

DAUGHTER SUES FOR DIVISION OF FARM

MYRTLE A. FROST SAYS SHE HAS NOT RECEIVED SHARE OF FATHER'S ESTATE.

Suit was filed Friday by Myrtle A. Frost against Charles Kenknight, Anna D. Kenknight, Frank B. Dodge, H. C. Stevens and Oliver Frost for a division of 180-acre tract of land near Canby. The plaintiff says that she is an heiress of Isaac Frost, and is suing for a one-sixth interest.

The property was sold after Mr. Frost's death by the administrator, and has since been sold again, but the plaintiff alleges that she has never received her share. Gilbert Hedges represents the plaintiff. The property involved is one of the best farms in the county, and the litigation promises to be interesting.

MAYOR SPEAKS AT DEDICATION.

Exercises To Be Held in McLoughlin Park Tomorrow.

The dedication of the fountain erected in McLoughlin Park by the Woman's Club in honor of Dr. John McLoughlin, will take place at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Mayor George C. Brownell and Mrs. Eva Emery Dye will speak and the musical program will consist of Mrs. DesLarzes' quartet and a chorus, directed by Miss Veda Williams.

The Woman's Club members feel justly proud of the fact that they are the first to erect a memorial in honor of Dr. John McLoughlin. The park in which the home stands has been officially named McLoughlin Park by the Oregon City Council.

AMONG THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY CALENDAR.

First Baptist—Corner Main and Ninth streets. Rev. S. A. Hayworth, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. At 11 a. m. the Sunday School will unite in the church service and a short Children's day program will be given in conjunction with the preaching service. The pastor will deliver a short address. Evening preaching at 7:45. Pastor's subject, "The Light Turned On." Special music.

Catholic—Cor. Water and Tenth Sts. Rev. A. Hillebrand pastor, res. 912 Water. Low Mass 8 a. m., with sermon; High Mass 10:30 a. m., with sermon; afternoon service 4:00. Mass every morning at 8:00.

Congregational—Corner Main and Eleventh streets, Rev. Wm. M. Proctor pastor, residence 509 Third. Sunday School 12 noon, John Lowry, superintendent; morning service 10:30, evening 7:30, young people 6:45. Weekly prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Sermon at 10:30 by Rev. Roy Carter, of Wallace, Idaho. Sermon at 7:45 by Rev. William M. Proctor.

Christ. Ev. Lutheran—Cor. Eighth and J. Q. Adams streets. Rev. P. Schmidt pastor, res. 308 J. Q. Adams. 8 a. m. 9:30 a. m. preaching afternoons of first and third Sundays at 3:30 in English. Other Sunday services mornings at 10:30 with preaching in German.

Christian Science—Ninth and Center streets. Sunday service 11 a. m. Sunday school 12 noon. Wednesday evening 8 p. m.

German Evangelical—Cor. Eighth and Madison streets. Rev. F. Wieweck pastor, res. 713 Madison. 8 a. m. 10 a. m. Hermann Schrader, Monroe street, morning service 11, young people at 7 p. m. and preaching at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Gladstone Christian—Rev. A. H. Mulkey, pastor, res. Gladstone. Sunday school 10 a. m. N. C. Hendricks, superintendent. Morning service, 11 o'clock. Brotherhood services at 7:45. will speak in the evening. Special music by the choir.

Mountain View Union—(Cong.)—S. S. 3 p. m. Mrs. J. H. Quinn, supt.; Bible Study every Thursday afternoon; E. C. Dye will preach at 7:30 o'clock Sunday evening.

Methodist—Main street cor. Seventh. Rev. E. F. Zimmerman pastor, res. cor. Sixth and Washington; S. S. 9:45 a. m., C. A. Williams, Gladstone, supt.; morning service 10:45; Epworth League 6:30, evening service 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. Morning subject, "Pure Religion." Evening popular service, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," illustrated with stereopticon pictures. Special music.

Presbyterian—Seventh street cor. Jefferson. Rev. J. R. Landsborough, pastor, res. 710 Jefferson; S. S. 10 a. m., Mrs. W. C. Green, supt.; morning service 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 5 p. m.

Parkside Congregational—Rev. J. L. Jones pastor, res. 1310 S. S. 10 a. m. Emery French supt.; preaching services each Sunday, alternating between 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor Thursday evening 7:30 p. m. St. Paul's—Rev. C. W. Robinson, rector. Daily services: Morning prayer, 7 a. m.; Holy Eucharist, 7:30 a. m.; evening prayer, 7:30 p. m. Sunday services: Holy Eucharist 8 a. m.; morning prayer, 10:30 a. m.; Holy Eucharist and sermon, 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon, 7:30 p. m.; S. S., 12 m.; Thursday evenings, sermon at 7:30 p. m.

United Brethren—Cor. Eighth and Taylor. Rev. L. F. Clarke pastor, res. Portland; S. S. 10 a. m., Frank Parker, Maple Lane, supt.; morning service 11, Y. P. S. C. E. 8 p. m., evening service 7. Willamette M. E.—No regular preaching services. R. S. 8 p. m., Mrs. Reams supt.

Zion Lutheran—Cor. Jefferson and Eighth streets. Rev. W. R. Krasner pastor, res. 720 Jefferson; S. S. 10 a. m., Krasner supt.; morning service 10:30, evening 7:45. Luther League 7 p. m.

NEW BATHING SKIRT.

The Harem Type Will Be Exploited at Smart Beaches.



DIVIDED BATHING SKIRT.

If there are any novelties in the season's fashions of course they will be reflected by the smart bathing suit. In this case the harem skirt idea has been adapted, and the result is that divided bathing skirts are made for smart women. The divided skirt is a sensible one for outdoor sports, and as a bathing skirt it is comfortable and modest, for it is laid in deep plaits that make it even fuller than the average bathing skirt. Ordinarily no one would suspect that this trim costume was a type of the much exploited and much execrated jupe culotte.

Mohair, serge, silk and satin are some of the materials favored for bathing costumes. They are usually trimmed with bands of contrasting material. The princess suit with a high waist effect, achieved by means of a girde, is popular. With the bathing dress a smart jersey is sometimes worn. A silken handkerchief with a striped border is knotted over the hair, and ornamental sandals are adopted for the feet.

"This girl whom nobody knew and my unsuccessful attempt to be introduced to her interested me. Possibly it was this attempt and failure that kept her in my mind. At any rate, I could not forget her. My endeavor was a compliment to her, and I was quite sure it would put me on a pleasant footing with her if I could find her."

MASCOT HANDLES.

Umbrellas and Parasols Adorned With Quaint Good Luck Symbols.

The mascot umbrella is one of the fads of the moment. Animal heads or animal figures carved in ivory, wrought in silver or gun metal, are not only attractive, but suited to the taste of the hour. An umbrella handle bearing the device of a white elephant is a sufficient reminder to the borrower that should he fail to return it in more senses than one he is likely to have an elephant on his hands. The monkey, according to oriental beliefs, brings good luck, and consequently a monkey handled umbrella is much prized. Pussy cats, puppy dogs, parrots, little ivory gods-in fact, good luck figures of all kinds—adorn the handle of the modish sun umbrella and parasol. Black handles are very popular. Says the Dry Goods Economist: "They are brought out in various materials—enameled wood, vulcanite, carved ebony, etc. These are not only used with the black and white novelties, but are also in strong demand for colored parasols of all grades. Mission handles continue prominent in the popular priced goods, and mushroom tops are still well taken."



NEW UMBRELLA HANDLES.

"Quite a good business is being done in parasols and colored sun umbrellas, the handles of which can be unscrupled and doubled over on to the cover, making it small enough to place in a dress suit case."

The Girl Whom Nobody Knew

By EDWARD D. ROGERS

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"Where did you meet your wife, Campbell?" I asked.

He smiled.

"Evidently," I added, "you met her in some singular way."

"Not at all. It is not any peculiarity of my meeting with her, but the multiplicity of my meetings before I was even introduced to her."

"Explain."

"It was one evening at a dance that followed a dinner at the house of a friend, there being many more at the dance than at the dinner. While dancing I saw a girl sitting by herself, not having any attention whatever. I was surprised, for I was very much struck with her appearance. I shall get her out of that," I remarked inwardly, "she's not a girl for a waitflower. And, being acquainted with almost every one in the room, I asked one after another to introduce me. Not a person I applied to had any acquaintance with her. Every time I spoke to any one on the subject I was obliged to point her out, and it was not long before she noticed what I was about. She smiled, and every time she smiled I set off to find a new person to introduce me. Finally, after leaving the room in search of another possible go-between, on my return the lady was gone."

"I didn't even know her name. When I spoke to the host about her I could not even describe her sufficiently for him to recognize her by my description. He said she must be from out of town or a newcomer. In an eastern city those in the swim are cold to those not in it, and sometimes the most desirable persons to know are left to themselves."

"This girl whom nobody knew and my unsuccessful attempt to be introduced to her interested me. Possibly it was this attempt and failure that kept her in my mind. At any rate, I could not forget her. My endeavor was a compliment to her, and I was quite sure it would put me on a pleasant footing with her if I could find her."

"One day I was driving my automobile down an avenue when I met another machine, on the back seat of which sat the girl whom nobody knew. There was an amused smile on her face as we shot by each other. I determined to turn and follow her that I might see where she lived or, at any rate, get some clue to her identity. I slowed up and brought my auto about, then started back. I put on sufficient speed to overtake the other car and came so near that, happening to turn her head, she saw me."

"At that moment a policeman who had been chasing me overtook me and called on me to stop. Not daring to disobey the mandate of an officer of the law, I was obliged to come to a halt. The girl I had been following saw the whole thing and laughed. The policeman took me to the station, and I paid a fine for speeding."

"Mad is the only word that describes my feelings. What could I do? I had lost my chance and might never have another."

"But I did. One day I was on a train. It was summer time, and every window was open. We came to a stop at a station. I was reading a newspaper. A train coming from the opposite direction steamed up to the station and stopped. The two trains remaining side by side for several minutes. Then I heard the other train begin to move. Looking up from my paper, there in a window directly opposite mine, slowly moving away from me, with an amused smile on her face—indeed, mischief in her eye—was the girl whom nobody knew."

"As soon as she had passed out of sight, snatching my belongings, I arose and ran out on the platform, intending to board her train, but she was in the last car. I saw it pulled away with accelerating rapidity. Nevertheless I ran after it and as I did so saw the girl that nobody knew with her head out of the window laughing at me. For a few minutes I gained on the train, then it pulled away from me and I gave up the race."

"Again I was plunged in the depths of despair, or, rather, I was all nervous at these misadventures, and somehow I seemed to be coming under a spell. Every time I saw that amused smile it threw me into a worse condition than before. I was simply being tantalized to madness. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"It was about six months after this that my friend Jimmy Dutton was married. We had been chums for years, and nothing would do but that I must be his best man. He made an engagement with me to take me to call on the young lady who was to be his bride's maid of honor. We called the evening before the wedding, but the young lady, Miss Pemberton, sent down word that she was sick in bed trying to brace herself up to be able to officiate the next day. This rendered it impossible for us to meet till just before the ceremony."

"The next day the groom, attended by his supporters, I leading, marched down one aisle of the church, while the bride marched down another. When we all met at the channel who do you suppose I met face to face as the maid of honor?"

"The girl whom nobody knew?"

"Yes."

"What did she do? How did she meet you?"

"She laughed."

JENNINGS LODGE.

Henry Smith's span of gray horses drew the decorated float from Oak Grove in one of the Rose Festival parades.

Mrs. DeForrest and Miss Gladie DeForrest will leave on Thursday for Washington, D. C., after a delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Pice. Miss DeForrest expects to return in September and will open a music studio.

The Rose Festival being over and the warm days at hand, many of the Portlandites are seeking for cool retreats on the banks of the Willamette at this place. Among them are Dr. and Mrs. Gardner, who are in their cottage, coming out by boat on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mack are

at "Laughlin," where they have entertained many visitors during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, recent arrivals from Sacramento, are occupying "Rock Lodge" and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cushing will be at home to their friends at "Buena Vista" after June 15. The Webb family will enjoy camp life on the Roetho river front. Mrs. Shook, of Kalama Falls, is very pleasantly located in the Hargroves place. Judge Bronaugh and family will be out the latter part of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Groves, of Silver Springs, have purchased the Davy place and are pleasantly located in this pretty little place on the county road.

DAVIS TO BECOME MANAGER.

Athletic First Baseman Slated to Handle Cleveland Team Next Year.

Harry Davis, the captain of the Philadelphia Athletics and one of the most popular players in the minor organization, acknowledges that he is slated to become the manager of the Cleveland team next season. That Davis would eventually be placed in charge of some team in this league has been a foregone conclusion. The fact that he has been identified for many years with one of the most successful managers in the game



Photo by American Press Association.

HARRY DAVIS, WHO IS SLATED TO HANDLE CLEVELAND TEAM NEXT YEAR.

is believed to qualify him for such a position. If there is one man in baseball who has had the opportunity to learn the fine points of the game and the duties of a manager it is Davis, who under Connie Mack has proved a great success as field captain.

There is, of course, a great difference between being the chief lieutenant of a man like Mack and being thrown on his own responsibility, but Davis should succeed even though he does not himself engage in the game.

PASSING OF OLD CY YOUNG.

American League Owes Much to Veteran Pitcher Who Will Quit.

The retirement of Cy Young, which seems probable now that Cleveland has let him go, has been predicted for several years, but on each occasion the veteran has come back and shown that he could still deliver the goods. But it was the first time in Young's career that waivers have been asked on him, and it would seem that the old fellow might have been spared this humiliation, since it seems certain that none of the other clubs in the majors will care to carry him and he is not apt to go to the minors.

Cy Young has done much for baseball. He has been one of the pillars of the sport for these many years. There never was a time that he did not give his club his very best services, and the occasions when he has not been of the greatest artistic benefit during the twenty-two seasons of his career have been few and far between indeed.

The American league owes much to Young. When he joined the ranks of the new organization he proved the entering wedge for an influx of players from the old league. Players, magnets and the public always had confidence in old Cy, and there is no doubt that much of the success the American league attained resulted from Young joining the ranks of the new league. Of course that was years ago and under conditions quite different from those existing today, and such deeds are often forgotten in baseball.

Pocket Billiards, Not Pool.

One plays pocket billiards, not pool, according to the Illinois State Billiard association. The expression "pool" savors too much of bookmaking. Don't call a cuss a "pool shark," but a pocket billiards expert.

DETROIT CASTOFF DIGS UP A MOST PECULIAR EXCUSE.

Jimmy Casey, who was once the idol of the Detroit fans when he played with the Tigers and now manager of the Fort Wayne club, tells an interesting story on Pitcher Peasey, tried out by the Tigers last spring and turned over to Fort Wayne for development.

"We had three men on the base and none out, with Peasey pitching, one day," said Casey. "Onslow, the catcher, caught a man off second. The batter could not hit a low ball, and Onslow kept signaling Peasey to put it near his knees. Peasey, however, persisted in keeping it wide."

"I called Peasey to one side and remonstrated with him. 'What are you pitching that way for?' I asked.

"I thought I would waste on this fellow and fill the bases so that Onslow can catch another man off second," he replied.

"As an excuse for lack of control that beats anything."

A GRIM VISITOR

By F. A. MITCHEL

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I was sitting in a restaurant in Naples with several American friends talking about the cholera.

"This cholera business is merely a scare," said one. "Besides, why fear death? We must all die some time."

"That for death?" said young Thornton, snapping his fingers. "I'm going to live to be a hundred."

A singular looking fellow came into the restaurant and sat down at an adjoining table. I could not make out that he was of any especial age; he might have been thirty or fifty or a hundred and fifty. Yet there was something about him that made him look prematurely aged. His eyes were set very deep in his head and glistened like those of a wild animal in the dark. He was so thin that one could almost see the junctions of the bones of his face, and his clothes hung about him in huge folds. He had evidently heard Thornton's boast, for he fixed his eyes on him in a way that made my blood run cold. Other of the younger members of the party who sat with their backs to the newcomer perpetrated jokes about death. Every word on that subject seemed to excite the stranger's ire until he was lashed into a fury.

"My friends," he said presently, "you who condemn death do not realize what you are talking about. You should have seen such sights as I have seen. Were any of you in a battle?"

We all stared at the stranger, tongue-tied. No one of us claimed to have seen anything of war.

"I was at the battle of Gravelotte," he said, "and advanced with an attacking party of Prussians. If you had seen that white pall that I threw over the faces of those who were struck you would not laugh at death."

"You threw over their faces?" I asked, puzzled.

"Then at New Orleans," the man went on without noticing my remark, "you should have seen the British coming up in perfect formation against the Kentucky hunters. Here, there, everywhere the redcoats sank down in their tracks."

"Do you refer to the battle of New Orleans, sir?" interrupted one of our party.

"Yes, sir, I do. But battles are nothing. Take the great plague that swept London. Two men were walking before me on Cheapside. I touched one by way of attracting his attention. He paled and sank down in his tracks. A party were drinking in an ale house without the town limits. As I looked at one of them he threw up his hands with a groan. I went out into the street and saw the people burning barrels of tar. I laughed at them."

"Do you mean, sir," I asked, "that you were in London at that time?"

"My friend, where have I not been when men and women and children were struck down by this something you call death? In the days of ancient Rome whole communities of Gauls who rebelled against the Roman authority were butchered. They had been; they were not."

It was evident to most of us that the man was a lunatic. But we did not communicate the thought to one another. Each of us was spellbound no less by his strange talk than his weird personality.

"But even these stricken barbarians, so far as numbers are concerned, were but few in comparison with those this thing you sometimes call the reaper has cut down at one time. There have been portions of the earth that have sunk into the sea swallowing up a hundred times the number of the greatest butchery."

"When?" I asked.

"When? What knowledge have you of the little planet on which you live beyond a few thousand years? The time of which I speak was forgotten 10,000 years ago."

"Tell us," I asked, "your nationality. You speak English as if you are Anglo-Saxon."

"English. I speak every living and every dead language. I am a citizen of the world. I am always busy. At this moment I am resting preparatory to a great work."

"When did you come to Naples?"

"Yesterday at noon."

We all shuddered. At 12 o'clock the day before the first cholera patient had died.

"Will you remain long?"

"My stays no human being knows. I go into a place, do what work I find for me to do there and go elsewhere. Then I stop often by the wayside. During my journey here I stopped at a cottage. There was one less in the family when I left. On entering this city I made several calls before resting from my journey. But I must be going. I am pleased to have met you gentlemen."

He rose, and as he did so I thought I heard a grating, rattling sound under his long cloak. Paying no further attention to any of us except Thornton, whose remark he had heard on entering and which had started him on his gawsome talk, the stranger as he passed him stopped and offered his hand. Thornton looked up at him in terror, withholding his hand, but the man kept his eyes fixed on him, and slowly the hand was lifted and drawn toward the man whose own was outstretched. The moment Thornton's was clasped a change came over his face.

The stranger passed out.

That very night Thornton died of cholera.

MARQUAM.

Miss Bell Gray, of Oregon City, is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. A. Gray. Mr. Sherman and Miss Bertha Miller are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Miller.

An ice cream social will be given at the hall on June 9.

Children's Day exercises will be held at the M. E. church on June 11.

Miss Johannah Asho has returned from Woodburn, where she attended school.

The local residents who attended the graduating exercises at Silverton, June 1, were Mrs. J. H. Jewell, Mrs. Omer Marquam, Miss Jewel Marquam, Miss Echo LeRains, Mr. Arthur Nelson, and Mr. Helmer Neesonson.

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MRS. SEMARD'S FUNERAL HELD. Mount Pleasant Woman Is Found Dead in Bed. The funeral of Mrs. Sophia Semard, who died at her home in Mount Pleasant, on Thursday morning, was held at the family residence on Friday morning at 8 o'clock. Father Hillbrand officiating. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery. Mrs. Semard was found dead in bed by her son Joseph. She had no complaint of feeling ill. She is survived by her husband and son. Mr. Semard is blind.

Brotherhood to Give Ball. The Modern Brotherhood of America will give a calico ball this evening at the Willamette Hall, and the committee in charge is sparing no pains to make this a most delightful affair. The music will be furnished by the Willa orchestra.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

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