

Our Oldest Bit of Literature.
The book of Job, as it is incorporated in the Bible, is believed to be the most ancient literary work in existence. It is known to have been written prior to the Pentateuch and prior to the promulgation of the law. In profane literature the poems of Homer are the most ancient that have come down to our day, though the names of others still older are in existence. The Pentateuch was written about the year 145 B. C. and the Homeric poems about 640 years later.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

The Case of Johnny Turner
It illustrates a Coming Solution of a Social Problem
By EDWARD B. TRAINOR
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One day in the fall of 1890 two boys, Edgar Thorpe and Johnny Turner, aged respectively seventeen and sixteen years, were hunting in the woods of Missouri. Thorpe came into camp in the evening with a bottle of whisky, and the two began to drink. Turner had never tasted spirits of any kind. He had no memory of what happened at the time, except that he and Thorpe quarreled, till he was sobered by seeing his friend lying dead with blood oozing from a bullet hole in his forehead. Then he knew he was a murderer.

To confess the crime meant months in jail before being brought to trial, and the least punishment that might be expected was a term of years in state prison, and possibly he might swing. The courts do not admit the influence of liquor as an excuse for



HE BEGAN AT ONCE TO UNBURDEN HIMSELF.

crime. Johnny didn't know this. He was too young to know anything about such matters. He was seized with a desire to get away as far and as quickly from the scene of his crime as possible.

Leaving the body where it lay, he struck out into the woods, walking all night. He has been through many horrors since, but he says that that first night after the murder was the most frightful of all. In the morning, needing something to eat, he stopped at a farmhouse and heard persons talking about the sea battle in Manila bay that had just occurred. Here was a chance for him to bury his identity. He would volunteer in the army and be sent to fight the Spaniards.

After eating a scant breakfast he went on till he struck a city in which he found the people excited over the news from Manila. Seeking a recruiting station, he offered himself for enlistment. The recruiting officer looked at him dubiously, wondering if he was of a proper age to join the army, but he was eager to fill up his company, and since Johnny made one of five men he lacked for the purpose, the boy was accepted, going on the roster under an assumed name. He was sent to Tampa, Fla., and from there to Cuba.

The morning of debarkation was the first event to make Johnny forget that terrible scene in the wood when he had come to himself and seen what he had done. As boatload after boatload of men left the transports and were pulled to the shore the air was alive with their cheers rising above the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town" from the military bands.

And there was a hot time, sure enough. The army marching inland toward Santiago was met by the Spaniards, and a sharp fight was the result. Johnny, who had enlisted with a vague boyish idea of getting killed in battle, forgot his original intention and felt only the emotions of a soldier. The ardor of battle triumphed over all else. Where other recruits flinched Johnny pushed forward. When the fight was over he had been marked by the captain for one of the reliable men of his company, and a sergeant having been killed, Johnny was promoted to the position.

Before the fighting around Santiago ceased Johnny was made a lieutenant. But the war was short, and at the end of it he was still a boy, having barely turned seventeen. Nevertheless he was so badly wounded that it was expected he would die. He lay in hospital for a long while and when finally discharged was permanently disabled.

Retaining his army name, the young "veteran" went to work in an eastern city and by close application to his work gained the confidence of his employers. But while at his duties and above all, when he went to bed his secret never left him. Often he would awake in the night with a start, and as if by a flash of lightning the scene

in the wood from which he had fled would be vividly revealed to him.

Though Johnny was lost to the world, there was one with whom he communicated—his mother. To her he wrote, explaining his absence, and she realized the importance of keeping his secret. Six years passed and Johnny, partly by good luck, partly because in work alone he was able to temporarily banish the crime that haunted him, prospered. The only person who knew his secret and still loved and respected him was his mother, and he asked her to come to him. She did so, and from the moment of her arrival he found one to render his load less hard to bear.

But a time came when it again loomed up before him like the figure of a "giant despair." Ten years had worn away something of the sharpness of his suffering, his mother had in a measure convinced him that in his case the line between crime and misfortune was an imaginary one, when a new motive for regret came to him. Alice Blair, a woman a few years his junior, old enough to be impressed with the enormity of the crime of taking under any circumstances the life of a friend, became a part of his existence. The love between the two was stronger in the man because he considered it hopeless. He could not make the woman his wife under a false pretense—he could not bind her to him for a lifetime without a confession that he had blood on his hands. And, supposing he confessed to her, it would be wronging her and children that might come to them both.

Slowly, but surely, in this man's life the principle of confession and atonement was working itself out. What nothing else could effect was to be brought about by the woman he loved, she bearing her share of the punishment. He did not speak his love. It seemed with him rather a fever from which he was suffering than love. He would absent himself from her for weeks at a time, only to return to a companionship that he could not live without. Patiently she waited for an explanation that she felt assured must come in time.

One evening after one of these absences—a longer one than usual—the lover appeared. It was at an hour between daylight and dusk. She had been thinking of him and was beginning to fear that this dreadful something that was between them might, in this instance, separate them forever. Suddenly he burst in upon her, and so wild looking, so despairing, that for a moment she almost fancied that he was his ghost.

He had returned resolved to confess to her. He began at once to unburden himself of the frightful secret, and it was not long before it was all in her possession. She spoke no word. She gave him one look of heartfelt sympathy, then, overpowered by his and her misfortune, covered her face with her hands and bowed her head. He waited for her to speak, but she did not, and he silently withdrew.

The next day she sent for him. When he appeared a great change had come over her. She showed traces of a terrible mental struggle.

"I have forgiven what in one sense is a crime. I will be anything to you, but on one condition. Confess to the world and take the consequences. I can bear with you your public shame; I cannot share your secret."

He turned without a word, went to the office of the superintendent of police and confessed that he had murdered his friend Edgar Thorpe. The governor of the state in which the crime had been committed made a requisition for him, and he was taken there for trial.

When the members of the societies of Spanish war veterans heard that one of their number had given himself up to be tried for murder they at once became interested. Gradually, the peculiar features of the case became known to them. Between the murder and the trial the accused had had an opportunity seldom falling to the lot of criminals to show that his act had been rather a misfortune than a crime and that he who committed it had become a good citizen as well as a brave soldier. Had he given himself up immediately after the murder the case would have been far different. A long term of confinement would have wrecked him.

As it was, while the law was satisfied Turner escaped the punishment of the law—at least, all except the degradation of entering a prison. His sentence was but a few months, and long before the term had expired he was paroled by the governor of the state.

On the morning he was liberated a large concourse assembled at the prison door to welcome him upon his return to freedom. First and foremost was the woman who was the cause of his confession, next his comrades, veterans of the Spanish war, and lastly a multitude of sympathizers. As he stepped beyond the prison portal it seemed to him that he was leaving the greater part of his atonement behind him. True, the fact of having taken the life of his boy friend would live so long as he himself, but the secret would not be with him; not between him and the woman he loved, not between him and the world. In its place would be a heartfelt sympathy.

There is a lesson in the case of John Turner to which the world is slowly awakening, a lesson—it is rather a problem—respecting the treatment of criminals. But it will not be easily solved. Justice has not yet found a way of giving one who perpetrates a first crime an opportunity for redemption before inflicting a punishment that deprives him of that opportunity. Nor has a line yet been drawn between the criminally insane and those offenders who attempt to elude justice on a false plea.

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An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you wait for somethin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow with a pal 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

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NEW RECORD EXPECTED BY FOOTBALL FANS

Prospects for one of the fastest football elevens that ever represented Oregon City on the gridiron were never better than they are at present, according to Captain Roos and Manager White of the Oregon City football club, which is being reorganized for the coming campaign. Nearly all of last year's players are on hand, and there is some good new material to draw from, so a good account is expected when the eleven gets into action against other 145-pound teams. Practice has already commenced, and the players are getting into their old time shape. A number of new plays are being experimented with, and it is possible that a coach will be obtained before the season is far advanced. It is expected that the team will line up somewhat after the following manner: Montgomery, center; Smith and Barry, guards; C. Freeman and Harry Sells, tackles; Captain Roos and Moore, ends; White, quarter; Carrothers and F. Freeman, halves; Long, fullback.

Though it is somewhat early in the season, Manager White has already commenced the work of arranging a schedule of games, and he promises to bring in some of the fastest independent teams in and around Portland. Some of the Willamette valley teams may play here also. A tour of the valley later in the season is also being arranged.

Our greatest clubbing offer. The Morning Enterprise by mail and the Weekly Oregonian, both until November 1, 1912, for only \$3. Offer closes October 31, 1911.

RED GOOSE IN AUTO DELIGHTS CHILDREN

Followed by an admiring, yet fearful horde of kiddies and preceded by a pack of yelping canines, their only thought being that of a hasty retreat, the "Big Red Goose" made its appearance from the doors of the L. Adams Department Store Tuesday afternoon, and for nearly an hour, held an impromptu reception on Main street. Though the dainty bird stands only eight feet in height and is perfectly proportioned, it shows remarkable aptitude, and under the tutelage of J. M. Berry, of the Friedman Shelby Shoe company, it performed many marvelous stunts which amused the grownups and convulsed the children. Following the reception on Main street the bird and its trainer enjoyed an auto ride up the hill and through the principal streets of the town.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHERRYVILLE.
Mr. Banta, of Portland, is visiting his son-in-law, Sam Cook. Mr. Brown and another gentleman of Portland visited I. Martin a few days ago.
Mr. Tuttle and his compass man, of Portland, were in the Three-Six settlement last week cruising timber.
J. T. Friel Jr. was in Portland last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Lupton of Sandy were in Cherryville Sunday.
Vincent Friel stopped in Cherryville last week on his way to Oregon

City to be treated for blood poisoning which he contracted in one foot while working at Government Camp.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight will be well represented at the county fair this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Mattoon and children of Portland were Sunday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mattoon.
Mrs. George Schreiner is in Canby visiting her brother, Sam Hess, and taking in the fair.
Mr. Bullard and family were in Oregon City Saturday.
Mrs. Charles Caldwell of Portland called on friends here Saturday.
Miss Florence Gamble of Portland was a dinner guest last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harvey.
Mrs. Marion Thompson and Mrs. Curtis Dodds have returned from the hospital.
Twilight school will begin October 5, Thursday, in stead of Monday, on account of the teacher attending the institute in Oregon City the first of the week.

SHUBEL.

Miss Rosa Ginter of Oakland, Cal., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ginter, for a few weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Shoenborn visited relatives here Tuesday.
A number of young people attended the dance at Will Martin's, of Beaver Creek, Saturday night. Farmers are busy plowing for their fall sowing. Some have already sown.
There was frost three successive nights the past week.
Bluhm Bros., after finishing threshing last week, began baling.
Philip Massinger was up from Portland a few days last week.
Robert Ginter and family and Mr. Berg visited Mr. Kilger's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt were out driving Tuesday afternoon. William Moehke has returned from Seaside.

Godfred Moehke has purchased an engine and chopper. He chopped a lot of grain last week.
Fall grass is growing fine.
Miss Julia Maszinger visited the Misses Mary and Helen Swope Tuesday afternoon.
Jacob Grossmiller, G. A. Schuebel, Mr. Swope and Robert Ginter were among the Shubelites that were in Oregon City on business Saturday.

CLARK.

Sam Elmer finished threshing last week.
Mr. Scherruble, of Portland, was in Clarks visiting friends.
Mr. Larkins rented Mr. Scherruble's farm.
Born to Mrs. R. Griffith, September 23, a son.
Mr. Wetlauffer and family went to town Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Maxson are back from hop picking.
Miss Minnie Grace left for Mount Pleasant, where she will teach school. Eugene Klein Smith has been ill. Marshall Bros. are baling hay for Ed Grace.

Miss Maggie Sullivan left for Oregon City, where she will attend school.

Elmer Leo has been ill. Oscar Hale, of Portland, is at Clarks.
Mrs. Jack Wallace, of Highport, was in town last Friday to meet the teacher, Miss Mann.
The Clarke Bros. are drying prunes.
Mr. Grossmiller is digging potatoes.
Sam Elmer was in town last week.
Mr. Sullivan is in Portland attending jury service in the United States court.
Mr. Plamerter is clearing for E. Cumins.
The Bush Bros. have returned from hop picking.
Mr. and Mrs. Hoffstetter were in town last week.

MULINO.

Everyone is busy digging potatoes and a few are selling. Though the commission men at Canby are paying only 80 cents a hundred.
Claud Ashby left Tuesday for Salem where he will take charge of his father's farm near that place. His father moving to Salem to reside.
Mr. and Mrs. Maple went to Clarks on Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

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