



Accepting the inevitable. "How do you like my new hat, Henry?" "Can it be sent back?" "No." "Must be something you ever had." - Chicago News.

FRATERNITY DUE TO EXPLODE SOON

Ball Players Neglect to Pay Union Dues.

BECOMING WEAKER DAILY.

Diamond Stars Seem Satisfied With Existing Conditions in Organized Ball—Ebbets Talks on Treatment of Players.

In the baseball players' fraternity crumbling? If stories told within the past few weeks are true an explosion is possible at an early date. David L. Fultz, organizer and president of the fraternity, at a salary, has written several letters requesting certain things in behalf of the players, which have been coldly turned down by the governors of the national game. The scare occasioned by talk of dissolving the so-called "baseball trust," which is at an end, is said to have opened the eyes of players in all the leagues to the fact that present conditions, if abolished, would mean a general reduction of salaries.

The quick collapse of the United States league, which lasted less than four days, is another eye opener, the players engaged by organized ball having reached the conclusion that the public, satisfied with the present high standard of play, is opposed to outlaw movements.

It is common gossip in baseballdom that many players enrolled as members of the fraternity engineered by Fultz are not in a hurry to pay the annual dues of \$18. Many persons predict the fraternity's early demise. Recalcitrant players have begun to ask one another what benefits can be obtained for the payment of dues which go to pay Fultz's salary. They appear to be convinced that the magnates who pay them for their services on the ball field do not intend to submit to dictation and that, as a matter of fact, there are no grievances to be adjusted.

"The sensible players know that they are receiving liberal treatment from their employers," said President Ebbets of the Brooklyn club. "With the increased popularity of baseball salaries have been raised all along the line. The new national agreement has been amended to benefit the players in major and minor leagues. Minor league players, just beginning their careers on the majors, while veteran players in the major leagues are satisfied to be turned back to the minors at good salaries rather than released with no prospect of other engagements. Rules of discipline are necessary to govern bad actors, but there are very few instances of oppression, and all such cases are fairly dealt with by the national commission. The players, with few exceptions, are well satisfied with present conditions. They believe in organized baseball, and they will tell you so if you ask them."

A player drawing salary from one of the western clubs in the National league, who didn't want to be quoted, said that when the fraternity was organized the players in the major circuits joined because it was a fad. "But it has been made clear," he continued, "that we have no grievances worth talking about. Our relations with the club owners are cordial, and we appreciate the fact that in paying high salaries our employers are running big financial risks. If a high salaried team cannot win the club owner loses money, but he is compelled to live up to the terms of each player's contract. Ty Cobb is getting \$12,500 from Detroit, yet he can't help the Tigers out of the second division. The fraternity has accomplished nothing so far, and that is why the players are beginning to ask why they must go on paying \$18 a year into the treasury."

If these stories of dissensions in the ranks of the fraternity are untrue Fultz, it is pointed out, can easily disprove them by publishing a list of the players who have come across with the coin.

MARQUARD PLEASUED WITH NEWSPAPER WRITING.

A writer had been assigned to "assist" Rube Marquard of the Giants in his daily story of the world's series last fall.

The interview took place on a parlor car running between New York and Boston, and Rube, after saying two words, told the writer to "go on and finish it."

The next day Rube read where he had used the expression "psychologically that idea might obtain," and the big words made an awful hit with him.

"The assistant" called up Rube on the phone to tell him that the main office had ordered him to cut the stuff down.

"It won't make any difference in the money you get," the "assistant" explained.

"All right, cut her down," agreed the Rube. "But if they leave out that line about that 'physiology' tell them I won't send in another line. Say," he said to the "assistant," "that is what I call big league stuff."

A Real Lottery of Marriage

By MARY T. BRYCE

I grew up with a full realization of the great risks attending marriage. I wished that a husband might be selected for me, as marriages are made in foreign countries, especially among princes. If, however, I had left the matter to my parents both of them would have died leaving me an old maid.

And being an old maid was a horror to me. I wished to be a wife, the mother of children, the feminine head of a home. My trouble was to make a selection of the man to be the masculine head. This may sound absurd, but the truth is there were several men who had proposed to me. They were all good men, but I dared not risk matrimony with any of them.

"I know what's the matter with you," said my friend, Mrs. Seamon. "You have never met a man of your own caliber—one who, the moment you saw him, you would wish to possess."

"I wouldn't make any difference," I replied. "I would not marry him. The only way for me to marry is to be married in the dark. Once tied I would have to get used to it, I suppose."

"I am not sure but you are right. I know such a man as I have described to you. You might be married to him, just as you say, in the dark without ever having seen him. He has never seen you and was only yesterday making the same point you have made."

To make a long story short, I became engaged to John Chesborough, knowing only his name and what Mrs. Seamon had said about him. We were to be married in a dark room with not a ray of light in it. As soon as the knot was tied the lights (electric) were to be all turned on at once, and after a few moments' conversation we and a few relatives who would be present were to adjourn to another room and partake of a wedding breakfast. Then we were to part, not to come together again until mutually agreed. It might be a month, a year or never.

Had I been about to marry a man I knew and was to live with him from the day of our marriage I should have during the engagement been on the border of nervous collapse, especially on standing up to be married. As it was, it seemed to me that I was waiting to make a trip or sign a deed to a piece of property or something like that. And when I went into that dark room and my father led me to the spot where I was to be married I was perfectly indifferent as to what I was about to do.

Perhaps this does not correctly express my feelings. I felt a pleasure akin to gambling. I was like one who expects to draw a prize or a blank. How I did hope I would draw a prize! And, if I should draw a blank, what then? Simply this: If I didn't fancy him I would not live with him. The advantage in the plan was that there was something strong enough to bind us together till we might begin a wedding process.

Having been put in position, the clergyman began the services. At that part where he placed my hand in that of the groom I knew that I should like him. How? There is something in the clasp of a hand that draws us to another or repels us. I felt that the hand clasping mine was a hand of vigor and tenderness combined, and the moment I clasped it I felt a current passing through it and up my arm, distributing itself through my being.

From that moment I was so absorbed that I forgot to make the responses, and the clergyman was obliged to wait till I had done so before proceeding. When the end came and I heard the words "man and wife" pronounced I was in a delirium of anxiety. For the first time I dreaded disappointment, but I had no time to indulge my emotions. In an instant every light was turned on at once. I turned and looked up into a handsome, manly, kindly face that looked down upon mine with an encouraging smile. A clapping of hands sounded in my ears, but since my whole being was engrossed in what I believed to be a prize I had drawn in the lottery of marriage it seemed to me in some faraway theater.

My husband offered me his arm, and we led the little procession of attendants to the adjoining room, where the breakfast was served. It had been agreed that there should be no congratulations, since they might be painful. But we were no sooner seated at the table than some one proposed a toast to "the first and second prize, the former drawn by the groom, the latter by the bride." I tried not to show my relief and happiness, but in spite of all my efforts a continual smile hovered on my lips and a blush burned in my cheek at every happy word spoken to me.

Our breakfast lasted till early afternoon, when one by one the others withdrew, and presently we found ourselves alone. My husband rose.

"The contract, I believe," he said, "calls for a parting immediately after the breakfast."

"Immediately?" I said, looking I know not where to avoid his gaze.

"I leave you to name the exact time."

"Then let it be later. We will visit awhile in the drawing room."

The only part of the contract that was not carried out was the parting. I do not recommend the plan of my marriage to others, but for me it was an instantaneous and, I may say, a lifelong success.

Only One Glimpse.

"Did you notice that woman who just passed?" inquired he.

"The one," responded she, "with the gray hat, the white feather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs and the lavender spots?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly."—Kansas City Journal.

Procrastination.

Dentist on first sight of patient—You ought to have come to me before.

Patient delighted, and darting for the door—Ah, I was afraid I might be too late. Good morning!—Punch.

BERRIES A DOLLAR; SUGAR WILL RISE

With all good berries selling at a dollar a crate, the strawberry market seems to have found itself for the present season. Housewives have started buying fruit to can, everybody is demanding berries three times a day and between times, and pickers are in the height of activity throughout the Willamette valley and in the eastern and southern part of the state. In about a week more the season will have started to wane, and then the big canneries will take a large share of the fruit, only better grades being left for general sale.

Along with the coming of the canning season a rise in the price of sugar is prophesied. Just how soon this will come dealers do not know, but they have been told to expect it shortly. Locally sugar is at \$5.20 to \$5.45 per sack, depending on grade.

The egg market in Portland has risen half a cent, and prices are now from 18 to 19 cents per dozen wholesale. The retail market is still about the same. Locally there is no change at all.

Idaho cherries, and some extra fancy fruit from Eastern Washington have reached Portland markets, and are being offered up to 15 cents a pound boxed at wholesale. The Washington fruit is particularly good.

California loganberries and peaches are also in the market in greater quantities.

Green vegetables are unchanged, and supplies are adequate to demand. Asparagus is continuing a prime favorite on the market, and is holding its price well.

FORD COMPANY DENIES SALE

RUMOR THAT STANDARD OIL CO. HAS PURCHASED AUTOMOBILE CONCERN FALSE

To Dealers, Sub-dealers, Limited Dealers and Branch Managers:

For fear that you have not noticed Page 353 of the Ford Times for May, wherein an emphatic denial is made of certain silly rumors concerning a change of ownership in the Ford Motor company and a consequent reduction in the price of Ford cars, we call to your attention the following plain statement of facts:

1st. The Standard Oil company or any other company has not bought the Ford business or even a single share of our Company's stock, as we have no interest to sell.

2nd. We have no connection whatever with any other automobile concern.

3rd. We will not sell three cars for one thousand dollars.

4th. We will not market our product through mail-order houses or direct to the retail buyers, or through any other channels except our regularly licensed dealers.

We expect and want everyone connected with the Ford business to deny rumors of this character, resting assured that when any changes are made in Ford policy our organization will be the first to know of it.

A dealer need only read his contract and do business accordingly, as his contract furnishes him ample guarantee that such rumors are without foundation.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales

MAN WINS ODD WAGER; THEN GOES TO PRISON

NEW YORK, June 10.—Indiscreet indulgence in the characteristically American betting habit is a dangerous practice and may get one into serious trouble. Quite frequently the bettor who wins his wager, wins more than he bargained for. This is clearly demonstrated by the case of Daniel Bradley, who appeared before Magistrate Corrigan in the Morrisania police court the other day. Bradley had made a wager that he could drink a quart of Sherry in five minutes. He won his wager and an hour later was found in a helpless condition by a police man who took him to the nearest police station. The next morning he was brought into court and sentenced to five days in the workhouse.

Great Polo Contest.

NEW YORK, June 10.—The international polo cup series began this afternoon at the grounds of the fashionable Meadowbrook Hunt club at Westbury, L. I., some twenty miles from this city, and during the remainder of this week the results of the matches between the champion American quarter and the English challengers will be awaited eagerly throughout the entire world, wherever polo is played.

LOCAL BRIEFS

The classified ad columns of The Enterprise satisfy your wants.

George Reed, of Salem, is visiting here.

Mrs. C. E. Fuge is visiting with relatives at Salem.

Miss Zeena Moore will return to Vancouver Wednesday.

Harry Winthrop, of Portland, was in Oregon City Monday.

Henry Dalgren, of Portland, was a business visitor Tuesday.

O. H. Derby, of Astoria, was an Oregon City caller Monday.

J. Lindsay, of Beaver Creek, was in the county seat Tuesday.

Judge Grant B. Dimick was a business visitor at Aurora last week.

Wallace Weldon, of Kalama, was visiting friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Phyllis Miller, of Salem, is visiting Mrs. C. A. Nash for a few days.

Miss Irene Clark has gone to her home in Idaho for the summer months.

Samuel Fish, of Portland, was a business visitor in the county seat Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude B. Wrangle, of Seattle, were Tuesday visitors upon local friends.

Clarence Wilson, of Canby, was delivering a load of lumber in Oregon City Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Yuland, and daughter, of Portland, were visiting Oregon City friends Tuesday.

Oregon City people by the hundreds went to Portland Tuesday evening to see the electric parade.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant B. Dimick were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bents, of Aurora.

Frank Pennyweather, of Tacoma, was in the county seat on legal business the early part of the week.

The Artisans of this city will go to Portland in a body Wednesday night to take part in one of the Rose Festival pageants.

Rev. C. W. Robinson, rector of St. Paul's church, has departed for Philadelphia, where he will wed Miss Finley. The couple will later return to the West and make their home here.

Miss Florence Qualley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is visiting friends on the coast, and who has called on Oregon City acquaintances several times in the past few weeks, has left Portland for her home, going by way of San Francisco and New Orleans.

Look out for lice or you will lose your poultry profits. Conkey's Lice Powder, 10c, 25c and 50c. Conkey's Lice Liquid for mites, \$1.00 gallon. For chicks use Conkey's Head Lice Ointment, 10c, and 25c. Guaranteed by The Oregon Commission Co., Oregon City.

JONES TO RACE NO MORE.

Cornell's Great Runner Is Through With Cinder Path, Says Trainer.

"There is about one chance in a thousand of John Paul Jones ever running another race," writes John F. Moakley, the Cornell coach and trainer of the holder of the world's record for a mile of 4 minutes 15.2 seconds.

This authoritative statement was procured because of conflicting statements to the effect that John Paul Jones would continue in training after the intercollegiate for the purpose of demonstrating his ability to defeat Abel Kiviat, the best middle distance runner in the country outside of college circles.

Jones has been advertised as a likely competitor in trials for a new mile record in connection with different meets throughout the country. Moakley, however, states emphatically that he has no intention of continuing his running after leaving college.

YANKS NEEDED PECKINPAUGH.

Former Clevelander Should Strengthen Yanks' Infield.

Manager Frank Chance has made his first trade for the Highlanders, and his friends believe that it is just the foundation in his efforts to build up a championship team, as he did in Chicago. Chance made a winner of the Cubs by making successful trades. Roger Peckinpaugh, the Cleveland shortstop, was obtained in exchange for infielder Stump and outfielder Lelivelt.

Chance has been endeavoring to get Peckinpaugh ever since the Naps announced that they wanted waivers on him. The Yanks have been badly in need of a good shortstop, neither Derrick, Stump nor McKechnie being able to suitably fill the bill at that position.

The acquisition of Peckinpaugh at short will no doubt strengthen the New York team. The little Cleveland player is a lightning fast fielder and covers plenty of ground. Peckinpaugh took part in sixty-nine games for the Naps last season. He had a fielding average of .924. The shortstop averaged .212 for the hitting end of the game.

Peckinpaugh has not taken part in many games this season on account of the great work of Chapman at short for the Naps.



Photo by American Press Association. ROGER PECKINPAUGH.

IOWA BOY LATEST CUE WIZARD

Mere Youth Astonishes Billiard Experts by His Skill.

The attention of the billiard enthusiasts throughout the country was attracted by the brilliant work of a mere boy, Welker Cochran of Manson, Ia., who has started in more than one amateur tournament during the last winter.

The youngster uses his cue in a phenomenal manner, and in one tournament defeated the veteran Conklin.

While the young Japanese player, Koji Yamada, was winning applause by the clever game which he put up he was forced to share the limelight with the youngster from the Hawkeye State. Cochran is confident that Welke Cochran will some day bring a national championship to his native state.

He is now studying the game under the tutelage of Professor Perkins in Chicago.

Will Make Attempt to Swim Channel.

Rose Pitonof, the Boston endurance swimmer, will again try to swim the English channel this summer. Among the feats she will attempt will be to swim from the Charlestown bridge to Boston light and back to the starting point. The effort will be made the second week in June if the temperature of the water is 52 degrees.

Balzac's Copy.

Balzac had his printing office in the Rue des Morais, in Paris. It has been said that the failure of the printing business was the direct result of the enormous labor entailed in making corrections in Balzac's manuscripts. "A compositor did his hour of Balzac as a convict did his imprisonment," wrote Champfleury. The stupendous task of setting up Balzac's manuscripts is shown by the fact that "Cesar Brotteau" had to be recomposed fifteen times in twenty days.

Marriage.

Marriage is a sacred rite by which a man subjects himself to perpetual cross examination.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS HONOR FEDERAL OFFICER

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 10.—Veterans of the Union and Confederate armies, with many other interested spectators, thronged the rotunda of the Indiana capitol building Monday and listened to addresses typifying the best patriotic feeling of both the North and South. The occasion was one almost without precedent—the unveiling of a memorial erected by Confederate veterans in honor of a Union soldier. The memorial is a bronze bust of Colonel Richard Owen, who was the commanding officer at Camp Morton in this city, where some 4,000 Confederate soldiers were confined after the capture of Fort Donelson by the Union forces. The movement to honor the memory of Colonel Owen was initiated by S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, of Nashville, Tenn., who was one of the prisoners at Camp Morton.

The cost of the memorial, amounting to about \$3,000, was contributed by other veterans who had been prisoners of war at Camp Morton and all of whom were pleased at the opportunity to manifest their gratitude to the commander who did everything in his power to make things more comfortable for them during their confinement.

AWFUL STOMACH SUFFERING

One does not positively prove its great power to cure. Over one hundred thousand sufferers have taken it; some had undergone dangerous surgical operations with but temporary relief, who now state that **May's Wonderful Stomach Remedy** completely cured them. It is the most widely known and successful remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal ailments.

Ask for interesting literature and convincing testimonials regarding this remarkable Remedy. Give it a trial today. You will be convinced of its great curative powers no matter how critical you may be now. Get for FREE valuable booklet on Stomach Ailments to Geo. H. May, Mfg. Chemist, 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago.



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The stronger and rougher whiskey tastes---the more harm it will do.

Why take chances with your nerves, your stomach, your general health.

Gyrus Noble is pure, old and palatable—Bottled at drinking strength. Sold all over the world.

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Portland, Oregon

The Superiority of Electric Toast

to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak.

For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes **Perfect Toast** faster than you can eat it. It is **Perfect Toast** because the **radiant heat** forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

You can operate the General Electric Radiant Toaster on the finest damask table cloth. Its neat porcelain base and cheerful glowing coils add grace and charm to any table.

This little toaster is on display at our store in the Beaver Building on Main Street.

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Beaver Building, Main Street

