

LONDON THROGGED FOR BIG CORONATION

CHURCHES BECOME GRAND STANDS AND SQUARE IS GREAT AMPHITHEATER.

LONDON, June 13.—Visitors who are pouring into London for the coronation are confronted with unfamiliar scenes on the principal thoroughfares which the royal procession will traverse. Everywhere grandstands are built for spectators.

Trafalgar Square is an amphitheater of seats, and churches in the Strand seem to be surrounded by wooden collars. Along the sidewalk near each sacred structure walks a billboard man, carrying a printed screen, which scores the ecclesiastical authorities for making churches into platforms for sightseers, or, as the objector puts it, "a den of thieves."

The pages who will carry the King's train are the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Arlre, Viscount Cranborne, Lord Romilly, E. G. W. T. Knollys, A. E. Lowther, W. H. E. Campbell and V. A. C. Harbord.

A slight change has been made in the personnel of the Knights of the Garter who will hold the King's canopy. They are Early Cadogan, the Earl of Roseberry, the Earl of Crewe and the Earl of Minto.

Most of the gala clothes for the various functionaries who are to figure in the great ceremony are ready for wear. For the last few weeks the members of the royal school of art needlework have been engaged busily in embroidering tunics for dignitaries, a cope for the Bishop of Ripon and the purse for the great seal.

Every day now sees fresh arrivals of notable guests. Seventeen premiers of the British colonies are now in London and the continental capitals are preparing to send their envoys. House Terrace has been lent to the King by its owner for the purpose of housing a bunch of notables. Reserved apartments in the best hotels are also filling rapidly.

Scotland Yard authorities have issued warnings for the protection of coronation sightseers. The public is especially urged to avoid collecting at openings and corners of streets along the routes of processions. Women are warned to avoid the use of long hampans and men from throwing lighted matches, cigar and cigarette ends.

The London police have not lost sight of the possible danger of airships hovering over the route of the procession, for a mishap to adventurous birdmen would probably cause a panic among the crowds in the street beneath. Regulations to guard against this danger are difficult to frame, for the subject opens up fresh legal points, so the Commissioner of Police proposes to wait events before he takes any measures concerning airships.

The warships to be reviewed by the King at Spithead will number 170, being 20 more than were assembled at Spithead for King George's inspection, July 31, 1909. As about 20 ships other than British will be present, spectators of the coronation naval review will witness a great display of naval might.

LIVE STOCK MARKET. The Portland Stock Market Company reports as follows: Receipts for the week have been as follows: Cattle 593, calves 80, hogs 1733, sheep 6790, horses and mules 24.

Following sales are representative: 23 Steers1295 \$6.40 78 Steers1160 6.25 85 Steers1175 6.00 26 Steers971 5.25 10 Calves1280 4.50 60 Calves210 7.75 4 Bulls221 7.50 2 Bulls1280 4.50 2 Bulls1875 4.50 531 Lambs67 6.50 377 Wethers192 4.25 274 Ewes92 3.40 604 Culls80 2.50 20 Cows941 5.25 15 Cows1030 5.50 30 Cows995 5.10 76 Cows946 5.00 140 Hogs130 7.25 180 Hogs298 6.90

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LAJOIE'S ONLY FAULT.

So Perfect in Tagging Runners That Catchers Throw Poorly. According to Syd Smith, the chub-faced backstop with the Naps, Larry Lajoie has a fault. He is too good at tagging throws and tagging base runners.

"When Larry is to take a throw all the catcher thinks about is to get the ball down there some place," says Smith. "As a consequence the catcher makes a lot of bad throws."

"If Larry was not such a wonder at tagging runners a catcher would take pains in making his throws and make sure of getting the ball right."

"I am up against the same proposition I had at St. Louis, where Bobby Wallace took throws from the catcher. Bobby and Larry are the greatest two I ever saw when it comes to tagging runners."

"The man who takes the throws at second can make or break a catcher. No matter how fast a catcher gets the ball down to second or how true he makes the throw, if the man at the other end does not know how to tag the runner the catcher looks bad."

"While I was with the Naps last fall I had Ty Cobb stop three different times when he tried to steal, but Peckinbaugh was taking the throws, and he missed Cobb each time. Larry would have tagged Ty easily."

DOYLE LOOKS LIKE VET.

Chicago Cub's Playing at Third Base Clinches Position For Him.

Jimmy Doyle as the baseball season slowly creeps along is steadily carving himself into the position of permanent third baseman on the Chicago Cub team. With every game his work improves, and he is succeeding exceedingly well in working with Tinker. Daily he is lessening Helme Zimmerman's prospects of regaining the job at the far corner when Johnny Evers returns.

His work in the field and at the plate is taking on the aspect of a veteran's as he is rapidly gaining in knowledge and experience.

For the present Manager Chance has no idea of taking him off the infield when Evers returns.

The only possibility of Doyle being removed is when he begins to have a slump. There seems to be little chance of that taking place, as Doyle is determined to reach the height of his ambition—that is, to become the permanent player of a major league club.

COMING SPORT EVENTS

New York plans to hold an international chess congress in January. The international aviation championships will be held in England on July 1. The Canadian Canoe association championship regatta will be held at Ottawa, Aug. 5. England and Germany are objecting to the Olympic games of 1916 being held in the United States. The Germantown Cricket club, one of the big organizations of Philadelphia, where the English game is popular, will send a team composed of its members to play in Great Britain this summer, sailing July 18.

English Football Team Coming. The Corinthian association football team of England will sail for Canada June 11 and will play their first game against a picked all Toronto team about June 23. They are also to play in the United States.

Doyle Getting Dose of Own Medicine. Umpire Jack Doyle's experience this season must remind him of the good old days of the Baltimore Orioles. In those days Jack could start more trouble on a ball field than any player then in action, and numerous indeed are the instances where he became entangled with the umpire. But Jack is an umpire now, and he evidently is getting a dose of the medicine he used to delight in handing out.

Blowing, blowing everywhere. Blowing winds so high in air. Turning clouds round and round. With such a creaking, creaking sound. Making all the trees bend low. Waving grass both to and fro. Drying clothes upon the line. And whitening leaves off trees and vine.

Real Estate Transfers. The following real estate transfers have been filed in the office of the County Recorder: Charley M. and William Phillips to Mrs. Veronica Tschudy, 53 1-3 acres section 4, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$25. Andrew Blom and Winnie Blom to John Sanren, 2.25 acres of S. S. White D. L. C. township 3 south, range 2 east; \$200. Frank F. and Ina D. Reiner to Anna May Robertson, lot 68, Jennings Lodge; \$10. H. A. and Bertha Garrett to W. P. Ferrell, 4 acres of D. L. C. of Thomas

For the Children

A Remarkable Dog That Really Speaks Words.



There have been many so called speaking dogs—that is, dogs who have been trained to give a certain number of barks to indicate certain wants—but this remarkable dog can really speak, although its vocabulary is limited as yet to about ten words.

The wonderful gift that enables the dog to articulate was discovered quite accidentally by its owner, Herr Hermann Ebers, a German royal gamekeeper. One day the dog was begging at the table and his master asked him (in German, of course, "What will you have?" The dog answered "habe" (have), and since then has been taught eight or nine other words. His name is Don, and this word he can say very distinctly, also "ruhe" (quiet) and "hunger" (hunger). That he can really articulate has been proved not only by the fact that he does speak the words, but also by examination by scientists.

A Smart Trick.

Every child likes to do tricks, and the more mystifying the trick the better he likes to do it. I will tell you a good one to show to your friends. Throw a ring or coin into a basin full of water and tell them you are going to recover the object with your hand, but that you will not wet it in the least.

In order so to do it will suffice to sprinkle the surface of the liquid with some powder which has no attraction for the water and will not adhere to it—something that water will not wet. Powderedycopodium, which you will find in almost every drug store, is just the thing.

Having thrown a half handful of this preparation on the surface of the water, plunge your hand in boldly, recover your prey and show the spectators that your hand is as dry as ever it was in your life. The reason of this is that theycopodium has formed a veritable glove around your hand and fingers, for which the water has not had the least affinity, any more than for the feathers of ducks and other water birds. You know that these may dive into the deep ever so often before your eyes and come up as dry as before, thanks to the peculiar oil secreted by their feathers.—Magical Experiments.

Conundrums.

Who is the most successful surveyor? A king, because he is monarch of all he surveys. When is an original idea like a clock? When it strikes one. What cannot be called a disinterested act of hospitality? Entertaining a hope. When is a silver cup most likely to run? When it is chased. Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Both need bailing out. Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch. When does a cow become landed property? When turned into a field. When is a new dress older than an old one? When it is more (more) an antique. Why is Father Time like a modern boy? Because he travels by cycles (bicycles).

Hoop Games.

The hoop race is a very good game because of the exercise derived from it. Besides being a good runner, the winner in this game must be skillful in the use of the hoop. The players should be allowed to start according to the size of their hoops, as, of course, a large hoop can be bowled faster than a small one. The one who first reaches the goal agreed upon wins the race. Turnpikes.—This is considered the best of hoop games. The turnpikes are two small pegs driven into the ground quite close together or two bricks placed side by side a short distance apart. Half the players have hoops and half have charge of the gates. The players with hoops start off, trundling the hoop slowly or quickly, as they please, and they must pass the hoop through every gate. If the hoop touches either of the gateposts or goes outside them the keeper takes the hoop, while the trundler takes his place as gatekeeper.

Wind Song.

Blowing, blowing everywhere. Blowing winds so high in air. Turning clouds round and round. With such a creaking, creaking sound. Making all the trees bend low. Waving grass both to and fro. Drying clothes upon the line. And whitening leaves off trees and vine. Tossing kites above so high. Battering sailing, crosses the sky. Waving flags with gentle breeze. And blowing ships upon the seas.

Forrester, township 2 south, range 3 east. Lloyd Stratton and Naomi Stratton to Portland Flouring Mills, lot 3 of block 24, Oregon City, and part of lot 4, Oregon City; \$1. Helen L. Stratton, Creel Stratton, Carroll E. and Milton E. Stratton to Portland Flouring Mills, lot 3 of block 24, Oregon City; \$1.

300 Acres Platted. The Oregon Iron & Steel Company is plating 300 acres, which will soon be placed on the market. The land is well situated and is on the West Side extending as far north as the Willamette Tracts.

Who Kissed Me?

A Series of Mysterious Happenings and the Explanation Thereof. By Philip Quentin. Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The gun burst, and where was I? It was the morning of a celebration, and I was ordered out with four guns of the battery to fire a national salute. I pulled the lanyard which fired the twentieth shot. There was an explosion, not especially in front of the gun, but all over, and I was lying on my back unconscious.

The next thing I knew I felt a soft bed under me, but I couldn't see anything. My eyes were bandaged. I remembered the salute, and the explosion. It occurred to me that I had lost my eyesight. I asked if any one was in the room, and a man's voice answered. He told me that the surgeon attending me had ordered that no light should, for a few days at least, be permitted to enter my eyes. I was in a house where I had been carried after the accident. I was to be taken home that afternoon. The man assured me that I was not much hurt and my eyes would come out all right.

My informant went out soon after this, leaving me alone. I did not feel much pleased over what had happened—indeed, I was pretty low spirited. I lay brooding over the matter, not so sure that my sight had not been destroyed, when suddenly I felt two lips pressed against mine. It did not occur to me at once to reach for the person who kissed me, and when I did I was too late. A figure clad in woman's apparel slipped through my hands.



It was very nice of whoever had kissed me, even if it were taking an advantage of a blind man. It certainly turbed the current of my thoughts into a pleasant channel. I called, asking who was in the room, but received no answer. The person must have gone out very softly, for I could not hear the slightest sound. I lay wondering what woman had taken sufficient interest in me to kiss me. Was it from motives of pity or because she had been especially attracted to me? I was inclined to look at it as a freak of some mischievous chit to set me wondering. After all, it must have been something of a temptation for her to kiss me since she could do so without being found out.

I was removed to my home, but it was several weeks before I was permitted to go out with my eyes uncovered. I asked to be shown the house where I had been carried after the accident and found it an eminently respectable residence. I went in to thank whoever had received me and found an elderly lady who congratulated me upon my recovery. Now, what I had really gone there for was to find out who kissed me. But how? Could I tell the lady that I had been surreptitiously kissed while defenseless in her house, thus giving away whoever had done the deed? I sat a few minutes talking with my benefactress, but thinking of the secret I wished to discover till I considered it about time to withdraw, disappointed at being no wiser than when I had come. I was a good deal of a boy then and not competent to push such a matter. I was nineteen. The lady who had succored me was past forty, and I was quite sure she had not been the kisser.

A year passed. One day I was riding in a street car when a young lady got in. When the conductor came round for her fare she opened her pocketbook and looked surprised at seeing no change there. She was about to get out of the car when I asked her to let me pay her fare for her. She consented with a very sweet smile, and I handed the conductor the money. "Will you please give me your address that I may repay you?" she asked. "To send a nickel would be more trouble than it is worth," I replied. "The matter is of no consequence, I assure you." "You are very kind. I will accept the amount, trusting that I may some

time have an opportunity to return the favor." I should have liked to go on with the conversation, but considered that it would be presumptuous for me to do so. The girl made no further remark. So the conversation dropped. She got out before I did, and I should have been glad to join her, but would not for the world have taken advantage of so small a matter as sending her a nickel to force an acquaintance. I had forgotten the episode when one day I received an envelope containing a theater ticket. It was not marked complimentary. It had evidently been purchased at the box office. I went there and asked the ticket seller if he could remember who bought it. He looked at it and said that he could not. I went away wondering who had favored me, but feeling sure that the person would turn up in time.

I went to the play hoping that I would have my curiosity satisfied before the evening was over, but I did not. I saw no one whom I suspected in the audience, and no one made himself or herself known to me. I had fancied that I might receive a pleasant surprise in seeing some old friend take a seat beside me who would turn out to be the donor of the ticket. The seat on either side of me was filled with persons I had never seen before. A young man sat on my right, a middle aged lady on my left. Each was with another person, but no one of either couple did I know or had even paid any attention to me. I went home mystified.

One evening I was putting on evening dress to go out when, slipping my hand into the right pocket of my dinner jacket, I felt a little oblong package. Withdrawing it, I took off the paper in which it was enrolled and found a pasteboard box with a jeweler's name and address on the cover. Opening the box and removing a layer of cotton, there on another layer glistened a gold scarf ring.

How did the box get into my pocket? I pondered over the matter with no success. Then I remembered that I had last worn the dinner jacket at the theater on the night I had used the mysterious ticket. It occurred to me that the young man sitting on my right could have slipped it into my pocket. But why should he have done so? He was a stranger to me and had manifested no interest in me during the evening. Indeed, he seemed to be entirely absorbed with his companion, a very pretty girl, I remembered.

The scarf ring was a plain band of gold with a peculiar setting of five jewels. In the center of a square was a diamond. One day while visiting a picture gallery, passing from one room to another, I met the street car girl face to face. I had my scarf ring on, and her eyes fell upon it before they struck my face. She raised them and at once threw out the red signal. How long her head, she attempted to dive past me. But I had had enough of this mystery and sprang directly in front of her.

"You have returned the loan of a nickel," I said, "with a theater ticket, and you placed this scarf ring?" "I did not." "I mean a young man who sat in the next seat to me placed it there by your request." "I wished to repay an obligation." "You repaid it tenfold." Then like an electric shock another inference struck me. I determined to risk all on a hazzard. "But you have given me something more delicious than these," I said, looking her in the eye. "When I was blindfolded—" "The blood in her cheeks that had partly subsided again flamed up, and she made another dive for freedom, but I headed her off. I knew she was the girl who had kissed me." "Well, it was all out, and I told her that nothing would satisfy me but a full statement of the case from the time of the bursting of that gun at the celebration that had suspended consciousness within me and enabled her to carry on this succession of surprises. She told me that I might call upon her and she would satisfy my curiosity. I made the call without any delay, and this is the story she gave me:

"The house to which you were carried was and is occupied by my aunt and uncle. I went there shortly after you were taken in and, seeing a crowd about the house, was in dread lest something had happened to some one of the family. My aunt told me of the explosion of the gun and your arrival. A doctor was then with you, washing out what had been blown into your eyes, and when he left the room he reported that you were in a more critical condition than afterward turned out to be the case.

"I volunteered to go in and look out for your needs, and my aunt, who is a very nervous woman, was quite willing to accept my services in your behalf. When I saw a young soldier lying there grievously injured looking so handsome—" "Cut it out," I interrupted. She continued her story, smiling—"I felt pity in my heart. Then it occurred to me to puzzle you with that kiss."

"When I met you in the street car I pretended I had no change that you might pay my fare. I knew where you lived and sent the theater ticket as a return for your favor. The young man who sat on your right was my brother and commissioned by me to drop the scarf ring into your pocket. There, you have my confession. The whole thing has been done for fun."

I concluded that a girl who would take all that trouble for fun might not be hard to win by the object of her amusement. I acted on this opinion and found it to be correct. Teachers Are Chosen. Miss Minnie Grace and Miss Genevieve Capen have been selected by the Mount Pleasant school board to teach the fall term of school at that place. She taught for several terms at Stafford, and Miss Genevieve Capen taught at Estacada last year. Womens Club To Picnic. The Woman's Club will hold a picnic at the spring at Willamette Thursday. The ladies will leave the West Side depot on the 10:15 car, and the husbands will go either on the 11 o'clock or the 12:10 o'clock car to enjoy the feast to be served by their wives.

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