

A Courtship

That Came In Like a Lamb and Went Out Like a Lion

By EMMA THURSTON

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In my girlhood there were very few fields open to women, and we were not ambitious to occupy those we were at liberty to enter. A woman would at that time rather rely on a man for her living than on her own exertions. I am one of those who believe that women are fitted for the home and are not fitted for making their own living. When Wilbur Ernst came courting me I persuaded myself that I loved him, possibly because it was to my interest to love him. He was a strong character. At any rate, he had a strong will, and I suppose the former cannot exist without the latter.

It seemed to me that he was just the kind of husband for a weak woman like myself. I would be content to let him breast the battle of the world for us both, and that was just



I REPEATED THE WORD "GO."

what he liked. I could see by the way he talked that he had very little respect for women's opinions in business matters, and he would not be likely to consult me about his affairs. But I realized that I could not help him in this respect, and I had no desire to do so. My department would be the home, where I would have all the responsibility.

It would seem from what I have said that Wilbur and I would be especially fitted for each other. But to make assurance doubly sure there is always between couples the engagement period. Yet, I am free to say, sometimes, like the month of March reversed, it comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. I refer to cases where couples quarrel and break with each other before marriage.

Wilbur said that, of course, after a betrothal with him I must drop any of my old fancies. I had but one—Edward Tucker—and he didn't count, because I considered him too much like myself. At any rate, he was very tasty. I thought my fiancé might have left it to me to drop my old fancies without requiring me to do so. However, in Wilbur I had what I thought I should have—a man to manage me—and I intended to tell Edward the next time he came to see me that he needn't call again.

But somehow I couldn't. It was I who should have liked to mate with Edward if he hadn't been so easy-going. He hadn't been making love to me—at least not for some time—and it would seem out of place for me to dismiss a man who was not a suitor. Besides, we had long been friends. So when he called again I utterly failed to say anything about his keeping away from me.

I made a clean breast of the matter to Wilbur and saw the corners of his mouth come down and his chin stick out like the map of Spain. It was evident that there was a case for his strong will to bolster up my weak one. He made a remark with just a little bit of an edge on it, but I was surprised that instead of being strengthened I was nettled. He admitted that the matter required of me was embarrassing, but essential. Doubtless I would screw my courage up to the sticking point in time. I didn't say anything in reply, but doubted that I could screw up my courage.

There was just a little March breeze about this, but thus far there had been so much April softness that I didn't think the season could go backward and our courtship go out with a blast.

About this time June came on, the month of roses and marriages, though Wilbur and I were not to be married till the following autumn. He had agreed to spend a couple of weeks—his vacation—with me during the summer either in the mountains or at the seashore, or any place I might select. This pleased me very much, and I told him I would think over the place at which I should like to spend this happy period and let him know before it

should be time to go. But unfortunately among my other weaknesses is indecision, and for my life I couldn't make up my mind whether I preferred the mountains or the seashore. I knew a place in the former that was perfectly lovely, but the hotel was bad. Then I knew a place at the seashore where the hotel at which I should wish to stop was excellent, but a woman went there every summer whom I detested, and I couldn't bear the idea of being shut up with her under the same roof.

The 1st of July came round, and I had decided nothing. Wilbur asked me one day what I had done, and I said I had been unable to settle on anything. I asked him to decide the matter.

"I know nothing about summer hotels," he replied. "I've never had occasion to use one of them. You must settle on the place."

He had arranged for his outing for two weeks from the 15th of July. Just before the time to go he was very busy getting ready to be absent from business, and I didn't see him for a week. Then he came around on the evening of the 14th of July and asked where we were going. I told him I didn't know.

There was a fine March wind between us. I told him that I had engaged myself to a strong character that I might have some one to rely on in such matters, and he asked me what matters I intended to take under my own care. This made me very angry. I told him that I could make up my mind quick enough if I wished to, and I settled on the place in a twinkling. He asked me to name it, and I told him I would drop him a line. The next morning at 8 I took a train for the mountains. A few days after I reached my destination I wrote him where I was and that I should be happy to see him. He wrote that he had decided to give up his vacation since he was very busy and really should not take the time.

This came pretty near making a permanent break between us. I was miffed at having been called upon to take the initiative. But our betrothal survived it, and when I returned to the city all was made up between us.

It looked as if we should have April weather after this, but one evening another wind came up a good deal fresher than anything we had yet experienced and ended in a tornado. A certain performance at the theater was to be given that I wished very much to see. I bought two seats and telephoned Wilbur that I wished him to go with me to the play. He replied that he had a business engagement for the evening and couldn't go. I asked him what I should do, and he replied—through the telephone, mind you, so that the whole world could hear—that he was too busy to advise me and that if I intended to rely on him through life for little things like that he would carry a load.

That provoked me. Before I had time to get over my huff I had telephoned to Ed Tucker and asked him to be my attendant. He said he should be delighted. I had no sooner received his answer than I was called up by Wilbur to say that he had succeeded in putting off his business engagement and would be with me for the theater.

How could I be expected to know what to say to him at once and over a telephone? I didn't say anything but "Well" or "All right" or something like that, and he, being in a hurry, shut me off.

I couldn't make up my mind what to do in the matter, being rather weak about such things, and half an hour before it was time to go to the play Ed drove up in a carriage and, carrying a bouquet of beautiful flowers, ran up the steps. I met him at the door and took him into the drawing room. I was about to explain the position to him when along came Wilbur. When he saw Ed his face looked like a thun dercloud. He said nothing to Ed, but he said a good deal to me. As soon as he paused I tried to explain to him that I was engaged to go to the theater with both of them. At that moment he caught sight of the flowers lying on the table.

He looked from them to Ed, a frightful light shining in his eyes; then from Ed to me. He was the maddest man I ever saw, and yet I was not at fault at all. I hadn't even had a chance to accept or decline the gift.

You should have heard his talk. He told me that he had feared I was a very weak woman and he had found me not even the consistency of mush. I stood it as long as I could, getting madder every minute. Suddenly I pointed to the door and, with flaming eyes and cheeks, said:

"Go!" He subsided and started in to say something pleasant, but I repeated the word "Go!" and said it again and again till my voice was like a trumpet sounding a charge. I became so infuriated that he feared I would throw something at him and went out, saying he should call again when I had cooled.

"By Jove!" cried Ed. "I've long been looking for a woman to brace up my easy-going nature. I've found her at last. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will."

And so it was that my engagement with Wilbur Ernst came in like a lamb and went out like a lion. My husband, who has turned out to be a man who will fight for his own way in everything, says I am the most obstinate woman he ever knew. But one thing, to my surprise, he admits—he declares that no woman can make up her mind quicker when she wishes to than I, and he only regrets that I won't give him time to come to his own decisions before I spring mine upon him.

For the Children

Musical Canary That Rides on the Bow of the Violin.



A canary owned by a musical family in London demonstrates its extraordinary fondness for musical instruments whenever the instruments are being played. The bird's behavior is a source of constant amusement and interest. It flies to the keyboard every time the piano is played, where it dodges the player's fingers during the performance. When the violin is being played it clings to the bow, no matter how rapid the player's passages are.

Fisherman—A Game.

There is a game which is especially jolly for playing around the table after supper some evening or indoors any rainy afternoon called fisherman. A cane or long stick must be found and to one end a cord tied. Form the opposite end of the cord into a very wide loop. Spread out the loop end of the cord flat in the middle of the table, around which the players stand or sit, and ask each boy or girl to rest his forefinger on the table inside of the circle which the cord forms. Some one acting as fisherman holds the rod. Two commands are given by this player. When he says "Your fish!" each player must raise his forefinger as described, but when he says "My fish!" all must remove their fingers with the greatest celerity, for as he utters this last command the fisherman jerks up his rod with a quick tug, forming a noose, in which any unwary finger will surely be imprisoned. Any fish taken counts a point for the fisherman, who is allowed to continue until he falls to catch a fish in his noose, when some one else takes a turn at the rod. The player catching most fish in his round wins the game, while the person who is oftentimes caught must pay a forfeit.

Instinct of the Ant.

Of stories about the instinct of the ant there are a great number, but the following, told by Professor Levallois, is one of the best: "One day I followed an ant for a long time." She was far from the ant hill and seemed to have no intention of soon returning. In the middle of the path she came upon the dead body of a good sized snail. She first walked all around it and then climbed upon the ugly creature's back, crawled all over it, and after this thorough examination, instead of advancing, as before, immediately returned toward the nest. When halfway there she met one of her companions. In an instant they had touched or rubbed antennae with great animation, and she was pursuing her course. The same performance took place when the ant met a second and third of her companions, and as soon as she had left them she quickly turned toward the spot where the snail lay. The first ant soon entered the nest, and I lost sight of her. But she doubtless continued her work of informing the rest, for a long line of ants immediately came out and set forth for the prey. Ten minutes afterward the snail was entirely covered with the yellow swarm, and by evening not a trace of it remained.

"Playing Possum."

"Playing possum" has become a common saying. This has originated from what is popularly believed to be its habit of pretending to be dead. In this so called feigning the breathing is slow and feeble, and the movement is almost concealed by the thick fur. But here I think that popular opinion is wrong. Space is too limited for details, but instead of feigning death the animal seems to swoon with terror. It is incomprehensible that so small and defenseless a creature should deliberately place itself in the power of the enemy, but we can understand how it might faint with fright.—St. Nicholas.

Animals and Folks.

The number of useful animals in the world is just about the same as the number of people. Australia leads with sheep, India leads in horned cattle, and the United States and Russia are about even in horses.

The Sandman.

At close of day
The sandman gray
Glides softly on through twilight land.
Upon his back
He bears a sack
Well filled with dustlike fairy sand.
With gestures grand
He fills his hand
And scatters sand now here, now there,
And, though no breeze
May stir the trees,
The sand goes floating everywhere.

DOUBLE WEDDING IS HELD.

Couples Leave For Michigan Just After Ceremony.
A double wedding ceremony took place in this city on Monday morning at 11 o'clock, the contracting parties being Miss Leona M. Nelson and W. F. Parker; Miss Anna Garetz and C. L. Hubbel. The bridegrooms were both from Saginaw, Michigan, and immediately after the ceremony the couples left for Michigan. The ceremony was performed at the Baptist parsonage, and owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. S. A. Hayworth, Rev. S. P. Davis officiated.

PARTY GIVEN FOR TEACHER.

Miss Knudtson Will Go to Canby on Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bennett, of East Clackamas, gave a farewell party Friday in honor of Miss Tillie Knudtson, the teacher, who concluded a three months' term of school. Refreshments were served and there was music and dancing.

The party was attended by the children of the school and their parents. Several persons from Portland and Canby also attended. Miss Knudtson will go to her home at Canby Friday to prepare for the teachers' institute.

EMBROIDERED GOWN.

Attractive Needlework on the Season's Frocks and Blouses.



EMBROIDERED GOWN.

The fashion leaders have decreed that it should be hand needlework in every available feature of the summer's wardrobe. Blouses and dresses are covered with embroideries, some of them in white and some in colors. Gowns in coming in again, and so is cross stitch. Handmade laces, such as crochet Irish, are considered much smarter than anything done by machine. Gowns and blouses themselves are esteemed as of more value if fashioned by hand. Naturally all this requires an ample purse unless the owner of the particular costume has been able to put her own handiwork upon it. In that case even stenciling is not despised, particularly in the cases of little girls' dresses, which afford an unusually wide field for the exercise of artistic taste. Play aprons adorned with quaint figures in colors are especially prized by young folks of the play age.

BABY'S OUTFIT.

Handmade and Smart Baskets For Smart Babies.
Never were baby things daintier than they are at present, and fond godmothers have no need to complain of the lack of variety or of beauty in available gifts. This being a lace season, the gowns of fine linen, cambric, lawn or muslin are marvels of filmy loveliness with their inset motifs, their insertions, edgings and flourishes of lace. The fashionable laces, point de venise, milanese, cluny and valenciennes, are well represented on these gowns in connection with hand embroideries. Swiss embroideries are also used. Of course the better robes are entirely handmade.

Dainty bonnets are of cream corded silk inset with lace vandykes. Fine lace and muslin fashion other caps, while caps of Irish crochet lace over silk are particularly handsome. Little crochet and knit shoes in silk and wool are available, while novelties are kid shoes as soft as silk and in



BABY'S TRAVELING BASKET.

such colors as rose, forget-me-not, saxe or pale green. Silk shoes, hand embroidered, are also to be had. Blbs are veritable works of art. Irish lawn blouses covered with hand embroidery or trimmed with lace or embroidered in colors and garnished with lace are to be had for baby's neck.

Elegant cot sets are shown in the fashionable shops, the up to date traveling basket being particularly attractive. Some of these are of white wicker, with lids and trays to match. They are beautifully decked with muslin or lace and knotted with ribbons to match those worn by baby. The underpart of the basket holds a baby's outfit, the upper part holding toilet articles.

Slipper Bows and Buckles.

The latest slippers are ornamented with shoe bows—the kind popular thirty years ago—and buckles. The latter for the most part are austere in design and rather conservative in decoration.

PLAYERS LIKE TO CHANGE JOBS

Monotony of Daily Grind Causes Baseball Stars to Shift Around.

COBB WOULD LIKE TO PITCH.

Detroit's Great Batter and Outfielder Anxious to Try His Blants Against Sluggers—Tinker Another—Brown Wants to Be Infielder.
By TOMMY CLARK.
Baseball players are queer individuals. Mighty few of them are satisfied with their positions. The pitchers would be catchers, and catchers would be pitchers. The outfielders would like to cease chasing flies and stop grounders. The infielders would like to wander to the outfield and chase the elusive fly. Nearly every player has an ambition to play some other position than the one in which he has made his reputation. Doing a specialty becomes tiresome to the average ball tosser, and he imagines the other fellow's work is easier than his own until he tries it.

For instance, Charley Doolan, the manager of the Phillies, when he is not warming up pitchers likes to gobble up grounders in the infield. Sherwood Magee of the same team has to be chased away from first base when serious practice begins. Ed Walsh of the White Sox would sooner be a first baseman or an outfielder than do slab duty. Ty Cobb would like nothing better than to go into the box and twirl in a regular game. During the off season Tyrus does the pitching for a semipro team in Augusta, Ga., his home town. Most any afternoon during the regular season Cobb can be seen pitching to the batters.

Maybe you have watched Joe Tinker, the Cubs' great shortstop, trying to solve the mysteries of pitching during practice. Frank Schulte is usually his catcher. Stange, the Detroit backstop, has to be driven back of the bat. He would sooner play in the infield than be called the Tigers' star catcher. "Three Fingers" Brown of the Cubs, who seems to be all in as a pitcher, thinks he would make good as an infielder. Before he became a twirler he played in the infield, so the position is not new to him.

It's the monotony of doing the same thing day after day that wears on the players, and it is real fun for them to shift to some other position even for a few minutes.

This habit has resulted in some players turning out to be stars in positions other than the ones to which they have been assigned by their managers.

Ted Easterly of Cleveland, who is good enough to catch for any team, has given up backstop work and is now playing right field for the Naps. Jack Flynn, who did most of the first base playing for Pittsburg last season, is now a catcher. Flynn was a first class backstop while with Georgetown. J. I. Taylor, president of the Boston Americans, believes that his shortstop, Wagner, will be even better behind the bat than in the infield, but the chances are that Wagner will remain at his old station. Tom Williams, a former catcher, is now holding down bag No. 1 for the Boston Americans. Fred Snodgrass of the Giants gave promise of developing into a crack catcher. Last season McGraw placed him in the outfield, where he has played fairly good ball.

There is only one department of the game where all like to shine. That is batting. Ed Walsh may like to play first, but when it comes his time to bat in practice you bet he doesn't surrender it. He bats. It is so with every man in the game. He may be dissatisfied with his position, he may want to play another, but you bet he won't surrender his place in the batting order to anybody. There are no exceptions.

English Soccer Team Coming.

Announcement has been made that the Corinthians of England, the famous amateur soccer football team which has visited many parts of the world, will tour the United States and Canada in September. The tourists will start their schedule in Canada and play also in Philadelphia, New York, St. Louis, Chicago and Fall River.

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