

A PAIR OF TWINS

They Are Both Very Talented, and There is Something Strange About Them

By Edith V. Ross

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When I was nineteen I went abroad and settled myself in Paris.

I studied in an art school for a winter and in the spring went to Switzerland, partly for rest and partly to sketch. One morning when I was staying at Lusanne I climbed to a position where I would get a view to put on canvas, and I set up my easel beside a road. While I was at work a girl about my own age, though of larger build, came along, walking westward. Seeing me, she stopped and asked me in French if she was on the road to Geneva. I told her that she was, and, noticing that she was traveling alone, as I was, I felt drawn toward her. I asked her if she would come and rest beside me. She accepted the invitation and after glancing at my unfinished work threw herself on the grass near me.

I spoke of the danger of walking through the country without protection. That there was any danger in



SEE BRMAN TO QUESTION ME.

doing so did not appear to occur to her. She asked me what was my nationality, and when I told her I was an American she at once showed an eagerness to hear anything I would tell her about my country. But I found she could tell me more about the underlying principles on which our government rests than I could tell her.

"What a grand thing it is," she said, "that union of free and independent states surrounding a common center at the capital. In the eastern hemisphere all points the other way, not from the periphery to the hub, but from the hub to the periphery. Our governmental centers inherited from a barbarous past, are merely a tax on the people. We pay a large price for them and get nothing in return. Our problem is to throw off these excrescences that have served their term of usefulness and are rotting like so many corpses."

I was astonished that a foreigner, a mere girl, had such a knowledge of our institutions and could state their superiority over those of European countries, while I, an American, had never thought about them. After telling me much of my own country of which I was ignorant she began to question me about customs of which she could have no knowledge without visiting America. She kept me talking on these matters till noon, then arose to go on.

"Come to my hotel," I said, "have luncheon with me and a rest afterward. You look both tired and hungry."

Instead of either accepting or declining my invitation, rising she said: "That's what I like about you Americans. What Englishwoman would ask a stranger to share her comforts?"

With a smile that charmed me she continued her journey. I watched her as she went down the road, wondering where she could have picked up so much knowledge of the science of government. Though she was large and strong and seemed to be fearless, I could not understand how she dared tramp alone. Had she been of the peasant class I should not thought this so strange. But, judging from her dress and especially her intelligence, she doubtless belonged to the refined classes, whose women are allowed few privileges in respect to going about alone.

When she came to a turn in the road she looked back, kissed her hand to me and disappeared.

Two weeks from that time I stepped out of a railroad train at Neuchatel and went to a pension. I was on my way to Paris, and since a single day's journey was too long for me I intended to stay overnight. Traveling alone I always practiced stopping at pensions in preference to hotels. At dinner I was introduced to my fellow guests by the landlady. Opposite me, but near the other end of the table, sat a young man whose face was familiar to me. I looked at him so steadily that I attracted his attention. Finally he said to me:

"Mademoiselle, have we met before?"

"I don't know. I have certainly met some one very like you."

"I know of no man who resembles me, but several times this summer persons have told me that they have met a woman making a pedestrian tour who might be my twin sister. The singular part of it is that I have a

twin sister whom I have not seen for some years. She left home when she was fifteen to study. She read so hard that she injured her brain and disappeared. If I can find any one who can tell me where she is to be found I will telegraph the police to hold her till I can reach her. Where did you meet her?"

He looked at me eagerly. What he said convinced me that the girl who had talked with me at Lusanne was this twin sister of his.

"Is she very intellectual?" I asked.

"Very. She has too much knowledge in her head. That's what broke down her health."

I told him of the girl walking to Geneva, and he left the table at once to go and telegraph the police of that city. I waited for him to come in, being anxious to discover if he had received a favorable reply. But he did not return before I went to bed. The next morning the landlady told me that he had returned late and left at 6 o'clock in the morning for Geneva. I was pleased at having put him on the track of his sister.

I went on to Paris, where I found the people making preparations to receive the czar of Russia, who was expected to be the nation's guest. The city was crowded with strangers. Coming out of the Luxemburg gallery one morning, whom should I see hurrying along the street but the girl I had talked with at Lusanne. I ran to her and stopped her. She stared at me, evidently not recognizing me.

"Don't you remember our meeting on Lake Lemon?" I said. "I'm so glad to meet you again. At Neuchatel I chanced to meet your brother. I told him he might find you at Geneva. He went there for that purpose."

"Tell me where I can find him!" she cried fiercely. "He has been pursuing me long enough. I will meet him and kill him."

With that she hurried away. I looked about for a policeman intending to tell him who she was and ask him to take her in charge with a view to restoring her to her family, but before I could find one she had disappeared.

I was told that the czar while in Paris was watched incessantly by the police to prevent his assassination. Fortunately for him he completed his visit and returned to his capital unharmed. As soon as he was gone the French government must have felt that a great responsibility had been lifted from their shoulders.

Having spent the time I had intended on the continent, I went to England. A relative there who had married into one of the swell London families enabled me to see something of society. While at a ball one evening, walking with a gentleman, whom should I see approaching with a lady on his arm but the young man I had met at Neuchatel. As he passed me I intended to bow to him, but he failed to recognize me. This I attributed to his having seen me but once at a rather dimly lighted table and in traveling dress, whereas I was now sumptuously attired.

"Can you tell me who that gentleman is?" I asked my companion.

"Only that he is a Russian nobleman, Count Zentzoff."

"I met him some time ago at Neuchatel."

"He was probably there studying at the aquarium. Many scientific men go there for observation, since the aquarium contains specimens that are to be found nowhere else."

"Let us turn and follow him," I said. "I wish to speak to him."

We turned and I saw the young count just bowing himself away from the lady he was with. Before I could reach him he had passed through a door, and I lost him. I did not see him again that evening, and when later I asked about him I was told that he had left the city.

When the London social season was over I sailed for America. About a week before I sailed we heard the news of the assassination of the hated Von Plehve in Russia.

Walking one day on deck where I could look through a window into a stateroom, I saw a girl standing before a mirror making her toilet. I dared not give more than a passing glance, for there were others close at hand. I walked on, and when I returned the blinds at the window through which I had looked were closed. I believed I had seen the girl I had met at Lusanne and afterward at Paris. But she did not leave her stateroom during the voyage, so I could not confirm my opinion.

Months after I reached America I was walking on Fifth avenue, New York, when I met the brother. He recognized me and advanced to speak with me. I asked him if he had found his sister and was about to give him the information I possessed concerning her when he stopped me by asking permission to call upon me. I gave it and received him the same evening.

He unraveled the mystery of himself and his sister and gave me an account of his life, though he left out the most important part in it, which I knew by inference. He and his sister were one. He was a Russian anarchist. Sometimes he traveled as a girl, sometimes as a man. This he did to elude the police. When I first met him he was on his way to Paris, where he hoped to get an opportunity to assassinate the czar. He knew me when I spoke to him there and pretended insanity. He failed in his Paris project and was recalled to Russia for a new duty. What that duty was he refrained from telling me, but I knew. Fleeing from Russia, he was just in time to reach the steamer on which I sailed and came over as a woman. He was a remarkably fascinating man, but I did not care to meet him again. There was blood on his hands.

SMART DESIGNS.

Tailored Blouses Appear in Many New and Pleasing Forms.

Novel are the umbrella handles of crystal set with jewels. The grosgrain ribbon guard for eyeglasses is now a familiar sight. The introduction of silk on linen is an important one this season. The chastily lace veil has been discarded by the smart women. Smart are the antique fillet laces resembling old lace. Evening gowns have changed their colors. There has been a decided adoption of the vivid colors. The lovely "dead" shades have had their day. Tabs on the front and a dainty chemise of lace or embroidery combine to give a touch of elaboration to this mainly blouse or shirt waist. Linen or any reasonable material may be used for the waist, embroidered designs being applied to the front if desired. JUDIC CHOLLET.



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This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for a thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-two inch bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

POPULAR STYLES.

Particularly Striking Are the Military Effects of the Season.

The thin straw which resembles horsehair or crin has come back into favor.

Ston jacket and bolero both are among the accepted styles.

The smartest coat and skirt costumes are of heavy silk or fleece backed satin.

Radium braid is effectively employed on many of the handsomest models.

Many effective hats for children are



GIRL'S GATHERED DRESS.

of the mushroom type with downward turning brims. Skirts are actually full enough to make walking possible, but they hang absolutely straight.

This frock of Persian lawn and valenciennes lace makes a suitable commencement gown for a young girl. It may be duplicated in any soft material preferred. By dispensing with the lace trimmed tunic the design is much simplified. The dress is cut with a blouse and skirt, the former with front and back portions, which are gathered to the yoke and plastron. The sleeves are gathered below and joined to bands or cuffs. The skirt is gathered about the waist. JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls of ten, twelve and fourteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Hub Saloon Changes Hands. The Hub saloon was sold yesterday by Fred Cooper to Kirby & Dougherty.

TWO TRACTS ARE PLATTED. Forty Acres at Oak Grove Placed on Market Saturday.

James Bunnell has platted 40 acres of land at Oak Grove into lots. The tract is located just east of the St. Theresa Sanitarium and is designated as Oak Grove Park.

One hundred and twenty acres on Salmon River have been platted into small tracts, less than an acre, presumably for campers. The tract is known as Saratoga.

Friendly Bible Class Will Debate.

The Friendly Bible class will hold their regular monthly business meeting and debate in the parlors of the Presbyterian church tonight. There will be an informal programme, the feature of the evening being a debate on "Resolved, that life imprisonment, with restricted power of pardon should be substituted for capital punishment in Oregon."

Brasher vs. Bohn Case Appealed. The suit of J. D. Brasher against W. G. Bohn has been appealed to the Circuit Court. Bohn lost the suit in Justice Samson's court.

MADE RESPECTABLE

By R. W. KEENAN

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"Well, sir, what are you doing here?" A man in pajamas stood looking at another who was covering him with his revolver. "They were in the dining room of the former, and the latter had taken the family silver from the sideboard."

"I am about to remove your silver." "Are you a married man?" "I am."

"Children?" "A boy and a girl."

"Suppose I should break into your house at night and rob you of your children?"

"I would kill you."

"But suppose you were in my present position and I in yours?"

"I would afterward hunt you down and kill you."

"That is what society will surely do to you; it will get you at last and will punish you."

The burglar looked surprised. He was not used to having his victims thus argue with him.

"I am not doing this for my own benefit, I am doing it for my children. If I didn't they would starve. Indeed, they were starving when I commenced it, and that is the reason why I commenced it. Having started in, I must keep it up."

"I would advise you to drop it."

"I would be glad to take your advice for I know well that what you say is true. But when I drop it the wolf comes back to the door and he will not be driven away; he will have all I love. I can't bear to see them die, and when they are dead what is the world to me? The evil day comes, but by taking your property I may put it off for some time."

"Suppose," said the householder, "you could get work and keep it?"

"You might as well suppose you could shoot me without getting hurt yourself."

"You have a terse way of putting things. You should have been a lawyer."

"I am as honest as many of them, especially those who make fortunes by telling financial kings how they may rob the public and keep out of jail. And I am as honest as some judges who interpret the law for the benefit of the same financial kings."

The man in the pajamas started.

"How," continued the burglar, "could the great robberies of the hundreds of millions in the wreckage and absorption of the small concerns by the large ones have been accomplished except by the ruling of these same judges?"

It was now the turn of the man in the pajamas to be impressed.

"I know a lawyer," he said after some thought, "who will take your case and serve you as well as these others have served the big financiers."

"I should have to take your silver plate to pay his fee, and likely he would take the fee and let the case take care of itself."

"H'm! I'm not sure—but that you would conduct it better than he. However, I may as well pay the fee myself in money as in my plate, much of which consists of heirlooms which I can't replace. I will see that your lawyer is paid. Permit me to call for the police. Submit to arrest. I will furnish bail, and when you are tried I will see that you go free. Then I will provide a way for you to earn a living without risk."

The burglar gave up his revolver. The man in the pajamas took it, telephoning to the police, and when they came they found the burglar covered with his own weapon. They took him to the police station and locked him up for the night. The next morning bail was furnished by a friend unknown except to the culprit.

When the burglar was tried he was astonished to see his friend of the pajamas on the bench. An attorney arose and, beginning, "May it please your honor," went on to say that he would prove the prisoner a member of a church and a leader in all good works; that an alibi would be established and it would be apparent that the accused was a greatly wronged man."

And he did.

"That's exactly the way," said the burglar, "I should have gone about the matter myself had I been a lawyer and conducted my own case."

"I told you," said the judge, "that you had legal talents. You are discharged."

As the burglar passed out a policeman told him that the judge wished him to call at his house the same afternoon. The burglar called, and the judge said to him:

"I have kept my word so far and intend to keep it further. I can't make you a lawyer because you are not highly enough educated. The next best thing I can do for you is to put you in office. I am hand in glove with the political boss. He will make you one of his principal helpers, and within a year you will be appointed to a position where you will have the care of millions of the people's money."

"Thank you, judge, for making me respectable."

The subject of this sketch is now a political boss. He makes senators, judges, representatives and appoints men to offices that are not elective. The judge who made him respectable sits on the bench during the boss's pleasure. But the judge did not warm a serpent in his bosom. The boss lets him stay.

THE DAY OF THE SASH.

It Has Come Again, Bringing in Elaborate Creations.



SASH OF FLOWEED RIBBON.

When it was announced in Paris that fashion leaders had sanctioned the revival of sashes every girl who had an heirloom in the shape of an old embroidered sash congratulated herself, but, alas, while we are to have sashes it is "with a difference." The new sashes fasten snugly around the waist while the sash ends fall in all sorts of elaborate bows and folds. Some sashes are cut with double streamers like the one in the picture, which is of flowered ribbon and lace fringed with silk tassels.

The new sash is quite as intricate as the jabot and needs the same trained hand to give it the proper finish. Sash and girle arrangements are of many kinds. Big bows and long, wide scarf ends of black malines appear on some of the light hued models. The new velvet with taffeta back in color is effectively used for sash effects, a wide end in two loops lying flat, one over the other, but of different lengths, being a popular method of using the velvet ribbon or satin. This gives much the effect of the detached skirt panel and breaks the tight skirt line in the back without introducing any odd fancy.

THE QUAKER MAID.

Dainty Garb Imitated by the Damsels of Vanity Fair.

For damsels who can look mild and demure Quaker-like tchus are just the thing for wear over a neutral colored house dress. The one illustrated here was of fine linen lawn embroidered in eyelet work and bordered with a scant frill of valenciennes lace.

Very popular is the fichu of fine linen, lawn or net. It can be adjusted



EMBROIDERED FICHU.

over a plain little dress of this material, or it can grace a silk or satin gown for evening. It is folded around the shoulders, crossed in front and fastened at the back in a small butterfly bow or under a cabochon, from which a square flat court train falls. This fichu can be of plain linen, hemstitched and used in flat simplicity.

Made From Towels.

A simple and useful combing jacket or peignoir may be made from a good large towel. Divide it into four even parts, cut off two of these parts nearest the ends and sew them at right angles to the central portion. Sew tape where the pieces join to tie the peignoir on.

From three crash dish towels you can make a sewing apron, turning up the bottom and stitching it into pockets. Ribbon strings complete the apron.

A large embroidered towel will make a good bureau cover for summer. A fine of drawn work will add to the appearance of a plain one used for the same purpose.

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PLEASE NOTICE.

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By mail, paid a year in advance, \$2.00.

People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription for one or more months, at ten cents a week, can have the daily delivered for a year for \$3.00 by paying a year in advance.

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Subscribers to the Weekly Enterprise may change their subscriptions to the daily, receiving credit for half time on the daily that the weekly is paid in advance. When they choose to add cash to the advance payment equal to a full year's advance payment they may take advantage of the \$1 rate.

We make this special price so that people who have paid in advance on some other daily and wish to take the Morning Enterprise, may do so without too great expense.

Real Estate Man Sued. S. S. Sommer has filed a suit in the Circuit Court against W. F. Schofield for \$750 said to be due on a promissory note dated October 21, 1904, due July 5, 1907. J. E. Hodge reports the suit.

Sunset Magazine For May. "Nile of the West," by Glen Alden. Beautifully illustrated in two colors. "The Spell," a western story by the Williamsons. "Guests of Greater Chinatown," by Charles Field. Automobile section. Now on sale, 15 cents.

Patronize our advertisers.

Union Brotherhood Banquet is announced. President Toose has called a special meeting of the Presbyterian Brotherhood for Friday night to appoint a committee to confer with the local Brotherhoods on the plan to hold a monster Union Brotherhood banquet sometime in June. All organizations that were invited to express their feelings on the subject have reported themselves kindly in favor of the project.

The Brotherhoods of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist and Gladstone churches will participate.

WATCH

Special Sale for next Saturday

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