

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...



Cookery Notes

Baked Apples and Figs. Apples baked with figs are very nice. Select the plumpest and juiciest dried figs...

Strawberry Cream Pie. A strawberry novelty is made as follows: Roll out a rich paste and cut into circular pieces about nine inches in diameter...

Cold Strawberry Shortcake. Cream together two tablespoonsfuls of butter and a cup of powdered sugar, then add three eggs, beaten light...

Indian Pudding. To make a delicious Indian pudding take one pint of scalded milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls meal and one tablespoonful flour...

Dandelion Sandwiches. Take some tender dandelion leaves, washed, dried and chilled. Pound in a mortar or chop fine cold cooked meat, poultry or fish...

BY THE KING'S EDICT

By MARTHA L. WRIGHT Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

As to the matter of Edmond Koyle, yeoman, who was sentenced to be hanged in the county of Kent...

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...

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...

Edmond was defended before the judge 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 said Winter may put away a rival..."

Then came the prisoner and on the day he 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...

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 whether 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 in those parts came to see, some in wagons, some on foot and some on horseback...

Then came forth Edmond Koyle, being pale of countenance, but walking with a firm step and head erect. Before the cap was put over his face he stepped to the front of the scaffold and spoke the words which all who are condemned to die may at the last moment say to the people...

"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 cries 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 parchment to be 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 intended victim.

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

BB...H \$100,000 YEAR?

Value of Detroit's Wonderful Player Difficult to Estimate.

GAME'S GREATEST ATTRACTION

Nearly Every Day Tigers' Right Fielder Pulls Off Something Sensational. Defeated New York Himself Recently—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 do.

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 off first.

And now to get down to the mercenary side of the picture. Ty draws a salary which scars around the \$100,000 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 owners.

There is a large number of people who dispute the fact that the Georgian is worth \$100,000 and earns \$100,000 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 hearted ones promptly pulled the blue stuff and went around sighing: "They've blown now. The rest 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 falling off of the attendance. But the Tigers pulled it out of the fire, and Cobb was the chief raker.

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 season. When the team goes east thousands will turn out to see Cobb play—not to see the game, but to see Cobb—people who don't 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 \$100,000 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 Gainer. The latter recently had his wrist broken by a pitched ball thrown by...



Photo by American Press Association. DEL GAINER, TIGERS' YOUNG FIRST SACKER Jack Coombs and will be first of the game for some time. Gainer is the best first baseman the Tigers 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 game.

France Takes to Tennis. In France tennis is enjoying a big boom. 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. A. Krueger and C. A. Bradford, westerly 25 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 east; \$1. Matilda Charman to Phillip and Christine Schmitt, lot 1 of block 12, Sunset City; \$10. Ellen E. Clodfelter and H. S. Clodfelter to Hibernia Savings Bank of...

Portland, Or., land in Pinehurst; \$1. Hibernia Savings Bank to Clackamas County, land in Pinehurst; \$1. Charles T. and Erma I. Privat, lot 7 of block 2, Maywood; \$2000. C. D. and Sedona Latourette to N. P. and Margaret G. Adams, 40.98 acres of John Klingler D. L. C., township 4 north, range 2 east; \$1419. S. A. Stewart, F. B. Caver, N. Shupp, H. E. Hornschuch and G. W. W. Plumer, trustees of Oregon Conference of the Evangelical Association, 47.75 rods, in Clackamas county; \$450.

Read the Morning Enterprise. TWO LOVES A Story Showing What Dress Has to Do With the Affections By Karl Sommers Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

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—indeed, 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 handsomely uniformed officers and men with the contempt regular troops entertain for a mob.

One day—it was in 1778—a regiment of American patriots were marching along a road in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, 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 tattered and ill equipped one.

At the gate of one of these farm houses 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 illness, approached the girl, laid his musket against the fence and sat down on the mounting stone before the gate. There was one doughnut left in the pan, which the girl offered him, but he was too ill to resist it. He sat for a few minutes resting his elbows on his knees, then, casting a...



WILL JONES. CAUGHT HIM BEFORE HE FELLED.

glance at the last straggling files of his comrades, arose and took up his musket to follow them. But there was something that troubled 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 soiled. A young girl was looking at him sympathetically with a pair of tender brown eyes, and to leave her he must expose his rear, and from a hole in the seat of his trousers protruded a portion of his shirt tail. How could a soldier expose such ignominy? But while 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. Abner 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 locks 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 seat 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.

Abner 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 opposite from that in which he was going. A British general and his staff, all on horseback, came careening toward...

the farmhouse. Their coats were scarlet, covered with gold lace, and the sun glittered on their brass buttons 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 lace.

They trotted on up to Farmer Barton's house, and the general, calling Mrs. Barton—the farmer was at Valley Forge—asked if there was a creek or a spring near by. "He told him there was a brook farther on, but if he wished water only for the party he 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 looking 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, faxen haired young Britisher with real English roses in his cheeks, who sat on his horse admiring her simple country beauty, and she thought how different he 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 seat 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 Continentals' garb and the British regular's red coat, 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 headquarters 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, gaily kissing his hand to the little girl who looked after him. She had looked after Abner with the same longing, but a longing that sprang from a different source. She had pitied 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 former appearance there was always something that caused little ripples to pass over her heart. Moreover, she was now twenty 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—horse, foot, dragoons, artillery. They were going to Yorktown for the last campaign of the war. One morning before day, light the watch in Philadelphia who called the hour announced 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' hoofs 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 England. Lucy saw among them the young officer who had so quickly taken her heart from the Continental, but he failed to recognize her.

A week later a regiment of United States infantry marched northward by the house and with a very different men. Their heads were held high; their step was springy, their whole appearance triumphant. At their head 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 himself from his horse 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 incipency 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 marriages 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 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. C. Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Folsom, Lester Mathies, G. E. Akeley, 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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CARD OF THANKS. We wish to extend our thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our late bereavement in the death and burial of our son, Sam Scribner. MR. AND MRS. SCRIBNER. CARD OF THANKS. We wish to extend our thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our late bereavement in the death and burial of our son and husband, Amos Harrington. MRS. AL HARRINGTON, MRS. AMOS HARRINGTON. Six Couples Get Licenses. The following have been granted marriage licenses by County Clerk Mulvey: Viola Hinman and Clarence A. Forsman; Emma A. Vial and P. H. Hawley, of Cottage Grove; Annie Perry and G. A. Gotberg, of Clackamas; Ella Blum and John Fisher; Beth Sims and Lloyd Hunt; Gibbon and Louis E. Nobel.

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