

Millinery Clearance Sale

To clear our Millinery Department we are offering a beautiful and stylish assortment of Hats and Flowers below cost.

JOHN ADAMS

"The Peoples Store"

STALLION LAW TO END BOGUS PEDIGREES

REGISTRATION MEASURE WILL SAVE FARMERS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

CORVALLIS, Or., June 5.—(Special.)—Prediction is made by Professor E. L. Potter, of the animal husbandry department of the Oregon Agricultural College, who is also secretary of the new state stallion license board, that the operation of the new stallion law will save the horsemen of the state many thousands of dollars.

"If we had had the law before it would have saved some \$10,000 or \$15,000 to the horsemen of the state on the price of animals sold them as pure bred under bogus certificates," said Professor Potter yesterday, discussing the results to be expected.

"It is probable that \$1,000 more was paid apiece for the dozen stallions with satisfactory pedigrees for whom we have received requests for licenses, than if a true statement of their breeding had been given at time of sale."

"We have thus far had applications from about 400 stallion owners, which is probably not much more than half the number of stallions owned at present in Oregon. The greater number have come from Wallowa county, though many have come from Marion, Douglas, Baker, and other parts of the state."

Edward Busch Gets Launch. New Craft One of Finest on Willamette River.

Edward Busch, son of Frank Busch, the well-known Oregon City merchant, has received from the Niagara Boat Company, of New York, a twenty-five

foot speed launch. It has a thirty-five horsepower engine, and will make nineteen miles an hour. The launch is one of the handsomest on the Willamette river. It is moored at the float at the foot of Eleventh street.

MANY ATTEND FUNERAL.

John Turney Buried Beside Father in Canemah Cemetery.

Rev. S. A. Hayworth, pastor of the Baptist church, conducted the funeral services of John Turney, who died at Oakland, California, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Baptist church. Many friends of the deceased attended the services and followed the remains to Canemah cemetery, where Mr. Turney's father is buried. The casket was covered with handsome floral offerings.

Three Become Citizens.

W. W. Selzer, of Oregon City; August Ek, of New Era, and Lewis Melby, of Marquam, were granted final citizenship papers by Circuit Judge Campbell Monday.

DENTISTS MAY PLAY IN BIG BALL GAME

MANAGER GARY OF TEACHERS SUGGESTS REMEDY FOR ACHING VOID.

Manager Gary, of the Teachers' Baseball Club, which will play a team composed of doctors, lawyers and ministers at the Chautauqua at Gladstone on July 4, announced Monday that he and his teamsters had no objection to the manager of the opposing nine, Gilbert Hedges, drafting a few dentists, to fill an aching void.

"To my mind," said Manager Gary, "the opposing team as the lineup is supposed to be at present, doesn't stand a chance, and if by taking on a few dentists Mr. Gilbert shall be enabled to pull himself and his club out of a hole, so to speak, I have no objection. It will be hard pulling for them at best. If we win there will be all the more glory for us, and if we lose, considering the leeway they have in selecting their team, defeat will not be inglorious."

Husband Seeks Divorce. William A. Easter filed a suit for divorce in the Circuit Court Saturday against Wilda S. Easter, charging desertion on Christmas Day, 1908. They were married in Oregon City July 7, 1905. Easter is represented by Attorney C. H. Dye.

Women's Club Postpones Picnic. The picnic that was to have been given by the Women's Club of this

city next Thursday, has been postponed on account of the Rose Carnival in Portland. The affair will be given on Thursday, June 15, the committee in charge being composed of Mrs. E. P. Rank, Mrs. E. T. Froids, Mrs. T. P. Randall, Mrs. B. F. Linn, Miss Myrtle Buchanan.

Cases Set For Trial.

The following cases have been set for trial in the Circuit Court at the adjourned term, which convenes Tuesday with a trial jury: Tuesday, June 6, Hall vs. Edgcomb; Wednesday, June 7, Lamb vs. Adkin; Thursday, June 8, Hoyt vs. Brown; Friday, June 9, Day vs. Brown; Saturday, June 10, Stall vs. Schoenheitz.

WHICH ROAD?

A Case Where the Wrong One Brought Great Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was a hard, level road with many a sinuous curve that kept the siren tooting hoarsely as the dusk obliterated the stiff sentinel woods on either hand and gave Justin Delos little opportunity to test the speed of his new racing car.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shrilled a young voice above the rush of his machine. With a few rapid movements he stopped dead short and tried to pierce the twilight with his sand filled eyes.

"Well, what's up?" he demanded curtly.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of a sob in it. "I'm up in this tree—right over your head."

"My gracious, what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward to where the limb of a wild cherry tree bent over the road. The air was filled with the pungent smell of wild cherry blossoms and the blurred bark of the tree. There was the glimmer of a small white face and a white blouse balanced perilously on the limb.

"Now, you just slip off that limb and drop—that's the boy! Caught you, didn't I?" said Mr. Delos.

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and prepared to resume his ride, but the boy placed a cold little hand on his and raised his voice in protest.

"Please don't, mister! I'm afraid to go up that road," he bewailed lustily.

"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take that road?"

"I'm lost!" wailed the strayed one.

"Where do you live?" demanded Justin.

"Cross High-way!"

"Well, you're all right then—this is the Cross Highway," reassured Justin

as he brought the machine handsomely under the lighted port-cochere and jammed down his levers. His siren uttered a brief commanding salute, the door opened instantly, and a man servant appeared.

"I've missed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I won't like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross Highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From there on in private property. If you turn around and go back over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "Oh, I wonder if your people would allow me to use a telephone for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy and—"

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telephoning here to know if we've been him. Come right in."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire whispered in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the hearth, where a white haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some within the tall shadow of the settle.

The white haired woman dropped a teaspoon with a silver clatter and arose to her feet. Justin saw with dazed eyes that her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and displeasure rather than welcome.

"I ask your pardon, madam—Mrs. Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your man if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"Oh, it's little Frederick! How delighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone booth, Mr. Delos."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the wandering Frederick to their arms at once he found Mrs. Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Delos, for not giving you a heartier welcome. I was so startled at sight of you I quite lost my wits for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Delos with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, hospitable as it always was in the past. Pardon me for that blundering reminder," he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She paused at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind? Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and heeded our explanatory letters, you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

"I never received your letters, Mrs. Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place not far from here—thought I'd get in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It's three years since you last saw her, isn't it?" She searched his face with anxious motherly eyes.

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame for reckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious on the stones nor the words of your husband as he accused me of having murdered her—murdering Dita when—oh, what's the use? You know how I felt about it, Mrs. Stone."

For an instant her warm hand pressed his, and then she glided away to give place to a tall, slender form, crowned with golden hair, whose face was rosy with health and whose gray eyes were now alight with a happiness which had been postponed until this blissful moment. Justin could scarcely believe his hungry eyes when her own answered his unspoken appeal and the quiet corridor witnessed the reunion of the parted lovers.

After awhile the wailing Master Frederick Templeton Leeson demanded to be taken to his mamma. "I don't like perdition!" he protested.

"Perdition?" repeated Justin for the second time that evening. "Why perdition, eh?"

Perdita Stone laughed merrily. "It's such a good joke, Justin. It seems his mother told him this road led to Perdition, and he translated it into 'perdition,' and the cook gave him a literal interpretation of that word, and he's been afraid to come here ever since, haven't you, Dita, but I don't want to stay in perdition," wailed Frederick.

Justin lifted him to his shoulder and turned to Mrs. Stone with his old winning smile. "I'm going to take Frederick home. Would you trust Perdita with me too?"

Without a word Mrs. Stone stood a tiptoe to kiss the tall young man, while Perdita slipped away to don coat and scarf.

As they whirled down the dark avenue and into the winding road Frederick snuggled between them and uttered a sleepy sigh.

"I guess we're out of perd'ion now," "And right into paradise," concluded Justin happily.

Real Estate Transfers. Walter S. and Ruth E. Hughes to J. A. Hughes, lots 9 and 10, of block 14, Gladstone; \$1.

John W. and Kate C. Thornton to P. M. Doyle, lot 7 of block "C" Willamette; \$10.

Alice A. and Leander Michael to A. P. Garrison, 2.89 acres of section 21, township 2 south, range 1 east; \$2000.

Mrs. B. J. Hawk to Clarence E. Barnes, 20 acres of section 22, 23, 26, 27, township 1 south, range 3 east; \$10.

A. W. and Mabel Botkin to Chris C. Gannon, 1 acre of section 18, township 2 south, range 5 east; \$80.

James Barkley to H. C. Olsen, 40 acres of section 1, township 6 south, range 1 east; \$700.

James M. and Mary N. Valentine to T. J. and Lydia Housinger, land in section 2, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$500.

George H. Gregory et al to Mary S. and Ida S. Howard and Ida S. Mulligan, 1 1/2 acres of the J. T. Wingfield, D. L. C. township 5 south, range 2 east; \$1.

Gustaf H. and Mina Lilja to Henry J. Hanson, 20 acres of section 17, township 2 south, range 4 east; \$2000.

Catherine Taylor to M. J. Clancy, land in Darling's Addition to Oregon City; \$500.

A MEXICAN HEROINE.

The Devoted Wife of the Mexican Revolutionary Leader.



MRS. MADERO

No matter what may be the fortunes of war, the wife of General Francisco Madero has before her no path of roses. Should failure come to her husband a tragic death is likely to be his fate. Should he be successful the jealous eyes of his unstable associates are almost as much to be feared as the vengeance of his enemies. Truly this is no happy lot, and the face of Mrs. Madero is that of a harassed and unhappy woman. People who imagine the Mexican revolutionists to be persons of no particular refinement or education are mistaken, in the case of the Maderos at least. The grandfather of General Madero came from Portugal, where the family was of some consequence. The grandfather was himself a revolutionist and was instrumental in the dethronement of the Emperor Maximilian. The Madero family is one of wealth. They are rated as millionaires, owning vast plantations and valuable mines. General Madero's seven brothers were, like himself, educated in the United States and in Europe. They have traveled extensively and moved in the best society. The family has been in the habit of visiting New York for a part of every year. Mrs. Francisco Madero has been accustomed to shopping on Broadway, on Bond street and in the Rue de la Paix. From the most luxurious of surroundings this devoted woman is ready to follow her husband to the wild scenes and the discomforts of the insurrecto camp. There her fingers are deft in ministering to the wounded, and when ever she appears—for General Madero does not allow her to follow his for tues from battle to battle—she is hailed by officers and men.

THE NEW JERSEY.

Suitable For Boating, Bathing or Any Other Outdoor Sport.

The outdoor girl is very fond of the silk jersey this season, partly because it is so becoming and comfortable and partly because it enables her to achieve many apparent changes in her costume by making use of different skirts. The Jersey is used by the girl who goes canoeing or rowing, by the disciple of golf or tennis or croquet, or it may be a part of the sea-bathers' costume. These outing jerseys are made with low necks and elbow sleeves and are generally in two colors. Some of them

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

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 \$2.00 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 \$2 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.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

Real Estate Transfers. James and Lizzie Skinner to Rose P. Humiston, lot 78 and 89, Rosewood, reserving 50 foot strip from south end of lot 89; \$725.

Ten Brock and Howard Whipple to Vera-Gasch, lot 18, Hood View Acres, 20.33 acres; \$1.

Phillip T. and Dorothea Outfield to J. D. and A. E. S. Fellows, 5 acres, township 2 south, range 2 east; contract.

E. W. Mellin to Christian Sieben, lot 8, block 123, Oregon City; \$1100.

T. R. A. and Josephine M. B. Bellwood to A. J. Weller, lots 9 and 12, block 8, Quincy Addition to Milwaukie; \$320.

John W. and Kate C. Thornton to Kate Wolbert, lots 1 to 7, inclusive, block D, Willamette; \$1000.

N. J. and Noah P. Barnhart to Della and Hugh Roberts, west one-third of south one-half, lot 36, Jennings Lodge; \$10.

Albert and Francis M. Durst to Maxwell Telford, 46 foot strip from northerly side of northeast quarter of northeast quarter, section 17, township 4 south, range 5 east; \$1.

RARE BLOOMS ON EXHIBITION

Mrs. Hutchens, of Logan, brings in Cluster of Paulonia.

In the window of the office of Freytag & Money is a beautiful cluster of Paulonia grown by Mrs. Hutchens, of Logan. The species of flower is very fragrant and uncommon. Mrs. Hutchens is one of the enthusiastic flower growers of this county, and her garden is a bower of beauty when the flowers are in bloom. The Paulonia is of a lavender color and resembles the Fuchsia. The trees are similar to the catalpa. The tree owned by Mrs. Hutchens is about eight years old, and is just commencing to bloom.

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



The Nation's Largest Dealers

Headquarters for all makes of Talking Machines.

The Officers and Directors of Eilers Music House announce the Formal Opening Days of their New Establishment on Saturday, June 3rd, Monday, June 5th, Tuesday, June 6th, and Wednesday, June 7th, in the new Eilers Building, 7th and Alder, in the City of Portland, Oregon.

Every reader of The Enterprise is cordially invited to attend.

Souvenirs for boys and girls who are accompanied by their elders.

No goods sold Saturday after 2 P. M.

FILERS MUSIC HOUSE



SEE LOOKED AT HIM WITH ASTONISHMENT.

as he threw in the clutch and pulled the starting lever, but the boy grasped him with trembling fingers.

"No, it isn't, sir; I missed it way back. I ran away from nurse, and I've been trying to find it ever since and—"

A handsome lamp-post supported a large electric globe which gave down sufficient light to convince Justin that he was indeed on the wrong road.

"Well, I'll be jigged!" he exclaimed at last.

"I told you it was the wrong road," piped the little voice rather triumphantly.

"So you did. Well, it's the first time I knew this old road went beyond Cross Highway! Seems to stop right here too. Do you know where this drive leads to?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow calmly.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin, scandalized. "Who told you that?"

"Mother did. I asked her. I wailed in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. So I asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was—you know the hot place."

"What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's dad's name too."

"Ah! Then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good way from home. Guess I better run up this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the drive and sped swiftly up its length.

"I don't want to go to that—perdition!" wailed Master Frederick Templeton Leeson. "Cook says they try you on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor bake you. Very likely all the ladies will kiss you and call you a sweet child."

"I hate ladies, and I won't be kissed, and I won't be fried!" protested Frederick, kicking the shins of his rescuer with sudden force. "Ingratitude. You stop this car, mister!"

"At your command, sir," said Justin

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CANOEING COSTUME.

have bands of white with the body of the jersey in some contrasting shade. One advantage of the new jersey is that different collars of silk, lace or linen may be adjusted to it and finished with a neat tie. The silk jersey is a high favorite with the girl of fashion figure, but it reveals the lines of the form too frankly to be safe for those who have many angles.

Rice Cleaners.

Ground rice is excellent for cleaning white cloth. It should be applied with a piece of clean white flannel, left for two or three hours and then well brushed and shaken.

Are You a Subscriber to the New Daily?

If The Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for the work.

Will You Help Boost your own Interests?

For a limited time the Morning Enterprise will be sold to paid in advance subscribers as follows:

By Carrier, 1 year..... \$3.00

By Mail, 1 year..... 2.00

Send in your name and remittance.