

A TIMID LITTLE GIRL

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

The words were spoken by one of those elegant looking fellows who, after spending some ten thousand a year in college, think the next aristocratic move to be made is ranching. They argue that while business is beneath them and they are too lazy to either study or practice a profession there is something eminently respectable in raising animals or vegetables on their broad acres. Having purchased and stocked a ranch they have their photographs taken in cowboy costume to send to their friends in the east and thereafter consider themselves on the same footing with the lords of British landed estates.

Ned Perkins, the man who spoke the above words was one of this type. He was riding along with a rifle and a lariat slung to his saddle dressed as a wild westerner on the dramatic stage, when he met a little Mexican girl with very black eyes, a rose in full bloom on each cheek and a pair of buds for lips who looked up at him innocently and, making a courtesy, said:

"Good morning, señor."

Then to his question she replied that she was going to the store a mile down the road to buy a dress.

"You don't need anything prettier than the costume you have on," he said. "That skirt bedecked with gold lace, that jacket adorned with the same material, that Spanish headgear, are exceedingly becoming. If you will get up behind me I will turn about and take you to the store. The distance is too long for you to walk."

She looked at him shyly without reply for some moments, when he dismounted, took her hand, led her to his horse, she raised her little foot, he took it in his hand and lifted her into position behind the saddle. Then, mounting himself, he started for the store.

Perkins liked ranching well enough except for the absence of feminine companionship. He had no trouble in becoming companionable with little Inez, whose father owned a few cattle, but whose principal business was gambling. There was something unique about the girl, who was sixteen years old, but unduly developed, as are girls who inhabit tropical climates. It did not occur to the young ranchman that there was any harm in passing some of his time in her company, joking with and jollifying her to his own infinite amusement.

He invited her to go with him to dances that were held in the neighborhood and noticed that none of the cowboys asked her to dance with them. It was some time before he realized that they regarded her as belonging to him, and none of them would trespass on his domain.

It was then that he began to understand the situation. He did not fear any trouble in breaking with the girl—she was such a gentle little soul—but it occurred to him that he might have trouble with her father or one of her brothers. From this moment he did not act the same toward Inez herself. He tried to do so and thought he was succeeding, but any woman can see such a change in a man.

Perkins was becoming tired of ranching, and he did not find that it was likely to pay him. Besides, he was pining for his associations in the east. One day he made up his mind to go back there. He kept his resolution to himself; he did not offer his ranch for sale; he simply determined to leave it when no one would be aware of what he was going to do and not come back. He could sell it without staying there for the purpose.

He formed this resolution not long after he had begun to consider his companionship with the little Mexican girl liable to cause him trouble. Inez appeared no different than she had been. In fact, he doubted if after all his going would make much difference to her. True, no other man was attentive to her. They had all withdrawn when he began to notice her.

The evening before his intended departure—he was to start at 2 o'clock in the morning and ride ten miles to a station, where he would take a train—he was with Inez till 10 o'clock. Neither by word nor act did she indicate that she suspected his departure. Before starting for his ranch he said some very nice things to her, for his heart smote him; then, holding her hand for a few moments, he dropped it and sallied forth, as he had done often before.

It was his habit to smoke a pipe before going to bed. His favorite pipe was a large merschaum bowl with a cherry stem. Taking the pipe from a rack, he found it filled with fresh tobacco. He was somewhat surprised, but thought that perhaps he had filled it during the day, intending to smoke, but had laid it aside without doing so. Putting the stem in his mouth, he was about to light the tobacco when he remembered that he had not smoked since the noon meal and had not filled it after smoking. Dropping the match, he turned the contents of the pipe out on the table. On the top was a layer of tobacco, beneath which was—well, if he had smoked the pipe as it was he would have been blown to atoms.

Without waiting for morning he went out into the night and boarded a train at another station from the one he had intended.

He wondered how the little girl had managed it all.

Famous Journalists.

Among famous journalists must be included Cardinal Richelieu, who was a frequent correspondent of the Mercure Francois, and Louis XIII., who also contributed to its columns. Disraeli the elder, who gives us this information, adds: "Many articles in the royal handwriting and corrected by the royal hand are still in preservation."

Golf Hardened.

Many a golf player is just as horny handed as any son of toll.—Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Portland Theatres

LAST CAR LEAVES FOR OREGON CITY AT MIDNIGHT



THE GREAT RAYMOND

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

Much interest is being manifested in the coming engagement of the great Raymond, the world-famed American magician, who is just completing his third round of the world tour and returning to America via Honolulu and San Francisco. Columns and columns of the most flattering press comments from all countries and in all languages attest to this entertainer's wonderful success both at home and abroad. Many of the press criticisms of his performances declare him to be the greatest magician the world has ever seen. It is said that his stage settings and equip-

ment surpass anything of the kind seen before. Throughout Europe Raymond is known as the "Royal Conjuror", he having appeared before the most of the crowned of Europe from whom he has received many decorations.

Lederdeman has ever been a popular source of amusement and crowded houses will doubtless be the order of the day at The Heilig when the Great Raymond opens his season of mirth and mystery on Sunday next for a limited engagement and it is safe to say that no magical and illusion show of such magnitude has ever visited this city before. Raymond carries 70 tons of baggage and illusions and it requires 16 assistants to handle this colossal Miracle Entertainment which has received the stamp of approval of all nations of the earth.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH

The Baker Players to Present Thrilling Play of the Wilderness This Week

Starting next Sunday matinee the Baker players will open their second week of the season with the stamp of unqualified approval from theater goers. For weeks a company of unusual merit and ability had been talked about and the public was keyed up to looking for just what they got—a splendid, experienced organization of people possessing personality and ability far in excess of even the highest expectations as judged from past records. A long successful season is undoubtedly ahead for Manager Baker and the Baker Players. The second week's bill which begins Sunday matinee, is Robert Edeson's



fascinating play, "The Call of the North," with scenes laid at one of the frontier trading posts of the great Hudson River Company, and its char-



acters composed of the people one naturally would look for at such a place. Trappers, traders, Indians and a motley collection of people whose lots have brought them here. The action concerns one Ned Trent, a young daredevil free trapper, who has been arrested and brought to the Post for poaching on the Company's land. Condemned to be sent to the trackless wilderness without a rifle, and with but one day's supplies, accompanied by a young Indian whose duty it was to see that he never returned, is Trent's fate. But through the assistance of the daughter of the Factor of the Post, he secures a rifle and escapes, but is recaptured and

Postcard Invitations.

Although it is not the best taste in the world to use picture postals for invitations, they may pass between friends at the time of some impromptu social happening or other, the sender of the invite apologizing, however, for her use of one. Thus she would write in this case: "Excuse postal, but we are getting up a dance and long for you. Tomorrow night. Write you will make us happy by coming."

"Indeed, yes," with her signature below, would be quite enough for the card of the invited girl if she herself is pressed for time, but it would be pretty to add a word more—"How good of you to remember me!"

A verbal response to invitations requires, as I have said, some good feeling behind it, and if it comes from quite an old lady or gentleman here is truly the time for a gush of enthusiastic pleasure. Old people love to feel that they are still of importance, as indeed they are when they are interested in the welfare of young folks, and they can never be too tenderly treated.

Stage Milkmaids.

"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."
"How did it work?"
"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MASTERS OF THE WORLD

The masters of the world molded their own destinies. They grew great step by step and year by year. They stayed great because each inch of their progress was a contest with somebody else until they had defeated by sheer ability every opponent.—Herbert Kaufman.

Heartless.

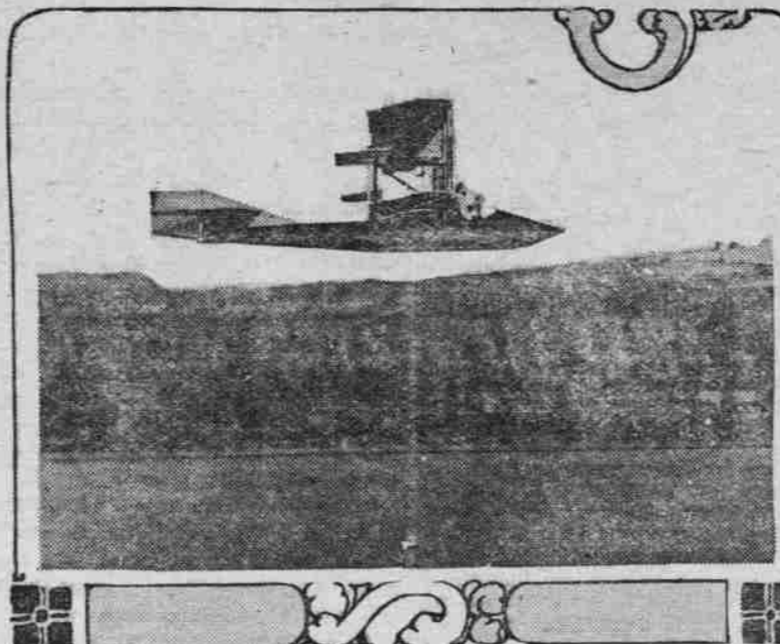
"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable snitor whom she had heartlessly ignored. "Isn't it enough to make a man gloomy to be cut by the one he loves best?"

"The idea!" exclaimed the heartless girl. "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Why He Was Cool.

Average Man—There's a run on another bank. Just look at those depositors crowding in The fools! That's what makes money tight. The whole crowd should be carried off to a lunatic asylum. Friend—You are allowing your deposit to remain. I presume? Average Man—Um—er—I haven't any funds in that bank.—Exchange.

A New and Very Swift Craft For Air and Water Travel



AVIATORS may soon be able to outdo the swiftest denizens of the deep, as they already fly faster than the birds of the air. Glenn H. Curtiss has built what he calls the "flying boat," which is a combination of the aeroplane and hydroplane motor speed boat. It has a light hull which is surmounted by the standard biplane structure. An eighty-horsepower motor drives it along the surface of the water at fifty miles an hour, while the speed attained in flight is sixty miles. It is said to be handled easily in either element. The boat is so strongly built that it can be beached with safety, even through a high surf. The hull is twenty-six feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep. The illustrations show it in full flight and just as it is rising from the water.

STUDY YOURSELF.

In order to judge of the inside of others study your own, for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion and another has another, yet their operations are much the same, and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others will engage, disgust, please or offend others in you.—Chesterfield.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

Gold.

The first mention which we have of gold is in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or, in other words, 4,004 years before Christ. Gold was used as money by the ancient Egyptians at a very early date. Herodotus tells that the invention of the coinage of gold belongs to Lydia, about 750 B. C. Authorities conflict about the first coinage of gold. Some say it was Miletus and some the Persians, but there are no records to show just when.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

Twenty thousand Chinese soldiers voluntarily withdrew their names from the pay list in order to relieve the strain upon the public finances. There's bravery for you.

Hot griddlecakes with caviar is the newest Newport dish for opening dinners. What do they have for dessert do you suppose?

This is the open season in New York for hunting the "man" higher up."

Regulated Bakers.

Regulations in regard to bakers in France are very strict. For instance, in large fortified towns they are compelled to stock a certain quantity of bread in case of war. Further, they have to deposit a sum of money in the hands of the local authorities as a guarantee of good conduct, and the municipal council regulates the price of bread.

Rage or Rouge?

"You should have seen her change color." "With rage or rouge?"—Boston Transcript.

Capsicum.
The active principle of capsicum, or red pepper, is a volatile oil known as capsaicin. It is so exceedingly acrid that a quarter of a grain exposed to the air in a room will diffuse itself throughout the apartment and cause all present to cough and sneeze as though the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

A Forgotten Diamond.

Lord Lawrence, former governor general of India, was so absentminded in matters of external display that when the Kohinoor diamond came into his hands for transmission to Queen Victoria after the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 he kept it for six weeks in his waistcoat pocket, having forgotten all about it, and only discovered it there by accident.—London Globe.

A Polite Editor.

"Why did you tell that poet to hitch his wagon to a star?"
"That," answered the editor gloomily, "was my polite way of saying I wished he'd get off the earth."—Exchange.

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