

Molly's Test

And How Her Lover Stood It

By A. R. STANBURY

I loved Molly and wished her to be my wife, but she seemed in dread of making a mistake; was always talking about the horror of marrying a man who didn't love her as she would wish to be loved. I considered this ridiculous, for I knew and told her that if anything should happen to deprive me of her I should go mad. One day when I was pressing her to settle the matter in my favor she said:

"Not for a year yet."
"Oh, my dear, why do you tantalize me?"
"I have a fault that I wish you to discover."
"I have discovered it already. You are absurdly afraid that I don't love you."

She smiled, but said nothing to this. "Well, what is it?" I asked.
"An inherited taint that has come down to me from my grandfather."
"Your grandfather? I suppose he drank a good deal of wine and got the gout. This he transmitted to you, and when you get a twinge you are ready to break up the furniture."

She smiled again and shook her head. I begged hard, but got little satisfaction. Finally she agreed that if I didn't discover her failing within three months she would confess.

Within two weeks after this conversation I made the discovery. Molly and I were at a house party. I came in from a tramp with some of the fellows and, feeling tired, went to my room, as I thought, for a rest before dinner. It was quite dark, and the hall not being lighted I got into the wrong room. When I awoke a full moon was shining in at the window, and I saw some one—a woman—in the room. She walked softly to a bureau and picked up a little box made to hold a finger ring, opened it, shut it, put it in her pocket and glided noiselessly out of the room. While she had stood for a moment with her face toward a window I recognized Molly.

Now, why Molly should come to my room to take anything away with her I could not conceive; but, getting up and looking about me, I saw that I was not in my own room at all. I got out as quickly and as noiselessly as possible.

But Molly! As soon as I knew that she had gone to some one else's room and taken away jewelry I saw the drift of her having accused herself of an inherited taint. She was a kleptomaniac. I had never had any use for the word kleptomaniac, preferring that of thief. Kleptomaniac I considered the name for high bred thieves, while thief was the name for those of low degree.

To gain time to consider my future treatment of Molly I endeavored to act toward her temporarily as if I was ignorant of her vice. I found it impossible. The little endearments I had given her fell flat.

"What's the matter with you?" she said to me. "You are acting strangely toward me lately. Has your fancy been turned toward any of the other girls here?"

Fortunately, I could deny this with fervor, but I couldn't change my bearing toward her. I dreaded to hear that some one in the house had missed jewelry, and the secret was a terrible burden to bear. "But a week passed and no one reported a loss, or if one was reported it was not given to the guests. Although I could not treat Molly as before, I could not bear to give her up. She was immensely popular—indeed, was the life of the party. I believed that if I should make known what I had seen not one in the house would believe me.

When we broke up and went home I was a changed man. I felt that my life was blighted. I lost spirits and flesh at the same time. Nothing could induce me to marry a thief, but in giving up Molly I gave up all hope of married life, for I felt that I would never recover from my disappointment.

I bore it as long as I could, then told Molly that our engagement must be broken.

"You have discovered my fault?" she said.
"I have."
"When and where?"

I told her of my getting into the wrong room when with the house party and seeing her steal a jewel.
"And you wish to be released?"

"I must be released, for my life with one possessing your fault would be terrible."
"And without me?"
"It is blighted."

"You are now talking common sense instead of romance. You would be a fool to marry a thief. I had been watching for some time to teach you this lesson and at last found one. I saw you go by mistake into the wrong room and went in later that you might see me take an empty ring box. You were in Dollie's room, and Dollie will confirm my story."

I caught her in my arms and covered her face with kisses.

Now that Molly has become a settled married woman she looks back upon what she calls her folly with regret. However, she lays the principal fault at my door, saying that instead of applying a test of the strength of my devotion she was really intending to show up the folly of my pretending that I couldn't get on without her. Perhaps I could then, but not now. If I should lose her who would run the house?

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

If we live to and for ourselves only our life must necessarily be a small and poor life since it is limited to our situation and our powers. But if we forget ourselves and open our doors of work, thought and sympathy into the great overflowing life of the whole world we step into so large and full an existence that we can never exhaust or tire of it.

Patrons our advertisers.

Up Spoke Little Agnes.
"How well behaved your children are," said the minister's wife.
"They are perfectly lovely children," added the minister.
The parents smiled proudly, and up spoke little Agnes.
"Pa said if we didn't behave he'd knock our blocks off, didn't you, pa?"
—Newark Star.

Children in Russia.
Of 1,000 children born in Russia about one-half only stand a chance of reaching the age of five.

Points for Mothers

The Mother Heart Myth.
"We hear a great deal of the 'mother heart' of women," says Dolly Madison in her chat on "Mother Hearts," "of the instinct which makes them tender, kind, radiating gentleness. But I sometimes wonder if there is not, after all, a certain narrowness about the high estate of motherhood. Does it cramp a woman's sympathies, contract the boundaries of her tenderness, until it includes only her own little folk—the members of her own household?"

"I am forced to ask this question when I see the many mothers who cherish their own children, forgetting the other poor babies who with their forlorn mothers make the sacred relation such a tragic circumstance.
"Perhaps there is no more self-sufficient creature than the really happy wife and mother. She is perfectly absorbed in her own children, her own home, her own husband. And the whole world might go down in darkness and despair without her knowledge unless her loved ones were affected. Then she would cry unto the gods to save her children though all the rest should suffer annihilation."

"I was struck by this manifestation of selfishness during a recent residence in an outlying suburb of a big city. Most of the women who lived there were mothers. By the divine right of that relation they should have felt a brooding tenderness for all helplessness, but did they? I could see no evidence of it. In their perfectly appointed, well cared for homes they lived strictly unto themselves. Few of them reached out for any broader interests than those of their immediate circle."

"We hear a great deal about the superiority of mothers over the single women in matters of heart interest and of home interest. Yet I fancy that the world would be much poorer if the great mother hearts of certain women had not been troubled about the little people of the underworld."

"Yet many a mother sells her birthright of sympathy more from thoughtlessness than from actual intent. She has had it preached to her for so many years that all the virtues have been bestowed upon her by the mere fact of motherhood that she does not realize that there is any need for effort on her part."

"There will be a great dynamic force for good started when the happy wives and mothers shake off their selfishness and combine to bring happiness to those less fortunate than themselves. Bridge and books and pictures and music may be perfectly legitimate expressions of one's individuality, but the real mother's heart will express itself in other directions."

"In one of our big cities a rather curious experiment has been tried by a worthy woman who has four little girls. She has adopted four little boys because she felt that her own happiness and good fortune so overflowed that they must be used to fill the lives of others."

"While this may be the extreme point of view, it illustrates to a certain extent what I mean. The overflowing love of a happy mother will not be content to know of the unhappiness of any child. It is not only her own child that she must love, but a world full of little children."

"Perhaps in the winter there is more need for the sympathetic expression of motherliness than at any other time, there are so many little ones who are cold and hungry and who need some one to think of them. It is for the hearts of the real mothers to respond to this need and to seek out these shivering little lambs and to shelter them in some fold where they may be cared for and protected."

Dressing the Child.

Some children do not lend themselves to any sort of artistic dressing. But, on the other hand, there are a great many who do, the arrangement of the hair having a large say in the consummation of a picturesque appearance.
Instance after instance can be recalled where a child with no real claim to beauty has been rendered of most attractive appearance, thanks to a discreet arrangement of the hair. But it seems to those who have the dressing of children very close at heart that we have come to a sort of standstill.

The lack of any really fresh departure is very marked. The same ground is worked year after year, and anything more deplorable than the spectacle of a little girl dressed in a tight skirt, a travesty of her mother's, is nowhere to be found.

The stage may, perchance, essay a scintillation of any fashionable fobble, but a girl so dressed will go in with the crowd.

Fidgeting Children.

The child who shows no disposition to move about and is apparently happier sitting still will grow up to be slow witted, heavy. On the other hand, the baby who is always using its arms and legs will be intelligent, its brain will work quickly, and it will without doubt be clever.

Children should consequently be encouraged when in the infant stage to throw their arms and legs about, to play with their fingers and toes, and when they are older the wise parent will not insist on their keeping still.

ENGLISH RACKET REVIEW.

Williams' Defeat of Jamsitji Most Sensational Phase of Sport.

With the appearance in this country of Charles Williams, the racket champion of the world, a review of the English season in this sport with which he was very much identified seems at this time to be quite apropos because of the fact that many well known players had either retired from the game or had taken no part in the championships of last year. The statement is made that the season would have been uneventful had it not been for the return from India of Jamsitji, who, unchallenged, had held the world's championship for years.

He went to England to oppose C. Williams, who, for many years profes-



Photo by American Press Association.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, WORLD'S CHAMPION RACKET PLAYER.
sional to the Prince's Racket club, Knightsbridge, was regarded as the most promising of the younger players and was the holder of the championship of England. Curiously, both Jamsitji and Williams had won their honors very cheaply.

In three preliminary matches with E. M. Berlein, who was receiving three aces, Jamsitji showed himself to be in good form, although he was twice beaten, but when he opposed Williams for the championship he simply could not withstand the latter's pace, for Williams attacked resolutely from the first and easily wrested the championship from the holder.

In the military tournament at the Prince's club Captain A. C. G. Luther at last gained the honor of becoming singles champion, which he had so often missed by a very little. His most dangerous opponent was Captain Richmond, a player from India, who was marked out as an easy winner by the professionals with whom he had played.

Apparently he had nothing in reserve in the way of severe finishing strokes, and when he opposed Captain Luther in the final he could not compete with the latter's pace. The doubles championship fell to the army service corps. Major J. Puckle and Captain A. Berger. The amateur championships were disappointing, owing to the small number of well known players who entered, and E. M. Berlein very easily won the singles.

HARVARD'S STRONGEST MAN.

Crimson Football Player Heads Half Yearly Strength Tests.

Fred Huntington, captain of the Crimson hockey team, who played center and fullback on the football team, is Harvard's strong man. He heads the list of the ten strongest men in the university for the first half of the year, made up from tests participated in by more than 500 students. Huntington's total of 1,203 points, however, is ten points under the record of F. H. Leslie, who headed the list last year and who is second this year with 1,209.

Leslie and Tudor Gardner, who is third with 1,132, and H. B. Gardner, who is tenth with 1,040, were also members of last year's football eleven.

SKATING ON ICE IN AFRICA.

Artificial Rink at Johannesburg Makes the Sport Possible.

Johannesburg has a great artificial ice rink. The building will be used for ice sports and embraces the rink and clubhouse and is practically 200 feet square. The rink itself is 14,000 square feet, being 180 feet long and 80 feet wide.

What is known as the Niagara Ice Skating club has been formed with the object of developing ice skating in South Africa. The membership totals 500.

Connolly Oldest Umpire.

Tommy Connolly is now the granddaddy of all the major league ump. Tommy broke into the big leagues as an arbitrator in 1896, one year after Hank O'Day.

France Spends Fortunes on Horses.

The French government distributed over \$4,000,000 in 1910 as prizes at horse shows and is otherwise fostering the industry.

Expediting Matters.

"You might as well accept this poem," said the poet to the editor. "I intend to keep on sending it to you until you send me a check."

"You are not a bad fellow at heart, I hope," mused the editor.

"Why—er—no," stammered the poet, somewhat taken aback. "I don't believe I have a mean disposition."

"In that case," purred the editor sweetly, "would you mind putting some kind of mark on the envelope, so I will know that the contribution comes from you and I can throw it into the waste paper basket without further loss of time?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FLYNN NO MATCH FOR JOHNSON

Heavyweight Championship Bout Has All Earmarks of a Joke.

PAIR MAY NEVER MEET.

Some Doubt as to Whether Battle Would Attract Any Great Interest. Pueblo Fireman Is Too Small For Negro.

By TOMMY CLARK.

Since Jack Johnson battered Jim Jeffries into submission in Reno over a year and a half ago he has proved that the only thing he could be depended upon to do was the unexpected. The fact that he had sidetracked the fight arranged for the championship with Sam McVey in Paris and clinched a match with Jim Flynn instead does not surprise those who have become accustomed to LIT Artha's vagaries.

On the first day of the new year Johnson chortled over the match arranged by McIntosh to take place in Paris on the night of the Grand Prix and declared that he would rather fight there than anywhere else in the world. Then Windward, Nev., appeared as a rival to the French metropolis, with Jim Flynn as a side issue. The pair have signed articles to fight in the former city some day in July, probably the 22d of the month.

A curious phase of Johnson's policy of breaking agreements is that he appears to have formed the habit of avoiding the dangerous men of his own color, preferring something easier in the line of a white fighter. He dodged Sam Langford when under contract to meet him in London, skipping off to Australia, where he had an easy time with Tommy Burns, and has been dodging the Boston "tar baby" ever since.

There is no denying that at his best Langford would prove a dangerous opponent for the champion, and it is reasonable to suppose that McVey would be another tough customer, he having gained a decision over Langford. So Johnson finds an easy avenue of escape by taking on Flynn instead. For his little picnic in Windward the champion will be well paid, as he is to get his stipulated price of \$30,000.



Photo by American Press Association.

LATEST PHOTO OF JACK JOHNSON.

plus \$1,100 for training expenses and one-third of the moving picture receipts.

Meantime sporting men are wondering how Flynn's claims to a championship fight got such quick recognition. He has had a checked and by no means successful career in the ring.

Sam Langford knocked all the fight out of Flynn in ten rounds and later did the trick in eight. Four years ago Johnson stopped the Pueblo fireman in eleven rounds and allowed Flynn to remain on his feet until the picture man secured some good views. Stanley Ketchel went twelve rounds with Johnson under similar conditions.

Ketchel, a good middleweight, never had any business in the ring with a giant like Johnson. The same goes for Flynn, who fights at 165 pounds.

Can you imagine Flynn, weighing 165 pounds and standing five feet nine and one-half inches, battling Jack Johnson, who stands over six feet in his bare toes and tips the scales at something like 225 pounds?

Flynn's chief glory was attained by hammering Carl Morris for ten rounds in Madison Square Garden, in New York, a few months ago, but that was before the Oklahoma giant had the least idea of how to fight.

There is one thing which may interfere with the battle or, at least, with its proving a drawing card, and that is if Flynn persists in his plans to meet Al Palzer. The articles of agreement stipulate that neither man shall engage in a fight after May 1, but the Flynn-Palzer bout is scheduled for February in New York.

Emmie's Blinkers Still In Shape.

Umpire Bob Emmie has just won another trap shooting championship. And for several years the players have been yelling that Bob couldn't see and should wear a pair of "cheaters."

Detroit's New Pitcher.

Detroit has a new twirler, Mauser by name. He should be able to shoot them over, and upon his entering the box it will be a war to the finish-h-h!

Returned the Compliment.

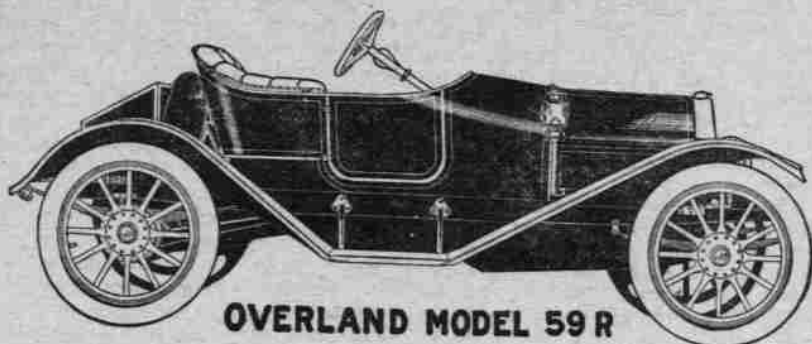
"A guy told me I had a case of exaggerated ego. What did he mean?"
"Exaggerated ego is a puffed up I. so to speak. What did you do?"
"Gave him another."—Boston Transcript.

Logic.

Abandoned Alfred—They say that steady dripping of water'll wear away a stone. Dreamy Pete—Jes' think, then, wot'd happen to a man's stomach by pourin' glassfuls inter it."—Atlanta Journal.

Three Classy Cars

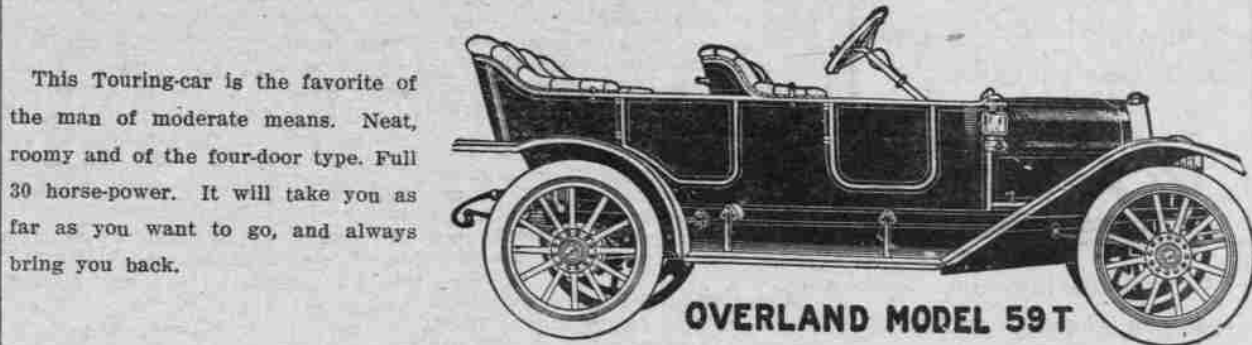
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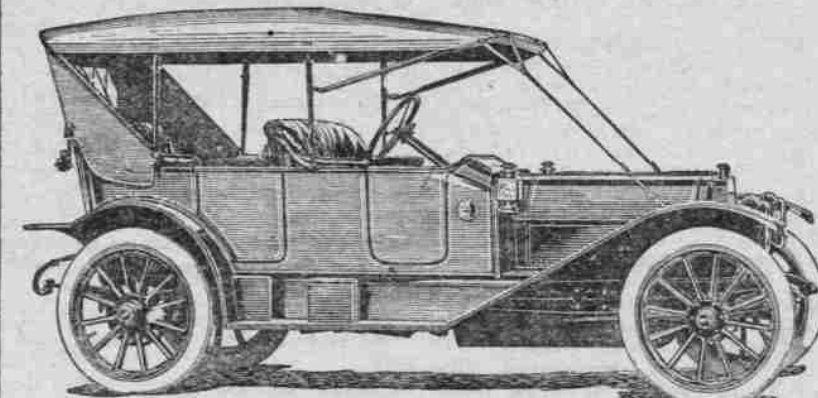
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CATS TO PURR AS CHANTICLEERS CROW

Not only will this city and county have a fine poultry show, the first that has been held here, Friday and Sat-

urday night, but a cat show also will be given. Mrs. Chris Hartman has entered "Hans," a beautiful Angora cat for a prize, and Mrs. Frank Brownell, living at Eleventh and John Adams streets, who is a lover of cats, has entered nine, as follows: "Sue," (the mother); "Jackie Darling," "Lou Dockstader," "Angelico" and "Divalo" (Heavenly Twins); "Grimy," "Jack Johnson," "Booker Washington" adopted one.)

There will be musical selections by some of the prominent soloists of the city, and among the attractions will be the concerts given each evening by the Philharmonic band of this city under the direction of R. V. D. Johnston. Many of the old roosters that will be here Friday and Saturday are learning to keep step to "Alexander's Rag Time" that will be played by the band.

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