MORNING ENTERPRISE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1911.



The little white house stood close to the street, and the bow window jutted out to the fence, its burden of dowering plants making the only bright bl1 of color on the wild March day. Behind the tall flower stand Miss Imogen Morse had hovered like a beneflcent fairy. She waved her magic sprinkling pot and touched a dead leaf here and there, and the plants grew taller and greener and put forth fragrant blossoms toward the sunshine.

Back of the big pots there had been a row of Bermuda lilles. Slowly they had been forced during the long winter until now brought into the sun they showed tall graceful stalks bristling with green leaves and topped by wonderful waxlike white buds.

Miss Imogen had three Easter Illies. She had planted the bulbs in the fall and tended them all winter, and now that Easter was only three days off she was choosing the handsomest plant to send over to the parsonage. The next one was to go to her bosom



"YOU ARE WORTHY NOW."

friend. Henrietta Owen, and the third one was for Miss Imogen's parlor window.

As Miss Imogen leaned over the flowers a shadow flickered across the window, and she raised her head to meet the admiring gaze of Huldah Scott. Miss Scott's eyes were fixed on the Easter lilles, but she also saw Miss Imogen, and she bowed pleasantly, yet with a certain proud reserve. of manner. She spoke, and her voice came through the open window:

"Your lilles are beautiful, Imogen." she said rather wistfully.

"They are uncommonly handsome," returned Imogen stiffly, making a movement to close the window. Her rather sharp black eyes were looking absently over Huldah's shabby hat. It was as if she appeared not to see

the woman on the sidewalk.

I don't see what he's got to do with "He was father's uncle." said Imo gen suitenly. "I'm mighty glad, Henrietta Owen, that you've spoke your mind and told me what you think about the matter. First time I ever knew you was so sympathetic for Huldah Scott." "I can't help being sorry for her,

Imogen. You had a nice home of your own and enough to live quiet on, and the old place was all Huldah had. You know the only thing she can do to earn money is to take boarders, and now that her house is gone she can't do a thing. Most of her furniture is stored in Deacon Brown's barn and she a-living in those two little rooms over the bakery a-trying to sew, poor soul, and her hardly ever taking a needle in her hand, not being handy that way. No wonder she tooks shab by and old fashioned. But she's proud. as Lucifer and won't let anybody help

her by any ways." "So I am to blame for that, am I?" demanded Imogen flercely.

"She ought to have her home back," said Mrs. Owen obstinately. "It's proved her father paid the money for it. 1 must be going now," she continued, with a side glance at the flowers. "You mustn't mind what I said about Huldah Scott. I can't help feeling sorry for her."

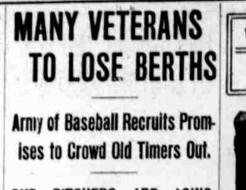
"I expect everybody in town feels the same way," challenged Imogen. "They seem to feel sorry for her," admitted Mrs. Owen. "Goodby, Imogen. Come around and see me when you can.

The subject of the lawsuit her father had instituted against the meager estate of old James Scott was a sore one for victorious Imogen Morse. Three years had passed since Huldah had been turned from her home, and in that time she had tried half a dozen ways to earn a living and falled in each. But she was a splendid housekeeper, and formerly she had earned a comfortable livelihood by taking boarders in the rambling old house of her father. Now she was knocked hither and thither among the few wage earners in the village. At present she was tending the bakery for the Smiths.

Imogen always looked forward to Easter as a season of great joy, for she loved the resurrection of the flowers from their wintry sleep, the new clothing of the earth, the vague promise of a new life beyond this old one. All these things bore significance for

her. She impressed the story of the resurrection on her Sunday school class. She found herself waxing eloquent as she compared the arising of the blessed Lord from his death sleep to the awakening of the dormant plant life. She was filled with joy at the approach of Eastertide, and it was not herself but a black shadow of her real nature which had carelessly overlooked the wrong that had been done to

Huldah Scott. The next day would be Good Friday, and Imogen resolved that she would have some hot cross buns for her breakfast, so after her dinner was cleared away she walked down to the bakery. The store was quite empty save for a little girl perched on a stool behind the counter. It was the baker's child.



CUB PITCHERS ARE AGING.

Several Youngsters In Line to Take Jobs on Regular Staff-Detroit Has Many Veterans, and So Have Pirates. Few Old Timers on Red Sox.

Breakers ahead for the major league "vets!" Slowly but surely the old timers hailed a few seasons ago among the truly greats are slipping. and popular demand for new faces. coupled with the degeneration of those same old idols, is working tremendous changes in both circuits. The time honored adage. "It isn't what you were; it's what you are today," is working overtime, and the season of gloom is on in full blast.

There won't be any glaring shakeups in the Cub troupe, according to Manager Chance. The only veteran to be let out was Clarence Beaumont. The peerless leader seems content to stand pat and go along with the battle scarred warriors who clung to him through thick and thin and assisted in giving Chicago four National league pennants in five thrilling seasons. If young talent is to be injected into the betitled ranks the process will be applied locally to the hurling staff.

Infield to Stand Pat.

To take it from Chance, the infield -one of the greatest ever assembled under one roof-will endure another season, all slams at the faithful Steinfeldt to the contrary, although Zimmerman and youngster Doyle are hot after his job. The outfield will "come back," and "it looks like Sheckard, Schulte and Hofman for the one best bet. Kling is getting up in years, as is Needham, but Archer is still a spright ly youth, and the P. L. is banking on no changes in the wind pad department. At present sixteen flingers are on the

roster of the club, but a number will be let go before the season opens. Of the lot four must be enlisted among the grownups of the slab department. Reulbach, Brown and Pflester are the prize antiques, all hovering around the thirty three-year mark, while King in a touring car. Cole, the elongated marvel of 1910, is merely a stripling, beardless child of twenty-two, according to his own sol-

emp oath. As in the case of the Cubs, every other club in the two major leagues is burdened with venerable artists, and



"Well, Edna, who's tending store



This story was told me by an Englishman who had grown old in the civil service in India. We were sitting in the smoking room of a liner between Southampton and New York:

The people of India are the most sensitive as well as the most merciless people of the world. An Indian will treat one he wishes, to destroy with the most flattering attention while he is planning to kill him. He always strikes in the dark-that is, when he kills with steel. But it is with poison that Indians do their most artistic murderous work. They have studied the science of polson for ages. They have poison rings, poison perfumes, poison flowers. But the strangest of all is a poison human being. They will feed a person on a certain poison till he has absorbed so much of it that his very breath is noxious to one unused to what the poison person is saturated with.

I had a narrow escape from death when I was in India. It was when I first went out there as a youngster and had no idea of the secret dangers to be incurred. That which an Indian is most jealous of is a woman. Any European who attempts the slightest familiarity with one of them is in imminent danger of his life. If they would give a fellow a chance it wouldn't be quite so terrible, but they won't. He is either murdered in the dark or poisoned.

I was just twenty years old when I landed in Calcutta to take position in a British house dealing in opium and the goods of the country. Later I was sent into the interior to buy curios, two of us being sent together for greater safety. Bob Britton, not much older than myself, was my companion. In one of the towns we heard of a rajah whose brother or some other relative had died childless, and the rajah had inherited his effects. Not caring to keep duplicates, he had offered to sell many articles. Bob and I called on him, and he exhibited his wares, treating us at the same time royally. While we were bargalning he feasted us in the room occupied by the women, which was a great honor. Unfortunately for Bob and me we drank too much wine.

Being permitted to roum where we pleased, we devoted ourselves each to pretty Indian girl. Presently I missed Bob. He and the girl he was with had strolled away into a sort of inclosed summer garden. I invited my companion to go off 11 the sime way, but she gave me a look that was all the warning I needed. I contented my-Prospective June brides will be interself with remaining with the others. ested in the accompanying illustration Bob and the girl he was with remained away from the rest of us for of a bridal well. It is of tulle decoratsome time. When he returned he aped with orange blossoms. Fashions in peared to be quite proud of himself, though the girl's face wore a frightened look. As soon as we were alone he told me that he had taken the sweetest kiss he had ever tasted. I asked him if he was sure he was unbserved, and he said he saw no one about, but while his fips touched the girl's she had uttered a suppressed scream. It was immediately after this that the two returned. When we rejoined the rajah he expressed a hope that we had enjoyed ourselves. He was very effusive in his offers of hospitality and friendship. He asked us how we were pleased with the ladies, and when we expressed ourselves delighted he said that we had not seen the most beautiful. He clapped his hands, a servant appeared. he gave an order in a tongue we did not understand, the servant withdrew, and in a few minutes our host led us into another room where were "ssembled several of the handsomest adian women I have ever seen. The rajah introduced us, then left us, saying that he would take a nap. One of the women, apparently with bridal vells are never radical, but the the consent of the others, took Bob unone shown is up to date and could not der her especial care, another took help but please any bride and add to me, and it wasn't long before, under pretense of showing us some of the rajah's most valuable curios, they led us into a suit of rooms filled with Instead of the usual shower friends enough rare articles to stock a museof a bride who was recently married um. Bob and I soon got into separate and went at once to housekeeping gave rooms. My companion and I seated her a box labeled "the things you have ourselves on a divan and were chatforgotten." In it there were balls of ting about the curios when I noticed different kinds of twine in bolders by that she had been using some strange which to hang them and with scissors perfume. She gradually drew nearer to cut the string, a bottle of fountain to me, and I noticed a deathly sickpen ink, balls of various widths of ness coming over me. An instinct of tape, cards of buttons, including shoe buttons and the cord by which to sew self preservation, I suppose, led me to get up from the divan. My next idea them on (the kind with tags on the ends), several lead pencils, pads of pawas to find Bob. I staggered into another room. There was Bob with his per of different sizes, a corkscrew, a tack hammer with claw, tags and lalips glued to those of the girl he was Seeing me, she unwound her bels for bottles, boxes and packages, with. spools of thread of various sizes and arms from about him, and he fell to papers of needles, a bottle of mucilage the floor. I went to him, bent over and a tube of glue, several sheets of him and knew that he was dead. There was a door near by opening wrapping paper and some other everyinto a garden. I managed to get to it and passed out. The fresh air revived me, and, regaining the strength of my Miss Emily A. Chapman is a chilegs. I ran like a deer anywhere to get away from the horrible death I had ropodist of Los Angeles who was rejected by a chapter of the Daughters barely escaped. I returned to Calcutta and told my of the American Revolution. She mainstory. Nothing could be done in the tains that it was because she earns her living in such a way. Miss Chapman matter; it is not the policy of the Britwas formerly a member of the Quaker ish government to punish Indians who City chapter in Philadelphia, but could take revenge on Europeans for such not get three women from that chapter offenses. Britton's sudden death reto indorse her when she went west ceived no official notice whatever. I She says she will bring the matter bewas considered to have made a lucky fore the national body, and the result escape There has never been any doubt in my mind that the two girls who affectis being watched with interest. Mem bers of the D. A. R. say there must ed Bob and me had been fed on a have been some other reason than that assigned, as many of the daughpoison and were in the rijth's service as secret executioners.





Englishwoman who has made fifty or more balloon ascensions, wants to test her skill and endurance against the same qualities possessed by American men. In other words, she wants to try for the cups offered for long dis tance flights in gas bags. Miss Granville is duly licensed as a

pilot and is a member of the Royal Aero Club of England. She can't take part in the James Gordon Bennett race because the entries for that contest must be made by a club, but she is eager to make a flight in competition with Messrs. Hawley and Post. who won the cup last year and established a world's record when they flew from St. Louis into the wilds of Canada. Ballooning possesses a great fascination after one tries the sport, Miss Granville says, and she is surprised that more American women have not tried it. She does not regard the danger as being greater than that taken daily by occupants of automobiles. The delights of sailing through the air she describes as much greater than those of bouncing over a country road Miss Granville began her ballooning as a pupil of C. S. Rolls, the young

English nobleman who was killed while making an aeroplane flight in England last summer. White Tulle Bridal Veil.

her attractiveness

day needfuls.

ters work for a living.

Useful Present For a Bride.

Chiropodist With a Grievance.

Huldah flushed proudly"and resumed her walk down the street. After Imo gen Morse's contemptuous accents had died in the rattling down of the window sash Huidah flung ber head up proudly and walked as if her cloak was not worn and shining at the seams and her shoes cracked and broken.

There was a tap at the side door. followed by a turning of the knob. Then a short, heavily built woman came into the room and tossed aside the knitted shawi which had covered her head and shoulders. Her face was very red, and her scanty portion of light hair clung flatly to her rather large head. Henrietta Owen was Imogen Morse's most intimate friend.

"Where did you drop from?" asked Imogen, pushing a chair forward for the visitor.

"Been to the postoffice," panted Mrs. Owen, sinking heavily into the rocker. "I asked for your mall, but there wasn't anything. I met Huldah just beyond here. Thought maybe she'd been calling on you." She looked slyly at Imogen out of her small black

"You know better than that, Henrietta." retorted Imogen good humoredly. "I expect you can tell to a T the last time Huldah Scott crossed my threshold. She's got no liking for me.'

"Small wonder," remarked Mrs. Owen dryly.

Imogen paused in her task of dusting the books in the tall secretary and turned her long neck around. "Whatever do you mean. Henrietta Owen?" she demanded, with asperity. "First time I knew you to take Huldah Scott's part against me."

"I'm not taking ber part. All I said was it was small wonder she had no liking for you. If you'd lost that lawsuit instead of her I guess the hard feelings would have been on the other uide.'

"You'll have to explain what you mean," Imogen said incoherently. "If you think Huldah Scott wasn't treated fairly you can go to Judge Blake or the jury which decided that the property never had been her father's and couldn't rightfully belong to anybody but my father's heirs."

"That's all as it may be," said Mrs. Owen quietly, "but you know right well that the Scott place was bought by Huldah's father and they always Hved in it. It wasn't till after old Mr. Scott died that your father came for-ward and claimed that the Scotts never had a deed to the place and it belonged to your pa by right of inher-itance from old Caleb Morse, though

today?" asked Imogen briskly "Miss Huldah's tending store. She'll be back in a moment. Have your lilles

withered up yet, Miss Imogen?" asked the little girl eagerly. "Withered up? What do you mean.

child?" demanded Miss Morse. "Why, father said he should think the illies would wither up under the touch of your hands, you're so hard hearted," said the child, with the brutal directness of her age.

Imogen gasped and turned white. "Well, I never," she gasped; "I never did!" Then she turned and fled from the place.

Back in her own rooms, she looked strangely at the lilles. Once she reached forth a finger tip and touched the white waxen blossom. "It didn't with er." she said eagerly. "I wonder what I can do. Suppose I should touch one tomorrow or Sunday and it should turn brown! I never thought of that. I suppose I am not fit: I am not fit!" Miss Imogen bowed her black head on her hands and sat very still.

She was very busy the next two days, and on the night before Easter she sat in her sitting room with the three Easter lilles ranged in a row be-

fore her. "It's no credit to me to give Huldah Scott back her house again. That's her own. What can I do that will burt me the most? Speak up, Imogen Morse!" she commanded herself.

The gate clicked, and Huldah Scott ran up the path and knocked lightly on the door. "Come in," said Imogen. "It's me," said Huldah breathlessly. "I just heard little Edna Smith tell what she said to you the other day about the lilies withering. I'm awful sorry, Imogen, but you mustn't mind Folks say all sorts of mean things about"-

Imogen arose and placed her hands on Huldah's shoulders. "I don't mind, Huldah." she said seriously. "I'm glad of it. I always thought I knew what Easter meant, but I find I didn't realize it meant the resurrecting of a soul from sin as much as anything else, and I've set myself a stint."

"What is it?" asked Huldah. "I'm not going to touch another

Easter lily until I'm satisfied I'm cleansed of some of my sins," said Imogen grimly. "All these lilles are for you, and the new plum colored suit, and your place back and all. It's no credit to me."

Huldah took imogen's hand and closed it tightly around the largest. mowlest blossom of the Easter lily. "Oh. Immen, you are worthy now!" abo weld



Photo by American Press Association. BUGS EAYMOND, WHOSE WORK WILL BR CLOSELY WATCHED.

pose of the stars of yesterday. These players are of inestimable value to their respective teams in more ways than one; otherwise they couldn't stick

to their jobs. Endurance is a grand quality in baseball as well as automobiles and pugilism, but the best of them must some day fall for the count. In Pittsburg the bugs are wondering what the future holds for the athletic landmarks-to wit, Clark, Wagner, Leach, Leever, Phillippi, et al. All these hearties have basked in the limelight for more than a decade. Detroit has a bunch of old scouts in

Crawford, Donovan, Mullin and Davy Jones, while the world's champion Mack men have some aged boys in Davis, Bender, Plank, Hartzel and Murphy. Yet those grownups must stay on the job to lend a helping hand to newcomers who stand in need of considerable uplift in the finer points of pastiming.

Wagner Saves Red Sox.

Charley Wagner, shortstop on the Boston American league team, is the keystone to the speedy infield corralled by John I. Taylor a few seasons sgo and all but smashed to smithereens when the Hub city magnate traded McConnell and Lord for Purtell and F. Smith, former White Shins.

The New York Nationals have a few veterans who will have to do some tall hustling to hold their jobs. Among them are Catcher Schlei, Third Baseman Devlin and Pitchers Ames, Wiltse and Raymond. Close tabs will be kept on the latter, and if he does not show good form he will sent to the minors

or sold to some other club. Read the Morning Enterprise.

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