

OUT OF THE SKY

A Fourth of July Story

By Clarissa Mackie
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The grass was starred with dandelions, and a robin hopped perkily among the yellow blossoms. Mrs. Secor watched the red breasted bird with resentful eyes that finally filled with tears.

"Seems as if it isn't just right for a bird to be so happy when the Lord deems happiness to Alice—not that she shows it, because she's too proud, but I understand; seems as if all the light went out of her face the day Martha Fane came over and told her she thought it was a step down for Henry to marry her. Humph—as if a Secor wasn't better blood than a Fane any day!"

The door opened just then, and Alice Secor came into the room, surprising her usually busy mother with idle hands folded on her knitting.

Mrs. Secor resumed her knitting with furious energy. "Get any mail?" she asked.

"Nothing except the paper," responded Alice in her low voice.

"See anybody you know?" asked her mother, with assumed indifference.

"I met Henry Fane," she said, with a note of sharpness in her voice.

"What did he have to say, Alice?"

"Nothing, mother. I just bowed to him and passed along."

Mrs. Secor said eagerly, "Are you going to do anything, Alice?"

Her daughter lifted her head proudly. "No, mother, I'm going to let the Lord take care of the matter."

The older woman reddened. She felt rebuked. "The Lord helps those that help themselves. It ain't a day of miracles," she said.

Alice Secor looked across the lawn and the stretch of road beyond to where the prosperous farm of the

"Henry, wait. I told Lucy I would not be surprised if you asked her to go to the trot. I don't know what she'll think," called Martha Fane.

"I guess she'll think you're a mighty poor prophet, mother," Henry laughed shortly and drove out of the yard. He did not ride past the Secor cottage. Instead, he turned to the left and took the long way around. He would have stayed at home that day so as to have shown Alice that he did not care to go unless she accompanied him, but he had been appointed one of the judges of the races, so he could not very well refuse. He hoped Alice would hear of it and understand.

His mother watched him drive around the long road, and she understood, and for the first time there came into her heart a doubt of her own wisdom. Martha Fane had always been sufficient unto herself and her family. Her son Henry was different from the meek husband who had died and the submissive daughters who had married and gone away. Henry had a dominant spirit of his own, but she had exacted his promise not to marry without her consent, and then after his engagement to Alice Secor had been an accepted fact for three years she had set her face against it.

She was jealous of the girl and of Henry's devotion to her. So she had made family pride and money the vehicle of her displeasure, and after a while, when she had explained her views to Alice herself, the engagement was broken off. She wondered now if she was any happier. True, she had her son all to herself, and he had passionately declared that he would marry nobody else. But he was changed from the happy young man of three months ago, and in his serious, brooding face she read bitterness and sorrow. She was afraid, and she was ashamed, and yet she did not know how to make amends. Perhaps it would come out all right, she argued, although she had doubts, for the Secors were proud, too, and would never make the first advances.

Dusk was falling when Henry drove into the yard again.

After Henry had eaten his supper he went with his mother to the high hill back of the barn to watch the display of rockets from all around the valley.

They roared up into the firmament, broke into rainbow showers of stars or sent streamers of red fire down to earth with their drooping sticks.

"That one fell on the barn, Henry," cried Martha suddenly. "I wish I'd let you renew the insurance on it as you wanted to, but—there, I guess it's gone out. Oh, look Henry, it's awful—like a judgment!" She pointed upward where by a strange freak of circumstance six great skyrockets, like blazing comets, tore toward the zenith from all points of the compass. Just above the Fane house and barns they poised an instant and then broke all together in a fiery rain that fell on the Fane farm buildings like a heaven sent disaster.

"Oh, Henry, that was awful!" cried Martha, almost hysterical with fear. "We better get down to the house and see that everything's all right. I wish I'd let you renew the insurance."

Henry spoke not a word as they hurried down the slope. When they reached the barnyard the barn was aflame in a dozen places where the cinders had ignited the dry shingles. While Martha flew to telephone to the home company Henry tore open the barn doors and led the frightened stock into the pastures. Then he rolled the carriages to a place of safety, threw a canvas cover over them and turned to the house.

Through the dormer window of the attic there glowed a red light, and a little tongue of flame licked the roof. He called his mother, and they worked frantically to remove their choicest possessions from the house, for there was nothing else to do until help came from the village. Suddenly Mrs. Secor and Alice appeared and worked side by side with the mother and son.

When the hose company came it brought half of Little River with it, and before long the house was denuded of its contents while the fire burned slowly downward, checked little by little by the streams of water pumped from the artesian well.

The three women, Martha Fane, Mrs. Secor and Alice, huddled in one corner of the yard. Somehow or other their arms had become interlaced, and once Martha Fane's quivering lips had pressed against Alice's dark hair.

"It's a judgment on me for being proud," she moaned continually.

Long after midnight the light ceased. The barn lay a heap of smoldering ruins. The house was gutted by the devastating fire, and the household furniture of careful Martha Fane was heaped about the yard.

Henry came and placed his arm around his mother. "I guess we're poor enough now, Henry," she sobbed—"not a penny of insurance on anything and not a place to lay my head."

Mrs. Secor took her arm and gently led her toward her own house. "Poor or rich, Martha Fane, my house is yours as long as you want to stay there. Uncle Benjamin will watch over the ruins and the furniture. He doesn't mind, because he can sleep all day tomorrow. Maybe it's all for the best, Martha. You know you never liked the upper floor of that house. You can build it to suit now."

"I guess it's a judgment come direct from heaven to straighten out a whole lot of things," said Martha Fane meekly. She looked back over her shoulder at Henry and Alice following. "You take good care of Alice, Henry!" she called in a meaning tone, and Henry responded with his old boyish cheeriness: "All right, mother, I will."



WILL JONES

Fanes lay under the summer sunshine. The large house and barn were painted white as snow, and the fences marked the various inclosures with unvarying regularity and whiteness. Dun cows dotted the rolling pastures in the background. The wide open barn doors showed a glimpse of carriages, and there was the distant pounding of horses' hoofs from the stables.

A sudden booming sound rent the air, and the robin on the lawn darted into the apple tree.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Secor sharply.

"A cannon, I think, mother. Tomorrow's the Fourth of July, you know."

"I don't suppose you'll go over to the horse trot same as usual with Henry," remarked Mrs. Secor.

"No, I'm not going," said Alice.

"I wonder if Henry will ask Lucy Jennings to go. Martha Fane thinks the Jennings are all right, they're so well off."

Alice did not reply. She was mentally computing the value of the Fane farm and wondering how Martha Fane could ever estimate the worth of land and houses far above the love and happiness of her only son.

It was a cloudy Fourth of July, and the noisy demonstrations of the patriotically inclined only added to the general smokiness and depressing heat of the day.

For three years past Henry Fane had taken Alice Secor to the horse trot at the heights. Once he had a colt entered for the races, and when he had triumphantly placed the winning purse in Alice's lap the occasion had been as joyful to her as to the tall, strong young farmer she had promised to marry.

This year, however, Henry Fane set forth on the drive all alone. His mother's insistence that he should ask Lucy Jennings to accompany him had stirred him from irritation to positive anger, and he had spoken harshly to her for the first time in his life.

"But what will she think?" complained Martha Fane.

"Think?" repeated Henry impatiently. "Why should Lucy Jennings expect me to take her to the trot when I've never taken her anywhere in my life? I never took but one girl, and if I can't have her I don't want any."

OREGON DIOCESE TO MEET THURSDAY

ELABORATE PROGRAM ARRANGED FOR CONVENTION IN PORTLAND.

The Twenty-third Annual Convention of the Diocese of Oregon, in which many Oregon City residents are interested, will be held on next Thursday and Friday, in Trinity Parish House, Portland. The following is from the official program:

Annual Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in the Pro-Cathedral of St. Stephen the Martyr, Wednesday, June 14, morning and afternoon.

Sermon by the Rev. C. W. Robinson, of Oregon City.

It is expected that John W. Wood, of New York, will be present and address the meeting.

Preparation Service, St. David's, Wednesday, June 14th, 8 p. m. The Bishop's Annual Address.

Thursday, June 15.

Trinity Chapel, Holy Communion, 9 a. m. Business session at 10 o'clock in Trinity Parish House.

Business session at 2:30 p. m. St. Andrew's Brotherhood Service in Trinity Chapel, 8 p. m.

Friday, June 16.

Trinity Chapel, Morning Prayer at 9:30.

Business session at 10 o'clock in Trinity Parish House.

Business session at 2:30 p. m. Missionary Meeting at St. Mark's Church, 8 a. m.

Convention Missionary Service at St. Mark's Church, corner Twenty-first and Marshall streets.

Speakers: The Right Rev. P. T. Rowe, D. D., Bishop of Alaska. The Venerable Archdeacon Horsfall, Marshfield, Oregon. The Rev. E. W. Shaylor, St. Mark's Church, Seattle, Wash. The Right Rev. Charles Scadding, D. D., Bishop of Oregon.

WOODMEN OF WORLD HONOR DEAD TODAY

DECORATION OF GRAVES WILL FOLLOW EXERCISES AT HALL.

Memorial services will be held today by the Woodmen of the World of Oregon City. The services will start at 3 o'clock at Woodmen Hall and everybody is invited to attend. The Rev. C. W. Robinson, of St. Paul's church, will deliver the principal address and Mrs. Leon Des Larzes will give a solo. Another feature will be the unveiling of a monument to Manley Manning, of Wallamet.

After the services flowers will be placed on the graves of Woodmen in all the cemeteries of the city. The Woodmen of the World has the largest membership of any order in the city and it is expected that the attendance at the services for the dead will surpass that of any previous year.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

THE GREATER LOVE.

"I would die for you," he said.

"No doubt you would do so," she replied. "I believe you. But would you live for me?"—A Modern Romance.

Under the surge of a mighty impulse there be those who would die for a great love or a great cause, but to live for the cause or for the loved ones—that is different.

Said the great Lover:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend."

You say that means that love seals itself by death. Yes, if necessary. But—

It means more. The lover may lay down his body if need be, but greater than that—he may lay down his life in living sacrifice. He may lay it down on the altar of daily self denial, it may be, through years—a sacrifice not of death, but of life.

Which means heroism.

I have before me as I write the letter of a woman who says: "I am tired of hearing about self sacrifice. In many cases where there is denial for others you merely make those others more selfish, and you get no thanks."

Certainly.

And that is why such sacrifice is a hardship and heroism is needed. A mother, for instance, whose denial of self is unappreciated by her children until she has gone beyond their ken, suffers a settled anguish.

The greater love requires that she shall love herself the last.

Whoever faces an irksome task for the sake of others, whoever lives to do the thankless service, whoever stints to keep wide open the door of opportunity for the children of tomorrow—these are the heroes of the greater love.

Who are they?

They are all about you—next door or just around the corner. The sacrificial surrender is common. Everywhere these great lovers plod in the treadmill of the dull, dull days—an elder sister of the family, a shabby coated man at his desk, the woman with her tub. Only you cannot see.

You see only the sordid toil. It is the love in the toil that is great and beautiful.

Greatness of whatever kind rests.

The greatness of love is no exception. And the cost is the measure of its greatness.

Two Couples Get Licenses.

Marriage licenses were granted to Gladys L. Smith and T. V. Grant; Augusta Schrader and Olen Tonkin on Saturday by County Clerk Mulvey.

At the Portland Theaters

LAST CAR LEAVES FOR OREGON CITY AT MIDNIGHT



JOHN SAINPOLIS, WHO WILL MAKE HIS FAREWELL APPEARANCE AT THE BAKER THEATRE THIS WEEK.

SAINPOLIS AT THE BAKER.

Farewell Week at the Baker in Richard Mansfield's Success.

The closing week of the eminent character actor John Sainpolis, with the Baker Theatre Company, will open next Sunday matinee, and by special request he will be seen in Richard Mansfield's famous success, "A Parisian Romance," playing the role of the old roe, Baron Chevalier. As is well known among theatre-goers of a dozen years ago, Mansfield first sprang into fame in this play, and the part is one that requires a artist of the highest class. No one who is familiar with Mr. Sainpolis' superb character portrayals doubts for a moment his ability to give a truly remarkable performance of the role, and this is not only an opportunity for Baker patrons to witness the play, that was the sensation of the country for many years, but to see it played in a manner that will be a credit to everyone concerned in it. The terrible and realistic banquet scene is one that will long be remembered by everybody fortunate enough to see it, and the death of the cruel, heartless old roe who stands in the way of so many others' happiness, is accepted as a kind act of Providence, leaving no unpleasant impression with the audience. The last act brings the play to a happy, logical ending. There are many strong, interesting scenes, and unusually good parts for the supporting company, including Miss Hope, Miss Raliner, Miss Fowler, Miss Andrews, and Frank Denthorpe, William Dills, Frank Burke, Dan Bruce and all the others who have won such warm places in the hearts of the patrons of Baker Stock Company. This will be the closing week of the season for stock, and matinees will be given as usual Wednesday and Saturday.

CROWDS PAY HOMAGE TO ROSES

(Continued from Page 1.)

best 15 Caroline Testouts, Mrs. L. L. Pickens.

Section G, Class New Rose—Four awards to Mrs. George A. Harding, Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mrs. G. B. Dimick, Mrs. Fred McCausland.

Section H, Class Large Roses—Four awards to Mrs. Joseph Lynch, J. Green, Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mrs. R. D. Wilson.

Section I, Class Wild Flowers—Three awards to Sallie Lang, Linden McCausland, Iva Howell.

Special prizes for best general collection of roses grown outside of Oregon City, in Clackamas County—Mrs. W. A. Shewman, first; Mrs. Lucas, second.

Special prize, trophy loving cup, for best 12 Caroline Testouts, Mrs. L. L. Pickens. Mrs. Pickens, having won special prize two years in succession, gets the loving cup.

Special prize for best six yellow hybrid tea roses—Mrs. S. P. Scripture.

Crowd Sees Parade.

The floral parade was participated in by many of the children of this city and Canemah, headed by the Girls' Band of Oak Grove. The streets were thronged with persons to see the parade, the first one ever given by children here. The ladies in charge of the arrangements deserve great credit for the interest they took in the work. The parade was in charge of Mrs. Clarence Fatt, Mrs. J. L. Waldron, Mrs. S. S. Walker, Mrs. O. D. Eby. There were dogcarts, wheelbarrows, doll buggies, carts, bicycles, tricycles, wagons, gaily decorated with flowers, and presenting an attractive appearance as the procession passed along the street.

Among those who had little floats were Velma Randall, with doll buggy containing a Jane bride doll; Dorothy Frost in a beautifully decorated express wagon with arches made of pink roses, and the wagon drawn by her little brother, Melville; Weldon Reed, aged two years, seated in his little dog cart which was decorated in yellow and white bunting and roses of corresponding shade, and this being drawn by his pet dog "Trixy," who trotted along and seemed proud of his driver; Leabel Cross, attired in white, wearing a wreath of pink roses, and a garland of the same, her doll buggy being elaborately decorated with LaFrance roses; Lotta Pace, with her Teddy Bear in a buggy, decorated with roses; Martha McLarty, doll carriage with pink roses; Sammy McLarty, gaily decorated wheelbarrow; Marie Walker, LaFrance rose decorated doll carriage; Alta Curtis, with decorated floral box; Evelyn Williams,

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To introduce The Morning Enterprise into a large majority of the homes in Oregon City and Clackamas county the management has decided to make a special price for the daily issue, for a short time only, where the subscriber pays a year in advance.

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People who gave our canvasser a trial subscription for one or more months, at ten cents a week, can have the daily delivered for a year for \$3.00 by paying a year in advance.

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Subscribers to the Weekly Enterprise may change their subscriptions to the daily, receiving credit for half time on the daily that the weekly is paid in advance. When they choose to add cash to the advance payment equal to a full year's advance payment they may take advantage of the \$3 rate.

We make this special price so that people who have paid in advance on some other daily and wish to take the Morning Enterprise, may do so without too great expense.

THE MORNING ENTERPRISE is on sale at the following stores every day:

- Huntley Bros.—Drugs
- J. W. McAnulty—Cigars
- Seventh and Main
- Secret—Confectionery
- Main near Sixth
- M. E. Dunn—Confectionery
- Next door to F. O. Electric Hotel
- Walter Little—Confectionery
- 514 Seventh Street
- M. Volkmar—Drugs
- Seventh near Center.

ELECTRIC HOTEL.

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel: Ritter, of Astoria; F. Smith, Portland; L. A. Hubert; C. Moore, C. M. Crittenden, Seattle; Keck, A. W. Hendricks, Seattle; Jeffrey, Salem; Mrs. Libbie A. Fisher, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. H. E. Bray, Walla Walla, Wash.; Ed. Lion, Clatsop Creek, E. D. Arnold, Portland; C. A. Will, Canby; C. D. Gordon, D. C. T. der, Hubbard.

Brotherhood to Give Ball.

A grand calico ball will be given by the Modern Brotherhood of America, Oregon City, Lodge No. 2774, at the Willamette hall on Saturday evening. The ladies are to wear calico aprons and bring neckties to match. Willis' orchestra will furnish the music for the dancing.

CHICAGO, June 8.—It is announced that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy will inaugurate a passenger service between Chicago and San Francisco.

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If The Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for the work.

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