

Under a Cloud

A Girl Has an Opportunity to Know Her Friends
By BARBARA THORPE
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Clara Bates, with whom I had stood as bridesmaid, wrote me that she was to have a house party at their country place during Lent and wished me to come to her at that time. I accepted and a couple of weeks before Easter went to the Eyrie, as they called the place—it was on high ground—where I found a very pleasant party as usual.

Nevertheless all the guests had not yet arrived. The second day after I received the Eyrie our hosts gave an automobile excursion. Feeling indisposed, I remained at home. Late in the afternoon, thinking a little fresh air would do me good, I concluded to take a walk. As I was going down stairs the front door opened and a woman carrying a hand bag entered. I met her in the hall, and she said to me:

"I have just arrived from the city. It seems that the hostess is away. Have you any idea where I shall find my room?"

"I have not," I replied. "I supposed every room was occupied. I heard Mrs. Bates say so yesterday." The woman looked troubled.

"You are quite welcome," I added. "To make yourself at home in my room. I am going for a walk, and by the time I return our hostess may be here to receive you."

I showed her to my room and went off on my ramble. I was somewhat preoccupied for the reason that Ralph Priestley had been paying me a great deal of attention and, having met Sadie Stammer, a prettier girl than I among the guests, was withdrawing his attention from me and bestowing it on her. Indeed, this was partly the reason why I didn't go on the automobile trip. He had arranged to go in the same conveyance as my rival, and I preferred staying at home to seeing him devoted to her. I returned just as the autos pulled up at the door, and I saw Ralph had Sadie out of the machine and saw, or thought I saw, a mutual loveglint in their eyes. But perhaps it was jealousy.

At any rate, my mind was too full of my affair to think anything about the guest who had arrived and whom I had left in my room. Indeed, I forgot all about her. At dinner I noticed an expression of dismay on the part of several of the girls of the party.



WILL JONES

I MET HIM, EXTENDING MY HAND. and it was evident from a restraint that had come over the party that something had happened.

The next morning, on exchanging words with several of the girls, I noticed that they scarcely answered me, while some of them failed to give me any reply whatever. But what was my indignation when Sadie Stammer passed me with a look of contempt and without even a nod. I was in a very perplexed and troubled state of mind when Clara took me upstairs to her room, shut the door and said to me:

"My dear, you have been made the victim of a conspiracy. On our return from the auto ride yesterday several of the guests found that certain valuables they had left in their rooms were missing. John was horrified. He telephoned for a detective, who came right up and investigated the matter. The only servant in the house while we were away was old Martha, who has been in our family forty years and was my nurse when a baby. While you were all in the drawing room after dinner the detective searched the house. Several bits of jewelry—none of any great value—were found hidden away in the back part of one of your bureau drawers."

"Now, keep cool," she said quickly, seeing the expression of despair on my face. "No one can make me believe anything wrong about you. Some one placed the things there to escape suspicion by incriminating you."

I threw my arms about her neck and burst into a passionate weeping.

I remained in my room or Clara's most of the day. I was altogether too wrought upon by my misfortune to take any thought for my defense. In the afternoon I had remained enough of my equanimity to talk with Clara about the matter and asked her which one of the party she believed me guilty. The only one she mentioned as being

especially sure I was the thief was Sadie Stammer.

"And the new guest," I said—"how does she feel about it?"

"What new guest?"

"The one who arrived yesterday afternoon."

"No guest arrived yesterday afternoon."

"She came while you were all away. I received her for you, and since I did not know what room to put her in I left her in mine. Come to think of it, I've not seen her since."

It was all out that the thief was this woman who had passed herself off on me as her guest. Clara was so delighted at what she considered my vindication that she was about to run downstairs to make it public when I stopped her. I had suddenly regained my head.

"Not so fast," I said. "Who will believe my story of this woman whom no one but I have seen?"

"I do."

"Of course you do, but there are others who will not. Promise me that for the present you will keep the matter secret."

"Other purposes than vindication crowded upon me. I wished to see how Ralph Priestley would treat me while under a cloud. Shortly before dinner I went down into the parlor. Now that the matter was explained to my own and my host's satisfaction I felt easier in presence of the others. There were several in the room when I entered, including Ralph and Sadie, who were sitting together on a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. I walked past both of them without looking at either, and I did not bear myself like a thief by any means.

I walked to a window, where I stood looking out for a few minutes, then passed into the library. Seating myself at the long table in the center of the room, I took up a periodical. I had been there but a few minutes when Ralph Priestley entered. I could see by the expression on his face, his knit brows, that he was very much disturbed.

"I have been seeking an opportunity," he began, when I stopped him, looking at him as severely as I could and pointing to the door.

"Please listen to me," he began again.

"I will not listen to any man who, while I suffer under a false accusation, not only fails to give me his support, but turns against me."

"I have not turned against you."

"You have devoted yourself to one who has assumed that I am guilty and has treated me accordingly."

I arose and swept out of the room, smarting as I was under his having transferred his attentions to my rival—a rival who had taken no pains to conceal her opinion that I had stolen the missing jewels—I confess I resented my treatment of Ralph Priestley. Finding that he was endeavoring to see me alone, I persistently kept out of his way except when there were others about.

As soon as the detective was informed of my story as to the woman who had passed herself off as a guest he began operations on a different line. He took down as minute a description of her as I was able to give him; also a description of every article that was missing. I asked him why she had hidden the articles in my bureau drawer, and he said that by incriminating some one in the house she hoped to divert suspicion from herself long enough to dispose of her plunder.

For several days while he was at work on the case I remained with the party, affable to those who were affable to me, paying no attention to those who were cool to me. There was a side play going on that I enjoyed watching. Sadie Stammer was endeavoring to hold on to Ralph Priestley, and Ralph was trying to get rid of her. The poor fellow was between two fires. He knew that I would not listen to him so long as he continued his attentions to Sadie, and to break away from her was not an easy matter, especially as his only excuse was that she believed me a thief, which was no more than others of the party believed.

Then one morning the detective reported that he had found some of the missing property in a pawnshop and within a couple of days after the discovery had arrested a woman with more of it in her possession. She talked with my description of her and turned out to be living in the neighborhood of the Eyrie. This was the reason she knew of the house party and the automobile excursion and was able to concoct her plan of robbing the house.

That evening at dinner our host set out the story, returning a number of the missing articles to their owners. I was now in a very enviable position. I knew those who were friendly to me and had honored me with their confidence while I had been under a cloud, and I knew those who had not. They all crowded around me to show their good will and assure me that they had not for a moment believed me to be guilty. The only person who did not approach me was Ralph Priestley, whose every effort to do so I had succeeded in thwarting. Now that I was vindicated he not only kept away from me, but Clara came to me after dinner to tell me that he was going away on a late train. I watched for him to come downstairs, and when he came, prepared for the journey, I met him and extended my hand. His countenance changed from a very lugubrious expression to a very happy one. We went into a side room, and I kept him there till it was too late to make his train.

It was Sadie who made the first break in the circle, for I not only declined to notice her, but since Ralph understood that he must choose between us he chose me.

STYLES OF 1911.

Milinery We'll Wear in the Spring, Tra-la.



THE ADVANCED GUARD IN HATS.

Hats are going to turn up and not down in the spring. In other words, the extinguisher chapeau has extinguished itself, and no more will the masculine cry be heard. "It's hard enough on a fellow to remember the faces of all the girls he knows when he meets them on the street, but when he's only a chin to recognize them by it's awful!"

The hat model pictured clearly displays the face of the wearer and is smart in the extreme for the tailored girl. The trimming consists of a twist of velvet about the crown, and the velvet faced brim is pierced with an artificial.

Baby Prince Olaf Aids Society.
Queen Maud of Norway, following the example of Queen Mary of England, has issued a book of photographs of herself and her baby, Prince Olaf, as a means of raising money for charity. She sells the book for \$1.25. The queen had received many requests for pictures of herself and her baby boy, and it finally occurred to her that she could satisfy the demand and make something for charity by having the pictures published. One picture shows the prince and his pet dog; another depicts the king of Norway in his shirt sleeves walking through the garden with the prince.

Don't Be Fussy.
Even if you can't try to overcome the falling for the sake of your own health and peace of mind try to do so for the sake of the man you will certainly render wretched one of these days. It is said that no woman has a proper sense of proportion. The fussy woman certainly hasn't. On her horizon trifles loom like battleships. She never recognizes what really matters and what is unimportant. As a worker the fussy woman is always a failure. She neither gets through as much work nor allows others to do so. Like a high stepping horse, she is all action, yet makes but little progress. Nevertheless fussiness will age her before her time.

Mrs. Taft's Dream Came True.
On June 19 next the president and Mrs. Taft will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. The last event of the kind in the White House was in the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes. Mrs. Taft was there as a young girl, and it is on record she told President Hayes, who was her father's law partner and her godfather, that she would never be married to a man who would not become president. Hayes advised her to become an Ohio man's wife if she wished to realize that dream.

For Winter Sports.
The smartest girls are affecting very sensible and plain sporting clothes for wear at week end parties. Nothing is



SWEATERS AND CAPS OF ANGORA WOOL.

better of its kind for skating and motoring than this warm and good looking sweater of Angora wool, and the cap that accompanies it has ties of the wool to wrap about the neck.

INSIDE BASEBALL IS ALL BUNK, SAYS OLD TIME EXPERT.

"This talk about 'inside ball' is disgusting," said an old baseball expert recently.

"Inside ball consists of just one important thing: When a catcher signals to the pitcher for a certain kind of ball to bat, the batter it is up to the pitcher to put the ball as close to the point signaled for as possible."

"The catcher's sign conveyed to the infielders and outfielders the kind of ball that would be pitched, and they in turn would shift their positions to be in readiness for the drive. A ball on the inside to a right handed batter will find the fielders playing far to the left of their regular positions, and a pitch on the outside will find them set for the drive farther to the right."

SAM HILDRETH MAY RACE HIS HORSES IN ENGLAND.

American Turfman Considering Offer to Join Forces With Lord Carnovan.

Sam Hildreth, the leading horseman of the past two years, may race his stable of stars in England in the future. The clever trainer is considering an offer from Lord Carnovan to train and race abroad, and if negotiations come to a satisfactory ending it will mean that the American turf will lose some of the greatest horses that ever performed here. According to the information, Lord Carnovan desires Hildreth to form a combination of both stables and Hildreth to have full sway over the large string. If Hildreth accepts the offer he will ship Fitz Herbert, Novelt and his other winners to England within a few weeks. It is known that Hildreth is seriously considering the offer and will give a definite answer shortly. Willie Brennan will act as head end for the combination if it goes through.

It is also said that there is a strong probability that John E. Madden may form a partnership with Louis Winans on the English turf. Winans is a big factor in British racing circles and will be remembered as the turfman who purchased Sir Martin from Madden for the special purpose of racing in the Derby. His sensational fall in that classic will always be a feature in turf history, for that tumble cost American betters a fortune. If Hildreth and Madden sever their connections with the American turf it will mean the loss of two of the strongest supporters of the game. They have raced the two largest stables in the past years and furnished winners galore.

SIX DAY ROLLER SKATING.

Pittsburg to Hold Big Grind During Week of March 13.
A novel departure from the general trend of the sporting calendar at this time of the year is on the card for Pittsburg. While as popular as ever in some parts of the country, six day bicycle grinds and walking matches are ancient pastimes in their way, but Pittsburg will get away from this old rut by presenting the novelty of a six day roller skating race. It will be an event of national importance in that all of the crack roller skaters in the country will compete.

While events resembling this to some extent were held in some cities a score of years ago, the proposed competition will be something entirely new to the present generation, and it can hardly fail to arouse interest that will make it a great success. The time selected for the novel race is the week beginning March 13 and ending March 18, and the conditions call for ten hours of skating each day, or sixty hours all told, and there will be big cash prizes for the speeders having the greatest number of miles and laps to their credit at the finish. It will not be a team affair, like the bicycle grinds, but an individual contest, with "every man for himself."

WINTER BASEBALL CHAT

Four games will be played between Louisville of the A. A. and Toronto of the Eastern league in Louisville, April 6, 7, 8 and 9.

Philadelphia dope artists have rechristened the Phillies. The new name for Doolin's men is the Camels. Can they go eight days without a drink?

A. G. Boothby, the newest of Comiskey's pitchers, won thirty-two games out of thirty-five during the past season. He worked for minor teams, but looks good at that.

The modern catcher doesn't steal any bases—that is, none to speak of. Yet the great old catchers of long ago were frequently among the best base runners of every season. Why the alteration?

There will be three new bosses at the helms of various teams in 1911. Watch 'em! Fred Tenney with Boston, Hal Chase with the New York Highlanders and Bobby Wallace with the St. Louis Browns.

As a method of increasing batting a Cincinnati party suggests a flat bat. He says that a flat bat, catching a ball full on the equator, would produce a liner so hot that Satan himself would duck the burning drive.

Bounties For Killing Wild Animals.

Following is the text of a proposed bill for paying bounties for killing destructive animals:

There shall be paid by the State of Oregon and the counties thereof, as in this act and in the manner herein after provided for the killing and destruction of the following named animals hereafter killed in the State of Oregon, the following bounties: For each coyote or coyote pup, \$1.50; for each gray wolf, black wolf, timber wolf, gray wolf pup, black wolf pup, or timber wolf pup, \$25; for each bob cat, wild cat or lynx, \$5; for each mountain lion, panther, or cougar, \$15.

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BILLS ON WAY TO SCRAP HEAP

Many of the President's Pet Measures Will Not Pass.

PATH OF REFORM IS THORNY.

Postmaster General Hitchcock's Efforts to Economize Have Caused Much Harsh Criticism—Democratic Politicians at Washington Are Interested in Bryan's Activities.

By ARTHUR W. DUNN.

Washington, Feb. 1.—[Special.]—From present indications there is to be a large addition to the legislative scrap heap. That pile of would be laws will be augmented by quite a number of measures in which President Taft was particularly interested and which he recommended in his annual message.

So far every bill relating to Alaska and the disposition of the coal lands has been blocked in one way or another. The same is also true of different conservation bills that have been presented.

Measures that have been discussed at considerable length and which seem to be on the way to the scrap heap include the ship subsidy bill, the omnibus claims bill, the resolution for election of senators by direct vote, the Beveridge anti-coupon bill and the tariff commission bill.

The promise that the present tariff board will be continued by a provision in an appropriation bill is not satisfactory to those who really want a tariff commission. The life of the tariff board would only be extended until July 1, 1912, and it is very doubtful if the next Democratic house will continue it.

Thorny Pathway of Reform.
Postmaster General Hitchcock has been reminded that the pathway of reform is strewn with thorns. He has made an earnest effort in the direction of economy since he has been in office, and he finds that most of his efforts have resulted in a severe castigation in congress.

Clerks who have not been promoted complained, railway mail clerks who had to work overtime complained, people complained about the falling off in the efficiency of the mail service, complaints were made that new rural routes were not established—in fact, there was nothing but complaints all along the line.

And it all goes to show that, while there is a great deal of clamor for reform and change, the people do not want either if it affects them or interferes with their comfort.

Interested in Bryan.
Activity of William J. Bryan in Democratic politics gives the leaders here no little concern, or at least some of them. While presidential politics did not figure at all in the caucus of the Democrats of the Sixty-second congress, it was noticed that a fair share of Bryan men were named on the ways and means committee. The second member of that committee, Ollie James, is the most pronounced Bryan man in the house, and several other men have been warm friends of the Nebraskan.

It is believed that Bryan has already interested himself in the campaign for next year and has friends at work in an effort to keep the Democracy progressive. While Bryan has not indicated a presidential preference, it is believed he will vigorously oppose Governor Harmon. His friends say that either ex-Governor Folk or Champ Clark, both of Missouri, will be satisfactory to Bryan in 1912.

Democrats of congress may show a great deal of interest in the coming presidential campaign, but they say it is their business to make the Democratic record in the Sixty-second congress so good that the people will be satisfied with any man who may be nominated for president.

Weeks is Hopeful.

Although nearly everybody interested has given up hope of a parcels post law at this session, Chairman Weeks of the house postoffice committee is still hopeful. He thinks that if they can get a bill for a limited parcels post on rural routes which will meet the approval of a Republican caucus it could be put through under a special rule; otherwise nothing will be done.

If the legislation goes over until next congress it is expected that a general bill, such as that introduced by Congressman Sulzer of New York for parcels post on all mail routes, will be passed.

Will Not Be Bothered.

Champ Clark has one satisfaction in not naming the committees of the house. He will not be worried and harassed for the next year. With the power given the ways and means committee goes the trouble of selecting the committees with all the selfish demands and rivalries of different members. Meanwhile Champ can go serenely upon the lecture circuit.

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