OREGON TOWNS TO AID PORTLAND FESTIVAL

SILVER CUP OFFERED FOR MOST HANDSOMELY DECORATED VEHICLE.

PORTLAND, Or., May 24 (Special)—Other Oregon towns will participate in Portland's rose festival. An elegant silver cup is offered for the most handsomely decorated vehicle entered by any of the nearby towns in the horse and vehicle parade, one of the distinctive features of the festival, which is scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, June 8. TThis pageant will be more beautiful than ever before; the decorations will be more elaborate and more in keeping with the spirit of the festival. Although the electric parade will be magnificent and is expected to lead all the others, the horse and vehicle feature will possess a distinctive quality that no other parade will have.

Entries have been coming in in large numbers and competition for the various prizes will be keener than was anticipated. The competition between the neighboring towns will, of course, be limited to that particular class. It is not expected that the decorated vehicles from outside will be in competition with the general entries; it will be one town against another.

It was announced Wednesday that every preparation for the opening of the festival on June 5 has been virtually completed. Floats for the splendid electrical parade on Tuesday night, June 6, the carnival stunts on Sixth and Seventh streets following the pageant, the aquatic features, the reception of Rex Oregonus, the motorboat races, the East Side parade for school children, fraternal organizations and industries, preparations for the entertainment of visitors, the illumination—all have been provided for.

MRS. GANONG GIVES BIRTHDAY PARTY

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY IS CELEBRATED BY PROMINENT RESIDENT.

Mrs. E. D. Ganong, one of the well known residents of Oregon City, whose home is near Canemah, celebrated her seventieth birthday anniversary at the family home on Tuesday afternoon. This occasion proved a most enjoyable one. One of the features was the birthday dinner at 2 o'clock. The home was prettily decorated for the occasion with roses, pink carnations and ferns. The color scheme throughout the rooms was pink and green. Mrs. Ganong was presented with many beautiful gifts as remembrances of the occasion. During the afternoon Hon. J. E. Hedges gave an interesting talk which was followed by vocal selections by Mrs. R. C. Ganong, of this city, and instrumental selections by Miss Lorna Ganong, of Portland.

Those present were Mrs. C. A. Coburn, of Portland; Mrs. H. Smith, of Grants Pass; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shattuck, of Portland; Mrs. Faulkner Short, Jr., Dr. F. Short, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sally, Miss Anna Sally, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ganong, Miss Lorna Ganong, Arthur and Holt Ganong, Mrs. A. Newell, all of Portland; Master John Spencer Larison, Baker City; Mrs. M. W. Sheppard, of Portland; Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Mount, Hugh Ganong Mount, Mrs. A. W. Howard, Mr. Thornton Howard, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ganong, Hon. J. E. Hedges.

AN UP-TO-DATE NURSERY JINGLE.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
That, though his trade was running down,
He would not advertise.

The shoppers passed right by his place,
But entered not his store;
They moved on, with a steady pace,
Towards his competitor.

He was too dumb to understand
Why all the day long through,
He never had to lift a hand,
Except his nails to chew.

But, finally, a caller came,
The door flew open wide—
He only had himself to blame—
The sheriff stepped inside.

A moral for you herein lies,
So read and ponder well;
Don't advertise—then business dies;
The sheriff tolls the bell.

But safety lies before your eyes,
So quick put forth your hand.
Just advertise in the Enterprise
And the business you will land.

The Challenge.

The Professor—No, sir. . . . animal living what I cannot subdue by simply looking him steadily in de eyeball. I vill bet one tousand dollars.

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL.

Graduates and Alumnae Will Pay Tribute to Alice Freeman Palmer.

THE PALMER MEMORIAL.

Graduates and alumnae of Wellesley who gather for the annual commencement will all pay special tribute to the Alice Freeman Palmer memorial which has recently been given a place of honor in Wellesley college, where Mrs. Palmer was president from 1881 until 1887. She was probably the greatest woman educator of modern times. It was through her influence that the college assumed the leading position it now occupies, and every loyal Wellesley girl honors her memory. The memorial was made possible through the efforts of Miss Caroline Hazzard, the present head of the college, and the alumnae. Not only is the memorial a tribute to a great woman, but it is a great work of art, for those who know say it is one of the best things that Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, has ever turned out. It is a lifelike portrait of Mrs. Palmer with an idealized figure at her side. It is placed in a good light in the chapel of the college, and there the beauty worshiping girls of Wellesley have surrounded it with flowers to greet the returning alumnae, many of whom knew and loved her when she was at the head of the institution.

FRUIT DESSERT.

Prune Loaf an Inexpensive, Delicious and Wholesome Food.

Even that humble fruit the prune, at which we so often sneer, may be used in making delicious desserts. For instance, prune loaf may be made as follows:

Whip one and a half cupfuls of cream until firm throughout. Cut fine enough cooked prunes to fill one cup, add one-fourth cupful of the prune juice and two-thirds cupful of sugar and let simmer until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture reduced a little. Add the juice of half a lemon

PRUNE LOAF.

and one-fourth cupful of juice from the prunes. Let stand until chilled, then fold the cream into it and turn the mixture into a quart mold lined with paper and chilled in salt and crushed ice. Fill the mold to overflow, spread over a paper and press the cover down over the paper. Pack in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Let stand about three hours. Repack when the ice has partially melted. When repacking turn the mold, as the lower side often freezes more quickly than the upper side. When unmolded garnish with half a cupful of whipped cream and cooked prunes.

Homemade Girdles.

The girl who likes beadwork may make herself a dainty girdle in beads and jewels to match a certain costume. The work is most easily done on a bead loom. A simple design for such a belt has two rows of oval beaded figures connected by double lines of beading alternating with cobweb effects. In the center of each cobweb may be sewed or woven a jewel.

Use heavy buttonhole silk for stringing these belts and make them to knot loosely at one side, the end being finished in tassels of beadwork, with a jewel on each strand.

Other new beltings are of bead designs in gilt and crystals done on heavy net. These are lined with silk the same shade as the net and are worn with a fancy buckle of harmonizing enamel or with the smart buckles set in pearls, turquoise or other precious and semiprecious stones.

Saving the Buttons.

To prevent the constant annoyance of pillowslips, etc., coming home from laundry with broken or torn off buttons make two buttonholes instead of button and buttonhole, sew two buttons loosely together and use as a stud, removing at each visit to laundry.

JAP BALL TEAM LOOKS VERY GOOD

Orientals Play Better Game of Baseball Than Is Imagined.

MADE CHICAGO BOYS HUSTLE.

Although Defeated, Waseda University Team Put Up Fast and Clever Exhibition—Players Are Small.—Game Popular In Flowery Kingdom.

"Waseda! Waseda! Waseda, sa! Da wassy! Da wassy, sa! Wassy, sa!" It sounds even worse than it looks reduced to writing. It is the Waseda university yell. The college baseball players from Japan emit it before taking the field. Diamond fans in Chicago recently had the pleasure

Photos by American Press Association.

TWO MEMBERS OF JAPANESE BALL TEAM NOW PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY.

of listening to it when the Japanese ball tossers tackled the University of Chicago team and were defeated.

Although the oriental exponents of America's own pastime did not win, they surprised the fans by putting up a fast and clever brand of ball. Omura, who pitched the entire nine innings, was there with a steady wing and arm motion that fooled his opponents repeatedly. He fielded well, fanned two Maroons and held Chicago to seven hits. Oi at first base, Ohara at second, Omachi at short and Fukubori at third all starred in the infield in spots, while Yamaguchi was clever behind the bat. Mikami, Iseda and Yawata in the gardens were there with heady fielding. The Japs will play several other college teams in this country before they return home next fall.

Some seven years ago Waseda university sent a baseball team to America. That was practically the start of the American pastime in the home of the mikado. Today baseball is on a different scale. Players no longer wear the Japanese tabi or sock, but are equipped with the regulation spiked shoe. Baseball gloves, masks and other paraphernalia are made after the American patterns by home manufacturers, and the spitball and the squeeze play are as familiar terms to the Japanese college chap as to the schoolboy who adorns the San Francisco bleacher section.

They are still lacking somewhat, so they admit, in the art of pitching and batting, but if they learn as fast in the next seven years as they have in the past they will be wonders, easily capable of meeting the best amateur teams in this country.

Waseda's delegation is in charge of A. Takasugi, a professor of English in his home institution as well as a graduate of Northwestern college and a teacher for several years at De Pauw, Indiana.

Professor Abe, known throughout Japan as the "father of baseball," because it was he who practically gave the sport a start, was unable to come, occupied as he is with his faculty work and the worries involved as president of the baseball association.

Generally speaking, the Japanese have a team of small men. The "giant" in the crowd is Oi, captain last year and first sacker this season. Oi measures about five feet nine inches in height and looks to tip the scales at 175 pounds. The midget, on the other hand, is Omachi, who plays shortstop and blushingly admits to five feet three inches and a poundage in comparison. The balance of the men straggled in between these two sizes, with a tendency toward the smaller one. This team is captained by Matsuda.

Origin of Baseball.

A baseball crank has figured out the origin of the game, says an exchange: The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve; when she stole first, Adam stole second. When Ike met Rebecca at the well she was walking with the pitcher. Samson struck out a great many when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he slew Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea. The game was called off when the flood came on account of wet grounds.

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A Bit of Burned Paper

Two Sisters Struggle on Opposite Sides in the Civil War

By Margaret Howland

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Now that we are entering on four years of semicentennials of the civil war it is quite likely that certain secrets will come out that have lain hidden for fifty years.

Our family lived on a plantation in Virginia which our ancestors had owned for years. For a few weeks during the first year of the war our house was on debatable ground, for Confederate camps were scattered south of us and Union camps north of us. Sometimes we were inclosed in the picket line of the one and sometimes in the picket line of the other. When we were in Confederate territory our home was a rendezvous for Confederates, and when we were overlapped by the Federal forces they were equal-

A FRAGMENT OF PAPER.

ly welcome. The reason for this was that on the great issue we were a divided family. My sister Carey, who was then twenty-two, favored the Confederates, while I, a girl of nineteen, favored the Union cause. We were both reasonably attractive and had plenty of attention from the officers visiting our house. Father was a colonel in the Confederate army and my brother Sam a lieutenant in the Federal army. But neither of them was fighting in our neighborhood.

Possibly we girls might have waited a long while for husbands had it not been for the great influx of soldiers into our neighborhood. The consequence of this influx was the engagement of Carey and myself soon after their coming, I to Captain Hunt, a Federal; Carey to Captain Fitzhugh, a Confederate officer.

At one time when we were in the Confederate lines the general commanding rode up to the house and asked my mother if she would give him a room in which to meet some of his officers. She offered the parlor, and he sent messengers with orders for the officers to report to him there at once. Within half an hour they had assembled and were all generals. I surmised that something important was on foot and wished that I might hear what it was in order to transmit it to my friends of the other side. Underneath the parlor in which the conference was held was the cellar. I went down there, but could hear nothing. There was no other position I could take to enable me to gain my information of what was being discussed in the parlor. Besides, Carey was watching me.

When the council was ended and the generals had departed I went into the parlor and looked about, hoping to discover something—possibly a bit of paper that had been dropped—to indicate what had been the subject of discussion. There were some tiny pieces on the floor which I picked up and put together, but only figures had been put on the whole before it had been torn to scraps. I kept the bits and found out afterward that they figured the strength of the different divisions of the Confederate army in that location.

But there was not enough in this to satisfy me, and I looked further. A stove in the room, owing to the condition of the negroes consequent upon the excitement of war, had not been removed for the summer. In my hunt I opened its door. Lying on the ashes of previous wood fires was a fragment of paper the rest of which was burned. Taking it out, I saw that it was memoranda written in lead pencil. But unfortunately not one-half remained. What was left of the writing was as follows:

at daylight
flank
liams
ghams
mes next
hing Williams
arker's on west side
stituting left flank
signal of one gun fired by
riss' battery. Reynor feints
on enemy's right flank then

Whether there was anything of value in this fragment to the Union generals I did not know. I didn't think there was, but I determined to deliver it into their hands as soon as possible. Carey and I each had a horse of our own, and, going out to the barn, I told Bob, my boy for such work, to saddle him at once while I put on my riding skirt. As I was riding past the house Carey came out, with a suspicious look on her face, and called:

"Where you going, Bet?"

"For a ride."

"Want me?"

"Haven't time to wait."

With that I rode away, preventing her asking me any more questions. Coming to a crossroad, whom should I see riding toward me but Carey's fiance, Captain Fitzhugh. I knew he would see Carey in a few minutes and if I turned northward on the road he would tell her I had done so, and her suspicious that I was bent on some aid to the Federals would be confirmed. I therefore turned southward and when Fitzhugh had ridden out of sight turned and rode the other way.

My meeting Fitzhugh was unfortunate—not in his giving information of me to Carey, for when he reached the plantation he didn't find her at home, but that it delayed me, and by this delay I fell into a trap.

While riding in the open, looking sidewise, I saw a girl on horseback galloping across country and aiming for a point ahead of me. A second glance told me she was Carey, and I knew at once that she was intending to cut me off and prevent my reaching the Union camps. I urged on my horse, but it was no use. Carey jumped her animal over a snake fence, lighting in the road. When I reached her she had taken position in the middle of it and was covering me with a revolver.

"You can't go on, Bet," she said. "Turn around and ride the other way."

"Well, I like that!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean you're going to shoot your own sister?"

"These are wartimes."

I wasn't afraid of her shooting me, so I gave my horse the whip, but Carey was a splendid horsewoman and put herself in my way. Do what I could, I was unable to pass her. At last she seized my bridle rein and, leading my horse, started back toward the crossroads.

"Where were you going?" she asked.

"I don't know that I am accountable to you for where I go."

"Oh, yes, you are. I'm your older sister."

She slipped the pistol in her pocket—we had pockets in our dresses then—relying on her superior strength alone. Of course the revolver was all gammon. She wouldn't use it on anybody, especially on her sister. She kept a tight hold on my horse's rein, and it seemed to me that my object was surely thwarted when suddenly I saw a group of horsemen coming, and by the dark color of their uniform I knew they were Federals. Carey saw them too. It was too late for her to turn back with me, and there was no road by which to evade them.

When we met them and they saw a girl holding another girl's bridle rein, leading her along forcibly, they looked very much astonished.

"Please release me, gentlemen," I said. "I'm Union, and this girl is Confederate. I'm her prisoner."

The absurdity of the point didn't strike Carey or me, but the troopers burst into a laugh. Then I smiled, but Carey looked awfully savage. She knew the fortunes of war had turned against her.

Well, I told my story to the officer in command of the troops and showed him the partly burned paper. He seemed much impressed and decided to take it to his general. Considering that Carey knew something about the find and might upset the situation, he concluded to take her and me with him.

So we all rode together to the headquarters of the general commanding, and I gave him the paper. He and several of his aids undertook from their knowledge of the Confederate force confronting them to restore the burned words. This is the result of the attempt:

The men will be under arms at daylight. Reynor's division on the right flank at Crosby's crossroads, Williams next on the left on Brigham's farm. Calhoun comes next, his right wing touching Williams' left; then Harker on west side of the hill, constituting left flank. On signal of one gun fired by Watriss' battery Reynor feints on enemy's right flank then—

There was nothing more that was legible, but nothing more was needed to show that a dawn attack was to be made and the disposition and intention of the attacking force given. When it was to take place there was nothing to show, but the Union troops were ordered to be under arms every morning at 1 o'clock and in line of battle. Carey and I were detained at the Union headquarters that the Confederates might not know that the Federals had information of the intended movement. We had not long to wait, for the very next morning the Confederates attacked their enemies. They found the Federals waiting for them and, instead of gaining a victory, suffered a disastrous defeat.

I won a double victory, the one I gained for the Federals—for the Union general said that without the information I brought him he would have doubtless been taken unawares and defeated—and in the fact that, the Confederates having been driven off their ground, Carey was separated from her lover, while I was united with mine.

It is hard for me to realize that half a century has passed since those eventful days; that I, who am now a white haired, wrinkled old woman, was then a rosy cheeked girl, and of all who were enacting that particular page in the voluminous history of the civil war I alone remain. And now, as the half century anniversaries of the events of that struggle are coming round, I am living them over again, not in reality, but in feeling.

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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.

People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription, by mail, for four months at a dollar, may have the paper for a year for $2.00, if paid a year in advance.

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 $3 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.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel: N. D. Coal, Dra[illegible] J. Buckner, C. Johnson, Clackama[illegible] J. Draper, M. Frederick, San Francisco; L. Vansebber, Portland; E. Ho[illegible]meler, Seattle; C. R. Dryden and wi[illegible] Portland; Harry France, Portland; [illegible] Kelly, Kennett; W. J. Green, Sale[illegible]

Unclaimed Letters.

List of unclaimed letters at the Oregon City postoffice for the week ending May 26, 1911.

Women's list—Gooding, Mrs. W. E.; Johnson, Mrs. M. A.; Lynch, Kate; Merrill, Mrs. Hattie; Nossis, Mrs. [illegible] I.; Odds, Thelma.

Men's list—Acker, Fred D.; Apple, Jack; Ball, K. E.; CaCrrol, James; Dorsey, Thos. H.; Guggisberg, Frank; Henderson, Oscar; Jones, Geo.; Kinne, Eldon; Lange, John; Marsh, Joe; Pacholke, C. W.; Snyder, W. [illegible] Tilut, Arthur.

Butitaint.

Sincetheyleadedoutthiscolyum
We'venotnearlyroomenough.
Ifthethingwasprintedsideways
Wecouldcrowdinlotsmorestuff.
—Independe[illegible]

WANTED—Small advertisements for this column. Prices very reasonable. See rates at head of column.

WATCH

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