

The Great Adventure

And How It Solved the Problem of Four People

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Miss Penlow yawned behind her pretty hand and blinked her blue eyes at Roderick. "Dear boy," she murmured wearily, "this is the seventh hour of the day, more or less, that I've said I don't want to be married yet awhile. I want to enjoy my single blessedness for another year. I want to have a good time, and I see my way clear to have it now that Aunt Bee has invited me to spend a winter in New York. Next fall, after the summer abroad she has promised me, I'll be ready to marry you and go to housekeeping in that dear, horrible, stuffy little apartment which, I am sure, is all we can afford."

"You have evidently thought the matter over carefully. Your reasons are most excellent ones, and I dare say you will have a splendid time with Mrs. Franks. When are you going to start on your journey into the world?"

"A week from today. And what are you going to do, Rod? You spoke of joining Dick Ellis on his hunting trip into the north. Didn't you say you might get a picture up there among the trappers and guides?" Edith Penlow spoke rather absently, as one who tried to force an interest in a very tiresome subject.

"I am planning to join Ellis on Thursday. We shall be gone all winter. I withheld my answer until I might know your decision. Edith, I will see you before I go."

Out in the silent street Roderick Wakenly strode swiftly along the frosty pavements, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, his eyes searching the gloom ahead, as if they were trying to pierce the gray veil of the future that seemed stretched before him. Before the veil Edith Penlow's dainty figure seemed to dance



WAL JONES

TOOK SEEN IN HIS ARM. alluringly, yet with dimming clearness, until at last she vanished and there was nothing but the gray veil and little else beyond.

At the door of his rooms he paused a long while, pondering over Edith's assurance of her love for him. At last he swung his head up and drew a sharp breath. "What a doozy I am!" he muttered angrily. "Of course she wants a good time, and I'm a selfish beast to expect her to make the sacrifice. I'll just clear out with Ellis, and the air of the north will drive the cobwebs from my brain and make me see things straight."

On Thursday he set forth with Dick Ellis bound for the Canadian woods. As he stepped behind him in a mist of sharp pain, that spring would be remembered before he saw it again. And Edith—before she would return at Easter before going abroad with her aunt—would she learn to care for another? Dick Ellis broke in on his reverie with some commonplace, and thereafter the talk was all about game and fishing and Roderick's pictures.

Anjou was a quiet enough settlement of little houses, crowded together as if for warmth from the wintry blasts that swept screaming through the woods, shaking the trees to the very roots and snapping dead branches with a sound like pistol shots. In the house of Ellis' guide, an Englishman named Peter Bush, they found lodgings, and Roderick secured the empty left over the kitchen for his own special retreat. The stovepipe from the big heater ran through the loft and warmed it comfortably, but Roderick loved to lie near the trapdoor in the floor and look down into the smoke wreathed room where Ellis and other neighboring sportsmen gathered about the stove and told their stories.

Roderick made several sketches that might develop into the great picture, but he felt no especial enthusiasm about pushing his work forward. Edith's attitude had somehow set the machinery of his life out of adjustment. He told himself that only she could make matters right again. Every word he watched for a letter from her, but the letters came rarely and were lacking in the great essentials that he craved—her assurance that she loved him in her new life; that she longed for the time when they would no longer be separated, when the year's probation would be over. But she never wrote of these things. Her letters were mere frothy jottings of her gay life—of her happiness—and a care-

less word of affection at the end, some times forgotten after all.

One morning he took sketching block and pencil and went forth on the trail of Ellis, who had been gone hours before hot on the track of a brown bear which had invaded their storehouse the night before.

Roderick paused to rest on the fallen trunk of a giant beech when his startled glance took in a scene that he never forgot.

Beyond him in a small clearing carpeted with a soft drift of newly fallen snow there stood a girl and a deer, quite unconscious of his presence. It was evident that each had emerged from the woods on opposite sides of the clearing and were now poised in startled contemplation of each other.

The girl, small and slender and graceful, wore a long red cape that enveloped her like the cloak of Little Red Riding Hood of nursery tales, and over her fair hair was drawn a red hood, framing the pale oval of her lovely young face, out of which shone eyes as shy and brown as those of the deer, which stood in an attitude of pitiable fright.

So they stood for a whole minute while Roderick transferred their heads to his block with quick, sure strokes of his crayon. Then he thrust both in his pocket and made a sharp sound with his lips. Instantly the animal turned about and leaped into the forest from whence it had come, while the girl leaped against a tree, one little hand against her palpitating bosom, staring at Roderick.

"You were frightened—there was no cause for alarm—but it was no doubt startling to come face to face with such a wild creature," he said, talking rather volubly to enable her to recover herself. How is it that you are alone and so far from the settlement? Are you not afraid?" asked Roderick curiously.

"Indeed, no," she said in a surprised tone. "I know every inch of these woods, but I don't know all the dangers thereof. Now I can add another to my acquaintances." She smiled in such a friendly way that Roderick took the compliment to himself.

"Thank you," he said courteously. "I am proud to be received by the lady of the forest."

She blushed beautifully and bit the red curve of her lip thoughtfully. "Really it seems such a rude thing to say, but I didn't mean you, sir. I meant the deer was a new acquaintance."

Roderick reddened as he laughed at his own confusion. "Serves me right," he said emphatically, "for being such a conceited jackanapes. If I can be of no further service to you I may as well get along after Ellis."

"Oh, do you know Mr. Ellis?" she asked. "Is he here?"

"He's staying in Anjou for the hunting. I'm with him. My name's Wakenly—Roderick Wakenly."

"Then you're the painter. Mr. Ellis has often mentioned your name to us. He always comes over to the lodge to see father and me. We have a camp away back here. Tell Mr. Ellis we shall be glad to see him and his friend too." She smiled back over her shoulder and disappeared, while Roderick's heart throbbed and thumped back to the cabin, forgetting everything save the fact that at last the great picture was at hand.

After that the weeks flew rapidly while Roderick worked on his picture, tramped the woods hoping for a glimpse of Katherine Deering's red cloak or joined Ellis in his trips after brown bear and deer. Many evenings they spent at the lodge with Colonel Deering and his daughter while the great fire blazed on the hearth and three flickering shadows over their faces.

As the spring came on Roderick's engagement to Edith Penlow seemed to fade into a dull background that he had called life—before he had met Katherine Deering and fallen in love with her sweetness and shy simplicity. Edith's letters had grown fewer until they ceased altogether. Then one morning there came a letter that fell into his life like a bombshell of unpleasantness.

"I am tired of New York," she wrote rather petulantly, "so if you are ready to go to Paris I shall prepare to be married in June. Aunt Bee has given up the trip for this year."

In his perplexity Roderick laid the case before Dick Ellis. The latter gnawed his pipestem savagely and looked at Roderick through narrowed lids.

"You're all over it, eh, Rod?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm ashamed to say I am," nodded the other. "I didn't know I was such a cad."

"You're not, only neither of you is in love with the other. Of course it's Edith Penlow." His voice lowered.

"Yes."

"She doesn't care a rap for you—never did! I'm not conceited, old man. Fact is, I know it, only—only it was too late. You see, I love her, too, but when I asked her she had promised you. What time does the express leave the junction?" he asked suddenly, springing to his feet.

"Three-ten this afternoon."

"Then I'm off. Have Rush send my traps down. Wish you luck, Rod. You needn't wish me any. I know I'll win out."

Roderick whistled softly as he carefully wrapped his finished picture and tucked it under his arm. "The Great Adventure," it was called, this meeting of the timid girl and the frightened deer, and as he went through the woods toward Colonel Deering's camp he was conscious that he was setting forth upon the greatest adventure of his life. When he saw Katherine coming through the cathedral aisles of the forest toward him one glimpse of her face caused him to drop the great picture in the snow and take her in his arms.

For the Children

A Locomotive Entirely Covered With Apples.



At a horticultural fair in Sebastopol, Cal., one of the most interesting exhibits was an apple locomotive on an apple track on apple ties, says the St. Nicholas, from which the accompanying picture is reproduced. It required several thousand apples to make this unique design.

The framework was twenty-six feet long and six feet high, and the engine was complete, at least as to its outward appearance. The driving wheels were operated by a concealed electric motor. When the power was turned this fruit engine moved along on its track.

Making Scrap Books.

The very best kind of scrap book for the nursery is one made of linen, colored cambric or muslin. Cut four pieces, 24 by 12 inches, and buttonhole stitch the edges. Then stitch down the middle, fold over and stitch again along the folded edges to make the book stay shut. The edges may be scalloped instead of buttonholed. Advertisements may be cut from newspapers and magazines and by combining them make very funny pictures.

Another kind of scrap book can be made from a blank book which has all of the leaves cut across about a third of the way down. Cut from picture cards or old books figures of men, women, boys or girls, and cutting off the heads, paste the bodies on the larger part of the page and the heads on the smaller part so they just fit together. By only turning part of the pages, either the upper or lower, at a time, each body can be made to fit a different head. But you must be careful to paste the pictures so that any head will join any body. A linen book can be made in the same way.

Make the paste by mixing one half cup of flour with cold water to make a smooth thin batter. Stir continually. Remove from the fire as soon as it boils and add three drops of cloves.

Joke on the Joker.

When Professor Scheffel, the German poet, was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health he received from a friend in Berlin an unstamped letter containing nothing but the following words: "I am quite well. Yours truly, B." Annoyed at having to pay double postage, the poet packed in a case a very large stone and dispatched it to his friend by express, collect. The latter, in the belief that the package contained something of considerable value, willingly paid the high charges and opened the case. His feelings may be better imagined than described when he saw the stone and the label attached to it, which bore the following words: "On receipt of the news as to the state of your health my heart was relieved of this load."

Presence of Mind.

A startling incident is related of an officer in the Twelfth Hussar regiment who was riding with the troops in the neighborhood of the garrison of Merseburg when suddenly his horse, a high mettled charger, took fright and bolted. His efforts to restrain the animal were fruitless. Giving the horse the rein, the officer waited for a chance to spring from the saddle. To his dismay, the animal suddenly swerved toward a piece of level ground which ended in a cliff overhanging the shore. In a few moments both horse and rider would be over the edge. But a bright flash was seen for a moment, and the saber of the officer fell with deadly effect upon the head of his steed. Just in time the officer leaped from the saddle and escaped.

What Lucy Knew.

Mother was very busy dusting and straightening up the house. Little Lucy was helping.

"I declare," said mother, "I never saw so much dust. I wonder where it comes from."

"If I knew I'd tell you," answered Lucy.

"You don't even know what dust is."

"Oh, yes, I do, mother! It is mud with the juice squeezed out."

When Mary Reads.

When Mary reads at school, you know, she speaks the words off very slow—"I see-a-boy," and things like that. And "Thomas-have-you-seen-the-cat?" And teacher says (don't ever tell) that Mary can't read very well.

But when she reads to Bob and me we scarcely wait to stop for tea. She reads the most surprising things. Of birds that talk and beasts with wings. And mother always smiles to see When Mary reads to Bob and me.

It doesn't matter what the book.

Dear Mary only has to look To see the nicest stories there. She took Bob's spell, I declare, And sweeter tales there could not be Than those she read to Bob and me!

And so we're sure that teacher's wrong And Mary'll head the class ere long. For, though the grown folks all can tell What words the hardest letters spell, It's wonderful a girl so small Can read what isn't there at all!

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Woman's World

No Career Greater Than Home-making, Says Miss Tarbell.



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MISS IDA M. TARBELL.

This is what Miss Ida Tarbell, the biographer of Standard Oil and author of "Life of Lincoln," has to say about woman's civic duty:

"The most valuable citizen in the world is the woman who stays at home and properly brings up a family of children."

"A woman's first and most important duty to the state is the same as it always has been since the beginning of things—the rearing of good citizens."

"There is no achievement, literary, artistic, what you will, which a woman can perform that is of the same vital significance to the nation as the rearing of a family of mentally, morally, physically healthy boys and girls."

"There is no profession containing such real honor for a woman as that of home-making. And it is the great national job for the majority of us. Let us see that we stick to it. We can't do anything better."

Miss Tarbell's interviewer here interposed that it was not possible for all women to marry, and she was asked what civic duties were best performed by the single ones.

Miss Tarbell said: "They still serve the state in many ways. The highest service that they can perform is to become teachers. Women do excellent work on boards of hospitals, reformatories, prisons, asylums and schools. Indeed, there should be a proportion of women on all such boards, though there should be men also."

"As factory and milk and tenement house inspectors women do splendid service. There should be many more women probation officers. All state institutions taking care of women and children should be largely administered by women."

Household Economics.

To make biscuits light—drench with gasoline and ignite before serving.

To keep servants—chloroform and lock in the cellar.

To get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

To remove fruit stains from linens—use the scissors.

To keep rats out of the pantry—put all the food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them read all your private papers.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep children at home—lock 'em in the garret.

To keep hubby at home—lock up all his clothes.

To prevent accidents in the kitchen—fill the kerosene can with water.

To stop leaks in pipes—send in a hurry up for the nearest plumber.

To economize on coal—get a gas range.

To test freshness of eggs—drop on hard surface.

To propitiate the janitor—you can't do it—Lippincott's.

Large Waists.

The Venus of Milo dressed in Parisian modes might pass muster now. Thirty inches is none too big for a waist. Paris made the law, and every one followed it joyously. Even the stays, pull as you may, will not give you a small waist. It is even rumored that Frenchwomen paid the front of the figure to cause it to appear straight, but the one desideratum is to keep the hips to the straight line.

Catherine de' Medici when she introduced the bone corset made thirteen inches the right size for the waist, and many a woman at court sacrificed her life to attain it. There is no necessity to have long bones to keep in the hips. Corset or brocade may be cut so as to confine the dimensions. Digestive organs are now left full and easy play.

Women and Suffragettes.

On his visit to America Father Vaughan of London (called by Chesterton "the Mayfair priest who makes the comfortable classes feel uncomfortable") was asked, "Would you give votes to women?"

"I would make no difficulty about giving votes to women," he answered. "But, you understand," he added, with twinkling eye, "once you give votes to women the suffragettes would be wailing for them also."—Success.

A YANKEE'S PLUCK

By RYLAND BELL

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If that class of Italians who perpetrate Black Hand crimes in America use the same methods in Italy to extort money we don't know it. Indeed, we hear very little of crime, and what we do hear is of the bandit, who openly robs and holds captives for ransom. The Black Hand methods are more easily used in America, where brigandage would not pay, but where under our trial methods it is very difficult to convict Black Hand criminals.

Some years ago Edward White, a young American gentleman, intending to go in a carriage from Naples to Sorrento, was warned against a gang of bandits who had shown themselves on that route. Instead of heeding the warning he told his banker that if he should send him an order for ransom to scrutinize the message for hidden instructions and especially to heat the paper on which it was written. There are plenty of lemons in Italy, and a message written in lemon juice is not visible till heated, when it comes out a dark brown.

True enough, White was taken in by the bandits and carried up into the highlands overlooking the bay of Naples. Several days after his capture his banker one morning found on his desk a letter from the captive ordering him to send 50,000 francs to a certain point, the location being carefully described in the letter. The banker heated the paper, and a message appeared of an entirely different purport. It directed that a force of soldiers go to a certain spot on the coast on a certain date and with a telescope look up into the mountains. At a point between the rocks of peculiar shape the bandits were encamped. The troops, knowing exactly where their enemies were, could advance at night and surround them.

The banker disliked to propose the plan to the government officials, fearing that if it failed White would be murdered. Nevertheless he obeyed the order. The troops were sent by water to a point off a place called Castellamare. They were kept concealed below, and a police officer in plain clothes, armed with a telescope, went ashore. This precaution was taken that any confederates the bandits might have in that vicinity should not be able to notify them of the presence of the troops.

The police officer, choosing a spot where he would not be observed, brought his glass to bear on the mountains and located the position of the bandit camp. Being familiar with the locality—he was chosen for the work on this account—he knew very well the roads by which the soldiers might surround the camp. Returning to the boat, he informed the captain of his observations, drew a rough map of the roads running near the point of attack and agreed to personally conduct one part of the force to the small plateau on which the bandits were waiting. All was arranged, so far as possible, that there should be no warning.

As soon as it was quite dark the boat changed position to a point on the bay that was comparatively free from houses, and the troops were disembarked. They ascended the hills by two different routes, one party to attack in front, the other in the rear. No one passed them from below, and whosoever they met they forced to go with them that no one might carry information of their approach.

Meanwhile the bandits, oblivious to the fact that their captive had given such information as might lead to their ruin and having seen and read his letter ordering his banker to send the ransom, treated him kindly. They even permitted him to walk about on the ledge on which the camp rested, though a man stood ready to shoot him at any unusual motion. He looked for the troops below, but, seeing nothing of them, was not aware of their arrival. But he saw the boat that contained them, and it occurred to him that this would be a better way to send them than the one he had indicated. He gauged the time of their arrival, if they came at all, for that night.

Toward midnight the bandits, except the guard, slept. White managed, undetected, to steal a knife from the belt of one of his enemies, who slept soundly, and concealed it under his body. About 2 o'clock in the morning there was a shot on the edge of the plateau, which was not more than ten yards from the sleeping outlaws. Every one of them jumped at once to his feet. White lay perfectly still. The first shot was followed by another and another. Then there was a shot from the rear. The captain of the band, thinking that they must have been outwitted by their captive, rushed upon him to run him through. White, who was an athlete and quick as lightning, sprang to his feet and, turning the bandit's sword aside with his knife, buried the knife in his side.

By this time there was a mingling of soldiers and bandits, the bandits vainly trying to escape. Those who succeeded in doing so were shot down by those in the rear who had been waiting for the attack in front. Eight bandits were killed and ten were captured.

For this bit of pluck White received the thanks of the government. Every one agreed that the capture of the band could only have been accomplished by a Yankee of extraordinary bravery.

CLARKES.

Mr. Haag's horse stepped on something which caused a sore foot.

Mr. Marquardt was in town on Monday.

Mr. Bottemiller is plowing and getting ready to sow oats.

Mr. Haag went over to Mr. Moser's on Monday.

Mr. Baurer and son, Albert, from Colton, were in town on Monday.

Mr. Marshall finished up sawing on their Highland farm.

Ed Hual was out digging post holes last week.

Harvey Caruthers, the cream hauler, had a little break down last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

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