- TWO. Each contestant receives 2000 free votes as a starter.
- THREE. Votes will be counted each Wednesday and recorded.
- FOUR. Different colored votes will be used each month and all votes of a certain color must be deposited during the month issued.
- FIVE. All votes are transferable only before being cast in ballot box.
- SIX. All votes must be cast at ballot box in Huntley Bros. Co. Store, or mailed to the Contest Manager.
- SEVEN. Any individual, church, lodge, school, or other organization in the county is eligible to enter the contest.
- EIGHT. Contestants will not be permitted to solicit votes inside our stores or in front of them.
- NINE. The contestant having the most votes to his credit at 9 P. M. May 1st, 1913, will be declared the winner.
- TEN. The decision of the Contest Manager is final in every question which may arise during the contest.



THIS Handsome \$1800 5-passenger Howard Automobile with complete equipment will be presented absolutely free to the person securing the most votes between now and May 1, 1913.

In addition there will be 14 Special Prizes. Car on display at Pacific Highway Garage for few days then in Huntley Bros. Co. window.

Enter your name today. Get a head start. It's a prize worth starting early and working late for.

HOW TO GET VOTES

We will issue Trading Coupons with every Cash purchase at our stores. These coupons represent one vote for every cent purchase, and the person holding coupons representing the largest number of votes at the close of this contest will receive this beautiful Howard touring car absolutely free of cost. These coupons are transferable and if you are not interested in securing this automobile for yourself you can help a friend or relative in securing this machine. Any of our customers or any other person in this town or surrounding country can become a contestant. So don't delay—send your name right in. Our object is to interest you any through you, your friends to patronize our stores. We want a chance to show you that you can get better goods at the right price here than anywhere else. We expect a volume of business to more than offset the expense of this contest.

How to Become a Candidate

Fill out coupon below and mail or bring to Huntley Bros. Co. store, and you will be assigned a number, and given 2000 free votes for a flying start.

I hereby enter the \$1800 Auto Contest. Please assign me a number and credit me with 2000 Free Votes.

(Signed) _____

I hereby nominate _____ as a candidate in the \$1800 Auto Contest.

(Signed) _____

GET FREE VOTES FROM THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS

V. HARRIS 8th and Main
Quality Groceries---Royal Bread

Huntley Bros. Co.
THE REXALL STORE Ask for the Contest Manager.

J. LEVITT
The Up-to-date CLOTHIER
7TH AND MAIN

STAR THEATRE
Vaudeville and Moving Pictures

The Enterprise
THE ENTERPRISE WILL GIVE VOTES ON ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS OR RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS ON BOTH DAILY AND WEEKLY—WATCH FOR LATER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

100 Free Votes Clip this Coupon and bring to Huntley Bros. Co. and get 100 FREE VOTES.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

A Story For Halloween

By HELEN S. DICKSON

In one of those quiet New England towns where the changes are only in the growing up, decline and dying of its citizens stands a house that has been a landmark for many years. It was once the finest residence in the place, but has long ago fallen into decay. A family by the name of Hammond built it, stocked it with furniture of an antique type, then locked it up and went on a trip to Europe. From that trip they never returned.

One autumn afternoon, the afternoon of one Halloween, a party of girls were walking over the beautiful hills that overhang the town, kicking the dead leaves under their feet, some of them beating with improvised walking sticks they had picked up by the way an occasional low hanging bough to which still clung clusters of red and yellow and brown leaves. Halloween being at hand, the girls were proposing different schemes for tempting fate to give them a glimpse of future husbands.

"There's no use in Kit Cummings asking to see the man she is to marry,"



remarked one of the girls, "since Aunt Sarah has brought her to G. purposely to meet Joe Wilkins in order to make a match between her and him."

"Thanks very much," the girl referred to put in. "Neither Aunt Sarah nor any one else shall choose a husband for me. That privilege I reserve for myself. I have never seen Mr. Wilkins, and it is no more likely that I shall like him when I do see him than any other young man, and there is no reason why he should like me."

"He's very nice," spoke up one of the party.

"And since Kit is very nice," remarked another, "and since the meet-

ing between her and the man intended for her is to take place on Halloween, it stands to reason that he is the man fate intends she shall marry."

"When and where is this important introduction to take place, Kit?" asked a girl.

"I don't know, and I don't care," replied Miss Cummings impatiently, not relishing this discussion of her private affairs.

"I do," put in another. "He's to be at the Halloween party tonight. We shall all see him there and all have an equal chance at him. You don't claim him, Kit, do you?"

"Not by any means. It's a free for all match."

"In other words, some one of this party on this Halloween may in Joseph Wilkins meet her fate. Now let's see who shall get him?"

"Humph! Instead of leaving it to fate it seems to me you're leaving it to the best angle."

This girl's chatter went on till one of the party noticed a storm cloud lowering in the west, and they concluded that it would be better to get home. Since they lived in different parts of the town they scattered. Miss Cummings, after descending a part of the way with two of the girls, turned into a road leading down to her aunt's house, pursuing her way alone.

It was now after 5 o'clock and since the storm cloud shut off the twilight the darkness was falling—indeed a few drops of rain pattered on the ground. Miss Cummings hurried on, but not quick enough to escape a shower. Just as it began to pour she came to the house that has been described at the beginning of this story. Since she was a stranger to the place she had never heard of the Hammond house. She saw an ample porch on which she might obtain shelter and got under its roof just in time to escape a drenching.

It is not usual that a thunder storm comes in October, but this storm was accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Moreover, the wind was driving the rain against the porch and there was soon not a dry place on it. The girl finding that she must either take a soaking or get into the house began to look about her for an entrance. She tried the shutters of several windows opening on the porch and at last found one in which the blind was so rotted that she could open it. A pane of glass was broken and inserting her hand she was able to turn the catch of the sash. Throwing up the latter she had no difficulty in getting into a window whose sill was but a few feet above the porch.

There was still a glimmer of twilight by which she could distinguish objects. The room she stood in was the drawing room and had been furnished sumptuously. There were damask and lace curtains of a pattern long out of date; sofas and chairs of mahogany, the satin upholstery of which was rotten with age. There were mirrors with gilt frames of an old pattern. In one corner stood a piano that had been built when that kind of instrument had advanced but little beyond the spinet. Miss Cummings approached it, raised the lid over the keys and struck a chord. The wheezy notes sounded like groans.

There was something intensely interesting in this former home of persons who had lived and enacted their parts on life's stage here. They had walked about, they had been moved by emotions, they had been happy, they had

been miserable here. Doubtless fair hands had struck the keys of that piano now wheezy with age. And now where were they? Who were they? Were their hearts ever, of a bright morning, of a serene evening, touched by a chord of memory in unison with the thin once melodious piano and did they long for what had once been to them home?

Miss Cummings was so far interested that she yielded to a temptation to explore the house further. She went into the hall, stopped and looked about her timidly, wondering. An open door enabled her to see dimly into the dining room. A large oak table stood in its center surrounded by massive high backed chairs. Family portraits hung on the walls, some of them in costumes that had been in fashion more than a century before. They looked at her reproachfully, as much as to say, "What are you doing here? Go away and leave us to stare at each other."

Miss Cummings passed through a pantry and into a kitchen. Pots and pans, once bright, now rusty, hung on the wall. On a table was, part of a candle and beside it a few matches, both probably left there more recently than the date at which the house had been left vacant. Miss Cummings was pleased at the discovery, for if she could light the candle she might perhaps by investigations more favorably since the twilight had nearly gone. She struck a number of the matches before finding one that would light. With that she lit the candle and, returning to the hall, started up a winding staircase.

Had Miss Cummings been a timid girl she would never have enjoyed that spooky experience. As it was she was fascinated with the old four post bedsteads with curtains and valances, the wardrobes, etagères and other furniture now seldom used. In one room was a bootjack, something the rising generation has never seen.

She was standing in a bedroom looking at herself by the candlelight in a pier glass when she saw reflected from the glow the figure of a man standing in the doorway looking at her. He was in evening dress, on his head a silk hat and on his arm a light overcoat. He stood there looking at the girl reflected in the mirror as she was looking at her own reflection.

At that moment there was a vivid flash of lightning, a terrific clap of thunder; the candle dropped from her hand and she sank unconscious on the floor.

When Miss Cummings came to herself all was still and all was dark. The young man in evening dress had evidently vanished in a clap of thunder. Then came something more real—the scratching of a match, and she saw by its light the vision of a few minutes before with a silver matchbox in one hand and a match in the other. On the floor stood the candle, and the man was holding the lighted match to its wick.

This commonplace scene served to restore the girl to her senses. She sat up and instinctively put her hand to her back hair. Then, having lit the candle, the young man turned to her and said:

"Oh, you're all right, are you? I felt for you and found you lying limp. I thought I should never find the candle. I don't blame you for being frightened."

He assisted her to a lounge whose frame would endure for centuries, but the upholstery of which gave way.

She said she would like to go home. On comparing notes they found that both had entered the house to escape the storm, though at different times. They went downstairs together and, the rain having stopped, they left the house together. Reaching the business part of the town they secured a carriage, and the young man, saying that he had an engagement for which he was already late, put her into it, and she was driven away.

Miss Cummings did not find the strength nor the inclination to go down to the Halloween party till nearly 10 o'clock. The first person she saw on entering the room was the young man she had met at the Hammond house. The two stood and stared at each other.

"Katherine," said Aunt Sarah, using a conventional phrase for introduction, "have you met Mr. Wilkins?"

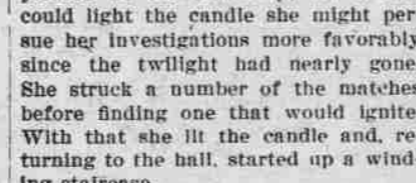
Both Mr. Wilkins and Miss Cummings smiled.

"I should think I have," said the latter.

There was no race among the girls for Mr. Wilkins. Kate Cummings had a walkover, and when the others heard the story of their meeting all vowed that Kate had chosen Halloween to show her friends her future husband. And they were right.

A WINTER FANCY.

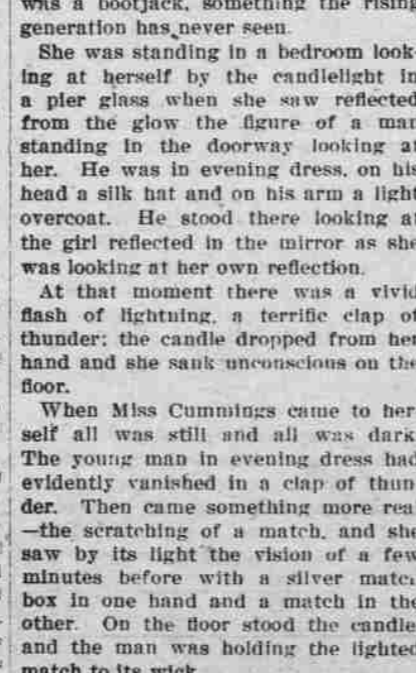
White Velours Hats Are Very Popular.



STUNNING MODEL IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The hat manufacturers know well the popularity of these pretty white velours models, and they are bringing them out by the scores for winter selling.

This white velours hat is faced with black velvet and trimmed with black and white braid used in a most effective fashion. With the hat is shown the "great-grandfather's" stock which is just now the craze with tailored suits.



EMERGENCY CUPBOARDS.

The Unique Contrivance of a Housewife Who Mends For Herself.

"You always seem to have anything handy," I said as Eleanor brought me a button just the size of the one which had unexpectedly vanished from my glove.

"My emergency cupboard," she replied, smiling, then, seeing my questioning glance, added: "Haven't I told you about it? It is rather a good idea, I think, and saves me no end of bother."

"Tell me about it now. What does it mean? It is difficult to start, I suppose?"

Eleanor shook her head. "Quite simple. It is just an ordinary cupboard which would otherwise be given over to lumber. Not at all a big affair, for there are only four shelves in it."

"And you keep in it—"

"Anything and everything which is likely to be wanted in a hurry." Eleanor replied promptly. "One shelf is a sort of no-drawer place, for on it are all sorts of buttons, various colored cottons, tapes, pins and so on. Then if I want to mend anything in a hurry or persons come to grief when they are here the repairing materials are ready at hand."

"Another shelf I call my hospital. There I keep bandages, cotton wool, ointment, embrocation and other things which usually can never be found quickly enough when wanted, even in the best regulated households."

"And then?"

"Oh, the other two shelves are for emergency visitors. On the one I keep a dainty tray with a cloth on it, spread with an afternoon tea set, biscuit barrel and so on. Having no maid, it used often to be a bother to leave my guests while I got tea. Now I have only to lift out my tray, add a plate of bread and butter and make the tea, and it is ready."

"And the other visitors' shelf?" I queried.

"That is the one at which John always laughs," Eleanor said. "But it has been very useful more than once for all that," she added. "On the fourth shelf I keep all sorts of tinned and potted foods—soups, meat, vegetables, fruit. It is only a matter of half a dozen jars and tins altogether, but with them at hand I never fear if an unexpected lot of people come to dinner when we are intending to dine on scraps. Twenty minutes with my emergency cupboard give me a delightful meal."

APPLEGARTH, ATHLETIC STAR.

English Sprinter Recently Smashed World's Record For 200 Yards.

English sporting critics have gone plumb mad, so to speak, about the remarkable rise to fame of W. R. Applegarth, who is truly running some remarkable 100 and 200 yard races on



OUR LITTLE DAY

Morning:

The earth tiptoes to meet the sun, in the cradle of the grass lies the dew. Vibrant is every fluttering leaf. Flowers swing their perfumed censers. Birds sing in crescendo chorus. Life is reborn. The world is new.

Morning:

Morning by the token of tasks to do; morning by the token of fresh minds and buoyant bodies; morning by all the glittering pageant of the future seen through the ever shifting kaleidoscope of early dreams and aspirations; morning, youth, dreams—and a few fears.

Morning:

Noon:

The zenith sun pours his flood of heat through burnished gates. Hours ago he drank up the dew on grass and leaf. Creatures seek the shade.

Noon:

Noon by the token of labors well begun. Each one pauses at his task. Some have sought to go beyond their wout and, while it is yet noon, are done. Some fear the morrow and are faint thereby. Some strive for things that cannot be. Some fall by the way because there is none close by to cheer. And outraged nature judges some and issues sentence.

Noon:

The half is done. Let us gird our loins for what remains. With cheerfulness may we go the even tenor of our way. Tomorrow and tomorrow may come to us, no matter whether or no. Let us today do the work of today. Sufficient unto tomorrow are the evil and the good of tomorrow. Done or undone, yesterday's duty is no more. Let us work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Noon:

Night!

The banners of the sinking sun are furled. Some hand draws down the curtains. The birds have made their evening song, and the flowers are asleep. The outpost stars look down on half a world, whose myriad voices are still.

Night!

Night by the token of work well done. Night and rest! And sleep—'suburb of the life elysian, whose portals we call Death.' Our little lives have had their morning and their noon. Now ends their little day. Let us lie down to pleasant dreams.

Night—good night!

W. R. APPLEGARTH, GREAT ENGLISH SPRINTER.

the other side. On a grass track at the London A. C. meeting, bringing to a fall close athletics in England, Applegarth, according to three watches, was caught in a new world's record time of 19 2/5 seconds for 200 yards.

Worse Than Mad.

"A friend and I once passed a theater in Washington," said an old time actor. "Just as the performance had let out. My friend met an acquaintance who was coming out of the theater. We were ignorant as to the attraction, so my friend asked his acquaintance what sort of a performance he had been witnessing. 'Hamlet,' said the acquaintance. 'Ah, 'Hamlet,' said my friend. 'I suppose that you are now filled with all sorts of conjectures as to whether Hamlet was really mad.' 'The Hamlet tonight,' said the acquaintance, 'left no doubt on that point. He was not alone mad. He was frantic. There weren't a hundred people in the house.'"

A Wife's Tea.

Wife—John, which will you have—iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape juice or lemonade?

Husband—Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?—Judge.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

Behind Her Back.

"How well she keeps her age."

"Yes—to herself."—Chicago Record-Herald.