HUNDREDS PAY LAST TRIBUTE TO HEROES

HARRINGTON AND SCRIBNER FUNERAL HELD AT SAME TIME.

One of the largest gatherings at a funeral service in Clackamas county was that at the obsequies of Amos Harrington and Samuel Scribner, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Scribner, of Highland, who lost their lives by drowning at Highland. The double funeral service was conducted by Rev. S. A. Hayworth, pastor of the church of this city, and was held at the home of Mr. Harrington. The floral tributes were beautiful, and were sent from many sections of the The pallbearers for Mr. Harrington were old friends of his, and for the Scribner boy, former school-The services were held at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and immediately after the services the remains of Mr. Harrington were taken to the Highland cemetery, and afterward the remans of the Scribnec boy were taken to the Ringo cemetery, the burial taking place about 3 o'clock. There were more than one hundred carriages in line to both cemeteries.

Amos Harrington was born on the old homestead where he has resided all of his life. He is survived by a widow and two children, Maurice and Aletha, and a sister, Mrs. J. M. Heckart, of Molalla. He was a nephew of Edward Harrington, of Gladstone.

of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Scribner, of High- to be hanged by the neck till be was land, and his parents are heartbroken dead. over his death. "Sammy," as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, was popular with his classmates as well as the other residents of Highland. In an effort to save this boy's life Mr. Harragton jumped into the water and both were drawn under logs which they had been standing on. Mr. Harrington's son's life had been saved by young Scribner, and as the sheep, did propose to Farmer Manning latter was sinking, Mr. Harrington for his daughter, a comely weach, and went to his rescue with the fatal result.



Cookery Notes

Saxed Apples and Figs.

Appres based with figs are very nice. Select the pumpest and juiclest dried figs you can get and wash them carefully punching them into their natural shape. Then select good, firm apples and wash them. Scoop out the cores and into each of these holes pack two or three whole firs. Place them in a baking pan and bake in a bot oven. While they are baking baste them with sirun made from the inice of half minutes. Then remove the cover and

Strawberry Cream Pie. cut into circular pieces about nine inches in diameter. From one of is a delicious, dainty pastry with which people. to complete a luncheon or a dinner.

Cold Strawberry Shortcake. has been sifted twice with a teaspoon. spoke was that he was innocent. ful of baking powder. Butter layer and bake. When done turn out to cool. been balved, pile the layers on top of sheriff: each other, sprinkle with sugar and serve with rich cream.

Indian Pudding.

To make a delicious indisn pudding take one pint of scalded milk, two beeping tablespoonfuls meal and one tablespoonful flour. Wet meal and flour in a little cold milk and stir into the hot milk and cook until thick. When cool, add one egg, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon molasses, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon, two-thirds cup cold milk, a small piece of butter, salt to taste and a few raisins. Stir twice while in the oven. Bake slowly two

Dandelion Sandwiches.

Take some tender dandelion leaves, washed, dried and chilled. Pound in mortar or chop fine cold cooked meat, poultry or fish, as preferred, mix ing with a little butter, sait and pepper to season. Spread this mixture on thin sifces of brend and butter, put a few lion leaves on top and cover with more buttered slices. Cut into squares. triangles or fingers and serve. These are delightful for picnics, as the leaves keep the sandwiches moist and fresh.

BY THE KING'S EDICT

By MARTHA L WRIGHT Copyright by American Press Asso-

As to the matter of Edmond Koyle, yeoman, who was sentenced to be hanged in the county of Kent. in the reign of King Edward IV., this is the

Koyle had just come of age, and there was a celebration in honor of the event on his father's farm. The young men and maidens danced on the green. and it was noticed that Edmond Koyle and Margaret Manning, a comely tass of nineteen years, danced many times together. Moreover, some who were there saw old Simon Winter standing

by himself looking on at the couple, scowling and tapping his foot angrily on the floor, for he had that day applied to Farmer Manning for Margaret to wife, and now he saw that her heart was going out to Koyle. That night the church was robbed

of the silver service plate, and, search being made, it was found hid in the barn on the farm to which young Koyle had the day before come to an inheritance, his father having died two year agone. And there were those who averred that they had seen Ed mond carrying plunder from the church at dead of night.

So the young man was tried before the judge, and those persons who claimed that they had seen him carry ing a load from the church swore to Samuel Scribner was the only son the fact, and Edmond was sentenced

> Edmond was defended before the indge by Montgomery, his advocate, in this wise:

"Most worshipful sir, there be a conspiracy on the part of Simon Winter to ruin my client, that the said Winter may put away a rival. This man, who has a farm and much cattle and the proposal was accepted by Farmer

"Then came the prisoner and on the day be was of age danced merrily with Margaret Manning and Simon Winter, being jealous, did hire men for pay to rob the church and place the plate in Edmond Koyle's barn, that he might make it appear that the sacri-lege had been done by Koyle, Winter having the intent to injure Koyle that he should cease to be a rival for the band of Margaret Manning.

"Therefore, I pray you, most worshipful sir, to let my client go free, or if you are not satisfied of his innocence he will willingly decide wheth er he or Winter is guilty of this sacrilege by deadly combat."

But Winter, being no match for a young man, declined the combat, and the judge was constrained to pronounce the accused guilty and pass sentence upon him.

Then did Margaret, who was in the court, fall down in a swoon and was carried to her father's house.

When the day came that Edmond Koyle was to be executed the people a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar in those parts came to see, some in and half a cup of water. If when wagons, some on foot and some on they look done they are not soft to horseback, the women riding on piling dish and let them steam for a few crowd was collected. And there were present many friends of Koyle, who brown the fruit slightly. These apples knew him to be innocent of the crime may be served either alone or with charged against him, and they mur farina, hominy or other breakfast food. mured that he should be hanged for a crime be had not committed. Among the spectators sat Farmer Manning A strawberry nevelty is made as and his wife and between them Mar follows: Roll out a rich paste and garet, their daughter. And the people marveled greatly to see a maiden sitting by the scaffold on which the man these rings cut out the center, leaving she loved was to suffer death. But a border about one and one-half inches near her sat Montgomery, who had wide. Bake the circles in a hot oven, spoken in Koyle's behalf before the Place the circles together with cream magistrate. All looked for Simon filling between. Place the open ring Winter, wondering maybap if he on top and fill the space with fresh would venture to attend the execution. strawberries, sweetened to taste. This But be dare not come, fearing the

Then came forth Edmond Koyle, being pale of countenance, but walking with a firm step and head erect. Be-Cream together two tablespoonfuls of fore the cap was put over his face he butter and a cup of powdered sugar, stepped to the front of the scaffold then add three eggs, besten light, and and spoke the words which all who a quarter of a cup of cream. Beat are condemned to die may at the last very hard and add a cup of four that moment say to the people. But all he

Then when the executioner was cake tins, pour the batter into these about to make ready for the hanging Montgomery looked at Margaret, and Place on each layer berries that have she, rising in her sent, said to the

"I claim this man in marriage." The people marveled, and the sheriff, paying no heed to Margaret's demand, told the executioner to proceed. But up stands Montgomery and erles

out with a loud voice: "I protest against the execution as

illegal. "In what respect?" asks the sheriff. "There is an edict of our sovereign, King Edward IV., commanding that if a woman shall demand in marriage any man condemned to death he shall go free and be given to the woman."

And Montgomery took perchment to the sheriff and showed him the edict. and the sheriff read and ordered that

the prisoner be given to Margaret. Then all rose up and went to the church, consoled for not seeing a hanging by being given view of a wedding. But they were after all not satisfied without a hanging, and when Simon Winter came to see what was in the wind they made a rush for him. and, taking him to the scaffold, where all was in readiness for such a spectacle, they hanged him instead of his in-

tended victim. These things I have told not that I have heard them, but because I was present and saw them for myself.

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\$113,000 YEAR? Value of Detroit's Wonderful Player Difficult to Estimate.

GAME'S GREATEST ATTRACTION

Nearly Every Day Tigers' Right Fielder Pulla Off Something Sensational. Defeated New York Himself Recent-Iv-Fans Go to Game to See Cobb.

Leaving out the thrills and getting down to hard cases-large round cases of a value of one buck each-what is Ty Cobb worth to the Detroit club? Ha, ha! Sure you laugh. That has all been thrashed out before. Sure it has. But still it offers an interesting diversion if you haven't anything to

Recently Cobb had a real day, whipping the New York Americans practically single handed. He scored from first on a single and from second on a passed ball and then capped his base running feats by rapping out a two bagger which sent two runs home ahead of him and scored himself while Catcher Sweeney was disputing the decision on Bush. On the defense he made a couple of neat catches, on one of them doubling the fleet Hemphill

And now to get down to the mercenary side of the picture. Ty draws a salary which scars around the \$10,000 mark, and back in the winter time when the baseball scribes are clinging to the payroll by their eyebrows a discussion was started as to Ty's being worth \$100,000 to the Detroit club's

There is a large number of people who dispute the fact that the Georgian is worth \$100,000 and earns \$10,000 per year. In figuring a man's earning capacity the only safe way to handle the dope is to size up the return due directly to his efforts to his employers.

In Cobb's case this cannot be done with accuracy, but a good line is available. The Tigers have been tearing up the western teams of the league. They walked over New York in the opener, and then the Yanks turned and grabbed two. What was the result? The faint bearted ones promptly pulled the blue stuff and went around sighing. "They've blown now. The east will walk through them." But did they? We guess not.

If New York had made it three straight the result would have been noticeable in the failing off of the at tendance. But the Tigers pulled it out of the fire, and Cobb was the chief

What was the result? Cobb's feat meant in the neighborhood of an additional \$1,000 in the box office the following afternoon over what would have been there if the Tigers had lost the day before.

And Cobb does such tricks many times during the senson. When the team goes east thousands will turn out to see Cobb play-not to see the game know a baseball from a pumpkin And more dollars will roll into the Detroit club's coffers.

Yes: it would appear that Ty Cobb is worth his \$10,000 per year and could not be duplicated for \$100,000.

TIGERS MISS DEL GAINOR. First Baseman Who Had Wrist Broken

Best Detroit Ever Had. Although Jennings has a good substitute first baseman in Ness, still the Tigers miss the services of Del Galnor. The latter recently had his wrist broken by a pitched ball thrown by



DEL GAINOR, TIGERS' YOUNG FIRST SACKER

Jack Coombs and will be out of the game for some time. Gainor is the best first baseman the

Figers have ever had. He is a grand fielder, a fine thrower, a heavy batter and remarkably speedy. Del was hitting at a .350 clip when he received the injury that put him out of the

France Takes to Tennis. In France tennis is enjoying a big soom. The frog eaters will soon be contenders with the Americans, English and Australians for the world's racket honors. The Parisian youths are making a scientific study of strokes and strategy, and the game is having widespread popularity.

Bodie Making Good For White Sox. Ping Bodie, who made so many home runs last year in the Pacific Coast league that the secretary had to get an adding machine to keep track of them, is making good with the Chicago White Sox. He is stinging the ball at the rate of 368 per cent.

Real Estate Transfers. The following are the real estate transfers that have been filed in the office of the County Recorder:

O. R. and Hesse E. Mack to E. Krueger and C. A. Bradford, westerly 35 feet of lot 2, block 4, Canby; \$1850. Willamette Fruit Company to John Samuelson, blocks 21 and 22, Prune-lands; \$1250.

John Moizam to Susan Moizam, 78 acres of section 6, township 4 south, range 2 cast; \$1.

Matilda Charman to Phillip and Christine Schnorr, lot 1 of block 12.

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Charles T. and Erms I. Privatt, lot of block 2, Maywood; \$2000. C. D. and Sedona Latourette to N P. and Margaret G. Adams, 40.98 acres of John Kilngler D. L. C., township 4 south, Tange 2 cast; \$1639.

8. A. Slewert, f. B. Curver, N. Shupp, H. E. Hornschuch and G. W. W. Plumer, trustees of Oregon Conference of the Evangelical Association, 47.75 rods, in Chekamas county \$450.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

TWO LOVES

A Story Showing What Dress Has to Do With the

By Karl Sommers Copyright by American Press Asso-

When the Revolutionary war broke out the men who collected to fight on the patriot side came from the farm. the workshop, the country store-in deed, from the then few simple avocations in which the colonists engaged They were soldiers neither in training nor dress and were looked upon by the British well drilled and handsome ly uniformed officers and men with the contempt regular troops entertain for

One day-it was in 1778-a regiment of American patriots were marching along a road in the vicinity of Eliza bethtown, N. J. It was in the spring following the memorable winter when Washington's army suffered at Valley Forge. Not only were the leaves sprouting under the warm rays of the returning sun, but news had come that France was to send an army to help the colonies. Nevertheless the regiment marching through New Jersey was a tatterdemalion lot. They were all bungry, and whenever they passed bouse where a patriotic farmer's wife would bring out a pall of milk and a few logves of stale bread they would fall out of the ranks, if there were ranks, to satisfy their appetites At the gate of one of these farm ouses stood a girl of seventeen, who had been sent out by her mother with a tin pan full of doughnuts. The cakes were nearly all gone as well as the men who had taken them when a young soldier, very pale and with large, deep sunken eyes, bespeaking iliness, approached the girl, laid his musket against the fence and sat down on the mounting stone before the gate. There was one doughout teft in the pan, which the girl offered him, but he was too ill to relish it. He sat for a few minutes resting his



elbows on his gnees, then, casting a

glance at the last straggling files of his comrades, arose and took up his musket to follow them.

But there was something that trou bled him far more than his trembling limbs. He wore little of that which is the pride of a soldier-uniform-and what there was of it was torn and solled. A young girl was looking at him sympathetically with a pair of tender brown eyes, and to leave her be must expose his rear, and from s hole in the sent of his trousers protruded a portion of his shirt tall. How could a soldier expose such ignominy? But white he stood deploring the necessity of doing so a darkness came before his eyes, he tottered and the girl caught him before he fell. It was several weeks before the

young soldier. Abner Wicks, was well enough to leave the farmhouse, and when he was his departure was made painful from the fact that he must leave his heart with the little girl who had nursed him. True, her mother had done the greater part of the nursing, but the daughter had done the loving. Lucy Barton was of an age when love comes easily and from many causes. In this case it arose from pity. About was but a year older than she, and he loved her because her eyes were brown and because she pitied him. It was a love that might be broken as easily as it had come or might endure when both, with tocks white as snow, should totter arm in arm together.

One morning Abner took up his musket to go and rejoin his regiment. His moving away was not so embarrassing as it would have been a few weeks before, for Lucy's mother had patched the sent of his trousers. Nevertheless there was nothing in his appearance to inspire such admiration as is often given a soldierly man in a becoming uniform.

Abper had waved his hat-not his handkerchief, for he had no handkerchief-from a crest a short distance from the farmhouse and had passed out of sight when a vision of another kind appeared in the direction oppo-Sunset City; \$10.

Ellen E. Clodfelter and H. S. Clodfelter to Hibernia Savings Bank of horseback, came carscoling toward

Portland, Or., land in Pinehurat; \$1.

Hibernia Savings Bank to Clacksmas County, land in Pinehurst; \$1.

Charles T. and Erms I. Privatt, lot tons and their side arms. Here surely was something admirable for the eye to rest upon. There was not a rip in any man's uniform, not a rusty spot on any saber, not a tarnished bit of

They trotted on up to Farmer Bar ton's bouse, and the general, call-ing Mrs. Barton-the farmer was at Valley Forge-asked if there was a creek or a spring near by. 'She told him there was a brook farther on, but if he wished water only for the party be had with him she had a-plenty in her well, to which he was welcome.

During the brief chat Lucy, who stood by her mother and was tooking with admiring eyes at the group of equestrians whose chargers were impatiently pawing the ground, could not help contrasting their appearance with that of those ragged Continentals who had passed the house a few weeks before. There was in the party a blue eyed, flaxen haired young Brittaber with real English roses in his cheeks, who sat on his borse admiring ber simple country beauty, and she thought how different be was from the boy who but a few minutes before she had watched retreating down the road, the two prominent objects in his dress being the patches one square, the other round-in his sent and especially noticeable from their color being different from that of his

trousers and from each other. It is a blow to our ideas of human constancy to contemplate the change that immediately came over Lucy Barton's heart, for she immediately withdrew it from Abner and gave it to the young British aid-de-camp. And yet in view of the circumstances can we blame her? The contrast between the Continental's garb and the British regular's red cont, buff breeches, high top boots and resplendent decorations was too much for the seventeen-year-old Lucy, who had thus far seen men dressed only in the

linsey woolsey of the period. The British general concluded to remain a few days where he was, making his beadquarters in the Barton farmhouse. In three days Captain Arthur Claverly made a greater inroad upon Lucy's heart than Abner Wicks had made in three weeks. True, the Britisher had no use for her heart, but a common sense view of the situation had no place in either of them. At the end of the three days he rode away, gayly kissing his hand to the little giri who moked after bim. She had looked after Abner with the same longing, but a longing that sprang from a different source. She had pitled him; young Claverly had dazzled her.

Three years passed. Lucy Barton remembered her two lovers with their two very different uniforms. The Britisher engaged the larger part of the thoughts she gave to both, but in Abner's foriorn appearance there was always something that caused little ripples to pass over her heart. Moreover, she was now stwenty years old and had become deeply interested in the struggle between what were now the United States and England.

Then there were passings of American troops southward-borse, foot, dragoons, artillery. They were going to Yorktown for the last campaign of the war. One morning before day, light the watch in Philadelphia w called the hour appounced that the British army had surrendered. The news spread all over the country and

reached the Barton farmhouse. Not long after this the American troops began to pass Barton's, moving northward. It was late in October. and the leaves had fallen from the trees. One evening Lucy Barton, returning from milking, heard a clatter of horses' boofs behind her and turned just in time to see the general and his staff who three years before had spent some days at her home gallop past. Their heads were bowed in mortification, for they were paroled prisoners of war going to New York to return from there to Eugland. Lucy saw among them the young officer who had so quickly taken her heart from the Continental, but he failed to recognize

A week later a regiment of United States infantry marched northward by the house and with a very different mien. Their heads were held high: their step was springy, their whole appearance triumphant. At their bend rode their colonel, a youngster who had attained the command only a short time before and in passing through Philadelphia had purchased a brand new uniform. He was Abner Wicks, who had for three years been rising in rank and had especially distinguished himself during the fighting at Yorktown. He had resolved that if he while yet a soldier should again see Lucy Barton it should not be under

such demeaning conditions as before. As Lucy's British lover did not recognize her, so she did not recognize Abner. Indeed, he looked so brave and strong and proud in his new uniform that she was about to give her heart for a third time to a soldier who this time was not only finely dressed, but a victor, when the young colonel threw bimself from his borse and, in the exuberance of his joy, took her into his arms before the whole regiment.

So ended the story of this love which in its incipiency had no other inducement than a tattered uniform. but which after the two were married and settled grew each year they lived together till it absorbed all their being. Yet lovers go on year after year taking their chances upon such small reasons, but who shall say that those marringes that are better considered turn out happier?

MISS HINMAN IS MARRIED.

Clackamas Heights Favorite Becomes Bride of Clarence A. Forsman. Miss Viola Hinman, daughter of A. Hinman, of Clackamas Heights, and Hinman, of Clackamas Heights, and Clarence A. Forsman, son of Mrs. H. S. Clyde, were married at the home of the bride's parents Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. E. F. Zimmerman officiating. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Folsman, Lester Mathieu, G. E. Ackley, Miss E. Mann and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Clyde. Miss Hinman was one of the most popular girls of Clackamas Heights. The young couple went to Portland on their honeymoon.

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paying a year in advance.

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CARD OF THANKS. We wish to extend our thanks to the many friends and bors who so kindly assisted us late bereavement in the delate bereavement in the di-burial of our son, Sam Scris-MR. AND MRS. SCRI

CARD OF THANKS We wish to extend our stanks to the many friends and bors, who so kindly assisted inte bereavement in the death burial of our son and husband,

MRS. AL HARRINGTON, MRS. AMOB HARRINGTO