

# PRIDE

IN OUR  
FACILITIES  
GROWTH  
BUSINESS  
WE HAVE  
ALL THAT

Our modern printing and binding establishment would interest you. We would be glad to have you inspect it.

## Oregon City ENTERPRISE

Maker of

BLANK BOOKS  
LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS

### FASHION'S FORECAST.

#### Wider Skirts Not in Sight—Rough Craah Gowns.

There is not the slightest hint of wider skirts. Indeed, skirts are more tapering than ever, and, though draperies are being introduced by most of the couturiers, the fabrics are so soft and clinging and the petticoats so few that the skirt reveals the lines of the figure even more definitely than did the straight bolster slip model of the winter.

Velvet and silk are modishly combined in good looking spring gowns. The



COSTUME OF SILK AND VELVET.

costume seen in the illustration shows how attractive this combination may be.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes for the waist from 34 to 44 inches bust measure and for the skirt from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents each for these patterns to this office, giving numbers, skirt 723, and waist 718, and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery. When ordering use coupon.

No. .... Size .....

Name .....

Address .....

**Not Insured.**  
Pat—McGuire is dead. Jim—Dead? Was he insured? Pat—No; he's a total loss.—Life.

**The Dogwatch.**  
At sea the dogwatch is from 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.; the second from 6 p. m. to 8 p. m.

## WATCHED LOVERS

By JOHN W. JONES

It is said that love laughs at locksmiths. Verily love laughs at pretty much all efforts to separate those he would bring together. He laughs at distance, at poverty, at homeliness, at pride. In my case he laughed at watchfulness—that is, I managed to communicate with my love, who was watched by her mother for the express purpose of preventing my doing so.

Helen—my Helen—there is only one Helen for me in the world—was an heiress and was to be given only to a husband who could match her fortune with one of his own. Helen was at an age where the feminine heart is easily moved when I was thrown in her way. I was young myself, too young to consider her fortune. I was altogether absorbed in herself. It would not have made any difference to me if she hadn't a cent, and I don't suppose she stopped to consider whether I was rich or poor. The only spur for both of us was that we were not expected to love each other.

We were conscious of the fact that Helen's mother did not leave us alone together a moment. I suppose she realized that her daughter, like most girls of her age, was ready to fall in love with the first young man with whom she was brought into contact and the mother did not propose to take any chances. Circumstances placed me under the same roof with them for a week's vacation, and during that time I was to be given no time to work up a love affair.

Helen was the most obedient, demure, retiring creature in the world. To look at her when her mother was present—and she was always present—one wouldn't suppose butter would melt in her mouth. The first evening we were together the three of us played cards. The second evening—I was out most of the day—the mother read to us from—not a love story. Oh, no. There was not a bit of love in the story, nor was it in Helen's and my glances—that is, we were unconscious that it was. What was read to us was a report of missionary work in India.

By the time the third evening came around the lady, not having noticed any evidences of interest between her daughter and me, was content to occupy herself with some sewing and permitted us to talk to each other. I took up a book from the table, near which we all sat. It was a work called "Letters to Young People." I glanced over a few pages and spoke of how helpful such a book would be to so many growing into manhood and womanhood, entering upon the most critical period of their lives without the valuable experience of their elders. In a letter upon "Obedience" I left the imprint of my thumbnail upon the two words "sweet" and "heart" and, handing the book to Helen, asked her if she did not think the advice given in the letter very well expressed. She took the book and presently returned it to me open at a letter on "Filial Responsibility." I looked for thumbnail marks and found them. They read,

"Am I really that to you?"

The good mother sat quietly over her work, well content with the way she was keeping two tender vines from intertwining, while we were writing our cipher love messages. They were very short and very simple, nothing like the protestations of lovers in books, but there was in them the very honey of love for us. However, we dared not work our scheme long lest the watcher's attention be excited. At 10 o'clock sharp Helen was ordered up to bed and I, having no way to amuse myself below, went to my room.

I sat up till midnight writing on the backs of my visiting cards I had with me. In letters large enough to be read across a room, love messages to be used the next evening. When that evening arrived and we assembled in the library I said I felt dull and would amuse myself with a book. I found the best light behind the mother, though I faced the daughter. We had scarcely got comfortably settled before I whipped out my cards and held one after another so that Helen could see it. Her blushes soon frightened me off, however, but not before I had communicated the fact that I would love her for ever and ever and if I lost her I would perish.

I found seven days quite enough to arrange an elopement. During this time I had never been alone with the girl a minute and had never spoken a word of love to her. True, I had once taken a fearful risk. When we were passing out to dinner we dropped behind her mother, and I seized the opportunity to take a kiss. That kiss, though hasty, was nectar for the gods, the first sip of wine, the acme of bliss.

Well, the upshot of it all was that at the end of the week we were both missing. We went to a clergyman, were married and returned to my wife's home. Her mother looked at us in wonder. The first words she uttered were, "How in the world did you do the courting?"

She was obliged to make the best of it. The marriage turned out no worse and no better than the majority. But that was luck.

Years after our marriage we confessed to my mother-in-law how we had begun our courtship by pressing our thumb nails under the words to make a message and continued it by my exhibiting cards—behind her back—with love words written on them.

#### A Very Polite Letter.

The politest intimation ever addressed was probably that of the governor of the Bombay prison to the man about to be hanged. The execution was fixed for 1 o'clock, and the governor was to sail for England on leave two hours later. But the time for the boat's sailing was changed from 2 o'clock to midday. The governor was equal to the occasion. He addressed an official communication to the convict as follows: "The governor presents his compliments to Mr. X, and desires to know whether it would suit his convenience equally well to be hanged at 10 a. m. instead of 1 p. m.?" —London Chronicle.

#### Lacerated.

Wigg—Young Sillicus says his heart is lacerated. Wagg—Who's the lass? —Philadelphia Record.

## MORE RESIDENCES ARE BEING PLANNED

Dr. C. A. Stuart is building a bungalow of six rooms. The house will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Claire Evans, who recently arrived in Oregon City from Portland. The building is being erected by Flagler & Bagby, contractors, and will be ready for occupancy by the middle of April. The building is on Washington street between Third and Fourth streets. Dr. Stuart a few days ago purchased another lot on Second and Washington streets upon which he will build.

William Andressen is contemplating building a home on his lot on Jefferson street between Sixth and Seventh. The house he is now occupying will probably be removed so as to make room for his new home. This will be an eight room house, two story, and probably a full cement basement.

The work on the Elk's home to be built on Water street will soon be started. The building will have a full cement basement and be of 2 stories. The committee in charge of the building is composed of Bruce Z. Zumwalt, chairman, William Sheahan, J. P. Lovett, Theodore Osmund and Harry E. Draper. The building will be one of the finest structures in this city. The Order although only two years old has a membership of 258, many of the prominent and well known business men being members.

Throughout the county and especially along the Molalla road, many improvements are being made in the way of clearing land, and several homes will be erected. Frank Jaeger, one of the prominent residents of Carus, says that there is more clearing this year in that part of the county than there has been for the past four years. Clackamas county is an ideal place for a home, and there is no doubt that many persons will locate here when the colonists' rates are put into effect.

#### FORMER OREGON CITY FAMILY TO QUIT CANADA

An interesting letter has been received from Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stoezel, who formerly lived in Oregon City but who are now living in Winthorpe, Canada, a part of which is as follows: "We are getting along quite well, although we had the coldest weather the first two weeks in January than we have ever seen in Canada. We had a very cool and wet summer, consequently our harvest was very late. We threshed on the 14th and 15th of November, with four inches of snow on the ground, and all of our grain standing in the shock in the field. There were eleven teams hauling bundles to the machine using sleds. We only threshed our oats and wheat, as the flax did not ripen. Threshing was being done this winter when the thermometer registered 60 degrees below zero, and it remained 40 degrees below zero all day. We had fine sleighing, just enough snow to make it good.

"We are not certain about remaining in Canada, as we have offered our place for sale, and if we can sell it we will leave here, but have not decided upon a location. You may feel assured that we enjoyed our stay in Oregon, and we often speak of the Oregon people, and wish to be remembered by them. The ground is still covered with snow."

Watch the automobile contest.

The Morning Enterprise is the best breakfast food you can have.

**Knew Her Mamma.**  
Policeman—Well, my little dear, if you can't tell me your mother's name or where she lives how are we to find her? Little Girl (lost while out shopping)—Jes' put me in a shop window, an' mamma 'll be sure to find me.

#### KIND WORDS.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion and is within the reach of the humblest.—Faber.

#### Life's Routine.

It is the continuity of life that tests the continuity of character, "the same dull round" and common task each day renewed, year after year, each unromantic as the last.—John W. Chadwick.

#### Not Insured.

Pat—McGuire is dead. Jim—Dead? Was he insured? Pat—No; he's a total loss.—Life.

#### The Dogwatch.

At sea the dogwatch is from 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.; the second from 6 p. m. to 8 p. m.

# STOP! LOOK! Listen?

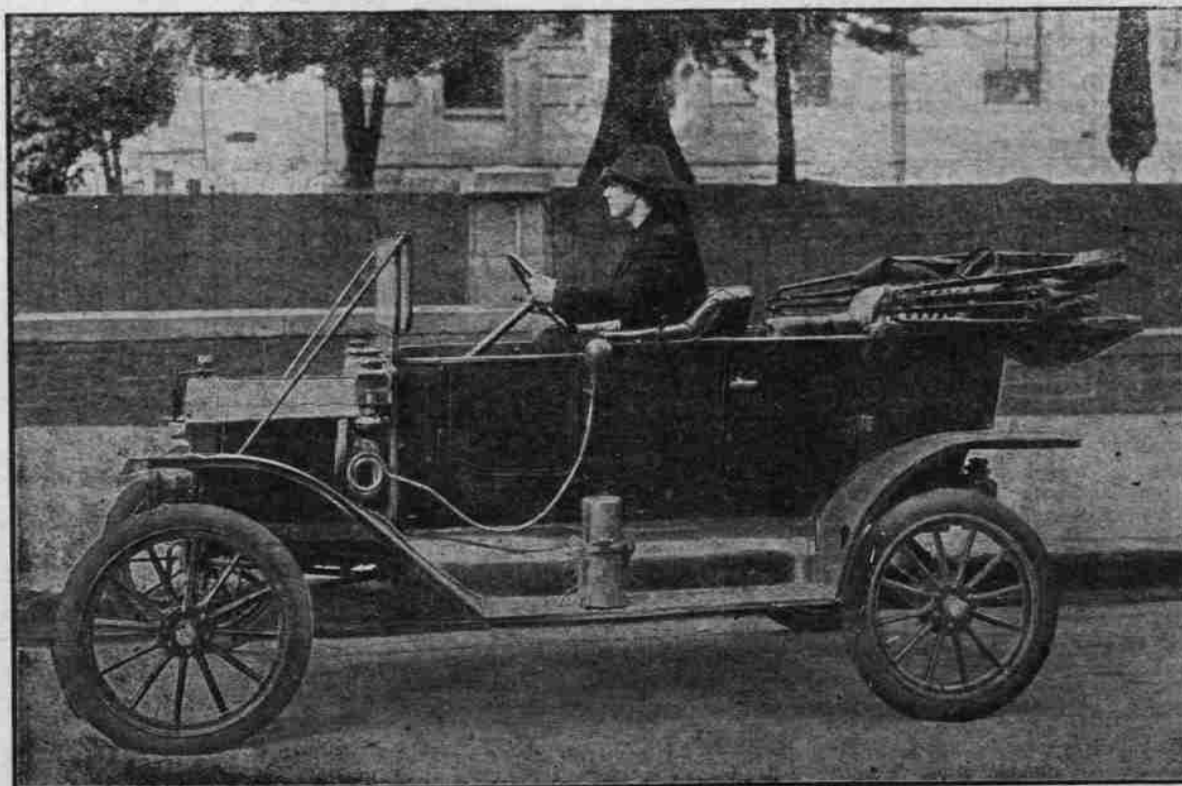
Working for the other fellow and  
Get Busy for Yourself

What can be won with a little  
work a fine prize every 10 days  
**BESIDES THE AUTO**

To what people are saying and  
you will see how popular you are  
**THEN GET IN AND WIN**



Yours for the asking



Don't it look good to you

To stimulate interest in the voting and to give each one a chance to profit by their work we will give a prize every ten days. These prizes will not affect the final count in any way as all votes will count on

## THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE

These prizes will be given to the one that hands in the largest number of votes every ten days.

The Second Special Prize for the best 10 days showing will be an order on J. Levitt's Popular Store. This order is good for anything in his store worth up to \$15.00 or can be applied on a larger account. This order had ought to be worth every effort you can put forth.