

**MAY BE SOME CHANGES IN MANAGERIAL RANKS.**

Cincinnati and Cleveland Likely to Have New Leaders in 1913.

In spite of Garry Herrmann's recent announcement that Hank O'Day would not be released from the management of the Reds, Cincinnati fans are loudly clamoring for a change. The poor work of the Reds on the recent eastern trip has stirred up more intense opposition to O'Day than ever before, with the result that it is reported President Garry Herrmann has begun to waver. In Cleveland, too, Harry Davis appears to be in hot water. Forest City fans say that Davis, with better material than George Stovall had last year, is a failure. Owner Somers, inclined to pay heed to the protest of the fans, has discussed Davis' future with Dan Johnson. It is reported, although he believes that Davis should have another chance next year.

It remains to be seen whether Johnny Kling will be retained as manager of the Boston Nationals. Kling has been handicapped in many ways, chiefly by the lack of first class playing material. Rumor has it that Jake Daubert will succeed Dahlen as manager of the Brooklynns, but nobody seems to know whether Wolverton will keep his job on the Hilltop or not. Wolverton has experienced no end of hard luck, but has pluckily stuck to his task. So far nobody has been named as his probable successor, although some of the American league moguls are said to be more than ordinarily interested in the situation in New York.

The big league managers who are sure of their positions are McGraw, Chance, Clarke, Doolin, Bresnahan, Stahl, Griffith, Mack, Callahan, Jennings and Stovall. First class managerial timber is scarce nowadays, and clubs dissatisfied with their team leaders are not in a hurry to make experiments.

**M'ARTHUR MAY VISIT STATES.**

Winner of Olympic Marathon Anxious to Come to America.

Before he left Stockholm, Sweden, McArthur, winner of the Olympic Marathon, stated that he intended to visit America next year to show his running ability on this side of the water. According to many experts, McArthur is one of the greatest of all long distance runners. He is anything but a Hayes-Dorando-Tewanima type of runner. He is twenty-nine years of age, six feet tall and weighs 174 pounds. McArthur's career has suffered from bad luck. He went to Greece for a Marathon which was postponed on account of political troubles and afterward went to England



Photo © 1912, by American Press Association.

WINNER OF OLYMPIC MARATHON AS HE APPEARED AFTER THE RACE

to take part in one which was postponed on account of the death of King Edward.

McArthur has never lost a race. When not competing in athletic events McArthur is a policeman in the Transvaal.

McArthur was born in Demock, County Antrim, Ireland. When eighteen years old he joined the Irish rifles and with his regiment went to South Africa to fight the Boers. He has lived there since.

This is the season for big fish stories. The latest is that of the Japanese who went fishing off the coast of southern California and nearly landed a cooling station.

In her breach of promise suit a Chicago girl valued her broken heart at \$10 and the wedding supper at \$100. Which indicates the high cost of living.

The photographs of Jack Rose, arrested in the New York murder case, show that he is no American beauty.

**VOGUE OF PLAITS.**

The Last Cry In Modish Suits.



FALL SUIT IN KHAKI BROADCLOTH.

One of the famous French dressmakers emphasizes the use of khaki color in this suit of mustard yellow braid cloth recently received from Paris. In this model the skirt has back and front panels outlined with pipings of black satin. It is finished at the bottom with a side plaited flounce, giving increased fullness.

The medium length coat buttons high at the neck with one director's revers, faced with black satin and with black braid applique. Motifs of black and pipings also appear on the skirt front and back panels.

The high director's collar in black satin is overlaid with a smaller collar in lingerie effect.

**TO CLEAN A SWEATER.**

Dainty Women Prefer White Ones That Soil Easily.

A sweater is one of the necessities of the seashore or mountain wardrobe. No other wrap can take its place. The dainty woman always prefers the creamy white ones, but often hesitates to buy because of the seeming difficulty of cleaning them. The following method simplifies that process so that no one need hesitate to buy one on that account. Woolen blankets may be cleaned in the same manner.

A quart of a bar of a good white soap is melted over the stove. To this is added about half a cupful of ammonia. Enough hot water is run into the pan or tub to cover the sweater. The soap and ammonia are stirred in, and then the sweater is placed in. With a stick or the top of a washboard this is stirred and turned until the dirt is out. Rinse in several waters, then lay on a slanting board to drain, but do not squeeze dry.

There are several methods of drying. One is to fasten a sheet flat over several clotheslines and spread the sweater on that in the sun.

**Robespierre Vests.**

The Robespierre "gilet" promises to be a notable feature. Seen recently was a gown from a renowned atelier in shot taffeta-rose with silver lights—the perfectly straight, unadorned skirt just eased into the waist while the corsage, cut with long shoulder seams, was similarly treated, the front cut away to reveal a vest of white silk visibly buttoning up the center to a short distance above the figure line, where it was thrown back with a great pointed collar, the front angle finished with a deep falling frill of lace.

The sleeves were long and close fitting to the wrist, great ruffles of lace falling over the hands. But to bring about a wrinkled suggestion on the inside of the arm just at the bend of the elbow three or four tiny tucks were arranged, and the waist belt consisted of a crossway fold of dull mauve taffetas, terminating in front with a great spiky bow poised in a diagonal position.

**Floor Wax.**

The floor polishes purchased are sometimes not satisfactory, but a very fine wax may be made at home with but little trouble.

To every pound of beeswax allow three pints of turpentine. Cut the wax into small pieces and put these into a pan. Set the pan in a saucepan of boiling water and let the beeswax melt thoroughly. Take it off the fire, add the turpentine to the beeswax and mix them well together. This preparation should be mixed at a distance from the fire.

**Boudoir Caps.**

The boudoir cap is in fashion again, and, though less fully and fluffy round the head, it contains quite as much material as those of last year. Some are made of the very finest lawn, while others are entirely of lace. The idea is to cover the hair during the various processes of the toilet, but the cap has been found so dainty and pretty that it is often worn when the toilet is quite complete, and it forms a charming adjunct of the breakfast table.

**MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME**

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

Miss Wilkins, spinster, commonly called old maid, though she was not yet thirty, lived in a flat. On the opposite side of the hall was another flat in which lived a couple who interested Miss Wilkins. There is nothing remarkable in this instance as old maids are usually supposed to be interested in their neighbors' affairs. Whether or no this is the case, Miss Wilkins, who by the bye was very observant, noticed that Mrs. What's-his-name, across the hall, always wore a sorrowful countenance.

The next thing Miss Wilkins noticed was that whenever she was lying awake between midnight and 3 or 4 o'clock she would hear a footstep coming up the stairs, and on reaching the story on which she lived the sound would end in the closing of a door. There being but one other flat on the floor besides Miss Wilkins', the door was undoubtedly closed by one of that other flat's inmates.

An idea struck Miss Wilkins right between the eyes. Mr. What's-his-name, her neighbor, was the cause of his wife's melancholy. It was he who came home so late. What wonder that the lady was miserable with such a husband! Was he dissipated? Another idea popped into Miss Wilkins' head. Mr. What's-his-name must make his living by gambling. She had once known a woman whose husband was a gambler, and the wife was always the picture of misery. The problem was solved.

That it was solved correctly was proved by the fact that no one was stirring in the neighboring flat in the morning till 11 o'clock. Then a waiter from a restaurant brought a tray covered with a napkin, knocked at the What's-his-name's door and handed in what Miss Wilkins was sure was the husband's breakfast. The reason she was sure it was the man's breakfast was because she had often seen the tray sitting on the floor beside the opposite door for a waiter to remove, and there was but one coffee cup and one plate. Undoubtedly Mrs. What's-his-name got her own breakfast at a proper hour.

Miss Wilkins gave music lessons, and an hour when she was sure to be occupied with a pupil was between 10 and 3 in the afternoon. She watched for Mr. What's-his-name to go out, but never saw him, consequently she surmised that he left home during the hours that she was always engaged.

One day Mr. and Mrs. What's-his-name moved out of the flat opposite Miss Wilkins'. The lady attended to the moving. Mr. What's-his-name not appearing while it was in progress. Indeed, it was done in the afternoon. Miss Wilkins inferred that since he was up all night at cards or whirling a roulette machine he must have his sleep in the morning and have his poor wife to do the moving. Anyway, Miss Wilkins never saw the husband, but a mental picture of him that she conjured up remained in her mind. It resembled Mephistopheles.

That was the end of the What's-his-name's for Miss Wilkins. Three years later the spinster got a husband of her own. The moment she saw him all that antagonism to men which had been with her since she had passed twenty-five—in other words, since it began to look as if she had been left out of the matrimonial kingdom—vanished. There was something so benevolent, so noble, so winning in his face that she felt before him like grain before a scythe.

The gentleman's name was Smiley. Miss Wilkins said it should be Smiling, since his beautiful face always wore a smile and that smile was his most lovely feature. He seemed very much pleased that Miss Wilkins was pleased with him, for he was a widower looking for a wife. Having every reason to suppose that he would be accepted by Miss Wilkins, he proposed, and they were married.

Mr. Smiley was very regular in his habits and very domestic. He was a magazine editor, and his hours at his office were the same as those of other persons, though sometimes he brought manuscripts home and spent the evening reading them. But he always excused himself so pleasantly for thus depriving his wife of his company that she forgave him.

One Sunday afternoon while strolling they passed an apartment house. "I once occupied a flat in there," said Miss Wilkins. "Indeed! When was that?" "Four years ago. We occupied the second story west flat. A couple lived opposite whom I shall never forget. The man was a gambler, and his wife was the most unhappy creature I ever met."

"How did you know that the man was a gambler?" "Why, he was out all night and lay abed till noon. Besides his wife showed by her expression that he was something dreadful."

Mr. Smiley turned and looked in his wife's face with every appearance of surprise. "When did the couple move out?" he asked. "In May, 1908—"

"Great heavens! Do you know who I am? I'm that man. I wasn't a gambler. I was managing editor of the Daily Advertiser and couldn't get home till 4 in the morning. My wife was miserable because she was suffering from the disease of which she died."

**The Next Senate.**

Political writers generally assume that the party carrying the presidential election will also control the next congress, but do not go into details. In the case of the house of representatives this is a reasonable assumption, as the representatives are elected by popular vote from districts divided according to population. This gives assurance that a majority large enough to elect a president would ordinarily carry the house. In the senate, however, the situation is quite different. There are two senators from each state, and these states differ greatly in size.

On the 4th of next March thirty-one senators go out of office, and there are already two vacancies—one from Illinois, caused by the expulsion of Lorimer, and one from Colorado, due to the failure of the legislature to elect a successor to the late Senator Hughes. Of the thirty-one who go out of office thirteen are Democrats and eighteen are Republicans. The present strength of the senate is fifty-one Republicans to forty-three Democrats, a majority of eight. A change of five would thus change the control of the body.

The thirteen Democrats whose terms expire with this congress are: Bacon, Ga.; Bailey, Tex.; Bankhead, Ala.; Davis, Ark.; Foster, La.; Gardner, Me.; Martin, Va.; Owen, Okla.; Paynter, Ky.; Percy, Miss.; Simmons, N. C.; Tillman, S. C., and Watson, W. Va. Democratic successors have already been elected to three of these, Representative Broussard in place of Foster, Representative Ollie James in place of Paynter and ex-Governor Vardaman supplanting Percy. Bailey has announced his retirement, but will be succeeded by a Democrat. The others are fairly sure of re-election or of being followed by men of their own party, the only doubt being in the case of Gardner of Maine and Watson of West Virginia. The Democrats should get at least one of the vacancies since they now control the legislature of Colorado.

The eighteen Republicans soon to retire are: Borah, Ida.; Bourne, Ore.; Briggs, N. J.; Brown, Neb.; Burnham, N. H.; Crane, Mass.; Cullom, Ill.; Curtis, Kan.; Dixon, Mont.; Gamble, S. D.; Guggenheim, Colo.; Kenyon, Ia.; Nelson, Minn.; Richardson, Del.; Smith, Mich.; Sanders, Tenn.; Warren, Wyo., and Wetmore, R. I.

The starting of the third party makes it impossible to predict with certainty in regard to more than a very few of these. The control of the next senate is thus frankly in doubt. J. A. EDGERTON.

**A Plea For Cannibalism.**

Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, once made a strong and almost unanswerable plea for cannibalism, "if you are going to eat meat at all," argued the Yankee Plato, "why not eat the best?"

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

**Heart to Heart Talks.**

By EDWIN A. NYE.

**TAKUM FAOTUMU.**

Put the name of Lieutenant Takum Faotumu of Japan high up in the list of heroes.

Do you remember how the world was shocked a few months ago by the appalling loss of all the lives of the officers and men on a submarine vessel of the Japanese navy?

Now a writer in one of the scientific journals gives the details.

The submarine, commanded by Lieutenant Faotumu, failed to rise, as was shown by the records when the vessel afterward was raised, on account of some failure in the apparatus.

The discovery was made about 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Down under fathoms of sea water, face to face with approaching death, the lieutenant calmly undertook to write the story of the last hours. He wrote the full account up to 12:30, and his last words were:

"Respiration is becoming extraordinarily difficult. I am breathing gasolene."

He told about the efforts to raise the vessel, of the despair that settled down upon officers and men, of how the lights went out, how they sat in gloom and how he was writing his final words in the darkness—details of interest to the world from which they were eternally shut out.

But the finest words of all, words which evidence the gallant spirit of the heroic lieutenant, were these:

"I respectfully request that none of the families of my subordinates shall suffer. The only thing I am anxious about is this."

Mark you!

In all the writing there was no trace of any wailing or regret because of cruel fate, no mourning over the untimely end of a brilliant career, no expression of fear, no appeal and no prayer. Simply, there in the darkness of the gasoline in his nostrils and with death reaching for him at close quarters and with certain grip, he was only "anxious" about the families of those who were to die with him.

Can bravery further go? Surely Japan will be basely recreant to the memory of one of the bravest men in the annals of the Japanese—annals noted for their stories of intrepid soldiers and seamen—if it shall have failed properly to provide for those families.

And the world's history of gallant souls has been enriched by the story of this Japanese officer who, dying, thought not of himself, but only of the wives and children that would be bereft.

**Cinchona Trees.**

The cinchona tree, from which quinine is obtained, grows at an elevation of 7,000 to 10,000 feet in the Andes.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

**KILBANE AFTER WOLGAST.**

Featherweight Champion Sures He Can Defeat Lightweight Star.

Johnny Kilbane, champion featherweight of the world, is going after heavier game and is out with a challenge to fight Ad Wolgast for the lightweight title.

Kilbane is confident that he can defeat the "Michigan wildcat" and points to "dope" to show that he has an ex-



Photo by American Press Association.

JOHNNY KILBANE

cellent chance to win from Wolgast. On Sept. 3 of last year he knocked out Joe Rivers, the Los Angeles fighter, in sixteen rounds. He defeated Abe Attell in twenty rounds last February.

Kilbane says that owing to the peculiar ending of the Independence day battle between Wolgast and Rivers he believes his bout with the Mexican was a cleaner victory than that of Wolgast. Kilbane figures that his victory over Attell is more creditable than the showing Wolgast made in his bout with the former featherweight champion, which, although it was a no decision contest, was called a draw by the scribes.

Kilbane is of the opinion that there are no more featherweights in sight for him to conquer and that he is entitled to a match with Wolgast. He states that he is willing to meet the "Michigan wildcat" on any reasonable terms and will make a side bet on the match.

A Tacoma suffragette fainted when asked her age at the registration booth. They may have the ballot, but they are still daughters of Eve.

The British will vote J. Bruce Ismay a hero yet. He at least saved one life—his own.

**Smart Calling Costume.**

Now that the early fall days are here one is obliged to take up certain social duties, and among them is the afternoon call of a more or less formal nature.

For this visit one wears a costume just a trifle more elaborate than the ordinary trotting suit. The illustra-



TAILORED GOWN OF BROWN SERGE.

tion shows a delightful concoction of the tailored type suitable for afternoon calling.

The suit is of dark brown serge, and, by the way, brown is to be one of the leading colors this fall, with trimmings of black braid and buttons. The brown felt hat is trimmed with brown and white feathers and a velvet bow.

**Went Up Ahead.**

One of the girls at an examination in grammar school, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushing answered, "Because it is very singular they don't get married." She went up to the head of the class.

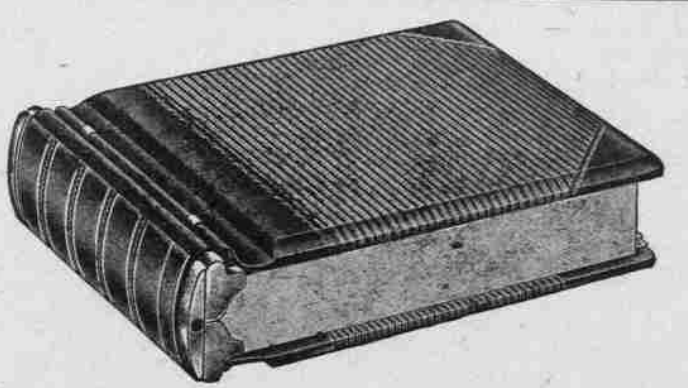
**Why Don't They Learn?**

The trouble with the women who want to behave like men is that they have not learned to behave like gentlemen.

**A Lake of Acid.**

In the center of Sulphur Island, off New Zealand, is a lake of sulphuric acid fifty acres in extent. The water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric acid and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F., and great care has to be taken in approaching it to avoid suffocation.

Boost your city by boosting your daily paper. The Enterprise should be in every home.



Unqualifiedly the Best  
**LEDGER**

The De Luxe Steel Back

New improved **CURVED HINGE** allows the covers to drop back on the desk without throwing the leaves into a curved position.

Sizes 8 1-4 to 20 inches

**OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE**  
Headquarters for  
**Loose Leaf Systems**

**BE NATURAL.**

Some young people do not sufficiently understand the advantages of natural charms and how much they would gain by trusting to them entirely. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of natural manner, and, with all their pains, they please but little.

**Archbishop of Canterbury.**

The archbishop of Canterbury is referred to as "his grace," and he writes himself archbishop, etc. "divina providentia," whereas other prelates use the phrase "divina permissione." He is the first peer in the realm. At coronations he places the crown on the head of the sovereign, and the king and queen are his domestic parishioners. The bishop of London is his provincial dean, the bishop of Winchester his subdean, the bishop of Lincoln his chancellor and the bishop of Rochester his chaplain.