

934 GO DOWN ON GREAT STEAMER

EMPERESS OF IRELAND SINKS 14 MINUTES AFTER CRASH WITH FREIGHTER

DISASTER COMES IN FOGGY RIVER

Starboard Tears Great Hole in Side of Canadian Liner—Victim Is "Lying Liner" When Impact Comes

RIMOUSKI, Quebec, May 28.—Sinking in 90 feet of water within 15 minutes after being rammed amidships in the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence river early today, the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Ireland carried down with her more than 900 of her passengers and crew. Of the 1367 persons on board only 423 are known to have been saved, making the probable death list 934.

Looming up through the river mist as the Empress of Ireland was lying in wait for the fog to lift or day to break, the Danish collier Storstad crashed her bow into the side of the big Canadian liner, striking her about midway of her length and ripping her side open clear to the stern.

The crash occurred not far from the short off Father Point, 150 miles from Quebec, which the Empress of Ireland left yesterday, bound for Liverpool, and 10 miles from this point on the St. Lawrence. In reality, therefore, although the liner was heading for the sea and the collier coming in from it, the disaster was not one of the ocean, but of the river. Unlike the Titanic's victims, the Empress of Ireland's lost their lives within sight of short in landlocked waters.

Immediately the ship's crew recovered from the shock of the collision and it was seen the liner had received a vital blow, a wireless "S. O. S." call was sounded.

The hurried prayer of the sea was picked up by the government mail tender Lady Evelyn here and the government pilot boat Eureka at Father Point both sped to the rescue. So deep was the wound of the Empress, however, and so fast the rush of water, that long before either of the rescue boats could reach the scene the liner had gone down.

A Shipwreck. Muggins, going intently at a dead dog in a resigned tone at last said: "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck? Where?" blurted out Juggins. "Where, my dear friend?" quoted M. "There is a bark lost forever." Juggins growled and passed on.—London Fun.

GENERAL, ONCE HUERTA'S MINISTER, JOINS REBELS



GEN. BLANQUET

WOMAN TAKES LONG LEAP AND MAY DIE

PORTLAND, Ore., June 5.—Mrs. A. Simon, 437 Marguerite avenue, and a sister of Rabbi J. Bloch, leaped 10 feet from the north end of the Ford street bridge, spanning the Canyon road, shortly before noon today, receiving injuries that will probably cause her death. She is believed to be temporarily insane.

The affair was witnessed by Mrs. William M. Ladd and W. B. Neel, a chauffeur. Mrs. Ladd was crossing the bridge in her machine at the time. As they saw her climbing over the high railing both cried for her to stop, but she dropped back into space with a scream.

The woman made the leap from about the same point where a few years ago Mrs. Lowengart jumped to her death, and where Dr. Johnson was thrown over the rail into the gulch by a couple of highwaymen.

Arlington. At Arlington the sun goes down; The autumn sun sinks round and red. As though with radiant crown The sacrificial blood they shed— Those heroes who by stream and steep Fought fearless if they lost or won And now sleep deep their long last sleep Beneath the sod of Arlington.—Clinton Soolard in New York Sun.

KENDALL STATES PLEA UNHEEDED

SKIPPER OF EMPRESS SHOUTS IN VAIN TO CAPTAIN OF DANISH COLLIER

BANK OF FOG COMES SUDDENLY

Great Liner Stopped and Signals Given in Vain to Tell Location to Approaching Ship—Call Is Ignored

RIMOUSKI, Quebec, May 28.—While final tabulations of the casualties in the sinking of the ill-fated steamer Empress of Ireland were being made today, showing that 403 of her passengers and crew had been rescued and 964 had perished, Captain Henry George Kendall, of the liner, was telling his story of the disaster at an inquiry conducted by Coroner Pinaut here.

Captain Kendall in substance declared that he had taken all possible precautions against a collision. His ship had been stopped, he gave the requisite signals when the Danish collier Storstad, which dealt the blow which sent the Empress to the bottom, was still two miles away, but the collier had kept on through the fog which settled down soon after the two vessels sighted each other, and had rammed the Empress of Ireland when the latter vessel was virtually motionless.

Then, despite his plea to the master of the collier that he run his engines full speed ahead to keep the hole in the liner's side plugged with the Storstad's bow, said Captain Kendall, the Danish vessel backed away, the water rushed in and the Empress sank.

Captain Kendall, who stuck to the bridge of his ship to the last and after being picked up by a lifeboat aided in saving a boatload of drowning persons from the wreck, took up his story of the disaster from the point at which the Empress of Ireland, bound from Quebec for Liverpool, had dropped her pilot Thursday night at Father Point, near which the disaster of yesterday morning occurred.

Why He Drowned. Describing the straitest police regulations of Berlin, a citizen of that city by way of illustration told the following story: "Schmidt and Krauss met one morning in the park.

"Have you heard," says Schmidt, "the sad news about Muller?" "No," says Krauss. "What is it?" "Well, poor Muller went boating on the river yesterday. The boat capsized, and he was drowned. The water was ten feet deep."

"But couldn't he swim?" "Swim? Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"—Philadelphia Record.

MRS. BECKER, HEROINE THROUGH WRACKING TRIALS



Mrs. CHARLES BECKER

NEW YORK, June 3.—Mrs. Charles Becker is considered by those who follow the two Becker trials as very much of a heroine. From the very first, when her husband, the ex-police lieutenant, was accused of instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, this plucky woman stood firm in her belief that Becker was innocent. She was faithful in her visit to Sing Sing during the year that he was there in the shadow of the electric chair. Then at the second trial she was always in court by his side, aiding in the defense and cheering the accused.

Heart to Heart Talks By CHARLES N. LURIE

BEFORE GOING AWAY. You are going away on a vacation trip, let us say. You close your house carefully. You put everything to rights. The curtains must be drawn just so, the rugs must be straightened, the furniture set in place so that when you return you will find all in order. Consider your daily walk of life as a house which you are inhabiting temporarily. It is well to have it in order and keep it thus, so that if you are called away suddenly the neighbors shall not enter and comment on dusty walls or unkempt furniture or shabby fittings.

There is a difference, of course, for when you depart this life you do not expect to return, at least so far as your bodily tenement is concerned. But in other respects the analogy holds good.

There was a curious case of a man leaving his life voluntarily the other day. He was a suicide, and as such to be abhorred, of course, for a suicide is a coward who seeks to avoid the burdens of life by departing therefrom before his natural course is run.

This man had a curious notion of honor left. He was a cobbler and had been tortured for years by the pains of rheumatism. He was a middle aged man, and when one day the pains became unendurable he determined to end them by cutting his throat with his workman's knife. But there was work for that knife to do before it was to be turned to the horrid deed of self destruction. Customers had entrusted their shoes to this cobbler to be mended, and he would not prove recreant to their trust, however much he failed in his duty to his Creator.

So, before putting an end to his life, he finished neatly all the work that was before him. On the bench beside his dead body was found a pair of shoes belonging to a little girl. They were neatly repaired and apparently the cobbler had stayed up late to finish them," said one newspaper account. "All the work he had on hand was done and set out with the names of the customers marked on the shoes."

The world lost when this man died, although he was but a cobbler. It has need of his sense of duty. He should have continued to live in the hope that medical science might yet find some way of relieving his pains and permit him to go down to old age untraced by them.

He should have thought, as did the poet, Owen Meredith: The thing which must be, must be for the best. God helps us do our duty, and not shrink. And trust his mercy humbly for the rest.

HOW AN INDIAN FEELS IN AN AERO

Chief White Calf First Red Man to Fly Like an Eagle.

SAYS CHARM SAVED HIS LIFE

White Brother Who Took Him Up Averted Disaster When Flying Boat Tilted—Chief Medicine Owl Invoked Protection of the Great Spirit as the Flight Started.

In an exciting flight from Dubois Ferry, N. Y., Two Guns White Calf of the Glacier National park reservation in Montana won the distinction of being the first Indian to make a trip in an aeroplane. He is one of a party of twelve Indians enjoying their first eastern trip in charge of Charles B. Griffin, United States Indian agent for Montana.

When the machine had been in the air for ten minutes and was flying at an altitude of 1,200 feet a puff of wind turned it over on its side and, to the horror of those watching the flight, it fell a sheer hundred feet. Only the coolness of Ralph M. Brown, the pilot, saved the occupants from disaster.

The flight had been arranged by W. T. Thomas of Bath, N. Y., and was made in a flying boat.

Chief Lazy Boy wanted to go up, but as he was considered to have had his share of honors during the trip about the country others of the party frowned on his selection. The main qualifications of Lazy Boy as given by himself were that he had served twelve years on the Indian police and always had obeyed the orders of his superiors.

Speech That Won Honor. Then Two Guns White Calf took the floor and said: "My father was chief of the Piegan nation. He gave to the great father at Washington all of Glacier National park. My father was a brave man. He was not afraid to die, too, a man a brave man. I am not afraid to die. And if I should die I know that my white brothers would take care of me and bury me beside my fathers. In the shadow of the great mountains that have been my home."

White Calf's speech won the day, and even Lazy Boy voted in his favor. None of the Indians had ever seen an aeroplane, with the exception of Frank Granger (Ugly Face), who had been educated at Carlisle.

The delegation accompanied White Calf to Dubois Ferry, and the effect of the setting incidental to the flight was picturesque in the extreme. As preparations for the flight were going on nine of the number, including three of the squaws, stood huddled in a group on the beach. Each of them pressed the hand of White Calf and spoke earnestly into his ear. White Calf exhibited a charm in the form of a tiny stone from his Glacier park home and reassured the others.

All this time Chief Medicine Owl, the medicine man of the tribe, stood a little apart from the group and, with his hands and eyes raised to the blue sky, invoked the protection of the Great Spirit over the life of his brother. As the machine skimmed over the water the expression on the eleven faces changed from one of foreboding to one of intense interest. Eager eyes followed the plane when it left the surface and rose into the air like a giant bird, and the voices of the men arose in the startling warwhoop of the Blackfeet.

Says Charm Saved Him. When the machine fell it was taken for only of the performance, and the only sign of excitement shown was a tight clenching of hands and a little gasp from White Calf's squaw. In a minute more the flight was over. Brown righted the craft, brought it to the water and ran it high on the beach. In speaking of his trip White Calf said: "Machine very shaky on the water. Stop shaking when we go up. Can see like the golden eagle over the mountains. As he looks down so did I. Wind tip machine over, but I had been told to sit still and did so. Not afraid. My charm save me. When boat come back to water I motion with hand, 'Go up again,' but he would not do it."

White Calf is a son of a chief of the same name who ruled the Piegan nation and owned vast tracts of country. The elder White Calf, according to Hoke Smith of Glacier National park, coded the territory embraced by the park to the United States. It includes 1,600 square miles.

WHAT M'ADOO HAS DONE. Married the President's Daughter. Montana Pupil Replies Brightly. Miss Ella Crowley, county superintendent of schools, while conducting an oral examination at Melrose, Mont., one pupil possessed of a keen sense of humor.

"Name a cabinet officer and tell of some one thing he has accomplished during his term of office," was the form in which Miss Crowley put the question.

"William McAdoo," was the answer. "Very good," said the county superintendent. "Now tell of something he has accomplished."

"Mr. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, accomplished the marriage of the president's daughter, and now she's his wife," was the youngster's unexpected reply.

When a man gets blind drunk he sees a lot of things that are not there.

Cures Stubborn, Itchy Skin Troubles. "I could scratch myself to pieces" is often heard from sufferers of Eczema, Tetter, Itch and similar Skin Eruptions. Don't Scratch—Stop the Itching at once with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its first application starts healing; the Red, Rough, Scaly, Itching Skin is soothed by the Healing and Cooling Medicines. Mrs. C. A. Elmfield, Rock Island, Ill., after using Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, writes: "This is the first time in nine years I have been free from the dreadful ailment." Guaranteed, 50c, at your Druggist. (Adv.)

EX-SENATOR ALDRICH MAY TESTIFY IN NEW HAVEN CASE



NELSON W. ALDRICH

WASHINGTON, June 1.—It is likely that former United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island will be called as a witness before the interstate commerce commission in the investigation of the New Haven railroad, Charles B. Mellen, former president of the system, brought Aldrich's name into the skyrocket financing of the line.

A Superb Animal. During a fierce charge of Confederate cavalry at Murfreesboro an officer was killed and the cavalry driven back. The horse the officer had ridden was a magnificent animal, but he had not been taught to retreat. Rideless he kept on his way, and as he dashed through the Federal battery the sight of him was indescribably grand. His nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed, and he clutched the bit determinedly with his teeth as he came on like the wind, with his saddle flaps flying until he looked as if he were himself dying instead of wildly running. Every one gave him room as he dashed onward. An officer shouted that he would give \$100 to any one who would capture that superb animal, but the horse disappeared.

Those Foreign Muskets. The United States government imported some foreign arms during the first years of the war, speaking of some of which a certain officer reported: "In platoon drill with the Belgian muskets I can always tell how many pieces have been fired by counting the men on the ground. One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule and burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers in our Illinois regiments have been killed in this way. The bayonet, too, is a novelty—a soft iron affair apparently designed to coil round the enemy, thus taking him."

Heart to Heart Talks By CHARLES N. LURIE

PROUD OF THE SCARS. War veterans do not hide their scars, they show them with pride. "This I got at Antietam in the second year of the war," says one, "but I went back and I fought to the finish."

Visible scars are these, to be seen of all men—honorable badges of service. Other scars there are that are not apparent to the eye, but they exist in the mind and in the soul. They are the clearness of wounds received in that constant, never ending warfare which is life.

There was a Judge of a high state court who went not long ago to a photographer's. His family wanted his portrait. He is an old man and his face is lined with the marks of years and of deep study in the law. It is a fine face, good to look upon, and the wrinkles accentuate its fitness.

But to the photographer the wrinkles were a blemish, so he retouched his plate until nothing was left but the Judge's face as it might have looked if he had not passed through so many hard campaigns. The wrinkles were all ironed out.

"See, Mr. Justice," said the photographer as he submitted the proof, "we remove all the lines from the face."

"Remove all those lines!" said the fine old gentleman. "Remove all my wrinkles! Young man, it has taken me more than seventy years to acquire those lines. If you remove one you may keep the picture."

They are honorable scars. Take them away and on the face is left only the blank record of what might have been. If you are wounded in the battle of life—

Think as little as you may about the wound. Try to forecast in your mind the scar that will remain when the wound is healed by Time, the greatest physician of all. Will it be an honorable scar, which you may show proudly to the world, or will it relate a tale of something dishonest, something mean, unclean?

Choose now which sort of scar you will show. Some sort of scar is inevitable if you continue in life. The dead show none, for they are hidden away under ground. The living must bear them until the grave closes over them. But they may choose the sort they will bear.

A Memorable Wreck. The most memorable wreck in the history of the American surf was that of the bark Mexico, stranded on Hempstead beach, Long Island, early in the morning of Jan. 3, 1837. She carried 104 passengers and a crew of twelve men. Four passengers and four of the crew were saved by a surfboat from the beach under the command of Raynor Rock Smith. All others were frozen to death, though the wreck was so close to the shore that their cries and even some of their words were plainly heard on the beach. It was the story of this wreck, as published throughout the nation, that led to the establishment of the United States life saving service.

Hot Weather Tonic and Health Builder. Are you run down—Nervous—Tired? Is everything you do an effort? You are not lazy—you are sick! Your Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and whole system need a Tonic. A Tonic and Health Builder to drive out the waste matter—build you up and renew your strength. Nothing better than Electric Bitters. Start to-day. Mrs. James Duncan, Haynesville, Mo., writes: "Completely cured me after several doctors gave me up." 50c and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Cuts. (Adv.)

SUCCESS VERDICT; EXHIBIT CLOSES

MOST OF PARENTS IN CITY VIEW WORK OF PUPILS IN BIG DISPLAY

COURSE OF STUDY IS ABLY SHOWN

Development of Pupils Can be Traced From the First Grade to the Most Advanced Work in the High School

The three day exhibit of the school work of the pupils of the three Oregon City schools closed Saturday night after practically every parent in Oregon City and scores of others had viewed the display, estimated at over a thousand pieces. Every pupil in the schools from the first grade in the two grammar school, through the intermediate and upper grades to the seniors of the high school, was represented in the work.

The exhibit opened Thursday night in the gymnasium of the Barclay school. Both on the opening night and Friday, the drills which were postponed from the Home Festival, Booster Day and Stock Show program last Saturday, were given and were the means of drawing a crowd which filled the school grounds and streets full of interested spectators. Friday night so many attended the drills that only a part of those who came were able to see the exercises, and Friday evening the throng was almost as large. The exhibit opened Thursday night and on both Friday and Saturday in the afternoon as well as in the evening. At each of the five sessions the rooms were crowded, at times the building being so well filled that many were even unable to gain entrance.

"This is the most successful exhibit of school work we have ever made in point of number of visitors and quality and quantity of display," was the verdict of City Superintendent Toose and was affirmed by each of the principals and teachers.

The display included every line of work taken up in the schools from the simplest work of the first grade to the furniture, perfect in design, construction and finish, made in the work-rooms of the high school by the older boys. By following around the walls of the building one could trace the development of the child; the simple steps by which the instructor leads the pupil to count, then to master simple problems, and finally, after many steps, the difficult propositions in the high school mathematics. From table to table the work progressed; with each grade there was the improvement, the growth that comes under the skilled guidance of the instructor. In the first grade work there was the simple sewing or card boards. As the pupil advanced the hand work became more difficult. Until the fifth was reached, the boys are girls did the same hand work; but there the course divides and the girls take up domestic art and the boys go to the work shop to learn the use of tools. The finished product of the education in hand work was exhibited as well as these simple designs followed out in the first grade. Chairs, tables, benches, couches, as strong and as well built as those found in the best of stores were there, each a silent testimony to the efficiency of the school course.

It is the aim of the school officials to teach the hand of the pupil along with his mind. With geography and history, profile and product maps are made by the pupils and all through the course in the schools, that one general idea is foremost with the teachers.

The exhibit of domestic science and of domestic art was complete and well arranged. In the cooking classes, cakes, candy, and even full dinners were exhibited in tempting manner. The dresses made by the pupils showed the effects of careful study and thorough training.

Prizes were offered in domestic art and science and in manual training and the winners follow: Domestic science, bread, Ruth and all through the course in the schools, that one general idea is foremost with the teachers.

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Those who donated the prizes were; Huntley Bros., Mrs. Linn E. Jones, Miss Agnes Johnson, F. J. S. Toose, Oregon Door company, Frank Busch, C. J. Hood, Adkins Lumber company, George A. Harding and C. Schuebel.

FOUR NOMINEES FOR GOVERNOR TO TALK

Dr. Ford has invited four of the candidates for governor, Dr. Charles J. Smith, Democratic nominee; F. M. Gill, Progressive Republican nominee; Dr. James Withycombe, Republican nominee, and W. S. U'Ren, Independent, to speak in his pulpit on four consecutive Sunday evenings beginning with June 14, and all except Mr. Gill have accepted the invitation, and it is believed that he will accept.

Mr. W. S. U'Ren will speak Sunday evening, June 14th, on "Needs of Oregon as I See Them." Dr. James Withycombe will speak Sunday evening, June 21, on "A Programme for a Greater Oregon." Mr. F. M. Gill will probably speak Sunday evening June 28, on "Progressive Policies for Oregon," and Dr. Charles J. Smith will speak Sunday evening, July 5, on "An Era of Law Enforcement in Oregon."

Hot Weather Tonic and Health Builder. Are you run down—Nervous—Tired? Is everything you do an effort? You are not lazy—you are sick! Your Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and whole system need a Tonic. A Tonic and Health Builder to drive out the waste matter—build you up and renew your strength. Nothing better than Electric Bitters. Start to-day. Mrs. James Duncan, Haynesville, Mo., writes: "Completely cured me after several doctors gave me up." 50c and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

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WEEKLY ENTERPRISE 75c A YEAR. ENTERPRISE HALF PRICE. WEEKLY ENTERPRISE 75c A YEAR.

Combination Offer No. 1. We will send you the Daily Enterprise and the Western Stock Journal by mail for one year for \$3.00.

Remember your are saving one dollar by taking the combination. We are giving as a premium, absolutely free, with this offer, one fountain pen or a two or 3-piece kitchen set.

Combination Offer No. 2. We will send you the Weekly Enterprise and the Western Stock Journal by mail for one year for one dollar and twenty-five cents for the two papers.

Offer No. 3 FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.

We will send you the Weekly Enterprise by mail, regardless of combination number two, for seventy-five cents for one year. Regular price, one dollar and fifty cents a year.

BARGAIN COUPON OLD SUBSCRIBER. Daily Enterprise, Oregon City. Weekly Enterprise, Oregon City. Included find for bargain offer No. Name Address Route Number Box Fountain Pen Kitchen Set No. 1 Kitchen Set No. 2 (Mark X on line for premium you wish.)

NEW SUBSCRIBER BARGAIN COUPON. Daily Enterprise, Oregon City. Weekly Enterprise, Oregon City. Included find for bargain offer No. Name Address Route Number Box Fountain Pen Kitchen Set No. 1 Kitchen Set No. 2 (Mark X on line for premium you wish.)

APPEARANCES. Do not allow yourself to be misled by appearances. Epictetus says: "Appearances to the mind are of four kinds—things either what they appear to be, or they neither are nor appear to be, or they are and do not appear to be, or they are not and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim in all these cases is the wise man's task."