

Grandma Turner's Beau

How Lucy's Abductor Came to Be a Beau

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Miss Doxie Turner opened the door wide to admit the bulky figure of her neighbor.

"My hand, but it's come off cold. Doxie," shivered Beulah Norton as she hovered close to the warm kitchen fire.

"I thought my knitted shawl would be plenty warm enough, but it seemed like I had nothing on."

"Sit down, Beulah; here's my rocker. Don't you want some hot spiced cider? I was just going to fix some for myself."

"M'm Doxie brought a jug of sweet cider from the cellar and poured a quantity into a stone pitcher and set it on the stove to heat. She added some nutmeg and ginger and stirred it carefully."

"When I passed the old Bunderman place the wind was howling in those locusts fit to drive you crazy. I wonder at Howard wanting to go back there to live again."

"I didn't know Howard had come back, Beulah. I thought he was settled in Omaha."

"No he was not—you know Lucy died most a year ago and left him with those two little girls on his hands. I guess he found it hard work doing for them and keeping at his job, too, so he came east a few days ago, thinking Estelle would take care of them so he could get work in the shivery."

"Dixie's been living alone there so much I guess he thought she'd be glad to have him back home again."

"Didn't he know she was married?" asked Doxie curiously.

"No more than any of the rest of the village suspected it might happen. Captain Lees, he's been real mousy about courting Estelle, and then their streaking off to the city and getting married last Saturday was the biggest surprise Fernville ever had."

"Twasn't like a boy and girl elopement—you expect that—but Estelle Bunderman and

If they had only known, Doxie would not have minded their mentioning the name of Howard Bunderman, to whom she had once been almost engaged to be married, nor of Lucy Moore, who had been the village belle and madcap who had got Howard away from Doxie and married him.

It was known that Lucy bitterly repented of her wickedness, for her husband did not love her as dearly as he did Doxie Turner, yet never by loss or deed did he betray himself. But Lucy Bunderman knew. The postmistress said that Lucy had written a letter to Doxie once after her marriage, when she had gone out to Omaha to live, and she had a letter from Doxie Turner, but that she passed through the office in reply.

That was all. Nobody ever knew what Doxie Turner thought about the matter. She always looked the same, tall and fair and sweet, with wistful blue eyes that never overlooked a duty un-done.

Now she suddenly arose from her chair with a little exclamation of dismay. She opened the door into the sitting room where Grandmother Turner sat in the sunny bay window, knitting furiously at a long white stocking.

"About time you took your tonic, grandma," suggested Doxie. "I forgot all about it. Have you been lonesome in here?"

"Not a mite, Doxie. I'm too busy to be lonesome. I heard Beulah Norton's voice in the kitchen, and I was scared to death afraid she'd come in here. I can't abide her." Mrs. Turner jabbed her needles into the wool and paused for breath. Her black eyes sought her granddaughter's face with a keen inquiry.

"What's the news, Doxie? Something's happened—your face is real pink."

"I guess it was the spiced cider I've been drinking," evaded Doxie as she moved to and fro preparing the tonic. "Beulah was real cold when she came in, and I heated some cider, and besides, the kitchen's getting most too hot."

"What's the news?" persisted Mrs. Turner, making a horrible face over the medicine.

"You know Estelle and Captain Lees went to the city and got married last Saturday."

"Of course I know, Doxie Turner. You told me yourself. I guess I know what Beulah Norton came up to tell you." She looked narrowly at the younger woman.

"What then?" asked Doxie defiantly. Mrs. Turner folded her wrinkled hands and looked out of the window. "Beulah came up to tell you that Howard Bunderman had come back. I've known it ever since he came. Doxie. Somebody ran in and told me when you was down to that poor fellow. I feel dreadful sorry for that poor fellow. I guess he had a hard row to hoe with Lucy Moore, though I bet he tried to do his duty by her. And after she got him I guess she wasn't real happy over the way she'd treated you. They say before she died she named the second little girl after you."

"After me?" Doxie's face radiated with a strange glow. "Did Lucy name her little girl after me?"

"Yes," snapped grandmother sternly. "Twas the least she might do after making so much trouble all around. Lucy wanted to marry Jim Turrell, but he didn't care for her, so she got around Howard and married him for spite. She was a clever one. She fixed it so he couldn't get out of it, and first thing Howard knew he was engaged to her instead of you."

"How did you know?"

"It came direct from Lucy herself," returned Mrs. Turner with dignity. Doxie opened the stove door and looked at the fire. The red glow shone on her sweet face and discovered her blue eyes wet with tears.

THE JOYS OF BOBSLED RACING

An Exhilarating and Fascinating Sport Indulged In by Many. WONDERFUL FAST TIME MADE

In Switzerland Some Bobs Attain a Speed of Eighty Miles an Hour. Coasting at St. Moritz—Origin of the Bobsled.

In an early day, some time after the landing of the pilgrim fathers, but before one's waistband grew permanently great, there was a simple outdoor amusement known as "sledding downhill."

At that day sleds were roughly of two kinds, high sleds for girls and mollycoddles, who sat tremulously on the seat while some one started them with a gentle push, and low sleds for boys who took the hill with a run and flung themselves down on the sled. "Belly bumper" was the word to describe this method of descent. There were, of course, many variations of the simple sled.

What genius first got the idea of connecting two small sleds by a long plank history does not record. We are told that a bobsled is "a sled consisting of a body resting on two short sleds called bobs, one behind the other."

In its early stages the bobsled was still crude. Often it was made from two old sleds and an ordinary board, and the carpeting of the plank was regarded as bordering on the effeminate. Even with these crude materials the simple sport of "sledding downhill" becomes exciting and even dangerous.

The real refinement of the bobsled has come in late years with the introduction of the modern sled.

It is no longer is old fashioned foot and rope steering gear in use. That did well enough for the old timer, which was well loaded with half a dozen venturesome boys and girls. The new machines have steel bobs made for that purpose, with a specially arranged connecting board, which seats between sixteen and twenty-five, and it is steered by a wheel like an automobile.

Even a searchlight has been added by one builder eager for novelty. Owing to the inconsistency of the weather in this country a majority of people know very little of the possibilities of the sport. It is not until one gets over in Switzerland, in one of the valleys of that mountainous land, that one finds the sport of coasting carried to the highest point of perfection.

It is here in the valley with the poetic name Engadine, at St. Moritz, that coasting becomes an art. In this valley, its floor as high above the level of the sea as the crest of Mount Washington, where winter reigns for half a year and people go to regain health, there is a slide nearly a mile long which has a descent of 550 feet. At some points in the course the sleds travel at the rate of eighty miles an hour. There is sport!

Skill has greatly reduced the time in which the course can be covered. In the early days the average speed was about thirty miles an hour. Recent winners of the contest have averaged, however, more than fifty miles. On the straight run at the foot of the course a speed verging on eighty miles has been attained. The same kind of sport may be had with bobsleds, but the single racing sled is the favorite for coasting at St. Moritz. The sweep of a bobsled loaded with several persons around one of the curves is an exciting spectacle. The man at the helm, with eyes fixed ahead and muscles at high tension, keeps the front bob in its course. Those behind lean toward the inside of the curve, two or three of them digging into the snow with sticks, which throw up the snow behind like a cloud of dust. Like an express train it sweeps around the curve and is gone.

Why Pitcher Dygert Failed in 1910. In Philadelphia the fans are beginning to believe that Dygert failed last season because he pitched all winter at New Orleans. He's doing the same trick again this winter.

TO CONVERT OBJECTIONABLE PLACE INTO PLAYGROUND

Washington Seeking Aid of Congress in Obliterating Willow Tree Alley.

The District of Columbia commissioners, with the co-operation of the Washington chapter of the American Institute of Architects, will endeavor to obtain from congress an appropriation of \$125,000 to convert Willow Tree alley and surroundings into a playground.

Willow Tree alley is a section of southwest Washington which the District government, as well as the several civic and patriotic societies, supported by thousands of individuals, has endeavored to have removed for years. Buildings of a cheap type line both sides of the narrow passageway. The alley is considered the worst of its kind in the District.

The illustration shows the plan of the proposed improvement. The section of the square which the national



PLAYGROUND WITHIN PLACE, LINES AT LEFT IN CENTER.

capital would have converted into a playground for the southwest is included within the dotted lines.

The capital of the nation is usually looked to for suggestions by other municipalities.

Progressive cities and towns throughout the country can well hold the nation's capital as a model which they can follow.

The converting of this objectionable section of an otherwise beautiful place will be studied thoughtfully by enterprising municipalities and perhaps even copied by many.

If you really want to help your town, get rid of the ugly spots.

The mail order houses earn millions each year. Isn't it time to give your neighbor a chance?

A LESSON FROM GERMANY.

Streets Made Subject to Town's Growth. A lesson can be taken by any town from German methods as regards width of streets. In the inner sections of towns, some of which are many centuries old, one naturally finds many narrow streets, but whenever a new street is laid out ground of sufficient width is purchased by the community to suffice for the next 100 years, taking into account increase of traffic.

This seems for the first years like an extravagance to purchase more property than is immediately needed, but in practice this is not true, for the street is laid out with a width at first required, as well as the sidewalks, while the remaining ground is rented to the house owners to be utilized for front gardens.

This method is required by law; otherwise they the owners could not obtain the license for building, and by this method the city administration receives a considerable sum for this apparently waste space. The roads thus look pretty, and the ground is available at any time whenever increase of traffic requires widening of streets. In England and other conservative countries the property is bought of a width sufficient for present needs, and when several years later, the thoroughfare has to be widened additional space must be purchased at an excessive cost, as in the meantime the value of property has greatly increased.

The money which circulates at home is the blood of the town. Don't bleed your neighbors and yourself by sending elsewhere for goods.

MUNICIPAL SKATING RINK.

Dubuque, Ia., Furnishes One For the Pleasure of Its Inhabitants. The city council of Dubuque, Ia., has voted to establish a free municipal skating rink and coasting ground. The rink will be located in the harbor, which is within five minutes' walk of the business center of the city. The ice will be kept in condition, shaved, flooded and free from snow, and the crowds will be under supervision. Light will be maintained, and there will be shanties where skaters may go to adjust their skates and get warm.

A special council committee acting with the chief of police will have charge of the coasting ground. Suitable hills will be selected where coasters may enjoy themselves without danger and always with proper police supervision.

Novel Plan to Light Streets. Knightstown, Ind., is trying a novel plan to light the streets. The electric light station is a municipal plant, and free current for one porch light is furnished all consumers who will provide and maintain the required lamp. The dark places between corners in the residence districts are now made bright.

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It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one woman can easily make a room of a man.

AN IMPORTANT SEARCH

By ALENE EDNA MAY

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"Those cases of poisons found in the stomachs of the dead," said the detective, "with the consequent conviction of some one who is charged with murder, have resulted in the hanging of many an innocent person. The prosecuting attorney whose business it is to convict those brought up for trial by the state has only to prove a motive for wishing the deceased out of the way and presence of poison in the stomach to win his case. Another matter strengthens it; that is, proving that the accused bought the poison, though there are instances in which this is not considered absolutely necessary to swing the accused."

"I work largely for attorneys, Bates, Wakeley & Scribner have given me a lot of work to do, and I have furnished them with facts that have enabled them to win a number of cases. They are criminal lawyers, and most of the evidence I have given them has been used. I am happy to say, to secure the acquittal of persons accused of crime. I don't know any thing that gives me more satisfaction than saving an innocent person from punishment."

"One day Mr. Scribner sent for me and said: 'We have been retained to defend Mrs. Edith Townsend, charged with poisoning her husband, a man she was induced by her parents to marry when she was eighteen years old. Townsend was very rich and a miser. His wife, who is only twenty-four years old, is a beautiful woman. At the time of her marriage she had been engaged to a young man not able to support her, and she loved him instead of her husband. Her husband's relatives, who would like to secure his property, have worked up the case against her. A note she wrote the man she had been engaged to, Horace Truesdale, telling him she would not see him so long as her husband lived, is all the evidence they have been able to adduce to prove her intimacy with him during her married life. But they have proved that on one occasion a month previous to her husband's death she bought a drug that was found upon analysis in her husband's stomach. She said that when she bought this drug her husband sent her for a prescription the nature of which she knew nothing. I believe that he was taking a drug for a stimulant and that it eventually killed him. Here is the technical name for it. He gave me a slip of paper. I wish you to discover if he was not in the habit of buying it. Remember that a woman's good name, perhaps her life, depends upon your efforts.'

"I went at the matter systematically, first procuring a list of the drug stores within reach of Mr. Townsend's residence. He had lived in his country place surrounded by villages in which there were drug stores. If he wished to conceal the fact of his purchases he had only to drive to one of these towns sufficiently distant that he should not be known there, buy his drug and carry it home himself. Though it was a poison when taken in large quantities, it was prescribed by physicians, and an order for it was not in all cases essential.

"I visited every drug store within a radius of twenty miles from his home and talked with every proprietor and clerk in all of them. Not one of them could remember any person answering to my description of Mr. Townsend, and all declared that no such person had ever to their knowledge visited their store. I hit upon the place where his wife had bought the poison she was charged with having procured, but this had all been worked up by another detective.

"I went to Mr. Scribner and reported my failure. 'Try the wholesale druggists,' he said. 'Why should the man have bought the drug at wholesale? I asked. 'He was mean enough to buy his table salt at wholesale,' he replied. 'To make a search of the wholesale drug stores was quite another proposition. It was equivalent to a hunt in every wholesale drug house in the United States, and Mr. Townsend might have bought the drug in Canada. Indeed, if he wished to conceal his purchases Canada would be the better field. I first looked into the express offices in the places where packages might have been delivered to him. Nothing sent him that could have been a drug appeared on the books of the express companies, nor was any such receipt on file.

"The only hope left for Mrs. Townsend was that her husband had ordered the drug sent by mail. I procured a list of all the wholesale drug houses in the United States and Canada and sent a letter to each asking if they had ever filled orders for the drug found in his stomach, giving also the reason why I wished to know. It was an enormous work for them to hunt the matter up, but since a life might hang upon their efforts nearly all replied that they would make a thorough search.

"Do you know that three different drug houses, two in the United States and one in Canada, wrote me that on several occasions they had sent Townsend pound packages of the drug in question.

"That settled the matter. Mrs. Townsend was discharged."

The rolling stone hasn't time to get their noses on roads frequented by automobiles.

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