

THE HORSE THIEVES

By THEODORE L. BREWER
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There ain't the same chance for a lively life out yere, said the old plainsman, "there use to was. These yere railroads ruin a country."

I was to spend the night in Josh Miller's cabin. We were smoking our pipes after supper, and his wife was washing the dishes. I encouraged him to talk about the country as it was formerly.

Them was times when the men was wifed as the beasts. Every man was armed with a rifle hooked to his saddle, two revolvers in his belt and likely a couple more in his saddlebags. Anyway that's the way I used to go about. And I tell you we had some pretty lively women about yere in them days. They could all shoot, and shoot straight enough too. And, better than that, they wasn't all day doin' it. One on 'em I courted, too, for I wasn't married then, but so far as I could see she hadn't no use for me.

The boss thieves was about as bad stuff to deal with as anything we had out yere in them days. There was one gang of 'em that I and some of the rest of us got after and broke up. We killed some, hung some, and some of 'em got away. I heard that them as got away said they'd get even with me. They'd get me alive and when they got me they'd make me suffer a death for every man of their gang I'd killed.

And they got me sure enough. One afternoon I'd strayed away from the settlement, crossed the river—one of the forks of the Missouri—by a ford and looked about for some game for supper. I had only my rifle with me, but I considered that enough to deal with any Indians roamin' about. I didn't come on no game, and, feelin' kind of lonesome, I laid down on the ground.

The breeze rustled the leaves of a tree under which I was layin', and the birds was a-singin', and everything was peaceful. That was what made the difference when the shootin' and the scaplin' begun in them times. We jumped from one to 't'her in a jiffy. One minute it was listenin' to the gurgle of water and the sighn' of the breeze; the next we heard a bullet singin' or a warwhoop.

Well, I fell asleep. I was woke up by a shake, and there, looking down into my face, was Bill Aiken, one of the boss thieves that had said he'd do me. He'd got my rifle, and I saw it was all up with me. Bill's boss was uppin' the grass. So was mine. Three other fellers come ridin' up. They was the jolliest lot at gittin' me, you ever see, and they begun at once to lay plans for torturin' me to death.

They concluded to take me to their camp. They tied a lariat around my neck, and one of 'em held an end before me, and another held one end behind me, so that I shore couldn't get away. Then they put me on my horse. To git to their camp they was obliged to go over the ford I'd come by. Two of 'em rode ahead and two behind me. When we reached the ford the first man went in up to his horse's belly. I was wonderin' if I couldn't find some way to drown. But I didn't have much time to think about it, for I'd scarce got into the water when the man who'd gone in first pitched forward into the drink. At the same time I heard a crack and saw a bit of smoke floatin' away from the high bank on 't'her side of the river. But I could see nothin' but the smoke.

The second man, seein' the one ahead killed and not seein' what killed him, didn't know what to do. All of us was in the river, and crossin' a stream is the worst possible place for to be attacked. The third boss thief called on the second to go on, but before he could do it there was another crack, and he dropped too. I was wonderin' if I was to be killed—rather hopin' I was—when the man behind me give a yell, and he went the same way as the others.

One idee by this time must 'a' got into the fourth man's head. I reckon he thought some one was doin' all this for me and, not likin' to give me a chance to escape, concluded to shoot me. I turned jist in time to see him puttin' his hand back to git his revolver when a red spot came in his forehead and he didn't get no pistol.

Yere was four men either dead or so near dead they couldn't do nothin'. Two of 'em was goin' downstream under the water. Of course I didn't waste no time. I spurred my horse and started across the ford. When I'd climbed the bank I looked for them as had done the shootin'. I didn't see no one. It was as peaceful there as an April mornin'. I listened, but I couldn't hear nothin' except a breeze shakin' the leaves of the trees. The grass was long, and I hunted about in it.

Purty soon I came to a gal layin' as if dead. She was the one I was tellin' you about a spell ago. A rifle and a .42 caliber revolver laid by her. I got off my horse and knelt down to do somepin to help her when she opened her eyes. Seein' me, she put her arms around my neck.

She was the party as had killed four boss thieves and had saved me. Behn' out thar, she had seen 'em and, knowin' I was nigh, had gone back to git the weapons. After killin' all four of 'em, like a gal, she fainted.

That's the kind of girl I'm lookin' for, I remarked enthusiastically.

You can't have that one, said the plainsman. She's in thar washin' dishes. Besides, she's an old woman now.

STAR WRESTLERS WEALTHY MEN

They Look Forward to Old Age More Than Fighters Do.

"HACK" IS A MILLIONAIRE.

"Russian Lion" Admits That His Pile Is Up in Seven Figures—Gotch Has Snug Fortune—Large Number of Other Mat Artists Comfortably Fixed.

When a fighter manages by some economy and strict observance of the rules of good finance to accumulate a bank roll he is spoken of by his friends as a smart young fellow and as a man setting a worthy example.

The fighter of today with money is rather a rare exception because few of them, no matter how fast they have gone in the game of fistcuffs, quit with anything more than a fair lot of coin and the majority of none. Those that accumulate enough to call themselves independent, even to themselves, are exceptionally few.

How are we to account, too, for the fact that the chief factors over in the sister sport of wrestling are men of money? Has it ever occurred to you that almost every wrestler in this country is a man of considerable wealth? Perhaps you didn't know it, but a moment's perusal of the figures will convince you that there is something about the wrestling game that compels financial craft and a large bank account. In fact, there are five rich wrestlers to one rich fighter.

Pugilists Given Larger Pursues. How are we to account for this strange difference? Is it because there is a different set of men? Even without mention of the purse of \$101,000 at Reno for the Johnson-Jeffries battle, all of the purses for the fighters, big and little, run generally higher than do those offered the wrestlers. But do those offered the wrestlers. But do those offered the wrestlers. But do those offered the wrestlers.



FRANK GOTCH, WORLD'S CHAMPION WRESTLER.

fighter. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, Jack Johnson, Jim Jeffries and Bat Nelson are about the richest.

Hackenschmidt Richest of All. Now, take the wrestlers. George Hackenschmidt is easily the richest of all of them. He admits to being a millionaire, and, admitting that much, probably has in excess of that amount. He has one trust fund in London alone of \$100,000, besides three estates scattered through Europe and a bushel of the best paying and safest of European, Japanese and American securities locked away in safety vaults.

Hack has been accumulating for years and for the last eight has been an extremely high salaried artist.

Frank Gotch, champion of the world, is credited with a quarter of a million salted down in fine securities and farm lands in Iowa. Dr. B. F. Rolter, the Seattle physician, made a fortune by buying land in the northwest and never is idle a day in his life when there is a chance to work.

Charley Olson of Indianapolis owns theaters and good paying property of other kinds and is credited with being worth \$100,000. Freddie Beell has almost as much, invested like Gotch's, only in Wisconsin land. Bill Demetral, the Greek, is another rich man and has his invested in Oklahoma.

Gus Schoenlebe, known as "Americus," is the son of a rich Baltimore contractor and a member of the firm which bid recently on the building of the new city hall in Chicago. Farmer Burns is more than comfortable. So are Jess Westergaard, Henry Orde-man, Tom Jenkins and John J. Rooney.

Zhyzco, the Pole, is reputed to be extremely rich, and so are several others among the foreign stars.

And so it runs all the way through. Another strange thing about this financial end of wrestling and boxing is that we don't hear of any of the promoters accumulating much.

THE THINKING GERMAN

By SARAH BAXTER
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Being a woman with no children and not content with the occupation house-keeping alone gave me, I decided to go into the business of raising squabs for market. Having ample room in my back yard, I erected dovescotes there and put in a dozen pairs of pigeons. About the time I began to think of selling my surplus on counting my young birds I missed several of them. There was a leak somewhere.

Behind our place, facing on another road, was a shanty in which lived a German cobbler named Hans Schreiber. One night, hearing a noise in my back yard, I went out with a dark lantern and flashed it on Schreiber getting over the back fence. He was warned that the next time he was caught in our yard he would be prosecuted under the law. He put on a great deal of injured innocence, but confessed to steal my squabs. Finally I caught him again, had him arrested and the next morning appeared against him in court.

"Jutch," he said to the court, assuming the expression of a martyr, "I leat it to you wedder a poor man like me can afford to eat squap. How woult I know I like squap if I don't know how dey taste. I got to pay 'em first, hafn't I, to know wedder I like 'em?" "That's a very ingenious argument," Hans," said the prosecutor, taking up the case, "but it won't work. Did you never taste any kind of game—quail, snipe?"

"Naffer. Do you take me for a shentleman?" "You've eaten young chickens, haven't you?" "Proffers! You think I can afford to eat proffers? All 't' proffers go into 't' houses of shentlemen like you. I's estate, ven 't' proffers are two years old I don't like 'em."

"How can a broiler be two years old?" asked the prosecutor. "I should consider a chicken two years old a pretty aged bird." "A proller not pe two years old! Hm! Yo' go to 't' colt storage house. Yo' flut 'em 'trec, four, five years' old."

"We're not trying the cold storage men," said the prosecutor. "We're trying you, Hans Schreiber, for stealin' Mrs. Perkins' squabs. What did you eat for breakfast this morning?" "Sausage."

"Anything else?" "Bread and coffee." "Are you sure you didn't eat squabs?" "Sure."

"Hans, did you ever hear of Herr Roentgen?" "No."

"He discovered a process by which one may look into the body and see what's there."

"Now I'm going," continued the prosecutor, "to use one of these machines to look inside your stomach, and if I find squab there his honor will send you up for a long term. If you will confess I'll ask him to let you off with a small fine—just enough to pay for the birds you have stolen. Now, will you submit to the test or confess?"

"Vat is 't' princible of 't' machine?" asked Schreiber. "The principle is that a peculiar light called the Roentgen ray illuminates a man's inside and shows what is there." "The prisoner thought awhile, then said: "I like 't' see how dat is done. You show me vat you hat for breakfast dis mornin', and I tell you what I do."

"Come, come," said the lawyer sternly, "enough of this. Send for the machine." He whispered to an attendant to go to an optician near by and bring a certain instrument he designated. When it arrived the German looked at it with much interest. It consisted of two brass cylinders, with glasses at each end, mounted on an upright.

"Now, Hans," said the attorney, "before applying the test I'll give you one more chance. Will you confess?" "Hans hesitated. The instinct of investigation indigenous with his race struggled with his fear of detection. At last he said: "If you flut the squap in my stomach how long for I go to shail?" "The lawyer looked at the judge, who was watching this new method of trial much amused.

"Thirty days," said his honor. "I risk it," said Hans. "Look into my stomach." "I withdraw the charge," I said, coming to the lawyer's rescue. "The charge is withdrawn," said the judge, struggling to repress laughter. "Prisoner, if another such charge is made against you and you are proved guilty I'll send you up for six months."

A Deserter

By EDWARD B. TAPPAN
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One morning in 1863, when the Confederate and Federal forces were fighting in Virginia, a rawboned man in butternut entered the camp of a regiment of Tennesseans and said to an officer he met:

"Cap, when you was goin' to fight the Yankees?" The officer was passing on when the man in butternut called to him. "Say, cap, I want to enlist." "Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked the officer, mollified at the prospect of a recruit.

"I'm Ben Riggs, and I hail from Tennessee." "Tennessee? This regiment is from Tennessee." "Wah, thar's whar I hail from. Some Union men driv' me out. I come over the mountains to to jine this yere army."

Riggs was enlisted and turned over to a drillmaster. After three days' hard drilling the sergeant went to the captain and reported that it was simply impossible to teach the Tennessean the manual of arms. When he had taught him a movement the recruit would forget it while he was teaching a second one. He seemed to be anxious to become a soldier, but had no capacity to learn anything.

The sergeant was told to turn him over to a drillmaster. The first night Riggs was sent out on picket he fired his gun and came running in full tilt, alarming the whole picket line. Supposing him to be a coward as well as stupid, at the next brush he was put in the front rank, but he stood up well, proving conclusively that he was simply stupid.

Riggs' stupidity was of the kind to cause trouble. He went one day to the brigade commander and asked him if he had any tobacco. The general sent him with a note to his captain, ordering the officer in future to keep "this fool away from these headquarters."

This mortified the captain, and he put Riggs in the guardhouse. The colonel, hearing of the episode, directed the captain to release Riggs, since there could be no criminality attached to the act of a "blighted fool."

After this the captain spent most of his time thinking how he could get rid of Riggs. He tried surreptitiously to have him transferred to another company, but the plot was discovered and failed. No other company would have him. Then one day Riggs met the division commander and told him he thought he would like a position on his staff. He was sent back with a reprimand for his captain for not better instructing his men in the proper relations of a soldier to his commander.

The captain now vowed he would get rid of Riggs if he had to shoot him. Whenever there was a fight he put Riggs right in the middle of it, but somehow the stupid fellow escaped, while the best men were being shot down. After a week's exposure of Riggs the fighting suddenly ceased.

Then no sooner had Riggs got himself furnished up than there was to be a grand review, at which he placed his captain again in trouble. Passing the reviewing officer, he swung his gun in the air and sang out: "Three cheers for General C!"

Riggs' captain was desperate. He formed a malicious resolve. He would put the fool in the position of a deserter and get him shot. He told Riggs one morning that the Yankees were offering bounties as high as a thousand dollars to any one who would enlist. It might be a good move for Riggs to desert, go over to the Yankees, enlist and bring back the bounty.

"By jink," exclaimed the dunce, "that 'ud be a good idee! I could set the hull company up with that." The captain offered to connive at his desertion. He took Riggs out on the picket line and told him to run for it. The captain had arranged that the deserter must pass through a narrow defile between two low hills, at the farther end of which were posted two men who had been instructed to arrest Riggs and bring him back to camp. His trial and execution would speedily follow.

Riggs triangulated his long legs so rapidly that when he met the men who were to arrest him somehow he couldn't stop. They attempted to head him off, but he had got by them before they reached his path. They fired at him, whereupon he turned, shot one with his musket and the other with his revolver and sped on. If he was stupid he was certainly quick, but quick for the first time in his life.

"Well," said his captain, "I'm rid of him, though I fear he's really fool enough to come back. However, if he does he'll be shot for desertion." But Riggs never returned. On reaching the Federal pickets he asked to be taken at once to the headquarters of a certain general.



Cookery Notes

Panned Oysters. For these savories use casseroles or cocottes a little deeper than those sold for shirring eggs. The squat little brown ones with handles are ideal for this purpose. Butter them lightly and lay in each a round of toast cut to fit the bottom of the dish. This may be stamped out of bread with the cooking cutter or empty baking powder can discarding the crusts and toasting the rounds. Moisten with a little oyster liquor, lay six or seven good sized oysters on the toast, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, add if you like a tablespoonful of cream, though this is not an essential; set in an oven of steady heat and bake about ten minutes or until the oysters ruffle and crisp. Then serve at once in the pans in which they are cooked, setting them, of course, on a plate so as not to injure the table. Pass lemon with them and serve more toast as an accompaniment or thin slices of buttered brown bread.

Chocolate Layer Cake. For a layer cake with a filling of chocolate cream mix half a cupful of butter with a cupful of sugar. After creaming add two beated eggs and half a cupful of milk. Lift two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder with one cupful and a half of flour and stir the moist ingredients into it. Let the mixture bake in two or three layers and when cold spread them with the following filling: Grate a quarter of a pound of chocolate. Melt it and add a quarter of a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Measure out one cupful and a half of milk. Add a little to the mixture and put the rest over the stove to boil. When it boils add the mixture and continue to cook till it thickens, being careful to stir it constantly to prevent lumps from forming.

For Leftovers. The squash leftover from dinner may be used up in pan-cakes. Have ready about a pint of cold mashed squash and add a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, half a cupful of milk, an egg and half a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. If the batter is too thin add more flour or if too stiff pour milk. Drop the batter by tablespoonfuls on to a hot buttered griddle or a sauprone one and bake like other cakes of the kind. Serve the cakes directly from the griddle with butter if there are leftover corn and stewed tomatoes in the larder mix them, and when they begin to boil flavor with a little onion juice, half a teaspoonful of sugar and serve very hot.

Spiced Sweet Potatoes. For this dish the potatoes must be perfectly sound and of the flavor of occasion. Select those of uniform size, wash clean, boil tender, skin and stand aside to become cold. Cut into quarter inch rounds, place a layer on the bottom of a buttered dish, dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with a mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. Alternate layers of potato and seasoning until the dish is filled, finishing with plenty of butter. Cover and stand in the oven until thoroughly heated through, then uncover and brown. Serve at once without relishing.

Cream Puffs. One cup boiling water poured on one half cup butter and put in saucpan on stove. When boiling add one cup of flour, beating all the time. Let boil five minutes. When cold add three eggs well beaten; drop on buttered pans and bake thirty minutes. Cream Filling—One-half cup of sugar, three great spoons of flour, one egg poured into one pint of boiling milk; flavor. Make a small hole in the side of the puffs with a knife and fill with the cream. This makes twelve.

Care of Earthenware Casseroles. A point emphasized by the manufacturers is that before using at all they should be placed in a pan or large kettle and completely covered with cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and then remove the pan from the fire, letting the ware cool in the water before taking out.

A Fig Dessert. How about mince pie pudding? Do you know it? If not you might try it out on the family. Mince very fine one half pound of figs and mix them with one half pound of finely grated breadcrumbs, six ounces of soft butter and enough molasses or best strap to make into a paste. Butter a mold and fill it with the mixture, then boil or steam for one and one-half hours. Serve with cream, either plain or whipped.

Ginger Puffs. One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, three-fourths cup butter or part butter and lard, one egg, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon ginger, one-half cup flour. Drop in spoonfuls in a greased pan. You may think there is too much soda, but there is not.

Get a can of asparagus tips and stalks—it's delicious. 20c per can at Harris' Grocery.

Funeral of Mrs. Verwyat. The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Verwyat, who died of congestion of the lungs at her home on Sunday, was held Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock at the family home, the service being in charge of Mrs. A. O. Freil. The interment was in the Mountain View cemetery, and many friends of the deceased attended.

Choice office rooms in Gambinus block; steam heat. See J. J. Tobin.

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