

SCHOOL ATHLETES SEEK NEW HONORS

The Oregon City high school track team will meet the team from Vancouver high school in Vancouver Saturday afternoon. The men from Oregon City are much enthused over the meet as it is the first one of consequence which they have entered since from the Columbia track meet in Portland this year.

Vancouver has a fine team, and although the Oregon City boys are dubious about the results, they nevertheless believe that they will make a good showing.

Vancouver high school defeated Lincoln high school of Portland recently by a score of 71 to 46. They have one of the strongest prep school aggregations in the Northwest this year.

The men who will make the trip from Oregon City are: Cross, Dambach, Farr, Haleston, Kellog, Roter, Myers, Ostrom, and Captain Kent Wilson. Manager Beatis and Coach Wagner will also make the trip.

DIVORCE IS SOUGHT

Mrs. Nellie Riddell, who married Edwin Riddell in Portland in 1904, has filed suit for divorce, alleging cruelty and non-support. In her complaint Mrs. Riddell charges her husband with having abused her in the presence of friends, and complains that he spent most of his earnings in saloons.

CITY ACQUIRES WATER OPTIONS

(Continued from Page 1.)

draul engineer, whose advice has been of much aid to the special committee in their search for a water supply that would not only serve the present needs of the city, but that would provide a sufficient flow of water to meet all future requirements.

During the past week the committee visited many sites that had been under consideration, but was unable to close a deal with other owners owing to the inflated values placed upon property as soon as it was discovered that a water supply was being sought. Many people seemed to regard the pressing need of the city for a new source of supply as a golden opportunity to get rich quick, and figures quoted to the special committee were both astounding and appalling. The Ladd interests, however, expressed a desire to cooperate with the city, and have made excellent terms, it is said.

Investigations so far conducted lead to the belief that there is abundance of pure water underlying the Ladd property, and that some of it will rise to the surface in artesian wells as soon as shafts are sunk. It may be necessary, however, to install a pumping plant to get a sufficient supply to the surface to provide the volume of water that will be required for municipal consumption. With the water once at the surface, the elevation of the ground is sufficient to provide an excellent head of water in the pipes and to give a con-

stantly available fire pressure in the business section of the city. If the municipality purchases the site upon which the option has been procured, the area will be made a reserve, and in this way all possible sources of contamination will be removed. Indications are that the water is running in a limestone formation, and it probably has its source high upon the snow-clad sides of the Cascades, or on Mount Hood. Hydraulic engineers say that the supply ought to prove one of the best in Western Oregon, and the only question that now remains to be settled is whether or not a sufficient volume of flow can be obtained.

RECORDER'S OFFICE HAS BUSY MONTH

Fees received by County Recorder Dedman for the filing and recording of deeds and other documents during the month of March amounted to \$717.74. While this is not establishing a record for the month, the amount is much larger than usual, and reflects much activity in real property and timber land in the county. Many of the deeds filed were for small portions of large land holdings, and indicate a general partitioning of bigger properties and their sale to new settlers.

Timber lands were unusually free in sale, and show that there is soon to be much cutting of prime timber in the county. Many right-of-way deeds were also recorded during the past month, showing conclusive proof of railroad activity in the county. Owing to the fact that many deeds representing sales of property valued high in the thousands gave but "\$10 and other considerations" as the amount paid, it is impossible to estimate the actual cash value of the transfers.

GUN CLUB SHOOT SET; TEAM TO BE FORMED

The Clackamas County Rod & Gun club will hold a practice shoot upon its range, just west of the suspension bridge, Sunday. This is the first shoot of the season, and a bunch of old-timers are expected to be on hand. Later in the year match shoots with other similar clubs will be held; and owing to this it is expected that there will be a considerable turn-out to qualify for subsequent team work. In former competitions the Oregon City marksmen have always more than held their own against rival organizations.

JASPER DAVIS BURIED
Jasper Davis, who died at his home in Sunnyside Monday, was laid at rest Thursday afternoon in Clackamas cemetery. Services at the grave were conducted by Mrs. Condon of Portland. Mr. Davis was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and was brought to Oregon by his parents in 1853. He was for many years a resident of Linn county.

PREACHERS TO CHANGE

Preaching at the Calvary Baptist church Sunday morning and evening will be by the Rev. E. A. Smith, and the Rev. Lucas will go to Logan in his place. Rev. Smith will preach at Willamette next Wednesday, and at Henrieville, Alberta and Highland the following Sunday.

FIFTY DEFENDANTS NAMED IN CASE

Over fifty people have been named in a suit to clear title to lots 5 and 6, block 28, Milwaukie, filed Friday by Charles A. Lakin, through his attorneys, Dimick & Dimick and Gordon E. Hayes. Title to the property is claimed by Lakin, who sets forth that he and his predecessors have held the land by actual possession for many years. The defendants, it is asserted, allege various and involved interests in the property, and the court is asked to pass upon their claims and award title to Lakin as the facts may indicate.

Those named as defendants in the suit are: Mrs. E. A. Willis, Amy E. and Perry Magness, Dolla M. and George W. McCarver, Nellie S. and B. Shane, Queen V. Harrell, William McWilliams and wife, Julia McWilliams Singletary and Samuel Singletary, Sophronia V. Don, Mary and Loren Leuelling, Dale, Duncan and Lotta Smith, Gilla Damp, Emla A. Damp Gers and husband, Zoranda Damp, Betsy J. and A. C. Middlestate, Bettie and William Lively, S. P. Damp and wife, R. E. Williams, Mary, George M. Sarah E. Joseph, Ella, William B. and Ernest F. Cressy, Francis L. and B. F. Bullen, P. J. Cressy and wife, and all others interested or claiming title to the property.

MILWAUKIE FARE FIGHT SOON TO BE CONCLUDED

The matter of 5-cent fare between Milwaukie and Portland is before the Supreme court of the United States and a decision is expected in a short time. Final hearing was set for last Monday. Milwaukie won its contentions in all the lower courts. Proceedings are advancing for improving Front street from the north to the south city limits. It is hoped to get the contract let within a month. This street is 70 feet wide and will be paved for most of the distance. The cost will be about \$20,000, although the official estimates have not been completed.

WESLEY BENT INJURED

While working on the roof of a barn at Willamette Friday afternoon Wesley Bent, 24 years old, slipped from the scantling and fell 25 feet to the ground, sustaining a compound fracture of the right leg and possible internal injuries. It was some time before the man's plight became known, but immediately upon the discovery of his injuries he was taken to a neighboring house and given surgical care.

PARISH TO MEET

The annual Parish meeting of St. Paul's church will be held next Monday evening, May 5, at 8 o'clock in the church building. At this meeting seven vestrymen will be elected to serve for the coming year, and other business will be transacted. The report of the treasurer, the guilds and the rector will be made. The present vestrymen are: J. B. Humphreys, E. A. Chapman, C. W. Evans, Carl Toehenke, Dr. L. A. Morris, T. P. Randall, F. T. Barlow.

Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

THE OLD SPRING.

Do you remember it? The surroundings may vary somewhat in each man's case, but there is generally an old spring under the hill, just as there are a swimming hole and a particular big tree and a cave and all the things that are so precious to a boy.

And when the boy grows big these things stay with him, even though he goes to the other side of the earth. The particular spring of which I am talking was down a hill behind the house. It was an old house, with hollyhocks and roses growing around, locust trees and cedars in the front yard and a wealth of flowers.

But the bare feet that did my boyish navigating did not lead me so much among the flowers in front as they did down the winding path back of the house to the old spring under the hill. There I did my dreaming.

I have never found water quite so cold and sweet as flowed from that spring.

A little rill ran from it over the pebbles and down the hill, through the copse and the lower woods, away and away to the creek and thence to the river.

To me this was a river of dreams. I did not see it till years afterward. And I must make a confession, however inconspicuous it may sound: That river came fully up to my expectations. The enchantment on seeing it was equal to the boyish vision.

But this, as I said, was years later. Once in the early days my bare feet toddled far down the little rill, trying to follow it to the creek and river. There came nearly being a lost boy that day. Had it not been dinner time there might have been a different story. But when I got to the foot of a big, big hill on a neighbor's farm the gnawings of hunger got the better of curiosity, and I streaked it back at the clang of the dinner bell. The appetite for grub was stronger than the appetite for adventure.

The old spring was surrounded by big trees. I especially remember a sycamore and an oak.

I think the sun never shone so alluringly on green leaves as it did on the broad leaves of that sycamore. The glister somehow colored my dreams.

Nor did a rill ever sing more sweetly than did the little one meandering from the old spring. I hear it yet. Somewhere away down in my consciousness I think I have heard it always.

A BARGAIN

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A WALK ON A BET

It Didn't Turn Out as Expected

By F. A. MITCHEL

Arlington is a delightful town to live in. There is a clubhouse where both sexes meet socially, a library, a racket club—indeed, everything to encourage sociability. And there has never been a time when there has not been a set of young persons at that delightful interval between the coming on and going off of the stage of their early hours.

Everybody in Arlington remembers the period when Jacqueline Miller was right in the middle of her young ladyhood. She was the life of the social circle. And how she would flirt! It was generally understood that she could bring down any man she chose to go for within a week, and she had been known to do it in a single day. When the fellows saw her go hunting for one of their members they called him Dave Crockett's coon and told him he might as well come right down.

But, strange to say, nobody blamed Jack for flirting. They did not consider that she would have been herself if she didn't flirt. Everybody knew what she was; everybody was therefore warned. Consequently there was nothing dishonorable about it. There was one case in which the fellow she tackled was ignorant of her peculiar idiosyncrasy. But there was nothing dishonorable about that, for she married him.

The only place the Arlington young people thought worth going to was New York. The distance was seventy miles, but what are seventy miles to youngsters bent on having a good time? Parties have been known to go to the city for the theater and return on a midnight train. One evening several Arlington boys were at the club in the city when the conversation turned on athletics, which it need not be stated is a popular subject with young persons. One of the party—Ned Mungie, not an Arlington man—had done some remarkable stunts at walking, and, since he was going to visit Alan



HE CONCLUDED TO CARRY HER TILL HE CAME TO A FARMHOUSE.

Benedict, Alan offered to bet him that he couldn't walk the distance in a given number of hours.

"Not long enough," Mungie objected. "Very well; make it a triangular course through Glenwood and Big Rock. That'll give you a distance of about 150 miles."

After a great deal of talk a bet was made between Mungie and Benedict. The stakes were to be the entire expense for a theater party of a dozen Arlington couples to New York. The walk was to be made in three days. Mungie, never having been over the ground or to Arlington, received detailed instructions as to the route, for no one of the party could spare the time to go with him, and since it was merely a gentlemen's bet for fun, no watch was required. When all had been arranged the party broke up, bidding adieu to the pedestrian, who was to start the next morning.

It was the spring of the year, when all nature was starting into a renewed life, and Mr. Mungie enjoyed his walk immensely. He kept a steady gait, did his fifty miles before dark and slept soundly all night. The next day he was a trifle sore, but did his distance without trouble. The third day he was in better trim than on either of the others. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he was approaching a cottage not far from Arlington when he saw a girl leaning over a stone wall looking at him. Though he was a stranger to her, she wore a very pleasant smile on her lips, and Mungie, by way of scraping an acquaintance, asked her if she would be good enough to tell him the distance to Arlington. She said it was ten miles.

"In that case," said Mungie, "I think I'll rest a bit. I've plenty of time."

"Time for what?" asked the girl.

"To make Arlington before 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Have you come far?"

"From New York. I left there the day before yesterday morning to walk to Arlington in three days."

"Good gracious! You must be awfully tired."

"On the contrary, I'm as fresh as a daisy."

"Aren't you hungry?"

Mungie was so proud of himself that he was about to reply that he wasn't at all hungry when it occurred to him that it would be very nice to accept a morsel from the fair hands of this pretty girl. Indeed, she was more than pretty. She was unique.

"Are you sure you have plenty of time?" asked the girl.

"Loads."

"Well, come in and I'll get you a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter."

She led him to a porch over which

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were hanging vines and, going into the house, soon returned with some dainty slices of buttered bread, a china teapot and appointments. The cup and saucer were extremely thin. She set them on a table and sitting opposite Mungie, poured out the tea and handed it to him.

That tea didn't need any sugar. It was sweetened by a pair of rosy lips, bright eyes and, above all, a personality that Mungie found entrancing. She asked him all about his trip, his diet, the number of miles he walked without resting—indeed, all the details attending a walk of such importance. Mungie told her everything she asked and a great deal she didn't ask. After starting him she let him talk on, just sitting before him with her eyes fixed intently on his, drinking in every word he said. Presently he remarked: "You seem to take a great interest in athletics."

"I do. I'm especially fond of walking myself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I walked out here from Arlington this morning."

"You don't mean it? When do you go back?"

"I think I will go tomorrow."

"Will you walk back?"

"Certainly."

"I wish you were going this afternoon. I would be happy to escort you."

"Thank you very much. I couldn't do so much as that in one day. I shall be up with the sun and walk home to breakfast."

This set Mungie to thinking. How delightful to take the rest of the tramp when the dew was on the grass and in company with this charming creature.

"If it were not presumptuous," he said, "I might remain over and finish my walk at the same time as you."

"Why presumptuous?"

"Well, you know, I have no formal acquaintance with you."

"Nor do you need one. I know a gentleman when I see him."

"Then you will permit me?"

"I shall be delighted with your company and grateful for your escort."

That settled it. Mungie was invited to tea, where he met the girls, aunt and uncle and when they learned that he was to spend the night in the neighborhood invited him to remain under their roof. He said he never slept in a house when he could help it, but would accept the swinging lounge on the porch. He sat up chatting with the young lady till nearly midnight, and when they parted it was agreed that after coffee and rolls in the morning they would start at 4 o'clock on their walk. The girl invited Mungie to breakfast with her at her own home, from whence he could go to the Arlington club, where he must put in an appearance before 9 o'clock or lose his bet.

That ten mile walk was made under a handicap, but it was the most delicious distance Mungie ever made. On the way the girl slipped on a stone and sprained her ankle. Mungie had a choice of leaving her or carrying her, for if he did neither he would lose his bet. He concluded to carry her till they came to a farmhouse, where a horse and buggy were procured; then he put her in it and walked beside her. What took place during all this time has never been told.

The two reached Arlington only in time for a hasty breakfast; then Mungie proceeded to the club, which he reached ten minutes before 9 o'clock, and found those interested in his walk waiting for him. Benedict, the loser of the bet, looked surprised.

"I never expected to see you do that walk on time," he said to Mungie.

"Why not?"

"Because I sent Jacqueline Miller out to waylay and detain you."

Mungie greeted this statement with a blank stare of amazement.

"I placed her in a cottage beside the road about ten miles from here, gave her the time you would be likely to pass the cottage and bade her look out for you."

The wonder gradually passed from Mungie's face and was replaced by a proud, triumphant, happy look.

"She missed you?" asked Benedict.

"No."

"Well?"

"She was at her post and invited me in the cottage. I slept on the porch, and at 4 o'clock this morning we started to walk together. She sprained her ankle, and I was obliged to carry her part way to her home. She could easily have kept me from winning the bet, but she didn't choose."

"Why not?"

"A beautiful smile overspread the athlete's features."

"I can answer that question, fellows," said one of the party, Edgerton, Miss Miller's cousin. "I bet Jack ten pounds of candy against a box of Havana cigars that she couldn't make Mungie propose to her before 9 o'clock this morning. You're engaged to her, aren't you, Ned?"

CARDUI WORKED LIKE A CHARM

After Operation Failed to Help, Cardui Worked Like a Charm.

Jonesville, S. C.—"I suffered with womanly trouble," writes Mrs. J. S. Kendrick, in a letter from this place, "and at times, I could not bear to stand on my feet. The doctor said I would never be any better, and that I would have to have an operation, or I would have a cancer.

I went to the hospital, and they operated on me, but I got no better. They said medicines would do me no good, and I thought I would have to die.

At last I tried Cardui, and began to improve, so I continued using it. Now, I am well, and can do my own work. I don't feel any pains.

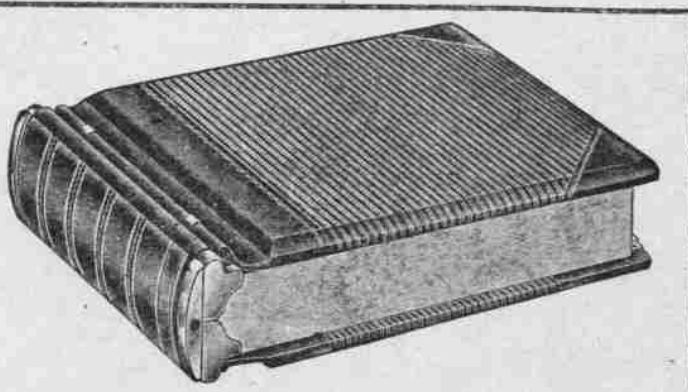
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