#### A Great Battle Painter How He Got His Start

By GERALD L. PERKINS Copyright by American Press Asso-

The battle of Gravelotte had been fought; a smoke mist still hung over the field, though in the gathering darkness it was gradually becoming imperceptible. A man carrying a portfolio and parapheronia necessary to sketching left the field and, making his way to a but on a bill overlooking the scene of the engagement that had occurred that day between the French and the Prussians, entered the but and asked if he might have some sup-

"Certainly, monsieur," said a woman who was there, "but we can give you very little. The soldiers of both armies have taken all we have except a few bits that we hid to the cellar. Come, Fanchette, bestir yourself and set the table!"

The table was set and the supper put upon it. The stranger sat down, and Fanchette poured into his gigss some of the cheap wine of the country. She was between seventeen and eighteen years old, a simple French maid who had no secrets from any one in the

"You wear a sad look, Fanchette, said the stranger. "Is it from seeing the slaughter today?"

"No, monsieur. I did not look that

Well, then, tell me what troubles "It is this, monsieur, Antoine Bris

son went out a song the fighting and received a wound. He is lying now tn the next room."

"He is your brother?" "Ne, monsieur/"

"Well, then, he is your lover?"

To this the only reply was eyes cast upon the floor.

"What was he doing out therefighting?" "No, monsieur; he has not yet be-

come a conscript. He will not be the age for a mouth." Well, then, what business had he

on a battlefield?" "Sketching!" "Sketching? That's what I was do-

ing there. When I have finished my supper I will go in and see him." The stranger chatted on with the girl

and easily gleaned from her that she and Antoine could not marry because she had no dot. After having supped and smoked a pipe the artist went into the room where Antoine was lying The boy had received a flesh wound, but not of sufficient importance to endanger his life.

"So you were making sketches of the fight?" said the artist. "That is my business. I have been drawing for one of the Paris illustrated papers. Let me see what you have done.

folio that she had made for her lover and two pieces of pasteboard laced together with a string and brought it to the artist. There were blood stains on it, but he did not mind that. He had seen plenty of blood that day. He opened the portfolio, took out what there was in it-five or six sketchesand began to look them over.

"Where did you learn to sketch?" he asked the boy.

"I have never learned, monsieur," he replied.

"Never studied in an art school; never had any instruction? "No. monsieur."

The artist went on looking at the sketches one after the other and when he had seen them all looked at them again. Then he turned his eyes to the boy on the bed.

"Do you know, my boy, that my paper sent me here to make sketches of this battle? I have graduated at the art school with honors, and yet you who have never taken a lesson have done what I cannot do."

"What do you mean, monsieur? asked the boy, his eyes opening very wide, while Fanchette was all atten-

"You are a born battle painter. You have put into these crude sketches an action that I have not been able to put in mine. And you have known what scenes to select. Your soldiers move; they fight; they are impelled by the demon of war; they die-really die, while mine-well, mine beside yours are like toy soldiers."

"Oh, mousieur," exclaimed Fanchette, clasping her hands, "how good you are to say that!"

"Good to say that! I'm not talking to please you. I'm telling you the truth. And, to prove what I say, if Antoine when he has recovered will come to Paris I am sure I can interest art lovers in him who will see that he receives instruction." "Oh, monsieur," replied Fanchette.

"how can he do that? He has no money. He would have to walk to Paris.' 'Not at all. I will take these sketches with me. They will be used in one of the illustrated papers and will be well paid for. The money received for them I will send to Antoine."

The same night, having hired a conveyance, the artist set out postbaste for Paris. Antoine's sketches were money paid for them was sent him. He went to Paris, where owing to the interest created by his pictures he was taken up and educated by the paper that published them.

All this occurred forty years ago, and the great battle painter has flourished and passed away. His widow loves to tell how he got his start.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* A BAR TO BEAUTY.

[Miss Mildred Holland told the Professional Women's league that one aid to acquiring beauty was to keep your mouth shut when asseen.] She has longed to have radiant Though it seemed very far from

She has sought for a skin that is fruits (Which refers not to temon, but

has toried to acquire a com-And has laughed at the size of

But she will not obey the direction

She has laved in the tonic that's She has dabbled in sulphurous streams. She has tried many hundreds of lo-

Also powders and bleaches and creams; She has ribbed in the lemon juice Till it burned like a blast from the

But she a never sought beauty by shutting Her mouth

She has put on a mask when retir-And her husband's exceedingly

For her voice should be close to ex piring When it's covered by papier ma-

But, alas, as he falls into doring For no commonplace mask can be ciosing Her jaw

There is only one thing she won't She will live in a region that's gia-

In the tropics shell broll herself She will starve in determined en-

deavor, She will banish the bite and the But she'd rather stay homely than

Shut up. -John O'Keefe in New York \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

#### 72 YEARS REQUIRED FOR LETTER TO GO 335 MILES

No Explanation In Sight For Delayed Jaurney of Missive.

If it takes a letter seventy two yearto travel 335 miles and both the writer and the addressee are dead when Uncle Sam at last gets around to detir ery, how long-will it take a postcard t make the journey? This is puzzling to only Nathan Warren, the postmasic at Yonkers, N. Y., but Mrs. Walter Paddock of the same place, who recently received a letter mailed from Geneva, N. Y., in 1838, directed to the great-uncle of her husband, D. O. Pad dock, who has been dead forty years

Mrs. Paddock says the letter wawritten by Peter Bentty and concern ed the shipment of a consignment of lumber. Mr. Beatty informed Mr. Paddock that he would remit \$2,000 on re elpt of the lumber. Whether Mr. Pad dock shipped the lumber or not is likely to remain as great a mystery as the history of the letter from April 29. 1838, until it turned up at the Syra cuse postoffice on Dec. 27 last.

It is faded with age and instead o being inclosed in an envelope was folded square, with the edges pasted together. It had apparently never been in the dead letter office.

#### FARTHEST NORTH IN THE WAR

Morgan's Surrender Marked by Monument.

A monument has recently been put in place on the Crubaugh farm in Columbiana county, O., which marks the farthest northern point reached by the Confederate forces during the civil

war. It also marks the spot where General John H. Morgan, the famous southern leader; surrendered. Many will not realize without looking at the map that Wellsville is north of Gettys-

For many years an old locust tree marked the place of surrender, but a short time ago it died and was cut down, the stump being taken to East Liverpool, O., and placed in the public library for safe keeping as a historical

It was the idea of the late W. L. Thompson, a well known song writer, who lived near the scene of the fight, to erect a monument to mark the spot. He had a fund well started when he suddenly died, but his friends took up

the work and carried it through. A huge granite bowider was put in place last year, but it was not until a few weeks ago that the bronze tablet was put in place and the monument dedicated.

The tablet bears this inscription: "This stone marks the spot where the Confederate raider General John H. Morgan surrendered his command to Major George W. Rue July 26, 1863, and is the farthest point north ever

Japan's Railway Improvements.

reached by any body of Confederate

troops during the civil war."

It will cost \$115,000,000 to widen the gauge of the railway from Tokyo to Shimonoseki, a distance of 704 miles. With this work completed Japan's end of what may be called the interproduced and created a sensation. The national railways, viz-those extending from Calais to Tokyo-will approximate 1,600 miles, inclusive of the sea trip across the strait from Shimonoseki to Fusan, for which large steamers are now being built.

Cuban Paper Duties Higher. Cuba purposes to increase its impoduties on various kinds of paper.

### Are You a Subscriber to the New Daily?

If The Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for thework.

#### Will You Help Boost your own Interests?

For a limited time the Morning Enterprise will be sold to paid in advance

### WIRELESS PAPER IN JUNGLE LAND

Porto Velho Journal Published 2,000 Miles Up Amazon.

#### CANNIBALS SURROUND TOWN.

Paper That Circulates Among Six Thousand Employees of Company That is Building Brazilian Railway Around Madeira Falls Contains All the News That Is Cabled to Para.

Newcomers to the astonishing Amacon-country age constantly amazed by the manner in which the white man, who has set himself to tame this wilderness and wring fortunes out of it. has applied the very latest devices of civilization to uses which in an older country are still served by machinery not quite so up to date.

The modern developer of raw geographical material arrives in Brazil a virgin soil, promptly applies to the nsk the very latest labor saving conrivances-a thing he could not do at home, where vast sums are tied up in earlier types of machinery.

newspaper with an exclusively wireless telegraph service published elsewhere than on an ocean liner should flourish in the midst of a patch of civilization hedged in by hundreds of miles of the Amazonas jungle through which the expense of running and maintaining a line of poles and wire would be quite prohibitive, the patch of civilization being accessible otherwise only by a long voyage by river.

Journalism In the Jungle.

A traveler is nevertheless hardly prepared for the shock of seeing a casual copy of the Porto Velho Marconigram, actually published in a country infested by cannibal head hunters, in such a hole in the jungle, as it were, and relying on wireless entirely for the part of its news which deals with the outside world.

The Porto Velho Marconigram is a four page weekly, neatly printed on a single twice folded sheet. It is the cubes. Stir and cook the meat until one newspaper of Porto Velho, a Brazilian town some 2,000 miles from the if there is any, and arrange the meat mouth of the Amazen, on the Madeira river, which enters the main stem of the greatest of rivers below this port and is reached by not too frequent steamers from Manaos.

It is from Manaos that the news which cores thus far by cable is sent from peeled potatoes and a dozen by wireless to the Porto Velho newspaper, the readers of which are found among the 2000 inhabitants of that role and after the ment has been cook place. All of these inhabitants are in ing an hour add a teaspoonful of sale the employ of the Madeira-Mamore Railway company, a concern actively tablespoonfuls flour mixed to a thin managed by Americans which is en- paste with cold water. Cook about gaged in building for the Brazilian two hours and serve from the cassegovernment a line around the falls of the Madeira river. This line, 300 miles long. Brazil has undertaken to construct in order to fuifill a treaty obligation to Bolivia to give that republic an outlet to the ocean by way of the Amazon.

The Madeira above the falls is navigable for 1,000 miles. The railway when completed will link this upper stretch with the great channel of the Amazon which makes Manaos, though it is 1,000 miles from the river's mouth, to all intents an ocean port, since it is the landing place of steamships from New York and European ports.

Circulation of Six Thousand. The raliway around the falls has een under construction some four years and is now about half completed. The town of Perto Veiho was founded by the railway company, which employs some 6,000 men and which in this country has to import not only all of its engineers and other responsible employees, but also all of its manual labor, the Indians who inhabit the sired. Cutting the lengths presses the Amazonas jungle through which the work is now pushing its slow and painful way being as unwilling as unfit to perform the tasks required of a railway builder.

Before Porto Velho reached its pres ent size and importance as a center of European population the newspaper was merely typewritten and mimeographed. Then, too, it was merely a local organ, no wireless having then been installed. Now, with four pages printed on a modern press, the paper prides itself on its telegraph news from all the world cabled to Para, thence by cable, again up the Amazon to Manaos and finally by wireless across the jungle to the office of the Porto Velho Marconigram.

#### PRIZES CHINESE DENTISTRY.

American Army Officer Has Wondrous

Example in Gold. There is now on the active list of the United States army an accomplished officer who during an extensive sojourn in China had some work done on his teeth by a native dentist which is wonderful to behold. In the place of three or four missing teeth the Chinese operative appears to have anchored a single strip of gold, which seems to serve the intended purpose all right, but without a line or curve to show the contour of individual teeth. The officer who possesses this remarkable example of oriental dentistry prizes it as a Chinese curio.

New Yorkers Like Coffee Father Knickerbocker is the largest coffee consumer in the world. It requires 35,000,000 pounds to last him one year.

## If you would sell

YOUR HOUSE

YOUR FARM

YOUR HORSE

Try what the cheap columns of the

Morning Enterprise can do for you.



Cut into joints one large fowl or two small ones, removing as many of the bones as possible and the skin it very tough. Put two tablespoonfuls olive oil, pork drippings or butter in a fry ing pan and as soon as smoking hot lay a few pieces of the chicken in at a time, turning often until the flesh loses its pinky tinge and turns white Do not allow the pieces to brown. As fast as the white stage is reached take from the pan and drain on soft paper while cooking another batch. When all are cooked-and you may have to add more butter or oil before you have finished, but do so when there is ho chicken in the pan-place where the chicken will keep hot while you prewith all his work to do and, fluding pare the sauce. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in the pan where the chicken was cooked and as soon as melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour As soon as blended and frothy turn in three cupfuls veal or chicken stock. It is for-instance, perfectly reason, which can be made from the bones. able that what is perhaps the only cleaned feet and trimmings of the fowl, well seasoned with vegetables and soup herbs. Cook until smooth and thickened, strain into the casserole. add the pieces of chicken, cover closely with oiled paper, adjust the casserole cover and bake in a moderate oven an hour or more, dependent upon the age and tenderness of the chicken. Game and veni are cooked in the same way as the chicken. Rabbit is special ly nice prepared in this way.

> Hungarian Goulash. This is a specially appetizing dish when cooked and served en casserole, and here are the directions for its preparation as given by one of the manufacturers of the American ware: Slice a peeled onion and cook until brown in three tablespoonfuls pork

drippings or butter. Take out the onlon and turn in a pound and a haif of lean, uncooked vent cut in inch slightly browned, then reject the fat, in casserole. Add a pint of broth or boiling water and a teaspoonful of paprika, cover the dish and place in the oven. In the meantime add more fat to the frying pan and when hot brown in it about a dozen balls cut small onions. When the onions are well browned add them to the casse and the potatoes and if desired two

Molasses Taffy, Light and Perous. Cook together one cupful of granulated or coffee sugar, two cupfuls New Orleans molasses, one tablespoonful of vinegar and a piece of butter the size of a small blokery nut. Do not let it boll hard and do not stir, else it will grain. As soon as brittle when dropped into cold water turn into buttered pans and set away until cool enough to handle. The pulling requires two people, one to hold the hands in posttion of a book for the puller to throw the stretched candy upon, while the other holds the lengths together. The more delicately it is handled the lighter in color and texture will the candy be. When it is of a light cream color stretch into a long, wide, thin strip and lay on a marble or molding board. With the left hand lift the end of the candy from the board and with the back of a knife, held in the right hand, break into pieces any size deends together, making the candy less

Children Cry For Them. Date gems are a favorite with the children for breakfast or luncheon. They should be served hot. To make them, make a batter with a cupful of milk, the yolks of two eggs beaten thoroughly, a cupful and a half of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When the batter is smooth add a quarter of a pound of dates cut fine and the whites of the two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in buttered gem tins in a quick oven. It will take about thirty minutes.

Company Desserts. A delicious dessert is made by stiffening grape juice with gelatin and folding the whites of eggs whipped to a stiff froth through it while it is thickening. Serve with whipped cream. All easily made "company" dessert is prepared by splitting an angel cake lengthwise and spreading it with a thick covering of whipped cream and then putting the layers together and decorating the top with candied fruit arranged in some pretty design.

Smoked Halibut.

Shred into medium sized pieces two cupfuls of halibut and put it on the stove in a spider. Cover with cold water. Let it come to a scald, but not to a boil. Then turn off the water and, covering again with cold water, scald again and then pour off the water. Take equal quantities of milk and water, enough to cover, thicken with flour wet in cold water, add two well beaten eggs and butter the size of an egg and serve at once.

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

Of Pastorate of Rev. Landsborough With the Presbyterian Church.

The sixth anniversary of the call to the Presbyterian church of this city of Rev. J. R. Landsborough occurs today and the pastor will deliver an appropriate sermon to the occasion at the morning service. Since coming to this city Rev. Landsborough has done much to build up the memberahip, and at present there is a larger attendance at this church than at any time in the history of the church. The Sun-day school has a large membership as well, one class, the Friendly Bible well, one class, the Friendly Bible

#### An Unfortunate Situation

By JOHN TURNLEE

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The only definite feature respecting my attentions to Phoebe Constant was that they were unweicome to her father. Mothers are less apt to take definite ground with regard to their daughters, especially men friends, and the only opposition to my being devoted to Phoebe came from her father. Mind you, I was not engaged to her. I was not sure that I wished to be engaged to her, and she had not indicated that she wished to be engaged to me. This matter of love is usually considered as something that comes suddenly, turning a couple from indifference to a wild passion for each other. I admit that there are many such cases, but mine was not

one of that kind. One day Phoebe wrote me a note suggesting that if I had nothing special on hand for the evening I'd bet ter come to see her. I did so and found, that her father had gone on business to a neighboring town and would not be at home before 11 o'clock. If there is anything needed to bring about a love affair it is some thing claudestine. The fact that Phoebe had sent for me to be with her while her father would know nothing about it inspired me with a more tender feeling for her. Indeed, it opened the bud of love. For the first time in my life I put some warmth into my words and bearing toward her and received a correspond ing response. When I left her I feit that we had made a beginning in a new relationship.

Mr. Constant kept a large dog on his premises which was unchained every night at 10 o'clock. Not wishing to make my presence during Mr. Constant's absence especially known among the servants, I did not suggest any delay in unchaining the dog, intending to leave just before 10 o'clock. At five minutes before 10 I said good night to Phoebe-no kiss; I hadn't got that far, only a pressure of the handand started down the walk leading to the gate. I hadn't gone more than half way before I saw a black mass moving in another part of the yard and knew it for the dog. I was about ten steps from a tree, which I reached in five long ones and, making the jump of my life, caught a branch and drew myself up to a safe place.

Either my watch was wrong or the dog had been let out ahead of time. It did not matter which was the case, I was a prisoner in a tree near a walk along which Mr. Constant would pass when he came home. If the dog had barked Phoebe would have heard him and suspected that I was in trouble. But he did not utter a single growt. I saw no way to attract the attention of any one in the house, and, as to coming down into the jaws of the fierce brute below me, it was not to be considered. When he found he couldn't reach me he simply lay down and walted.

My position was unpleasant in more respects than one. That first sweet passion of love which had entered by blood I found delicious. I knew that young woman about to enter upon a love affair is very sensitive to any noble or ignoble attitude the man in the case may occupy. I dreaded to be caught by her father upon a tree like a thief, guarded by a watchdog. It was a contemptible position for me and would place Phoebe in an unenviable attitude with regard to her father, indicating that she had received me clandestinely during his ab-

if I could only think of some ingenious way to escape the dog or, bet ter yet, some daring stroke to overcome him I might not only avoid losing prestige, but gain it. I looked about me for a means of escape. The trees were very thick, but toward the gate not thick enough to admit of my passing from one to the other and out of the grounds. Toward the house the prospect looked more favorable. 1 determined to try it. Better be caught

like a burgiar than a sneak thief. By climbing from branch to branch and making some desperate leaps, the dog following me, I finally gained the roof of the house. When I got there I couldn't get back, for the limb from which I dropped, relieved of my weight, sprang upward beyond my reach. I found myself in a sort of roof pocket directly in front of a win-

It seemed to me that I had not improved the situation. I had got rid of the dog, but had been cornered on the roof. In any event I must stay where I was till relieved by human help. I heard a train come in at the station half a mile away, and in about twenty minutes Mr. Constant came in at the gate and spoke to the dog. I rejoiced that dogs can't talk and this one couldn't give me away. Then the front door closed, and the next development was a bright light in the window before which I was standing and from which I could not move. And what was my horror to see Mr. Con-

stant beginning to disrobe. He advanced at once to draw down the shade and, seeing a man on the narrow ledge of the roof outside the window, was about to turn for some weapon for defense when, placing my face against a pane, I implored him by my expression to desist. The light shone on my features, and he recog-

That was the end of my attentions to Phoebe Constant. She never quite satisfied her father but that there was some mystery about the matter greatly to my discredit, and she could never again think of me as a lover.

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