

Trapped

But There Were Two Traps and One Neutralized the Other

By Delia B. Thoms

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"My husband and I had been working for some time educating the peasantry in Russia and had the good luck to escape the police. Our work was done by means of matter written, printed and distributed all in secret. So long as we had no traitors among us we felt comparatively safe. And since we were all doing the work as a matter of duty the only danger from traitors was that some spy should come among us for the express purpose of betraying us. The other dangers were that the police should get word of our depots of supplies or intercept the matter while leaving our hands.

One day I went to the main depot to get some matter ready for shipment. The room was at the top of a business building, and I climbed the stairs with



M. MEYER

MUST HAVE BROKEN EVERY BONE.

the usual dread lest I might find the room in the possession of the police, for I knew that when they raided any place hostile to the government they were accustomed to keep out of sight that they might entrap any one visiting it, not knowing that it had been raided. When I reached the top of the last staircase I paused and listened for some sound in our rooms, since I expected that one of our society was there. The only sound I heard was the ticking of a clock. I put my hand on the knob, opened the door and was about to walk in when I stopped with a start. In the room were several officers of police.

Immediately one of them was sent by his chief to go to my home with me. No time was wasted, because it was hoped to catch others implicated in the work we were doing, and at any moment such persons might hear of the raid and be prepared. I knew that if I led them to my home my husband would be caught with a large amount of educational printed matter in our chambers. It was my object, therefore, to delay going there as long as possible.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked one who seemed to be the chief of the party.

"You know well enough what it means."

"I know that I came here to meet a friend. I may have got into the wrong room."

"You go with this man and show him where you live."

I was not sorry to be refused, for I could not have bettered myself had he assented. I went down stairs with the man who had been assigned to the work of forcing me to implicate others, but I had nothing to gain by doing so, since I was doomed, of course, to Siberia in any event, and I was not likely to betray my own husband.

I walked with the man who guarded me all over the city. At last he stopped and told me that if I did not take him to my home he would take me to police headquarters.

The man did not appear very confident when he made this threat, and I determined to try to deceive him. I forced tears into my eyes, which was not very difficult considering the situation in which I was placed. I was aware at the time that the best way for a woman to get the better of a man is through tears.

"I am sorry for you," he said, "but I must do my duty."

"You don't understand why I weep," I replied. "You think it is because I fear to betray some one at home. What I fear is my husband. He suspects me, not of disobeying the law, but of having a secret from him. When he sees me coming in under arrest he will consider that his suspicions have been confirmed."

"I can't help that," said the officer. "I have been ordered to go with you to your home, and I must obey the order."

At that moment we passed a friend of my husband. Seeing me in charge of a police officer, he looked at me wondrously. I did not speak to him, but gave him a look which told him to warn my husband. By the way he stepped out in the direction of my home I believed that he had understood me. If this were so, all I had to do was to keep my attendant walking till my husband had been informed and had had time to remove all compromising matter.

"Well," I said to the officer, "if you have no heart I suppose I must take

the consequences. But it will surely break up my relations with my husband. Oh, dear! What shall I do?" I started on, but not in the direction of my home. My guardian walked silently beside me, I constantly giving vent to lamentations at the trouble I expected with my husband. At the end of half an hour, not seeing any end to our peregrinations, the man told me that he was forced to take me to the chief of police.

"Give me one more chance," I said. "I have finally made up my mind to take you to my home, to face my husband and have an end to this matter. But what a misfortune I have had in getting into the wrong room!"

I was at the time quite a distance from our rooms, but since I kept a straight path, not turning corners, as I had done before, my attendant did not consider that I was deceiving him. At any rate, he said nothing, walking beside me stolidly. I was in terror lest my husband had not been warned. If he had been I did not expect to find him at home, but did expect that our rooms would be stripped of documents.

Our home was on the second floor of an apartment house. I led my guard upstairs and opened the door of our living rooms with a wildly beating heart. I was shocked to see my husband sitting in an easy chair reading. He gave me and my attendant a look of wonder as we entered, but I knew that it was assumed. It told me also, or rather, I inferred, that he had been warned and had remained at home in the hope that he might save me.

I threw myself at his feet and begged him not to condemn me unheard; that the fact that I came in charge of a police officer would be explained; that I had made a blunder which had resulted in very serious consequences. In short, I recounted what I had said to the police officers.

My husband took the cue readily, though I gave him plenty of time to understand by not leaving him an opportunity to reply, so voluminous were my excuses for coming home in charge of an officer. But when I paused for breath my husband raised me, took me in his arms and said to me:

"I believe every word you say. I confess I have been jealous of this man, who has been trying to induce you to look favorably upon him, but I have perfect confidence that you would not tell me a lie." Then on pretense of kissing me on the cheek he whispered: "Leave it to me."

"And, now, sir," he said, turning to the officer, "what can I do to convince you that my wife is a loyal subject of the emperor?"

"I must search these rooms," said the man doggedly.

"Do so. Go where you like. They are all on this floor."

But the man, though not very bright looking, was not so stupid as to let us remain in the living room while he went elsewhere.

"You come with me," he said, including both of us.

"Certainly," said my husband. "We will assist you in your search. We will open up every closet, guide you to every nook, and when you are convinced of our loyalty I trust that you will report it so that it may reach his majesty's ears."

There were but few rooms, and we—or, rather, my husband—led him through them all. In a cabinet was found a number of pamphlets that my husband had published some years before embodying suggestions to the government as to how to deal with revolutionists and profuse with expressions of loyalty. The pamphlet had been written when my husband first became interested in bettering the condition of our people and had greatly pleased the government. But the suggestions had not been followed, and the author had taken the work of education into his own hands. I did not doubt that he had placed these pamphlets where they would be found, though he had done so, expecting that an officer of higher rank would examine them.

The officer glanced at them, then put them under his arm to turn over to his superior. He poked his nose everywhere still finally my husband threw open the door of a closet. The man entered, and quick as a flash my husband closed the door. The man knew at once that he had been tricked, put his foot in the opening and endeavored to force his way out. My husband and I both resisted, but we were scarcely equal to the task. One thought of Siberia was enough to give us sufficient strength to hold our own, and while my husband remained braced against the door, I, who am by no means a light woman, brought the heel of my heavy walking boot down on the officer's toes. The pain must have been intense, but he held his foot in place. I looked about for something heavier than my boot and in a few seconds noticed the andirons. A few seconds' absence was enough to bring one of them, with which I dealt such blows that they must have broken every bone in the man's foot. He withdrew it, and I turned the key in the lock.

I, being dressed for the street, needed to put on no other clothing, and my husband seizing his hat, we were about to go downstairs when we heard the door below open and, looking down the staircase, saw three officers of police enter. Doubtless I and my guard had been shadowed. The house was built in a block, walls at the sides, open front and rear. We rushed to a bedroom at the rear, locked the door, made a rope of the bedclothing and let ourselves down to the ground. Running through the back yard to an alley, I turned and looked back. The police were at the window through which we had escaped. In another minute we were walking with apparent unconcern on a crowded street.



Milady's Mirror

Care of the Hands.

Many young wives whose husbands are earning only very moderate incomes and who are consequently obliged to do almost all the work of the house themselves often, either through carelessness or lack of time, so neglect their hands that after a few months of household toil they discover that instead of being soft and white and well kept, as they used to be before marriage, they are now coarse and rough and the cuticles are ragged and discolored.

Now, there is absolutely no need for this distressing state of things, however rough and dirty the work may be. If every day a few minutes are spent in attending to the hands, and there is scarcely a woman even among the very busy ones who cannot manage to find ten or fifteen minutes during each day to give to this important matter. It is really an important matter, as the legitimacy of a woman's claim to the title of lady is often decided by the appearance of her hands.

And now let us see how these few minutes snatched from the busy day are to be spent. In the first place, always wear gloves for any dirty work, such as the cleaning of grates, dusting, sweeping or polishing. Do not think that it is too much trouble or a waste of valuable time to do this. You will be well repaid, and in the end you will save time, as the skin will not become lined and seamed with almost ineradicable dirt, which must always be the case if dirty articles are touched with the ungloved hand. Gloves made especially for this purpose may be bought for a small sum, and two or three pairs should be kept in use so that each may be washed in turn.

When the daily work is completed rub a little olive oil well into the hands and wash in hot water, then rub with a slice of lemon, digging the nails well into it, and wash again in hot water.

At bedtime wash the hands thoroughly in hot water with a good soap; see that the nails are perfectly clean, smooth and even; push down the cuticles gently with a soft towel and, lastly, apply a little cold cream, rubbing it well into the skin, but make quite sure that the cream is pure. Perfectly pure cold cream is rather an expensive item, but the following is an excellent recipe that can be easily and inexpensively manufactured at home: One ounce of white wax, one ounce of spermaceti, five ounces of almond oil and three ounces of rosewater. Melt the white wax, spermaceti and almond oil together over a gentle heat, then add the rosewater and stir vigorously until cold.

If this treatment is carefully followed the hands will become beautiful and need never show signs of the rough and often disagreeable work which their fair owners are compelled to perform.

Alcohol as a Cleanser.

When you go to the washstand and carefully wash your hands with a generous application of soap and hard brush do not think for an instant that your hands are clean. The tenacious microbes refuse to be disturbed and cling to the flesh throughout the whole operation, says the Lancet. There are some chemical compounds which will dislodge the busy bacilli to a certain extent, but not entirely.

According to the investigations of a medical authority of the Prussian army the best results in the direction of giving the hands a sanitary cleansing are accomplished by the use of alcohol. A bath of pure alcohol will remove about 99 per cent of the germs. Where it is desired to clean the hands hygienically it is recommended that the hands be not first washed with water, for this will so adulterate the alcohol that it can not accomplish its work as effectively as otherwise.

Grooming the Hair.

Dandruff causes the hair to fall, ruins the gloss and causes a dull, lifeless appearance. Clean brushes, daily attention to the removal of dust and dirt, the discarding of thick heavy "rats" and the airing and sunning of the hair are all preventives that any woman can use. If the hair is carefully groomed every day dandruff will not form to an alarming extent.

Tea For the Hair.

Take one ounce of the best black tea to ten ounces of boiling water, let it steep until very strong, strain and when cold add by rum, two ounces; glycerin, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; perfume to taste. Shake well and it is ready for use.

Cold Sores.

Spirits of camphor, if applied in time to the spot, will prevent the development of cold sores. A drop or more should be put on every hour at least through the day, and after twenty-four hours the trouble, as a rule, has disappeared.

Diluting Glycerin.

Few skins can stand glycerin, and it should never be used without diluting. Otherwise the skin will become dry and parched.

CANBY.

Dr. Dedman has been confined to the house for several days by an attack of rheumatism.

J. R. Macy, of Canby, has purchased a Reed-French piano from Ed. Kruger.

Mr. A. W. Butterfield, president of the United States Flower Map Company, left Canby Tuesday for a six weeks stay in the East. He has planned to visit New York, Washington and Philadelphia.

Miss Esther Holzman made a business trip to Portland Wednesday.

Sim Lindsey and Mrs. T. Cowen visited the Embury's here Tuesday.

Miss Ethel Ferguson visited relatives here recently.

The children of Canby are to have the pleasure soon of again riding on a Merry-go-Round. Mr. C. N. Wait's lot has been rented and the work of putting up the swing is now in progress.

C. D. Dillard, from Canby, who made a business trip to Primeville, Madras and Matolea, has returned.

Canby is to have a five, ten and fifteen cent store. Goods are on the way. The building is being rushed to completion. The exterior has already received a coat of paint. Mr. Pfeister, who recently sold the business he had been carrying on for the Watkins Medical Company, is the person to be thanked for this new commercial enterprise.

REAL STARS COME EVERY FIVE YEARS

So Says Baseball Man in Talking About Diamond Marvels.

POINTS TO HISTORY OF GAME

Says It is Noticeable Fact That Extraordinary Ball Tossers Pop Up Only in This Space of Time—Johnson and Cobb in Present Decade.

By TOMMY CLARK.

"Did you ever notice that baseball marvels appear only once every five years?" said a prominent National league baseball man recently to the writer. "It may seem facetious, but nevertheless is true. Just go back over the list and you will see that there have been but two extraordinary players developed during this space of time, and one of them is a pitcher."

"My point is easily taken and to my last five years both men have gone to and been developed in the American league. One of them is Walter Johnson of Washington, that marvelous pitcher and perhaps the greatest of this year and former years. The other player is Ty Cobb of Detroit.

"The half decade from 1900 to 1905 brought out Pitcher Ed Walsh of the White Sox and Second Baseman Johnny Evers of the Cubs. I would like to include Pitchers Mathewson of the Giants, but really believe that Ed Walsh tops him. You see, he hasn't the club behind him that the other two fellows have. It takes a lot of pitching to win a game for the Sox, especially last year and the one before.

"To return to Johnson—he never was heard of until Joe Cantillon signed him up. Straight from the deserts of Idaho he lugged Walter, and Johnson has been a star ever since. He has not got what you call a marvelous team behind him, but his winning average is close to 500, and he has worked in a big lot of games too.

"Cobb, Speaker, Lajoie and the other magnificent batters of the American league find him a hard proposition to face. Pat Dougherty and Billy Sullivan of the Chicago Americans, who are pretty fine sluggers, cannot do anything but whiff when they get up against Johnson.

"Lots of the time he doesn't need many curves. His straight, fast ball is enough to baffie most of the batters. In a series with the White Sox in Washington last summer I don't think he threw fifteen curve balls the whole game. But when he has to he can put on every kind of dress that a ball can stand.

"There is no need telling of the merits of Ty Cobb. He has figured in countless columns baseball stories. It's a cold day when some kind of layout can't be worked around Ty Cobb."

During the discussion several took exception to the baseball man's remarks. They claimed that he was unfair; that if he counted in only two players every five years that would make about fourteen players of that caliber since the National league opened.

"That's not the point," continued the baseball man. "I wanted to figure in the real, top notch, amazing stars. They don't come any faster than that. Before Walsh and Evers in that generation from 1895 to 1900 I would include Lajoie of Cleveland and Wagner of Pittsburgh. Others whom I would place in the list are Comiskey, Clarkson, Kelly, Jennings, Anson and Radbourne.

"I don't mean this as any knock against the other players. It's the same as classifying the great actors or the great presidents. I don't think Sir Henry Irving would have justice done him if you compared another tragic actor of good ability with him. Sir Henry was a star of the first magnitude, just as Walter Johnson and Cobb are in their profession."

The baseball man has failed to mention Johnny McGraw and Willie Keeler. The former was one of the greatest third basemen that ever lived, while Keeler was a great outfielder, a wonderful batter and one of the speediest base runners baseball ever produced. As for Christy Mathewson, his equal as a pitcher will probably never be found. For twelve seasons he has been doing mound duty, and today he is still without a superior. Johnson is a marvel, and so is Walsh, but Matty outclasses them. Johnson may or may not surpass Mathewson in years to come, but he will have to go some to do it. It is mainly through Matty's great work in the box that the Giants have been so well up in the race for years.

Then how about Eddie Collins, the Athletics' second baseman? He is a wonderful batter, base runner and one of the brainiest young men that ever appeared on the diamond. And there is still another—Russell Ford of the New York Americans. Today he is the peer of all spittin' twirlers, and in another season he will stand the heavy hitters of his league on their heads.

When going over the list of great ball players one cannot leave out Fred Clarke. Show us one left fielder that has anything on the Pirates' manager in any way. How about Hal Chase? A more spectacular first baseman never appeared in baseball. There is no way of figuring out how often wonderful ball players pop up. They may be one this season. Who knows?

THE PENALTY OF PILLAGING

By THOMAS R. DEAN

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The army was in an exposed position. The enemy had every advantage. The general commanding had given orders to maintain the strictest discipline. Any man caught pillaging must be shot without mercy. In the midst of this tension a private of the Seventeenth regiment was marched under guard to the colonel's headquarters. He was a black-eyed young fellow, scarcely above the limit of height at which recruits are accepted and not a sign of a beard on his rosy cheeks.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked the colonel of the noncommissioned officer who had the young recruit in charge.

"The captain ordered me," replied the sergeant, saluting, "to bring him here to you, sir, and say that he's been pillaging."

"What's your name?" asked the colonel of the prisoner.

"Perkins, sir."

"Did you break into a house?"

"No, sir. After the firing yesterday and our advance we came upon a dwelling that had been deserted during the scrimmage. I went in and saw a bracelet. I took it."

"Took a bracelet! What did you, a soldier, want with a bracelet?"

There was no response to this. Private Perkins looked everywhere except at his commanding officer.

"Well, Perkins, do you think if I let you off this time you can leave pillaging alone?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Well, you can go back to duty; but mind, if you're caught another time I'll have to shoot you. That's the order, and I must obey orders as well as you. Nothing demoralizes an army so much as pillaging. We need all our discipline to stand against the enemy. Now go, and don't let me hear of your disobeying the order again."

The next day there was more fighting, more shifting of position, more houses deserted. The scrimmage had barely ceased when the colonel, standing under a tree talking with an officer, saw a man march toward him between two of his comrades. The colonel's brow darkened, for when the three came near enough for him to see their faces he recognized the center man as Private Perkins. What troubled the officer was that if Perkins had again been caught pillaging he didn't see how he was to avoid shooting the boy.

"I'm ordered by the captain to bring this man to you, sir, and say that he's been pillaging again."

"You're the man," said the colonel to the prisoner. "I told yesterday that if you were caught pillaging again I would have to shoot you."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you pillage for?"

"Couldn't help it, sir; things came too handy."

"What do you mean?"

"After the fight several of us went into a deserted house, and things were lying all about."

"What did you take?"

"A necklace."

"A necklace! What in thunder could you do with a necklace?"

No answer.

"You know what I told you."

"Yes, sir."

"And despite that and your promise not to offend again you entered houses and took gewgaws. There's no use letting you off again. You'd be carrying a pair of jeweled garters next time. Sergeant, go to your captain and tell him to send me a firing squad."

The sergeant saluted and was about to leave when the colonel called him and whispered to him:

"Tell the captain to have the guns loaded with blank cartridges. I don't wish to shoot this little fool. I'm only going to scare him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

When the firing squad arrived the colonel said to Private Perkins:

"By order of the general commanding I'm going to shoot you for pillaging. I let you off once. This time I deem it my duty to carry out the general's order. Where are the articles you have taken?"

The recruit put his hand in his pocket and pulled out, in addition to what he had confessed to appropriating, a turquoise finger ring, a lady's lace handkerchief, a pair of silver slipper buckles, a hatpin and three bangles and a—

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the colonel, "have I a soldier in my command so utterly lost to all sense of manliness as to get himself shot for these feminine baubles?"

Private Perkins looked on the ground. His lip quivered.

"Stand up there," said the colonel, placing the culprit with his back against a tree. The firing squad were aligned to face him. He was a pitiable object, evidently without enough sense to make a plea or a protest for his life. The words "Ready" and "Aim" were given, but before the order to fire came Perkins dropped.

"Sergeant," said the colonel, "sprinkle him and set him up again."

"The sergeant went to the collapsed boy and loosened his uniform jacket at the throat. Then he returned to his commander and stood as though he had something of importance to communicate.

"Well, sergeant?"

"He's a girl, sir."

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Mrs. Parker Entertains Young Folks. Mrs. C. J. Parker, of Fourteenth Street, entertained a number of young folk Sunday. Among those who were present were Harry Palmer, Miss Root, Miss Martha Parker, of Willamette; Marcel Constant and William Dickinson, of Boring.

Notices are posted up for a special tax levy of two mills, the purpose being to buy a city park for Clackamas county. The tract of land which the city hopes to purchase is the grove owned by Mrs. Ogil. The election will be held on May 27.

Miss Campbell Golf Champion. PORTSMOUTH, Ireland, May 15.—Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton, Ontario, today won the British women's golf championship. Miss Violet Hazlett, three up and two down, was runner-up.

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