

PAT

By CARROL H. PIERCE
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I was tramping in Switzerland, I set out one morning from Vevey on the road to Geneva. I was walking along enjoying the beautiful prospect about me—Lake Lemano and white Alpine peaks in the distance—when ahead of me I saw a figure topped by a conical hat, a greenish coat and knee breeches. Over his shoulder he carried a staff, to an end of which was slung a bandanna handkerchief, evidently containing the wayfarer's luggage. "Upon my word," I said to myself, "if there isn't a son of the Emerald Isle tramping along here in Switzerland."

"There is a kinship among those who speak the same language that comes out when they meet in foreign lands. It was this feeling that induced me to increase my pace till I reached the man. When I did so he turned toward me a good natured face and on seeing that I was amused at his appearance said jauntily:

"The top of the morning to you, sir." "How are you, Pat?" I replied. "And how did you know me name was Pat?" he asked. "Oh, you green islanders are all either Pat or Mike. I had an even chance of hitting your name." "You're not English," he rejoined, "unless you're a colonist. I know that by your talk."

"I'm an American. But what the dickens are you tramping for here in Switzerland—looking for a chance to carry mortar to the top of some new building?" "Where there's a fellow to do all the work?" My reply to this was a smile. The man puzzled me. His brogue was not so broad as that of an Irish peasant. And why an Irish peasant should be looking for a job in Switzerland I could not conceive.

Whether it was that I longed for the companionship of one who spoke a common language or because there was something very much alive with my fellow traveler I don't know, but I enjoyed his company so well that I was in no hurry to part with him. Coming to a village, we sat down together at a table in the grounds of a hotel on the margin of the lake and ordered a luncheon. Pat talked glibly all the while, his chat sparkling with wit and humor, so that I was very agreeably entertained. I undertook to pay for his lunch as well as my own, but he wouldn't have it. I insisted that it was a low price for me to pay for having been so pleasantly cheered, but he said that he had, or thought he had, money enough to take him to Dublin, and as long as it lasted he would pay his own way.

The result of the meeting was that we traveled together to Geneva. There he named a cheap hotel he proposed to stop at, and I was so loath to part with him that I chose the same hostelry. He intended to set out on his walk the next day toward Dijon, thence to Paris, Calais and across the channel and over England to his home in Ireland. But the next day he was taken down with rheumatism in one of his legs and couldn't move.

He did not quit Geneva for two weeks. It was one of my stopping points and I kept him company, in other words took care of him, then succeeded in inducing him to permit me to purchase a ticket for him to Dublin. Indeed, there seemed to be no other way for him to get home but by train, for he couldn't walk and he hadn't sufficient money to ride. I told him that I would make a tour of Ireland before returning to America and would see him there. If he found it convenient to pay the loan then, well and good, if not I would not miss the amount. On parting with him I asked him to tell me what he was doing in Switzerland. He smiled that good natured smile of his and said that would be explained when I saw him in Ireland.

A PERIL OF THE SEA

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON
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When an ocean liner has been out a couple of days if the weather is fair those who have had mal de mer begin to find their way on deck. Women recline in steamer chairs comfortably tucked in with rugs, many of them slightly pale, but gaining color from the pure ocean atmosphere.

It was on such an occasion that I first saw a lady whose face at once interested me. I was young, and young men are very sensible to beauty. This girl was not so especially beautiful as striking. Her eyes and eyebrows were a dark brown, while her hair was a chestnut with a tinge of red in it. It was this contrast that attracted me.

Now, I am quite willing to confess that under other circumstances I might simply have admired the artistic combination of milky skin, dark eyes and Titian hair without having given the girl another thought. But, as I have said, in fair weather at sea one is under different influences, or, rather, free to be moved by any influence. We had left New York in a snowstorm and were now on the bosom of the warm waters of the gulf stream. Though we needed our wraps, there was a pleasant softness in the air in marked contrast with the winter we had left. Not only did I feel a delightful relaxation, but I was not troubled with a multiplicity of things to look at. I saw only the sky, the ocean and the ship, and on the ship I looked only at the young girl who charmed me.

As luck would have it a friend of mine who was aboard stepped up to the young lady and spoke to her. I was delighted. An introduction was assured to me. Within an hour I was sitting beside Miss Manning, chatting with her.

We were making the Mediterranean trip and, since we had been out only two days, ten or eleven days remained to me to enjoy Miss Manning's society. How impressive is a youngster of twenty-five, especially one who has nothing to do but be impressed! I confess that I had no right to be impressed, for I was engaged to a very lovely woman. The trouble with me was an artistic temperament. I had been caught by a peculiar condition of beauty. I did not find Miss Manning especially intellectual, especially entertaining, but ever before me was that singular combination of features. I did not at first realize the danger for me, an engaged man, to put myself under the influence of another woman, even if the attraction was in that which appealed alone to an abnormal sense for beauty. Before we reached the Azores I began to fear for myself, and when we reached Madeira and we went ashore together and walked in the garden of Funchal, redolent with the perfume of tropical flowers, I knew that I was lost.

I had written something daily to my fiancée to post from our first landing point, but somehow I could not drop it in the purser's box to be mailed. I glanced over what I had written, and so completely had I passed under a new spell that I wondered how I could ever have been under any other. I tore my letter into bits. From Madeira to Gibraltar I was in an agony between a sense of honor, shame and self condemnation on the one hand and infatuation on the other. From Gibraltar to Naples I sank into absolute non-resistance and self contempt.

I had not the assurance nor was I expected to attach myself to the Manning family during their stay in Italy, so I left them, intending to meet them in a few months in Switzerland. I had not spoken my infatuation—I cannot call it love—to Miss Manning, for I could not bring myself to act so contemptibly while I was still betrothed to another. I hoped the conditions might be changed before our next meeting, though what was to change them except some dishonorable act on my part I did not know.

I had not been separated from my fellow traveler a week before the chains that bound me to her began to drop off of their own weight. Then it first occurred to me that I had been captivated by a peculiar beauty. I saw so many different types of beauty in the galleries of Italy that I suppose I became surfeited. Still, I could not call up the image of Miss Manning without backsliding.

Three months passed, and I joined the Mannings at Lausanne, on Lake Geneva. When Miss Manning came into the room where I waited for her I stood mute with astonishment. Her Titian hair had turned into a dark brown, like her eyebrows. "You are surprised at my appearance," she said. "Let me explain. Before leaving America I had suffered from a fever. On recovering my hair came out rapidly, and I had it shaved shortly before I sailed. I ordered a wig of a color to match my eyebrows, but before it was sent home I tried on one belonging to grandma. It was so becoming that I determined to wear it."

GETTING LINE ON OLYMPIC MEN

Americans Making Early Start For 1912 Games in Sweden.

WILL HOLD MANY TRIAL MEETS

Athletes Who Make Highest Average on Percentage Basis Will Be Selected—Ramsdell, Craig, Davenport and Several Others Sure of Places.

With the holding of the Olympic games of 1912 in Sweden, President Everett C. Brown of the National Amateur Athletic Union is already making preparations for the organization of an American team which will perform as admirably as the Yankee aggregations that carried off premier honors in the world's games held at Athens, London and St. Louis. That Brown believes this can be done is shown by the systematic way in which he is going about the organization of the American team.

Although the time for holding the games is over a year away, President



TEX RAMSDELL, WHO IS SURE OF PLACE ON TEAM.

Brown now believes it is expedient to begin getting a line on the best athletes of the nation in the different events and also start the raising of a fund to defray the expenses of sending the team abroad.

A short time ago the National Amateur Athletic Union gave \$1,000 to the fund, and several times this amount already have been pledged by prominent athletic enthusiasts throughout the country. It is understood that President Taft will take steps to have a certain amount advanced from the national treasury, while a similar action is sure to be taken by some of the governors of the different states.

With the expense fund practically assured, it now is up to President Brown and Secretary Sullivan of the national body and the presidents and other officials of the different associations of the nation to confer and hold trials to select the strongest men in the country to take part in the Olympic events which make up the Olympic program. In all probability several trials will be held in the different sections, and the athletes who make the highest average on a percentage basis will be selected.

The fact must be admitted that America's athletes must be superior to those representing other countries, and our representatives will have to win by comfortable margins to be awarded the verdicts. Another thing which must be watched is the team work, which is liable to be used on the Yankee athletes in the different events, especially the track contests.

It is almost certain that these athletes will be selected to compete in Sweden: Sullivan selected F. L. (Tex) Ramsdell of the University of Pennsylvania for the 100 yard dash. B. C. Craig of the University of Michigan was chosen for the 220 yard dash.

Ira Davenport of the University of Chicago, who is looked upon as America's premier quarter miler, was chosen for this event. G. H. Whitely of Princeton was honored with the half mile, and A. F. Baker of Oberlin was awarded the one mile. W. A. Edwards of the University of California was selected for the high barriers and C. P. Gardner of Harvard for the low hurdles. T. P. Jones of Cornell was given the cross country run.

In the field events J. Wasson of Notre Dame was chosen for the broad jump, and K. W. Burdick of the University of Pennsylvania was awarded the high jump. J. Horner, Jr., of the University of Michigan was given the shot put and Lee Talbot of Pennsylvania State the hammer throw. L. R. Scott of Leland Stanford was honored with the pole vault.

A QUICK RECOVERY

By MARJORIE CLOUGH
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I had just entered society at the age of nineteen when my father died insolvent and from affluence we were reduced to poverty.

I found a position as governess in the family of a Mrs. Woodward, a widow with several children. Lucy, a girl nearly my age, was the oldest daughter and, of course, I had nothing to do with her education. Then there was a son, Harry, absent attending lectures. He came home during vacations, but paid me no attention whatever during these visits. He was interested in young ladies occupying the social world in which I had just made my debut and disappeared. He used to talk a great deal about them, and I thought that had it not been for my misfortune had he met me in the gay world he would have spoken of me in the same way.

My duties were to take care of the little children who had only begun to learn. I was something, but not much better than a nurse. Mrs. Woodward was taken down with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered a trained nurse, but when she came the invalid directed that I be with her constantly while the nurse should only attend her when necessary. This threw upon me the brunt of the nursing, the trained nurse only carrying out such work as the doctor's assistant. And just when she was most needed she took herself off to accept a permanent position.

The night the nurse left the patient had had a hemorrhage, and the doctor dreaded her having another. He told me to keep her in the utmost quiet, for she was in a dangerous condition. Her life depended on this. In the middle of the night my mistress asked me feebly for some gruel. I stepped into the hall and was surprised to find the lights that had been left burning below were out and all was in darkness. I returned for matches and went down the staircase. At the bottom a light was flashed in my face and a man's voice called gruffly:

"I want the valuables!" I was always a timid girl, but in this case my mistress' condition conquered fear. I told the man that there was an invalid upstairs and if she knew he was in the house it would kill her. He evidently did not believe me, for he spoke very harshly to me, holding a revolver right in front of my face and ordering me to tell him where the valuables were kept.

Now, there was not a bit of silver plate or jewelry in the house that was not in the sickroom. My mistress had always kept them there in health and insisted on the silver being carried there every evening after dinner. They were nothing to me beside her life. I begged the man so hard to believe me, at the same time telling him that I would bring him everything of value, that he permitted me to go for them.

But how was I to excuse myself to my mistress for carrying the things out? If I told her nothing of what had occurred would she not believe that I was robbing her when she was too ill to stop me? Her son and daughter were both in the house, but to awaken either one of them would be death to their mother. I must think quickly. What put the plan I adopted into my head I know not. It came like a flash.

Going back into my mistress' room, I began to turn the gas up and down, finally turning it out as by mistake. "Oh, dear," I said, "how unlucky! And I don't know where there are matches." While I pretended to be hunting for the matches I was gathering some valuable jewels that I knew were kept in a drawer of the bureau. Taking them and picking up the box in which the silver was kept, I went downstairs. The burglar was waiting for me. He turned his light on what I brought him and remarked that there was a good lot of swag. Then he ordered me into the kitchen and, taking a clothesline hanging against the wall, tied me to a heavy table. In vain I begged him to let me go to my mistress. "Oh, no!" he said. "You'd call the police."

He went away, and I began at once, trying to free myself. My joints were very supple, and I soon slipped my hands out of the rope, after which it was no great work to free myself. Taking up the gruel that was on the range, I went back to my mistress and, relieving the gas, gave her what she would take of it. Then, telling her to try to get some sleep, I went downstairs to the telephone and reported the robbery to the police. Fortunately the burglar had not had time to get to a place of safety with his swag, and by communicating quickly with all the policemen within range he was captured.

The next morning when I told Harry and Lucy what had occurred they were beside themselves with terror till I reached the end, when Lucy sank down into a chair and Harry—well, I shall never forget the look Harry gave me. Just then there was a ring at the telephone, and the police reported that the robber had been taken with jewels and silverware.

Mrs. Woodward recovered, and the doctor said that I had certainly saved her life. Harry Woodward had nothing more to say about the girls he met in society. When he entered upon his profession he married me, and I was once more in the circle to which I belonged and from that day to this have lived a happy life.

MORAN HAS BIG JOB ON HAND

English Lightweight to Clash With McFarland in New York.

BATTLE SHOULD BE A HUMMER

Packy Has Weight, Height and Reach In His Favor, but Little Briton Will More Than Make Up For It With His Aggressiveness.

Lightweights are now occupying the center of the pugilistic stage. Within the last few months more battles between the 133 pound boys have been held than in any other division. The next big contest on the calendar is the bout between Packy McFarland of Chicago and Owen Moran of England. The boys are to clash at the Fairmount A. C. in New York March 14.

The meeting of the pair has been anxiously looked forward to by the fight fans for some time. Promoters all over the country have made several efforts to match the men, but failed owing to some difficulty in getting McFarland and Moran to a mutual understanding regarding the weight.

When the boys signed articles for the coming bout it could be plainly seen that they were anxious to swap punches, as each realized that the other stands in his way to a clear road to the title, so they easily came to an agreement, Moran allowing Packy to weigh 135 pounds at 5 o'clock the day of the contest.

When Moran faces McFarland he will have the toughest job of his career on hand. In this battle the little Englishman will be giving away weight, height and reach, but is confident he can add Chicago boy's scalp to his belt. But can he? Packy is conceded to be about the shiftest boxer in the ring today. He is the most accurate of punchers and a won-



OWEN MORAN, WHO ARE TO CLASH IN NEW YORK.

derful judge of distance; but, like most clever men, he is no terrific biter and seldom knocks out a man.

On the other hand, Moran is by far the hardest hitting lad of his inches in the ring and a finished fighter. Once stung he tears in and battles like a demon. McFarland is the tallest lightweight in the ring today. He is five feet eight inches in his bare feet. When he enters the ring with Moran he will tip the scales around 138 or 140 pounds. Moran is the smallest man in the lightweight division. He is five feet four inches and can easily tip the beam at 133 pounds. Up until about a year ago he had been fighting featherweights.

With both boys in good condition the scrap should result in one of the best battles of the year. Considering everything, McFarland should outpoint Moran, for he has every advantage in his favor.

BASEBALL CHIRPS

Samuel Strang Nicklin, the old New York and Baltimore player, is studying music in Paris. Sammy believes he is good for the 300 class in grand opera.

As capable umpires are getting so scarce, President Lynch of the National league will engage a scout to visit the minor leagues and look over the arbiters.

Manager Bobby Wallace of the St. Louis Browns has picked up a new first baseman. The player's name is McAuley. He played with the semi-pro West Ends of Chicago last year.

Another new curve has been developed on the Pacific coast. Pitcher Hall of the Tacoma team claims that he has a twister that he calls the "fork ball" that is going to keep the batters guessing. He holds the ball between his forefinger and the second finger and throws it overhand.

TWO COUPLES UNHAPPY.

Husband Charges Wife With Being a Boob—Second Wife Deserts. Peter Mayers, who was married in May, 1910, at Portland, to Stella Mayers, has filed a suit for divorce, charging his wife with being a scold and possessing an excitable temper. In October last he says she told him she did not like his ways and that he could go, and drove him away from home.

E. H. Lawles has filed a suit for divorce against Clara Lawles. They were married in Burlington Junction, Mo., June 9, 1893, and he charges desertion in September, 1908. His attorney is George C. Brownell.

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