

Wendell's Experience

He Learned His New Lesson Easily

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a lazy day. Spring had arrived early that year, and in April the mossy banks of the Virginia brookside were starred thickly with delicate forgetmenots and purple violets. The sun shone down warmly through the trees, changing the bursting buds to misty green leaves until the whole wood was permeated with green light shot through with sunshine.

Jack Wendell tramped through the crisp leaves of successive years and with a wistful, half defiant glance up the winding road that led to Everglade Hall he threw himself down beside the murmuring brook and plucked remorselessly at the flowers.

"Forgetmenots—rubbish!" he ejaculated bitterly. "All women are faithless."

"Rubbish to that!" retorted a sweet voice from the other bank, and Jack arose, startled to observe a pretty girl engaged in plucking violets and forgetmenots and trying them into little bunches. She wore a pink frock, and with the background of green moss and the golden green atmosphere of the wood surrounding her she looked to Jack's bewildered eyes like a pink and white fairy evolved from the April day. Her skin was pink and white, and her hair was golden, like the sunshine, and her eyes were like the blue sky and the flowers below. When she spoke to Jack she had flashed a sunny glance at him from under golden brown lashes.

"Why rubbish?" demanded Jack argumentatively.

"Oh, because!" said the girl, looking at a completed bunch of violets with half closed eyes.

"I thought I smelled May pinks," sniffed Jack, abandoning the argument for the while.

"I have a basketful here," said the girl.

"Making May baskets?"

"Somebody is going to make baskets. These are for the kindergarten children."

Jack flushed redly. Phyllis Lambert kept the kindergarten school in Redland. The path he had longed to take



"VIOLET MERRIAM," HE SAID QUICKLY.

had led directly to the door of her woodland school. He had been in love with Phyllis ever since he had first taken his little sister, Blanche, to the kindergarten. Blanche was five then, and he was fifteen, and Phyllis was twenty-five. Now Blanche was fifteen, he was twenty-five, and Phyllis was—Jack refused to consider Phyllis' increasing age. He had been in love with her to such detrimental effect that his father had found business for him in a distant city and hoped the boy would forget his sweetheart.

But Jack was obstinate and would not forget. It was his Wendell obstinacy that compelled him to haunt Phyllis Lambert's steps until she half laughingly promised to wait for him. She had given him a bunch of forgetmenots, and he had gone away happy as a king, and he had stayed away, cheerfully working to make something of himself for Phyllis' sake.

There was no objection to Phyllis Lambert except the difference in their ages. Phyllis was sweet and fair and very lovable if inclined to be somewhat shallow and nervous, but Jack's parents ever held before him the fact that by the time he was ready to marry her his bride would be thirty-five or forty years old and "look it, too," as his mother added emphatically. It was perhaps unfortunate, under the circumstances, that Jack should appear young for his age and Phyllis old for hers.

But a letter from Phyllis had brought him home flying now. She had changed her mind. She did not want to marry any one at present. She did not love him as she should, and she preferred that their engagement should end. And she returned Jack's letters and the ring he had insisted upon placing on her plump, white finger and was "his sincere friend, Phyllis Lambert."

So Jack had come flying home, astonishing his parents, who evidently knew nothing about the broken engagement. He had hurried through lunch, and with some incoherent remark about a walk in the woods he had plunged into the path that led to Phyllis' woodland kindergarten. At the brookside, where the path diverged toward the school, he had paused and thrown himself down. Then it was that his bitter remark had found a hearer in the person of the prettiest girl he had ever seen. As a matter of fact, Jack Wendell had been practically blind since he was fifteen—he had had no eyes for any other girl than Phyllis. They simply did not exist for him.

"May baskets," repeated Jack gloomily, a shadow passing over his face. "Perhaps they will hang one on your door," remarked the girl in a comforting tone.

"I hope not! I hate spring flowers," said Jack ungraciously. "Even forgetmenots?"

Jack glanced at her demure, down-cast face.

"Even forgetmenots," he said stiffly. There was a pause while she daintily bunched her flowers and tied the bunches with long, tough blades of grass.

"I suppose I ought to go away and leave you alone. You were here first," observed Jack without moving from his comfortable position. His back was against a tall chestnut tree.

"Suit yourself," said the girl carelessly. "If you were a perfect stranger I might object. As it is—"

"As it is?" interrupted Jack, beginning to be interested.

"We know each other well. You slapped my face once," said the girl calmly.

"I slapped your face once?" Jack's amazement was genuine. "Why, I never—"

"Yes, you did, Jack Wendell. You were eight years old, and I was only five. It was at Miss Quilty's school."

"At Miss Quilty's school—ah, yes!" Jack was scanning her face to discover some trace of a little schoolmate of seventeen years before. She must have been a rosetbud of a little lass, but as for slapping her face—he simply didn't believe it.

"I suppose you remember all about it?" The girl's head was bent over her flowers.

"All but your name," lied Jack cheerfully. It was remarkable how little he was thinking about Phyllis Lambert now. "I know it isn't Susie," he added thoughtfully.

"Yes?"

"I'm sure. It must be Angela!" he declared at last.

The girl burst into merry, tinkling laughter, showing a double row of pearly teeth. She tossed a bunch of violets across the brook, and he caught them deftly.

"Violet Merriam," he said quickly, and a flush deepened the pink of her cheeks.

"Hark! What was that?" she asked, holding up a hand with a listening gesture.

Footsteps stirred the old leaves that carpeted the woodland floor.

Jack saw the newcomers first, for they came into view behind the girl on the opposite side of the brook. Violet Merriam heard them, too, but she did not turn around until she saw the utter consternation on the face of Jack.

What Jack saw was an elderly, white haired man, dignified and handsome, walking slowly toward him. Beside him there walked—nay, lumbered—a very large woman, who might have been twenty years younger than her companion. Her skin was floridly fair, and she was handsome in a large way. Her eyes were very blue and her lips very red. She had a double chin, and she quivered like a mold of delicate jelly every time she moved.

They did not appear to see the young people by the brookside. Before they reached the brook they turned and went away by another path. The girl looked after them. Then she gazed straight across the water into Jack's bewildered eyes.

"That was my father and"—she hesitated. At that instant she was smitten with a vague recollection of Jack Wendell's infatuation for Phyllis Lambert.

"And that was—Phyllis Lambert," uttered Jack when he regained his breath.

"Yes; but you know perhaps that she had married my father?" The girl's sympathy looked out of her eyes even as she delivered this blow to Jack's love.

Jack was looking at her with a queer expression on his face. There was a relieved look mingled with one of dawning comprehension. There was mischievous delight mingled with something else that it might take months to decipher. He had forgotten all about Phyllis Lambert.

He took one long step across the brook and stood beside Violet Merriam.

"I remember all about it," he said, ignoring her preparations for instant flight. "I was right. I never slapped you in my life. It was Billy Blake who did it because you wouldn't let him kiss you! And after he ran away and you cried, why—I kissed you, and you let me!"

The last words were flung after the fleeing form of Violet Merriam.

"I wonder if she'd let me do it again. She would if we were engaged. I guess I'll take up with father's offer now and stay home and run the plantation," was Jack's resolve.

Before he went home Jack stooped down and picked up a handful of the forgetmenots that Violet had plucked. He thrust them into an inner pocket and walked slowly through the woods softly whistling "Violets." And not once did he consider the faithlessness of women.

British Army Red Tape. A letter of instruction said to have been sent to a British army officer, who reported that Private Blank had lost his greatcoat, runs as follows: "The calculation of the value of a lost greatcoat should be made by deducting the value when worn out from the value when new, as given in article 75, 1865. The remainder, dividing the remainder by the number of months the garment should wear, multiplying the quotient by the number of months the garment has actually been worn and subtracting the sum thus obtained from the total value of the new greatcoat. The balance is the amount that should be charged."

Why He Refused a Fee. I was born in Bonn, and a fellow student, an Englishman, was taken with sudden and serious illness. I propped him up, ran to the chemist at the corner and asked for a doctor.

There was a doctor—by a happy chance—lodging in the room above. He came and attended my friend, with much attention. After some hours, when the matter seemed over, I asked him what was the fee. He threw up his hands and protested in his best English: "I charge—nothing! I am on my holiday."—London Standard.

The Turk. The Turk practices no trade, engages in no commerce. They have a proverb which says, "The Frank has science, the American commerce, the Osmanli majesty." But, as majesty won't fill stomachs, those who do not serve as soldiers strive to become functionaries, and the men of the small villages, falling in this, do nothing, and the work of the fields and house falls upon the shoulders of the women. One chronicler states that occasionally the man of the house crochets a stocking or mends the baby for a short period.

Cookery Points

Sweet Pickled Beets.

Lay the beets in boiling water to loosen the skins. Rub these off with a coarse cloth and let the beets get perfectly cold before cutting them. Then slice with a sharp knife and pack into stone jars.

To each quart of vinegar add a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of mixed whole spices—mace, stick cinnamon and allspice. Bring the vinegar to a boil, stir in sugar and spices, boil, covered, for three minutes and pour, scalding hot, upon the sliced beets, filling the jars to the top. Cover and set away in a dark, cool place for three days. Then drain off the vinegar carefully, so as not to break the beets, and scald again with the spices.

Do this three times within ten days after the beets are put into the jars and set away for a month before using them. They will keep well.

If you wish to pickle small young beets whole, boil, without peeling, for five minutes after the boiling begins; let them get cold, rub off the skin, put into the jars and proceed as with the sliced beets.

Sweet Pickled Cucumbers.

Select cucumbers of uniform size and not too large. The small cucumbers make the best and prettiest pickles. Reject all that are not perfect. Pack in a stone jar, laying salt by the hand-towel between the layers. Cover the top layer out of sight with salt, then fill the jar with cold water and cover with a small saucer or plate of the right size to fit within the mouth of the jar and lay a clean stone upon the plate. This is to keep the cucumbers under the brine. Leave them there for a fortnight at least. A month would not hurt them. Every other day stir up the brine from the bottom. It should be strong enough to float a fresh egg if dropped into it.

You may add fresh cucumbers from the garden every day if more convenient than to put up all at once. When you are ready to put them through the last processes throw away the brine and examine the cucumbers carefully. If you find one that is pecked or soft do not let it go into the pickle. Lay those selected in cold fresh water and leave them there for twenty-four hours. Drain off the water, fill the jar with fresh water and leave for another day and night.

Now line a preserving kettle with vine leaves (green and clean) and pack in the cucumbers, scattering a teaspoonful of powdered alum over each layer. Cover with three thicknesses of vine leaves and pour in cold water enough to cover all. Cover the whole with a close lid and simmer over a slow fire for four hours, not letting it boil once in all that time, but keeping the contents scalding hot.

Fruit Sponge.

Put a pint packet of orange jelly into a basin and cover it with the required quantity of hot water, stirring it until it has melted. Then add a glassful of sherry and put it away to get cool. Pass sufficient stewed apricots through a sieve to produce half a pint of pulp (or any other soft fruit would do equally well) and leave in readiness to be added to the sponge. When the jelly is cold, but not set, whisk it patiently until it is quite frothy. Then stir in lightly the whites of three eggs, beaten to a firm froth, and the fruit pulp and continue to whisk the jelly until it begins to get spongy, when it should be turned into a china mold. The sponge can be turned out after a few hours and may be garnished with some of the same kind of fruit as that used to flavor it.

Stuffed Ham.

Select a freshly cured ham and have bone removed. Fill cavity with stuffing made of breadcrumbs, the up securely and inclose ham in a paste of flour and water to keep juice from escaping. Tie in a pudding bag or cloth, have ready a pot of boiling water and let ham boil slowly about two hours. When boiled sufficiently remove the crust, pare skin off carefully so as not to injure the shape of the ham, put it in a roasting pan, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and set in a moderate oven to roast.

Peach Betty.

Chop fine two cupfuls of not too ripe peaches. Butter a baking dish and place on it a layer of peaches, sprinkling with cinnamon, sugar and butter. Place on this a layer of the crumbs, alternating with the peaches until the dish is three-quarters full, leaving breadcrumbs on the top. Add no water, but cover tight and steam three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven. Remove, cover and brown quickly. Serve with milk or sauce.

Chiffonade Dressing.

This is extremely good to serve on lettuce, romaine or any green salad. Into a glass jar put one hard boiled egg finely chopped, a teaspoonful of finely cut chives, a teaspoonful each of chopped red and green peppers, a teaspoonful of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika and an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, half a cupful of olive oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Allow it to become very cold and just before serving shake the contents of the jar thoroughly.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE MAELSTROM. William Lawrence, a New York book-keeper, wanted to live like the rich spenders do.

Lacking the funds, he stole \$8,000 by falsifying his books and spent the money in riotous living.

Lawrence had a wife and three children, and although he had given these hostages to fortune and was a member of the church, he could not withstand the allurements of Broadway and the pleasures of joy riding.

When arrested he broke down and confessed and said to the officer: "If you'll lend me your revolver I will kill myself and save you the trouble of taking me to jail. No; I would not, either. I'm too much of a coward."

Like many another culprit of this sort, Lawrence said when he began stealing he knew he would be caught sooner or later.

"I knew exposure was inevitable and then I would shame my good wife and children. But each time I tried to do better some pleasure offered itself, and I kept on blindly postponing the day when all should be revealed."

The man poured out his confession in copious speech: "Several times I contemplated suicide, but my nerve failed me. I went the pace. I was a fool, of course, but I am a very weak man. I could not live as I wanted to on my small salary. I wanted to swing around in a circle of pleasure like the rich folks do, so I stole."

Yes, a feeble, flabby, flimsy human. And there are others. A lot of people look with envy upon the high rollers and rich spenders who make lavish display of their pleasures.

The glare and glitter attract them. The wise man looks upon the showy shams of the Great White Way and regards the sensuous dissipators as pitiable persons who know nothing better. But all men are not wise.

And this weak soul?

It is plain that Lawrence had never fully imbibed the philosophy of his Master, who taught that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. But how many followers of the Nazarene have imbibed that philosophy?

Many a stronger man than Lawrence has gone down under a like temptation.

The "swinging around in a circle of pleasure" becomes a fatal maelstrom.

Preocious Fox.

Charles James Fox is probably the only man who ever made a maiden speech in the commons while still a youth in his teens. He was nineteen when he took his seat for Midhurst, and within a few months he had made three excellent speeches. And yet even at this early age Fox used frequently to sit up all night drinking and gambling.

INDIAN CHAMPION TO BE STAR BASEBALLIST

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 28, (Special).—Ever since baseball has been fit on the American sport calendar the game has had a peculiar attraction for Indians.

Next year, if Uncle Sam is willing, there may be another star added to the galaxy of Indian diamond stars. Jim Thorpe, the greatest all-round athlete in the world, has promised Barney Drefuss to sign with the Pittsburgh Pirates next season.

Thorpe, the winner of the decathlon and pentathlon at Stockholm, the football captain at Carlisle this fall, wants to break into professional baseball, the sport to which he says he is just a trifle partial.

But before he can sign with the Pirates, Thorpe must get the consent of Uncle Sam. He belongs to the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, who are still wards of the government and who must have the consent of a government agent before they can transact any business.

Baseball Results

Pacific Coast League Standings	W.	L.	P.C.
Vernon	32	57	590
Los Angeles	29	56	585
Oakland	27	63	550
Portland	25	67	464
San Francisco	20	80	429
Sacramento	15	83	376

At Portland—Portland-Vernon game postponed; rain.

At Los Angeles—Los Angeles 2; Sacramento 0.

At San Francisco—San Francisco 3; Oakland 2, (14 innings).

National League	W.	L.
Chicago 5, St. Louis 4.		

American League	W.	L.
Boston 5-3, Chicago 3-0.		
St. Louis 3, Washington 2.		
Detroit 5, Philadelphia 3.		
New York 3-4, Cleveland 6-2.		

HOTEL ARRIVALS

C. Leisheim, Chicago; A. V. Freed, Portland; J. McNeill and wife, Oregon City; H. C. Goodrich, Yamhill; Mrs. Charles B. Wilson, Newberg; Mrs. Paul Farnsworth, Milwaukie; Mike Peringo, Dalvin Macdonald, Edric Macdonald, G. H. Newman, Molalla; J. Vlahos, Hazel V. Capos, W. G. Mason, Wilhoit; J. G. Markle, Mrs. Mae Markle, E. V. Hemeney, Seattle; F. A. Davis, Scotts Mills; R. B. Beatrice, city; Charles Bronland, Colton; S. Price, W. Sohn and Mrs. Sohn, D. Turner, city; May Stevens, Portland; F. E. McKenna, Albany, Or.; Geo. W. Lewis, Salem; Neal and Hilton Newberg; M. Kiser, M. Surver, and brother, D. H. Ramsby, Molalla; F. Schaffer, Molalla; R. Benson, Molalla; G. Douglass and wife, W. L. Dallas, Portland; L. E. Hill, Ecola; L. W. Bill, Portland; Thos. Sanker, Portland; Gus Giles and wife, Seattle.

Asia's Waterfalls.

Notwithstanding its many high mountain ranges, Asia has fewer large waterfalls than any other continent.

EVANS WON'T BE WEST PROSECUTOR

PORTLAND, Aug. 28.—Walter H. Evans, tonight declined to serve as special prosecutor.

After first announcing that he would give Walter H. Evans several hours to accept or decline the appointment as district attorney to succeed George J. Cameron, Gov. West modified his ultimatum later by saying that he would not require an answer for several days.

The decision to give Mr. Evans more time followed a conference with him shortly after noon.

"I am still delving into the legal status of the governor's authority to commission me district attorney," is Mr. Evans' statement. "I will not decide for sometime anyway, whether I shall accept the commission."

"Unless Mr. Evans is able to decide this afternoon, I shall appoint someone else," was the governor's first statement. "I want Mr. Evans to take the office, but I must have an answer. I have several good men in mind, and if Mr. Evans cannot accept, there will be a good man in as prosecutor just the same."

But after he had talked it over with Mr. Evans, the governor later in the afternoon came to the conclusion that it would be asking too much of the present assistant United States district attorney to require a definite answer now.

"Conditions are such in Mr. Evans' office that he cannot drop things there now to take over the office of district attorney. Everything will adjust themselves after he has had time to see Mr. McCourt and arrange for the handling of several government cases soon to come to trial."

"I have therefore decided not even to ask for his decision for three or four days yet—perhaps, several days."

This does not mean, however, that Mr. Evans has told the governor positively that he will accept when the added time extension is up, however, the executive made haste to add.

This decision of the governor's will probably make it possible for the present grand jury to transact any other business than to report on its finding so far, and give out a statement of unfinished business. The grand jury this morning adjourned after a conference with the governor, in which he made the promise that a regularly qualified prosecutor would be on hand at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

In the meantime the governor has announced the formal appointment of Tom Word, Democratic candidate for sheriff, as special agent for the state, to collect evidence for the grand jury and district attorney in the "clean up" campaign. And if W. H. Fitzgerald, Republican candidate for the same office, wants an appointment of the same kind, he can have it, says the governor.

"I have sent a commission to Mr. Word naming him special agent for the state, without salary," said the governor. "This appointment has no bearing whatever on any controversy with the Sheriff's office. Mr. Word is not intended in any way to supplant Sheriff Stevens. His powers, however, might be called coordinate with those of the sheriff. He will entirely be independent of Mr. Stevens."

"This will give Mr. Word a chance to show the people what a conscientious man can do towards cleaning up

the town. Mr. Fitzgerald will have the same chance, if he desires. I shall be glad to name him a special agent if he wants the appointment."

'FAKE' DEATH, CHARGE AGAINST SWIMMER

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 28.—Howard Broadly Spence, on March 6, fell off a launch when anchor was being cast in the Second Narrows. He has not been heard of since. Did he drown, or did he swim the 40 feet between the launch and shore and board a train which passed at about that time, and thereby reach the American side?

This question has been raised by the insurance companies, who issued policies on his life. They are attempting to prevent letters of administration being granted in connection with the estate.

The insurance companies have responded with a remarkable theory, tending to prove that Mr. Spence is still numbered among the living. They are attempting to prove that at the time of his disappearance, Mr. Spence was in straightened financial circumstances and had only two weeks before taken out a policy for \$5000 with the London Guarantee and Accident Insurance company, also a policy for \$15,000 with the Sun Life Assurance company. Affidavits are now being prepared to prove that the boat was only 40 feet from shore; that Mr. Spence had taught swimming in Australia and was accounted an expert swimmer; that his body has not been found; that the train passed shortly after he fell overboard, and that he could have easily swam ashore and boarded it, safely reaching the American side before morning.

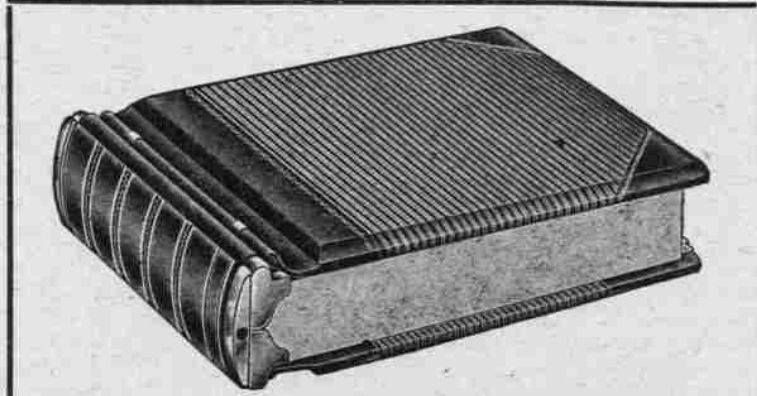
If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

If you saw it in the Enterprise it's so.

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