

4th of July Specials

Every Department contributes specials to this Big 4th of July Special Sale.

\$15 to \$18 Suits

for men in the new summer styles, best values on earth.

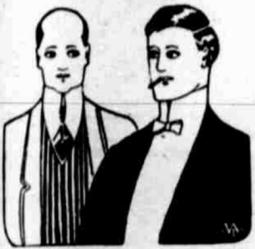
Special \$11.85

Beautiful 20 to 25c lawns in all the new patterns, 4th of July special 17c. \$1.25 to \$1.50 waists, special 88c House Dresses at big reduction.

J. LEVITT

SUSPENSION BRIDGE CORNER.

Where It Paid.



Nockem—I don't think Gus De Jay knows enough to pick up chips. Lusen—He knew enough to pick up all I put down last night.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Herman Smith, of Carus, was in this city on Tuesday. W. A. Kimmel, of Roseburg, was in this city on Monday. Fred Jost, of Carus, was in this city on business Tuesday. L. Vierhus, of Stone, was in this city on business Tuesday. A. W. Cheney, of Portland, was in this city the first of the week. Mr. Mulvany, of Union Mills, was in this city on business Tuesday. E. C. Hunt, a capitalist of Estacada, was in this city on business Tuesday. J. Davis, of Molalla, was transacting business in this city on Tuesday. W. W. Bradley, a farmer of Redland, was in Oregon City on business Tuesday. Charles Spence, of Beaver Creek, transacted business in this city Tuesday. Without stage will leave the Electric Tote! each day at 2 o'clock p. m. David Jones, of Carus, was among the Oregon City business visitors on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, of Omaha, Neb., were in this city on Monday and Tuesday. W. W. Irvin, of Aurora, was in this city on Tuesday. Mr. Irwin is a prominent sheepman. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, who live near Beaver Creek, were in this city on Tuesday visiting relatives. Miss Emma Winn, clerk in the office of the County Clerk, is ill at her home at Canemah. B. Ward and wife, of Grants Pass, are in this city, and are registered at the Electric Hotel. W. Hart, of Seattle, was in this city on business Monday, and registered at the Electric Hotel. Mrs. Maggie Hornshub and son, Albert, of Shubel, were in this city on Tuesday visiting relatives. Mrs. Roy Martin, of Portland, was in this city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Miles, on Tuesday. Miss Netta Miller has returned to

her home in Aurora, after a brief visit in this city, the guest of Mrs. W. H. Godfrey. Bruce C. Curry, an attorney formerly of this city, but now of Portland, was in this city on legal business Tuesday. Ladies' white canvas oxfords, \$1.25 to \$2 values. Special at 85c. Oregon City Shoe Store.

Mrs. Bonnie L. Williams, sister of Mrs. E. Bailey, has gone to Fort Dodge, Iowa, to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Atsworth.

Mr. Shepherd, a mail clerk of the Southern Pacific, is in this city, a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ellis, of Greenpoint.

Miss Clara Mitchell, who has been ill with tonsillitis, has recovered and is able to resume her position in the office of the County Assessor.

Roy Toben and Frank Frampton, of this city, left on Monday evening for Kansas City, Mo., where they have accepted positions in the paper mills.

Mrs. Charles Ladd and son, Birdsell, accompanied by the former's mother, Mrs. S. E. McCulloch, left on Tuesday afternoon for a brief visit with Mrs. Frank Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lane, of Pendleton, who have been visiting the latter's sister, Miss Ada Bedwell, of this city, have gone to Portland, where they will visit before going to their home.

Dr. E. A. Sommer, formerly of Oregon City, has moved his office to 1017 Corbett building, Portland.

George Elgin and L. Baldwin, capitalist, of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elgin, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Chipman, of Portland, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ellis, of Greenpoint, the past week.

Mrs. M. Mulvey left on Saturday for The Dalles, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Callahan. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Margaret, who returned to Oregon City on Sunday evening.

E. B. Doolittle and wife, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who have been visiting the former's brother, A. R. Doolittle, and wife, of this city, have gone to Newberg, where they will spend several weeks with his son, Dr. Doolittle, of Newberg, who recently arrived at that place to practice his profession.

Mr. Doolittle is an extensive property owner of South Dakota, and will invest in some of the Western land. He has purchased a large tract of land in Montana, and will visit the Hood River country before leaving the state.

John W. Loder will leave on Saturday for Rochester, N. Y., where he will attend the Imperial Council of the Shriners that will convene at that place on July 11. Before returning to Oregon City Mr. Loder will visit in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and other Eastern states. He will be joined at Rochester, N. Y., by his wife and son, Jack, who are at present visiting at Peoria, Ill., the guests of Mrs. M. McIntyre, formerly of Oregon City. Mr. Loder will be gone about six weeks, and his office will be in charge of S. P. Davis and Miss Alice Bailey.

A Test of Honor

It Recoiled at Last on Him Who Made It

By STELLA ANDREWS

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"It's my experience," said Paul Markham to his friend Tom Ellison, "that you can never tell what a woman is going to do."
"You mean a girl?"
"Maid or wife, a man must always be on his guard for fear of getting mixed up with her."
"Do you mean, Paul, that if you were married your wife would try to flirt with me, your friend?"
"She might."
"And do you mean further that I should have to be on my guard to avoid treating you dishonorably?"
"Tom, you're the soul of honor, but I wouldn't trust you or any other man if I had an attractive wife who would make love to you."
"Then all I have to say to you is that you don't know me."

The two friends were separated soon after this and did not meet again for several years. They corresponded for a time, but Ellison drifted to South America, and they lost track of each other. Then Ellison sailed for New York on his way to Chicago. At the railway station he was making his way to the train when he was somewhat roughly seized and twirled half around.

"Paul!"
"Tom!"
"Going on this train?" asked Paul hurriedly.

"Yes. Are you?"
"No. I'm here to see my—manager."

"You don't mean to say that you are married?"
"Men usually marry some time, don't they. Are you?"
"No."
"You don't object to taking charge

of this?"
"What the deuce is the matter with you?"

"I'm for Chicago and would be only too glad of a companion. But why didn't you send me your wedding card?"

"Wedding cards! How should I know your address? But we've only time for the introduction. Come along."

They hurried into a car. Near the door Markham paused and said to his friend: "Wait here a moment. I wish to say things about you too complimentary to be said in your hearing."

Ellison waited while Markham advanced to a lady sitting near the center of the car, said something to her and then beckoned to his old friend to come on.

Ellison when he met the lady was delighted at the prospect of having what would otherwise be a tiresome journey made pleasant by a very attractive woman. The train moved off slowly and Markham hurried out with a "Goodby, old boy! Winne'll give you my address. Write me."

There are more uncomfortable places than a parlor car on a through railroad train. The noise is largely shut out, and what one hears has a soothing effect. An ever changing panorama is observed through clear glass windows, and the chairs are luxurious. Tom Ellison and the lady under his care, seated side by side, chatted, read the newspapers, dozed, ate fruit, and thus the first day of the journey passed delightfully.

In the morning they breakfasted together in the dining car, still moving over bridges, rounding hills, shooting on the margin of lakes, now and again darting into the heart of a forest. Surely there is no more attractive place to break one's fast of a bright morning than sitting beside the window of a dining car, and with a pleasing companion it is delightful.

During the second day of the journey a disagreeable fact would occasionally thrust itself upon Ellison. Whenever the lady spoke of Paul he was reminded that she was in possession of another. For the first time in his life he found himself harboring bitter feelings toward his old friend. He was not only surprised, but ashamed. As the day wore on he was seized with alarm. Markham's wife was coming out to him with confidences, with emotions which, though they thrilled him, seemed altogether too sacred to be imparted to any one not near and dear to her.

In a month Ellison was back in New York. He had not written Markham and had no intention of writing him. Indeed, he had engaged passage for South America and was waiting for the steamer to sail, dreading the white that he might run across his old friend.

On entering his hotel one morning the clerk tossed him a note. He looked at the superscription and lost some of his color. It contained an invitation from Paul Markham to dine with him that evening, the mislaid ending with "Why didn't you write, old man? If it hadn't been for Winne I wouldn't have known anything about your movements."

So he must face the friend he had injured in thought if not in deed. How could she after all that had occurred between them have enabled her husband to discover his arrival in New York? He thought over every possible excuse, and though all were possible, none would serve the purpose.

On his arrival at Markham's house Paul's friendliness, affection even, cut him to the heart. "Come right in, old man; Winne's expecting you with the same pleasure that I am." He led the guest into the drawing room, where he was received with a tentative blush rather than cordially. "Oh, why," moaned Ellison to himself, "did she put him on to my being in town?"

"What the deuce is the matter with you two?" exclaimed Markham. "You look as if you had been doing something you are ashamed of."

The lady's blush deepened, and an expression of excruciating pain passed over Ellison's face.

"Well, come into dinner," pursued the host. "I'm going to get it out of one or the other of you before we've finished."

Though the words struck Ellison with terror, Markham did not seem to consider the matter as serious. The host rattled on during the earlier courses, evidently delighted at seeing his old friend; Winifred appeared ill at ease, and Tom looked as if he were sitting on a hot gridiron. Finally the host said with apparent seriousness: "Tom, do you remember our conversation some years ago about a man being obliged to beware of another man's wife?"

"Ellison breathed an almost inaudible 'Yes.'"

"And you poo-pooed the idea that you would ever have to struggle with yourself under such circumstances to treat me honorably?"

Tom's face expressed agony and was red as a cock's comb.

"Well, it looks as though Winne had been tempting you and you had fallen."

"Paul!" Winifred looked a command to desist.

"Now, see here, Winne, didn't you on that journey to Chicago propose to my friend to run away with you?"

"Paul, you have no business to—"

"Never mind that. Didn't you?"

"Yes, Tom, how did you receive the proposition?"

"Whatever the fault, it was all mine," faltered Ellison.

"It wasn't any such thing. You're a man of honor. It was the woman's fault. Such things always are."

"I assure you, Paul," protested Ellison, "your wife was simply carried away by a passing emotion."

"My wife?"

"Yes, and a lovely wife you have too."

"I have a wife? Not much! I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of my sight."

Ellison looked from one to the other in astonishment. Winifred was both blushing and laughing.

"This has gone far enough, Paul," she said. "Please explain."

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Ellison, "let me out of this or I shall collapse!"

"Well, old man," replied the host, "you do look a trifle rattled, and I've had all the fun I am entitled to at your expense. Now, then, that I remembered your high toned words about resisting the temptations thrown out by a friend's wife, and on meeting you in the station on the eve of your departure for Chicago I saw an opportunity to show you that I was right. I introduced you to my sister as my wife and told her to go for you. She did it beautifully."

Beads of perspiration stood out over Ellison's face. He took out a handkerchief and wiped them off, then emptied a glass of wine that stood before him. This was followed by a look something between love and reproach at Winifred, after which he went on eating his dinner.

"Paul," said Winifred severely, "never again will I lend myself to another of your amiable pranks."

"Not till I ask you to do another man," was the complaisant reply.

"All I ask," put in Ellison, "is that if the opportunity occurs you will do it all again."

"Anything you ask," replied the lady by way of atonement, "is granted."

"Very well. Saving your brother's presence, will you marry me?"

"Got him!" from Paul. "I knew you could do it!"

Tom Ellison changed his ticket to one for a later date, and when he called Winifred Markham sailed with him as his wife.

"Who's been done," he asked his brother-in-law, "you or I?"

Are you a subscriber to the Morning Enterprise? If not you should call and let us put your name on the subscription list immediately.

Thin the fruit if it needs it; this is a better paying method than propping branches.

A VERY MEAN FELLOW

By HARRY MENDENHALL

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They had arrived at that critical period—an approaching engagement. Every indication pointed to their forming a binary system, but the slightest jar might disturb the equilibrium and send both far from each other into space. All weaknesses were carefully put away where they could not be seen, and only the noblest sentiments were exhibited. At this juncture he perpetrated a bit of waggery that came very near spoiling the whole thing.

"What I object to in your sex," he said, "is your want of charity for each other."

"Nonsense! We are no more uncharitable toward women than you men are toward men."

"A woman will never forgive a woman for doing what, under similar circumstances, she would do herself."

"Give me an instance."

"Well, if you were to know a girl that a man had kissed—"

"Not being engaged?"

"Not being engaged—you would consider her impure."

"I would consider that he had wronged her."

"And you would condemn her."

"That depends upon circumstances. What man does the kissing?"

"I."

"You?"

"Who is this girl who has so little respect for herself?"

"As Aaron Burr said, 'I never kiss and tell.'"

"When did you kiss her?"

"This morning."

"Where?"

"Down by the lake."

Her tone was getting colder with every question and her color rising with every reply.

"Had you any respect for her?"

"Lots."

"Have you any respect for her now?"

"Just as much as before she kissed me."

"Kissed you?"

"Yes; she gave me the kiss, but I, with mock gravity, 'was too pure minded to keep it. I gave it back to her.'"

"Hm?"

There was a silence for some minutes. They were sitting in a rustic seat, the man cutting off overhanging leaves with a slender cane, the girl poking the dirt beneath her with the end of a parasol. He had been making love to her, and she considered that this kissing another girl was abominable and his telling her of it affronting. Nevertheless she was too proud to reproach him.

"It's time for me to go and dress for dinner now," she said.

"I'm sorry you are going away blaming me for kissing this girl."

"Oh, I suppose you men think you are entitled to take what you can get. You have no principle. I condemn you for that and the girl for permitting you. In this case, since the girl kissed you first, she must be shameless."

They had reached the door, and she went into the house looking very sulky.

During the next few days he was so devoted, even loving, that she forgave him. He said he thought she should forgive the girl he kissed as well, but she replied that her part was not a matter of forgiveness, but of opinion. Her opinion was that a girl who would permit any man to kiss her had no self respect. As to a girl kissing a man under such circumstances, such a girl was not to be considered by the respectable members of her sex.

The flowers were growing more fragrant and the love passages warmer. She was quite sure he would propose, but he seemed in no hurry to come to the point. She was growing impatient to hear his "story," especially as they were to separate in a few days. While sitting on the rustic seat before mentioned she felt his arm stealing around her waist. He drew her to him till their cheeks were very near. He kissed her.

Her criticism of a few days before had slipped her mind.

He did not propose at the time, but she was sure a proposal was coming. Then one day he told her that he had tested her and found her wanting. She asked him what he meant, and he said that he would not approve of a girl who would permit a man to kiss her to whom she was not engaged.

He must have been a very brave man to do that; certainly he was a very mean one. To drop a spark into a keg of powder would be a comparatively safe thing. She gave him just one look, then got up, and with head erect, nostrils expanded and eyes flashing, started to walk away from him. But he caught her skirt and held on for dear life. She turned to wither him with another look and saw him with a smile on his lips, a half merry, half frightened look in his eye.

WHO IS YOUNGEST BALL PLAYER THAT EVER MADE GOOD?

"Who was the youngest ball player that ever made good?" asked Wilbur Roach, the young infielder of the New York Americans, recently of his teammates. "I don't know," answered Chase. "Who is it that holds this youthful record?" "Why, Fielder Jones, of course," was the quick rejoinder. "You see, he was a Fielder when he was born." Some of the players recovered and were able to leave the clubhouse in an hour.

WHY STARS ARE SCARCE.

Hal Chase Says There Are Not Enough Players For Sixteen Clubs.

It isn't often that Manager Hal Chase of the New York Americans can be started on a baseball talk, but when he does loosen up he shows himself to



Photo by American Press Association. ED WALSH, WHITE SOX STAR TWINKLER.

be a diamond philosopher. Some one asked him the other day why it was that so few ball players stood out head and shoulders above the rest, reference being made to Cobb, Speaker, Collins, Mathewson, Devlin, Lajoie, Brown, Johnson, Evers and Walsh. In the old days there was not such a marked difference in players.

"That's easy enough," replied Chase. "There are about enough star ball players to go around in one league, but there are not enough for two leagues. The country doesn't produce enough of them. In the old days only eight clubs had to be supplied. Now there are sixteen big league teams to be looked after."

Want to see a cheap imitation of a good article? Much jewelry is in bad taste at any time except with elaborate evening dress.

Don't wear soiled and muddled frills and ruchings. You had much better wear perfectly plain clothes without trimmings if you cannot keep these dainty accessories fresh and without soil.

Don't forget to see that your blouse is properly fastened before leaving your mirror. The waist gaping open at the back not only looks careless, but may cause you some embarrassment too.

Don't allow your skirt to slip from under your belt. In these days there are so many devices for holding the blouses, skirts and belts in place that there is no girl who cannot find one to answer her purpose if she only tries.

Don't wear shoes or gloves that have lost their luster and never wear shabby shoes or gloves if you can possibly avoid it. Keep the former nicely polished and the heels straight; keep the buttons on and the rips mended in the latter.

Place a two-poung paper bag over each branch of grapes when he fruit is the size of small shot. This protects the grapes from insect and bird injury, and insures extra-choice clusters. Fasten the mouth of the bag close about each stem, with a pin, or wire, or string.

Money to Loan—On first mortgage; \$500 and upwards; one year or longer. Apply at once. Cross & Hammond, Attorneys at Law, Beaver Bldg., Oregon City.

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ROLAND GARROS.

French Aviator Who Took Part in the Paris-Madrid Contest.



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Wants, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under these classified headings will be inserted at one cent a word, first insertion, half a cent additional for every insertion. One inch card, \$2 per month, half inch card, \$1.50 per month. Cash must accompany order unless one has an open account with the paper. No financial responsibility for errors; where errors occur free corrected notice will be printed for patron. Minimum charge 15c.

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