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Morning Enterprise

OREGON CITY ORE.

Elk Meat.
The flesh of the elk is superior in favor to most venison. The bulls are in best condition about the time the velvet is shed. As the hunting season is usually in October and November and only males are killed, sportsmen often obtain the venison in poor condition, and as a result many persons have found fault with the flavor of elk meat. It is not best when freshly killed, but after hanging four or five days it becomes palatable and nutritious. Of course fat elk are better than lean.—Fur News.

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She Loved Her Native City

How a Boston Girl Behaved in England

By HELEN L. WOODRUFF

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Miss Gwendolin Robbins of Boston possessed all the various traits usually attributed to the girls of that city. She was intellectual, well read and independent.

Miss Robbins being in London with some friends endeavored to make up a party to visit the castle of Lord Tildminster at Abercrombie, some twenty miles from the city, but since every one of her fellow tourists was bent on occupation for the day in another direction Miss Robbins determined to make the visit alone. So she boarded a train from Paddington station and on reaching Abercrombie took a cab for the castle.

Abercrombie, though a thriving town today, was in medieval times but a cluster of houses surrounding the castle and a big church as well, occupied by the tenantry of the earl. It is not therefore to be expected that the streets would be very straight or very broad. The cabman was lumbering along at a snail's pace when round a sharp curve came an automobile driven by a young man in a white flannel suit and a straw hat. The cabman lost his head and, instead of going to the right, jerked his horse to the left. Then, seeing his mistake, he gave another jerk to the right. The young man in the auto endeavored to follow the reverse of these variations, but, not knowing which side the cabman would eventually decide upon, did not succeed.

The result was a crash. The cabman went up in the air. The cab broke into many pieces, from which Miss Robbins stepped forth as imperturbably as if she had thrown off a wrap. The young man sprang from his automobile and with a wild look in his eye asked her if she was sure no bones were broken.

She coolly turned to the cabman, who was lying on the stones insensible, and began to direct the matter of taking care of him.

"An ambulance, call!" she said to those who were gathering about.

Since no one knew what she meant no ambulance was called. Then, see-

The New Englanders are much like us old Englanders, aren't they?"

"Very. You have Oxford and Cambridge. We have Cambridge."

"I see. And why, may I ask, do you wish to see this old pile of stones?"

"Because of the historic interest attached to it."

"Historic interest? How's that?"

"Why, don't you know? It was besieged during the Wars of the Roses and taken by the parliamentary forces in Cromwell's time."

"Oh, was it?"

"If you live about here I should think you would have heard of that."

"But I'm not that kind of a fellow, you know. I run to horses and dogs and cricket and all that."

They were climbing an eminence on which the castle stood. Miss Robbins asked if he was sure he could gain admittance for her, and he replied that he would show her over it himself.

"Are you a friend of the earl?" she asked.

"I know him well enough."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, he's a good sort; not much brains. He and I were at Oxford together. We went there for the student life."

"I thought you said you were not fond of study."

"I'm not. What I meant by the student life is the boating and the games—in short, the college life barring the lectures. I pulled one year against Cambridge."

They reached the castle, chug-chugged over the drawbridge, under the portcullis and drew up in the court. A lackey came running up to them. The young man said something to him in an undertone, then asked Miss Robbins to follow him.

One of the first interesting points they reached was a portion of the wall built of different stone from the rest.

"This part was knocked down," said the volunteer guide, "by an attack made some time or other, by whom I don't exactly remember. I must ask Bob about it."

"Who is Bob, may I ask?"

"Oh, Bob's the fellow that owns the place."

"Is he at home today?"

"I believe he is. He was to have gone to the city, but I think something turned up to change his plan."

"You say he is not intellectual?"

"Not a whit more than I."

"I would like to see at least a portrait of him. Possibly you may be able to show me one?"

"A portrait of Bob! Why, he wouldn't have that mug of his put on canvas at the king's command."

"He's not handsome, then?"

"I should say not."

"Has he a family?"

"Mother and sisters."

"What are his sisters like?"

"Oh, they're good girls, but they're a different sort from Americans, especially those who come from Boston."

"In what respect?"

"Why, if one of them should have a cob splintered around her she'd faint and even if not a bit bent would be in bed after it for a fortnight."

"Indeed!"

If there was anything historically interesting about the castle the guide appeared to be unable to bring it out. When he had finished showing the old pile of stones, as he called it, he took Miss Robbins in his auto to the station and before parting with her asked her if he might call upon her in London. She gave him permission and her address. He called the next day and bore an invitation from his friend Bob, as he called him, or rather, Bob's mother, to luncheon at the castle.

Great were the regrets of the members of Miss Robbins' party that they had not gone with her to Abercrombie that they might have shared in the invitation. Miss Robbins took a train and was met at the station by Lady Tildminster and one of her daughters. They had a great deal to say about what they considered her remarkable presence of mind upon having a cab knocked from around her, and Lady Gwendolin, who was nearly Miss Robbins' age, asked:

"What did you do without your smelling salts?"

After reaching the castle, just before luncheon was served, the young man who had caused the accident and afterward acted as guide bolted into the room and approached the guest, looking very much ashamed of himself.

"Beg pardon," he said, "for going about with you as another fellow, but you see I was so amazed at your action when I ran you down and so ashamed of myself that I didn't like to admit who I was. Hope you won't lay it up against me."

"Please forgive me," pleaded Lady Tildminster. "Bob is a sensitive boy and very retiring."

"Retiring, did you say?" remarked Miss Robbins. "Judging from the rapid way he turns corners in his automobile, I should call him advancing."

The result of this first visit was an invitation to Miss Robbins to spend a fortnight at the castle and that resulted in a letter from the earl, or Bob, as he called himself, making her a proposition of marriage.

It is not usual for an American girl to throw a British title over her shoulder, but Miss Robbins did this very thing.

"If I married you," she wrote him, "my home would be necessarily in Abercrombie. There is no library there and, as I learned when you nearly killed the cabman, not even a town ambulance. It is too late to reform such a place. Boston, on the contrary, is in the 'foremost files of time' and rapidly advancing. Perhaps I could learn to love you, but nothing like Boston."

HERE'S A PRIZE GOLF YARN.

Every now and then you golfers, gathered about the fireplace in the clubhouse, hear strange stories of strange shots. Here's one from England that you can tell the next time the group gathers: "A golfer approaching the green from the rough cut too much under his ball, with the result that it rose a short distance and dropped into a pouch pocket in his jacket. Lifting his head quickly to follow the flight of his ball, he did not notice this fact, and his astonishment can be imagined when he was told to look for the ball in his own pocket."

"MILE IN 4:10 IS POSSIBLE."

So Says Mel Sheppard, Now Training For New Mark.

"The time will surely come when the mile will be run in 4 minutes and 10 seconds," remarked Mel Sheppard, the greatest middle distance runner the world has ever known, at the time John Paul Jones of Cornell established a new world's record by traveling the distance in 4 minutes and 15.25 seconds, which was exactly one-fifth second faster than that of Tommy Connet's old mark.

Sheppard insisted that if trained especially for the mile and given a



MEL SHEPPARD.

chance to run on one of the fast tracks he would be able to better Jones' time. Some of his clubmates laughed at the idea, and when Sheppard began regular hard training with the one object in view of having a try at the record some of them told him he would do better by sticking to the middle distance.

A request was made of the Harvard people that they allow Sheppard a chance to run the mile in the Harvard stadium, but permission could not be had. "Shep" kept up the most regular course of training he has ever followed and today is running in wonderful form.

Just as soon as the Metropolitan championships are over I'll leave for Montreal, Canada. There I will have a whole week's training on one of the fastest tracks in North America. On Sept. 25 the Canadian championships take place, and the management has promised me that the track will be in the very best of shape so that I may have a good try at the mile record."

Sheppard has been doing long work, running up to two miles every time out, and Coach Lawson Robertson says that within the past month Mel has proved his ability to perform in record style. He has been carefully timed on the Celtic park (New York) track, and the time showed clearly that he will be in record breaking form on the Montreal track.

KNABE'S HISTORICAL SPIRIT.

Traces Alexander Back to the King of the Macedonians.

"Say, fellows, we've got a prince among us," squallied Otto Knabe of the Phillies during a quiet spell at the hotel in Cincinnati.

"Whatchu mean?" demanded Dave Altizer suspiciously.

"Why," explained Mr. Knabe, "here's a history book that distinctly says 'Alexander the Great was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia.'"

"Gee whiz," exclaimed Tom Downey, "I always thought there was something mysterious about that guy! He's a grand pitcher, just the same."

Belmont Not to Race Abroad.

After carefully studying the racing situation in this country Mr. August Belmont has canceled an arrangement he had made for the shipment to England and France of several of his thoroughbreds at the nursery stand, and the horses will remain in Kentucky for the present.

Napoleon's Talisman.

Louis Napoleon, who believed himself, even amid exile and poverty, destined to that throne which the prestige of his name and his cunning coup d'etat enabled him to reach, was not without superstitions. In his will he says, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch."

This talisman had no power to turn aside the fatal spears of the Zulus, and the young Napoleon met a sadder fate than his father's worst fears could have imagined for him.

Pinto's Scheme.

It was Mr. Streeter, a London Jeweler, who was instrumental in exposing the notorious old time swindler Pinto, who claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone. His method consisted in having a bag of gold concealed in his sleeve, from which, by an ingenious contrivance, he was able to squeeze the powdered metal unnoticed into the crucible. By this means he was able to melt a sovereign and produce three or four times its weight in metal.—London Mail.

OUR CROSSES.

The crosses which we make for ourselves in this life by a restless anxiety as to the future are not crosses which come from God. We show want of faith in him by our false wisdom, wishing to forestall his arrangements and struggling to supplement his providence by our own providence.—Fenelon.

An Island of Black Cats.

One of the queerest corners of the earth is Chatham island, off the coast of Ecuador. This island lies 900 miles west of Guayaquil, and the equator runs directly through it. It abounds in cats, every one of which is black. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

SNOBBERY IN SHORT SKIRTS.

A Chicago woman who sent her daughter to a private boarding school tells this story:

"I asked my daughter after a few days how she liked the school and how she got along. My girl said: 'Well, mother, it's a very nice school, but the little girls are the strangest creatures. The first thing they said was, "How many carriages have you?" And I said, "Why, we haven't any carriage."

"And what do you think, mother, before I could finish what I was saying a little girl turned up her nose and walked away from me and said to another little girl: 'What's she doing here? Why they haven't even a carriage.'"

"And I said, went on the child excitedly, 'we hadn't any carriage, but we had an automobile. Oh, have you? Well, it's all right, then, but we have three carriages and an automobile and a runabout and seven servants, and my mother has thirty-five pairs of shoes.'"

"Mother," continued the child, "think of any one having thirty-five pairs of shoes."

"Another girl remarked to my daughter: 'I have a new pair of shoes. They cost \$12. What did yours cost?' And she blushed when she said, 'Oh, eight or ten dollars.'"

"As a matter of fact my girl's shoes cost \$3, and I spent an hour trying to convince my child of the insignificance of wealth compared with other things."

Well!

Somehow one feels as if one might think better of that mother had she promptly removed her child from that sort of atmosphere.

Vulgar pretense of superiority because of the possession of the trappings of wealth is an insufferable thing.

What may be expected from a girl who from infancy has been encouraged to indulge such a silly vanity?

A child whose mind and heart are filled with an undue regard for dress and ostentation will in her maturity grow into little more than a flaunting butterfly of fashion.

And it need not provoke your special wonder that in this sort of "high life" there should be satiety and heartburnings and closet skeletons.

We need another Thackeray in a new "Vanity Fair," who will puncture the snobbery of some modern boarding school.

Secret Admiration.

"Mrs. Hurlington refuses to speak to that cloak model," said one young woman.

"Yes," replied the other, "but she tries her best to look like her."—Washington Star



"THIS POST WAS KNOCKED DOWN."

ing a chemist's shop, as they call a drug store in England, near by, she directed several men to carry cabby there. The automobilist, who was watching this self possessed young woman, at this picked up the fallen man and carried him to the shop. Before reaching it cabby recovered his senses and began to howl. It was found that he had got off with a broken arm and rib and a severe contusion of the head.

By this time the automobilist, having recovered his equanimity, issued orders for the man's care and gave him an address where he might call and receive pay for his cab. Then, turning to Miss Robbins, he said:

"Kindly inform me where you were going when I met you and I will take you there in my auto. I don't think it is injured."

"I came here," said the lady, "to visit the castle. Can't I walk there from here?"

"Not on any account. One moment," and, returning to his car, he made a brief examination, then, opening the door of a rear seat, held it waiting for her to approach. She got in with "Thanks, very much."

"Is the castle open to visitors today?" she asked as they sped along.

"No, but I can gain you admittance."

"In that case your misfortune is my gain. I have come out from London to see it."

"Beg pardon, but I should be pleased to know where you are from."

"Why does that interest you?"

"Because I'm quite sure you must hail from a place where young ladies are brought up to be very self reliant. I was amazed to see you take charge of this affair, which was my part."

"I am from Boston."

"Oh, yes, Boston! That's in America, isn't it?"

"New England."

"New England? Now I remember

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