

QUARTERBACKS PLAY BIG ROLE.

Coaches Still Believe Good Player Important to Team.

MUST PICK RIGHT PLAYS.

Confidence of Eleven in the Man Giving the Signals is Essential to Good Line Strength—Deciding the Enemy is the Secret of Success.

Although a number of football coaches believe a quarterback is not of the importance to an eleven that he was under the old regime, the majority of the teams which have been successful in the past and who now are developing strong organizations are those who still believe a good quarterback is one of the chief cogs in a machine and that victories or defeats are due largely to his judgment in the selection of plays.

Under the old rules it was a common occurrence for the captain to change the signal of his quarterback, and it also frequently occurred that the captain shouted the signals and the quarterback had to abide by his dictates whether he thought they were right or wrong. As a result arguments frequently took place between the quarter and captain, and in the majority of cases the leader of the eleven was in the wrong in changing the original signal.

As the new game permits of so much strategy and scientific play, it is essential that the players have every confidence in the player who is directing the play. The coach should impress this point upon the minds of the members of his eleven, for if the team does not believe certain plays should be used it will not enter into the formation with the dash and drive necessary for success.

Deception Secret of Success.
Deception in the present game is one of the secrets of success, and in handling the ball the quarterback to a large measure is responsible for the success or failure of plays because he can do a lot of deceiving work by letting a give the ball to certain players and then pass it to others. A varied attack should be the aim of every coach. He should evolve plays in which the oval is passed direct to one of the backs, while he should have others in which the quarterback handles the ball from his regular position.

The most prominent coaches have instructed their players, especially the captain, never to interfere with the quarterback's judgment in the selection of plays. Criticism of the general on the field of play by other members of an eleven is one of the easiest ways to disorganize a team, and the members should make it imperative that the quarter's judgment never should be questioned except by the captain when the team is in a bad hole.

In changing signals the play is slowed up, which gives the defensive team plenty of opportunity to get set to meet an attack. It also gives a defensive eleven encouragement, and the members of such teams will fight a great deal harder than they would if the play were snapped with quickness and dash.

Teams Slow in Plays.
Play of teams this season has been much slower than in former years. The players have not been coached to get in their positions after scrimmage with the quickness of teams of other years. So far this season members of the offensive teams have not helped the man who carried the ball to his feet and the quarter has not shown the signal for the next play while the members of the team were scrambling to their respective positions. Changing opposing players of guard is a cardinal football point, but in the perfection of plays of this caliber the members of the offensive team should make great efforts to get into position before their opponents. The quarterback can be helped by shouting signals to a few of the men on the line.

where a largely untried eleven is of great benefit to have series plays. If separate series are given for every play before a large crowd the quarter invariably has to shout signals to the forwards and then to the backs. If series plays are used the formations can be snapped with quickness and concentration of attack which should result successfully.

As a general rule, the present day quarterbacks take too much time in getting their plays started, and as a result many opportunities are overlooked. If the forwards of the offensive team can get the charge on their opponents and the backs hit the attacking spot at the same time the play is certain to be successful, but if the defensive forwards get the jump on the offensive eleven it is a mighty hard proposition to make any headway.

Flanagan Coming Back.
John J. Flanagan, one of the champion weight throwers of the world, is expected to return from Ireland and rejoin the Irish American club of New York.

How Sheppard Keeps in Trim.
Mel Sheppard maintains that work and plenty of it is the only thing to keep him in top form.

A Diplomatic Decision.
Two ladies contending for precedence at the court of Charles V. decided that the elder should go first. Disputes of that character never occurred thereafter.

Oil For Ferns.
An olive oil bath is very fine for a pain or fern. Put two tablespoons at the roots of your pain or fern and you have no idea—unless you have tried it—what the improvement will be.

SOME WIVES WANTED

By M. QUAD
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Spring had just opened at Strawberry Hill diaphan when something occurred to put an end to a happy frame of mind. Deacon Turner, who had left us in the fall to pass the winter in the east, returned to camp. He brought with him a grand scheme, and a public meeting was called that he might unfold it. I can clearly remember him as he stood at the head of an empty park lawn to address the 250 million assembled. He was tall and angular and serious. Whenever a man did words twenty miles of us his comrades sent for the deacon to conduct the funeral services, and the deacon did it in such a slow, solemn way that everybody enjoyed the occasion. I also remember his opening address. He said:

"Feller Chinese—let us git right down to business. This new camp, number 250 men, is a-cryin' out like the children in the wilderness fur—what? Whisky? No; you ar' two bar's ahead. Meat? No; that's plenty of meat. Puk-kin pie and leather beds? No; we hain't no use fur luxuries. What our hearts is a-cryin' fur is 250 wives to soothe our weary souls. [Tremendous applause.] No play is home without a woman. No man kin be happy without a wife. [Whoops and yells.] Paradise wouldn't be worth sticks without women. [More yells.] When our work for the day is over we hev no homes to go to, no wives to welcome us, nobody to smooth us down and comb our hair and sing soothing songs to rest our weary limbs.

"Why hain't we got wives and homes?" demanded the deacon as he raised his right arm and extended it toward the east.

"Cause we hain't gone at it to git 'em. Away off thar in the east are 250 women a-cryin' out fur husbands and homes. [Long continued applause.] I kin almost hear 'em holler. They want 'em, and they want 'em bad."

The most intense excitement prevailed when the deacon stepped down. He had been out where there were women. He must know that they were pluin' to come. He was followed by Judge Peabody, who had two or three wives back in the States, but who feelingly declared that he wanted one of the drows of 250. Then Colonel Taylor, who had run away from his second or third, mounted a horse and shed tears as he drew a picture of a happy home at Strawberry Hill—a home made happy by the presence of a wife. Two or three others had something to say in the same strain, and then Deacon Turner unfolded his plan. The camp was to raise as large a fund as possible, and the deacon was to return to the States, collect the 250 females and conduct them by the quickest route to Strawberry Hill. We were playing in luck just then, and the smallest contribution was \$5. I believe the deacon took away with him in cash nearly \$2,000. Every man's name went down on the list, according to the amount he paid, and the following schedule was posted on the trader's front door.

"Twenty-five dollars gits the pick of the lot.

"Twenty dollars gits a regular widder.

"Fifteen dollars gits a grass widder.

"Ten dollars gits a gal.

"Five dollars gits an old maid or whatever is left over.

"No departure from these rules under any circumstances."

The "schedule" seemed perfectly fair and was accepted by all. The deacon left us in May, and we could look for him back in September at the latest.

It was three months to a day before the lookout posted on the hill signaled to us that a caravan was in sight. Had a barrel of powder exploded in camp the excitement could not have been greater. Everybody got into his seat at once, and according to program we marched to the hill.

By and by the caravan appeared. Deacon Turner appeared first. Behind him, seated on a mule, came a female—a woman, one lone woman. That was all. She was fifty-five years old, wrinkled, gray-haired and almost toothless, and she didn't look supremely happy.

"What's the other 249?" demanded 250 voices in chorus, with a score of men ran to the top of the hill.

"The explain later on," roared the deacon as he continued his way to the camp.

He did. After he had tucked the old woman away in a shanty he came out to us and said:

"Boys, how me to introduce my wife."

"But what's our wives?" roared the crowd.

"Boys, we didn't hazzer just right," continued the deacon. "When I got east I found that women had riz like all git out and could git married quicker's lightning. I didn't want to cum back empty handed, and so I paid that ar' critter in their spouting in the tent \$1,400 to marry me and cum along. The balance of the fund was used in travellin' around. I'm sorry, but if women has riz no one is to blame for it."

We got the deacon under a tree and a rope over a limb, but wiser counsels prevailed, and his life was spared. His "critter" died in about two weeks after she struck camp, and as a result we forgave him and let him stake out a new claim. He was never the same to us again, however. He had left us 249 short, and we could never get over it.

Plaster of Paris.
Plaster of paris is so called from having been obtained at first from Montmartre, near Paris.

Preparing Him.
"You're goin' to marry sister, ain't you?" her little brother inquired. The young man blushed. "I—I don't know," he replied.

"That's funny," said the terrible infant. "Pa has looked you up in the rate books, ma has found out all about your grandfathers, and sister has begun her shoppin'. Gimme a nickel, won't you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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GOING SOME

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This is 2000 short of the mark set by the Publisher for the first year, so in order to interest that many new Subscribers in Morning Enterprise, November and December will be a bargain period for subscribers.

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BOOST

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

HER KINGDOM FOR A DOG.

"Have you seen Trixy?"
Trixy is a common brindle pup, about a year old, with white front and white fore legs and a long tail. Kennel experts would say Trixy is worth about 30 cents. But for one of the pup's little girl nearly sobbed her life away—seven-year-old Irene Robb of Chicago.

It was this way:
The dog disappeared while the family was at a summer resort, and the grief of Irene was such that the collectors instituted an automobile search everywhere throughout the woods without success.

Incidentally, little Irene was taken back to the city.
Her throat began to trouble her, and an operation was made necessary. Day and night at the hospital she cried for Trixy. The parents offered a reward, but no trace of the missing dog was ever discovered.

Irene was taken home.
Her sorrow assumed a serious phase. It threatened to make her condition dangerous.

"If I don't get Trixy back I don't want to get well," wailed the child. And the doctors shook their heads.

"I'll give anything I have to the person who will bring Trixy back," said Irene. "I will give my Teddy bear and my bank I've been saving in since Christmas. And I'll give the kid a million kisses besides."

Her kingdom for a dog.
Irene recovered her health, but she nearly died for Trixy, and even now her eyes fill with tears at thought of her great loss.

Unnatural grief?
You may think so if you have never loved and lost a dog.

Is there in your memory some Trixy or Fido or Rex, faithful, affectionate, devoted, your companion and friend, who died and made your heart sore for many a day?

Then you can understand the real bereavement of this little girl, sorrowing because she will see Trixy no more.

The long, long sorrows of youth!
You are older and may conceal your feelings. There have been so many sorrow spots in your heart that have been and calmed over.

But the heart of a child is naked to the world.

Sorely if by any means you should happen to see Trixy you will write to Irene.

Why Trees Are Tagged.
If the observant foreman abroad observes an expert setting out trees in a public square he will discover that attached to a leaf on one side of each tree there will be a bit of white tape. It is at once apparent that the marking is in no sense distinguishing. But as the arborer goes about setting the trees in the holes prepared for them the traveler will observe that each tag of white is brought around to face the east. Upon inquiry the foreman will be told that unless the tree, say, a palmetto imported from the south, had the same eastern exposure of the same part in transplanting it would fall to take root and flourish.—Exchange.

Tommy Agreed.
Tommy had been guilty of a school and this was the story he told in "Miss M'Intosh's" piece. Tommy says my for being late he was kept out on account of hisness in the Faculty room. However, Nonsense Tommy!

"Thomas," said the teacher after she had read it, "I have serious doubts about the genuineness of this. It looks very suspicious."

"I know it, ma'am," he replied smiling. "I could write better letters than this, but he would do it."—London Answers.

Meeting of the Waters.
From Oct. 23 to Nov. 4, 1860, in France the Seine poured its waters into the Rhone, broke its banks, covered 60,000 acres and inundated a number of cities and villages. Six hundred and eighty houses were carried away and many lives sacrificed. It was the first time in 238 years that the Seine had risen so high.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

J. W. and Catherine I. Becker to O. O. Parrett, 20 acres of section 4, township 2 south, range 3 east, \$10.

T. E. and Ina Dedson to O. O. Parrett, 20 acres of section 6, township 2 south, range 3 east, \$10.

John R. Outfield and Elsie Outfield to George Raymond Bentley, "acts 1 and 2, Concord, \$2,000.

Joseph Barrow to Charles and A. E. Thompson, 150 acres of section 23, township 6 south, range 2 east, \$1,500.

Pernela J. Shewmaker and William Shewmaker to G. C. and T. C. Bentley, 25 acres of sections 3 and 10,

township 6 south, range 1 east, \$2,000.

Emil Klieser and Tillie Klieser to J. C. and O. A. Marquam, land Thomas Bates to D. L. C. township 6 south, range 1 east, \$2,000.

Oliver P. and A. H. Logan to D. M. and Emily Bentley, 7 acres of Alfred Marquam D. L. C. township 6 south, range 1 east, \$500.

John W. Lober and Grace E. Lober to G. G. McClure, 60 acres of section 22, township 1 south, range 2 east, \$1.

M. T. Hargrave et al to John and Mary Remond, 100 acres of section 7, township 1 south, range 2 east, \$20,000.

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J. W. and Sarah Mitchell to T. O'Malley, 70 acres of section 1 township 1 south, range 2 east, \$1.

G. G. McClure and Mary to John W. Lober, 6 acres of section 1 township 1 south, range 1 east, \$1.

James Austine and Ruby Austine to Norman D. Root, 1 acre of section 22, township 1 south, range 2 east, \$1,250.

George H. Greedy and Frank Greedy to Frank Dikson, lot 1, Beverly's First Addition, lots, \$1,000.

NOT EXPENSIVE

Treatment at Hot Lake, including medical attention, bath, and meals, costs no more than you would pay to live at any first class hotel. Rooms can be had from 25 cents to \$2.00 per day. In the cafeteria are served from 20 cents up and in the grill at the usual grill prices. Baths range from 50 cents to \$1.00.

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