

A BARRIER TO HAPPINESS

By LUCILE BARKER

There lived in the city of Philadelphia a widower and his son who were always seen together.

All went well between the two till the question of the son's marriage came up. Jimmie Hardwick fell in love with a girl who had no means whatever and if he married her had not sufficient fortune to keep up his position in the ultra fashionable golden circle to which he possessed a birthright.

Emily Sherbourne was a very sensible, practical young woman. She had no ambition to hobnob with multimillionaires, but she loved Jimmie and was loath to give him up.

The case dragged, poor Jimmie loath to give up the position in which he had been born, especially since it would put a wedge between him and his father.

In an interview with Miss Sherbourne Jim told her of his effort and of the suspicion he had of his father's attraction for some woman.

"Why don't you go, too?" asked Emily. "How can I do that?" "I will give you a plan. The next time your father orders a carriage go to the stable and bribe the coachman to let you take his place."

"Very well, if you wear a coachman's livery and make up for a colored man your father will never dream that you are his son."

"Do so. It may be that your father is courting some one not of his set. If he is and you discover the fact he will no longer oppose your doing the same thing."

When Jimmie heard that address the expression on his face was not only one of wonder, but of astonishment. His father had ordered him to drive to the house where dwelt Miss Emily Sherbourne.

Here was a pretty pass—the son sitting on the box while his father was inside courting the girl he would not consent to his offspring marrying.

Mr. Hardwick was sitting on the same sofa with Emily Sherbourne when the tete-a-tete was interrupted by a negro coachman with a whip in his hand standing in the doorway.

On the removal of the peel of a Japanese orange the sections of "flesh" fall apart.

KNOW THE RULES OF BASKETBALL

Many Suspensions Result From Not Following Order.

PROTECTION FOR AMATEURS.

Athletic Union Insists on Clean Sport In Its Own Organization—Why Some Teams Have Been Disqualified—Law Made Clear.

Although the basketball season is only a few weeks old, already managers have had trouble because of their failure to acquaint themselves with the Amateur Athletic union rules.

Some people are under the impression that the Amateur Athletic union wishes to control athletics in colleges, but this is not the case. What the Amateur Athletic union does desire to control is athletics within its own body, and the main object of this control is to see that these athletics shall be fair and fairly conducted.

In basketball the Amateur Athletic union says that any person competing without registration and without sanction will not be eligible to compete in any sport governed by that body.

Failure to understand these things brings these other bodies, particularly educational institutions, frequently into unfortunate relations with the Amateur Athletic union.

With the announcement of this college team or that school team that has been disqualified much hard feeling usually crops out, and as a result the players who desire to compete in track and field sports are forced to apply to the union for reinstatement.

The Amateur Athletic union allows teams from educational institutions to play with one another without sanction or registration; it considers that these institutions have a perfect right to compete among themselves without conferring with the Amateur Athletic union, and it is hoped, for the good of the sport, that they will confine their activities toward playing one another.

The law in relation to maintaining an unregistered team is very clear, and it is given below: "Any club, member of any association of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, which sanctions the competition of any member or team, under its club name or its club emblem, in unregistered sport or professional contests, or which persists in playing disqualified athletes, or which permits professionals to compete under its auspices in any competition in a sport over which the Amateur Athletic association assumes jurisdiction, where such competition is announced as a competition between amateurs, shall be liable to forfeit its membership in such association."

Michigan to Take Up Rowing. The construction of a new power dam in the Huron river has made it entirely possible for Michigan to take up rowing. The Maize and Blue may be over Wisconsin to the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) regatta before many seasons have passed.

Lanterns in China. There has long existed among the Chinese a passion for fireworks and lanterns. Travelers have called China the land of lanterns, and the term is apposite. In every city, at every port and on every river and canal as soon as night comes on lanterns make their appearance. They are hung at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants from the angles of pagodas; they form the fiery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriages of travelers, and they swing from the yards and the masts of vessels.

Actor—What, back so soon? Didn't the play take? Actress—Yes, the play took, the manager took the receipts, the sheriff took the scenery, the landlord took the trunks, and the author took to drink!

On the Safe Side. Fond Father—Yes, Johnny, when the millennium is come the lamb can lie down with the lion in perfect safety. Little Johnny (doubtingly)—I s'pose that's so, but I'd rather be the lion. Just the same.

The Third Degree

Ordeal of Two Brothers Accused of Murder

By JAMES L. TOMLINSON

"If a policeman," said the retired detective, "should walk into this room and arrest me on a charge of murder do you suppose I would laugh at him, or do you suppose that I would simply consider that I would be put to a temporary inconvenience? Not by any means. I should consider the chances for or against my conviction to be about even."

"That's strange," I replied. "I supposed you detectives, being used to getting at the bottom of things, are always sure of guilt or innocence."

"Suppose we are sure ourselves, haven't we to convince a jury, and are there not detectives employed to secure evidence on the other side?"

"Wouldn't the knowledge that you were innocent be a great advantage?" "I wouldn't even possess any such knowledge. How would I know but that I had developed a criminal insanity? Do you suppose the criminally insane know that they have committed a murder? I have known a man to wake up in jail the morning after publicly killing several persons at once and, having been chased by a mob, express himself surprised at finding himself in a strange place. His antecedents showed insanity in three generations."

"The most remarkable mixup I ever met with in a murder case happened when I was a young man living in Ohio. The town of B, where it occurred, had but five or six thousand inhabitants, and only comparatively unimportant happenings were noticed, discussed and in time, if not cleared up."



THEY MARCHED THE MURDERED MAN UP TO THE COURT.

It would set the whole town agog. Tom and Dick Emory, brothers, got into a squabble with Nathan Goodrich about some money Goodrich owed the Emorys. Dick Emory had a heavy cane in his hand at the time and attacked Goodrich with it. Bystanders interfered. Tom, who started to assist his brother, was prevented from doing so, after which the fracas subsided, and the little crowd that had collected, including the participants, dispersed.

"That was the last seen of Nathan Goodrich in B. It was naturally inferred, considering the trouble that had occurred between him and the Emorys, that they had followed him up later, that they had been renewed. Goodrich had been killed and rather than face a trial for murder the brothers had disposed of the body and kept the affair a secret. But as there was no evidence to this effect they were not arrested—indeed, not even accused—until they lived under suspicion, which is often more harrowing than an open accusation.

"Several years passed with no tidings of Goodrich. The Emory boys, what ever may have been their feelings at knowing the odium attached to them, remained in B, pursuing the even tenor of their way. They had their friends, who defended them. There were those who shook their heads and said nothing, and there were those who averred that murder will out and the day would come when the making away with Goodrich would be laid at their door.

"And so it happened. How do you suppose it was brought about? A superannuated aunt of the missing man, dreamed that Goodrich appeared to her, told her that the Emory boys had killed her nephew when he was alone in his own home and buried his body in the cellar. The only person who paid any attention to this superstition was the man who lived in the house that Goodrich had occupied. He dug in the cellar in a portion which was not cemented and found a suspended bucket, an old jackknife and a button. The articles he turned over to the po-

lice, who at once began to make investigation concerning them and proved to their own satisfaction that they had each and all belonged to Nathan Goodrich.

"On this evidence, which had been revealed by a dream, but which was in itself laughable, the Emory brothers were arrested. They had been enduring a strain in the matter for years, and now that the storm had broken were both unmanned. Dick Emory, the younger, looked like a conscience-stricken man who found himself face to face with punishment for crime. His brother seemed letter able to stand up under the accusation.

"Then an experiment was tried, something like this third degree business we have nowadays. A clergyman was sent to visit the brothers to talk with them about their spiritual welfare, but really to work upon them to confess. Upon the elder brother he produced no especial effect, but with the younger he succeeded far beyond his expectation. Dick Emory confessed that he and his brother the morning after their quarrel with Goodrich went to his house with a view to obtaining payment of the debt he owed them and taking satisfaction in case they failed. They found him alone and dressing, having just got out of bed. Goodrich did not pay the debt, and Dick Emory cut his throat. Then the brothers dragged the body down into the cellar and burned it.

"When Dick Emory was asked what had become of the body he replied that they had made frequent visits to the cellar whenever they could do so without being discovered, each time taking away a portion of the body and burning it in a wood near by till the remains had all been consumed.

"Tom Emory was much broken up by his brother's confession, but he persisted in saying that Dick had not told the truth. However, there now being plenty of evidence to convict them, they were placed on trial, and it didn't take the jury very long to find them guilty. Some time after the conviction I don't remember how long—Tom Emory, under the influence of the clergyman who was preparing the brothers for death, confessed. That satisfied the few who remained unconvinced that Goodrich had been murdered by the Emory boys.

"Nevertheless some of the family connections of the murderers, though they did not attempt to explain away the evidence, stolidly persisted that they didn't believe Goodrich had been murdered at all. One of them, hoping that he might still be alive, began to insert personals for him in the newspapers. The newspapers didn't circulate in those days in the immense volume they do now, though even then there were a good many of them. The first advertisement was followed by others of the convicted men's friends and relatives, and finally the ball got a-rolling and a lot of papers were publishing the personals.

"Finally a communication was sent to a St. Louis paper from somewhere in the interior of Missouri from a woman, stating that a man named Goodrich with 'something the matter with his upper story,' had been in the town about six years before. She and several other citizens remembered him quite well and would know him if they were to see him again. Goodrich is not an uncommon name, so the advertisers placed no great value on the clew. Nevertheless they raised funds for one of their number named Tilford to go to Missouri and make inquiries. When he reached the town where Goodrich was reported to have been and showed these there who remembered him a photograph of the missing man some of them identified it at once, while others said there was no resemblance to the man who had been there.

"Tilford spent several months despoiling through the newspapers, and found another place where the man had been and finally got wind of him in St. Joseph. A person there told him that he had heard of Goodrich in Kansas City, which was then a place of some ten or twelve thousand people. Tilford found traces of him there, but no one seemed to know where he had gone. But having reported his progress so far as he had proceeded, the citizens of B, who had disbelieved that the murder had been committed, while others who, after Tilford got on Goodrich's track were converted, raised more funds. Tilford kept advertising and at last heard of the missing man in Calro, Ill. He went there, and before he had had an opportunity to communicate with those who had given him the information which brought him he saw Goodrich on the street. He looked much older than when he had left B, and seemed to be in a shattered mental condition.

"Tilford telegraphed ahead that he would be in B. with Goodrich on a certain day and hour, and when the two arrived the whole town was at the station. They marched the murdered man up to the court, which happened to be in session, and called on the judge to issue a release of the Emory boys. There was no precedent for such a release, but the judge didn't dare refuse, so he gave an order to the sheriff to bring the brothers into court.

"The boys got out of jail, but they didn't get into court. They were carried on the shoulders of the citizens to the town hall, where they were stood on the platform with Goodrich beside them, and the mayor offered them a humble apology for their persecution, as he called it, and the town raised a purse of \$2,000 as some compensation for what they had endured.

"How were their confessions explained?" I asked the narrator. "By finding Goodrich. That's the only explanation for such confessions. Obtaining them as they are often obtained now is simply a return to the medieval plan of torture, only the torture is mental instead of physical."

Camel's Hair Tents. Waterproof tents, bags and rugs are made from camel's hair, which is plucked out in the spring.

Hardy Mosquitoes. Larvae and eggs of the mosquito pass through severe winters without harm.

Slow Smoking. Six members of a Parisian club took six cigars out of the same box, lit them simultaneously and tried to make them last as long as possible. The winner smoked his for two hours and seventeen minutes.

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Something Wrong. An elocutionist was reciting Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry" at the village concert and declaimed with intense military fervor the lines—

A thousand spears are striking deep, A thousand spears in rest, A thousand knights are pressing close Behind— when he was interrupted by a person in the gallery. "Hold hard, gun'nor!" he shouted. "Was there three knights, one legged ones, cos there's only one spur aplece, yer know?"—London Standard.

The Potomac Guards. At a recent meeting of some Washington veterans a white haired old man referred laughingly to the Potomac guards and explained that when the war broke out a body of prospective soldiers, believing that they would never have to see real service in the field, formed themselves into an organization in what was then Georgetown and adopted the name "Potomac guards." Later, however, when the fighting got pretty hot, a great number of them faded into obscurity.

As the story ended another old war dog rose to his feet and gave this toast. "To the Potomac guards—Invincible in peace, invisible in war."—Washington Star.

A Long Range Shooter. A local young man who is going to spend part of the winter in the south and who expects to do some shooting while there went into a hardware store one day last week to buy a gun. "I am going after big game," he told the salesman, "wildcats, deer and bear."

"Then you want a good gun," said the clerk, "and I have just the thing. Here's one that we will guarantee to kill a bear at three miles."

Taking the gun in his hands and turning it over and over in a gingerly manner, the young man stammered: "B-b-but isn't three miles pretty close to get to a bear?"—Youngstown Telegram.

An Easy Trick. "I saw a magician turn water into milk." "He's no magician; he's a milkman."—Houston Post.

SCHOOL MEETING TO BE HELD AT MACKSBURG

J. E. Calavan, County School Supervisor in District No. 3, will hold a Parent-Teachers' meeting at the Macksburg school Saturday, January 20. The program will be as follows: 10:30 a. m.—"Primary Reading" Mrs. A. E. Johnson 11:15 a. m.—"Primary Number Work" Miss Maud Yoder 12:00—Dinner. Ladies of Macksburg. 1:30 p. m.—"Relation of the Parent to the School," J. L. Ashton 2:00 p. m.—"Relation of the Directors to the School," A. F. Romig 2:30 p. m.—"The County Union High School Fund Law" A. O. Freele

SEVERAL LEAP YEAR DANCES ARE PLANNED

A leap year dancing party will be given at Wilsonville Saturday evening, January 27, by the ladies of that place. This promises to be one of the social events of the season of Wilsonville. A four-piece orchestra will furnish the music for dancing. Other sections of the county will have leap year parties during January and February. Arrangements are being made by several of this city for a leap-year party in the near future. Leap year parties were among the most successful social events ever given in Oregon City.

His Explanation. Insurance Adjuster (looking at the remains of the parlor furniture)—Is this all you managed to save out of the fire?

Owner (profusely apologetic)—Yes, sir. I'm awfully sorry, but I kind of felt that I really ought to get my wife and children out of the building first.—Chicago Tribune.

EX-OREGON CITY MAN OCCUPIES LOCAL PULPIT

One of the most distinguished sons of the early pioneers of Oregon City, and Clackamas county, is the Rev. A. J. Joslyn, who, after many years of worthy service in the Christian ministry in Oregon, Washington and Alaska, returned to this country and located near Canby.

Mr. Joslyn came with his parents across the plains, and saw Oregon City for the first time from the top of the bluff at what is now Seventh street, in 1852, and beheld then a mere village. The older Joslyn and others with him seeking a new country, had heard a lecture on the Oregon country, and in glowing terms the man from Oregon pictured its future, declaring, among other things, that Terre Haute, then a town of no mean proportions, on the Wabash River, in Indiana, "could not make a kitchen for Oregon City," and though somewhat disappointed when they saw the young city of Willamette Falls, they had faith in its future, and in the future development of this country, and took up the task, with their fellow pioneers, of transforming a wilderness into a country of fields, orchards, homes, schools and churches.

Dr. Joslyn, when a boy, came with his mother, "mule-back," to the services of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city, and as he grew up identified himself more closely with the activities of the church, entered the ministry, and has given his life to this work. He feels a special interest in all that concerns the welfare of the city and country.

Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn will be the guests of Dr. Ford and family during their stay here. He assisted Dr. Ford in the administration of the Holy Communion Sunday morning, and preached Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the First Methodist Episcopal church.

Dr. Joslyn is an earnest, forceful and eloquent speaker, and those who heard him were entertained and profited.

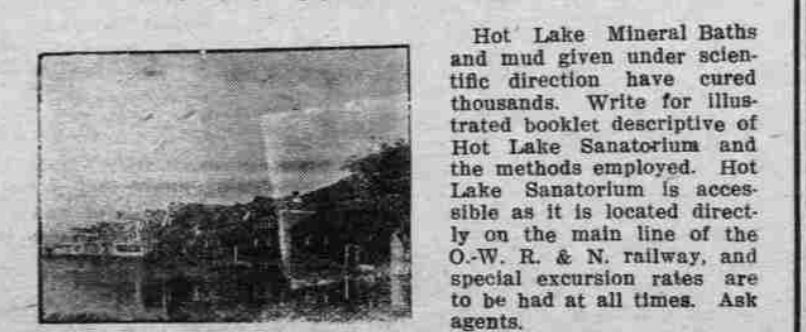
REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Harvey F. and Minnie Newton to R. E. Bundy, lot 6 of block 2, Windsor; \$1. United States of America to Alexander B. Brock, 160 acres of section 17, township 3 south, range 6 east; Patent. George W. Gordon to J. C. Almsworth, 20 acres of section 16, township 6 south, range 2 east; \$1. L. J. and Alice Orendorf to Theodore and Francis Heuffert, 25 acres of section 1, township 2 south, range 3 east; \$3,100. Lenora C. and Henry Atwater to Elva Poe, Jan 1 in section 4, township 2 south, range 1 east; \$650. L. and Minnie Gaiser to C. A. Carlson, south half of Tract 37, First Subdivision of Portland of Oak Grove; \$850. Gladstone Real Estate Association to William LaSalle, lot 6 of block 52, Gladstone; \$200. Hilda Tooze to Jeppe and Helen M. Rasmussen, 50 acres of section 18, township 4 south, range 2 east; \$10. Jeppe and Helen Rasmussen to Hilda Tooze, lots 7 and 11, block 13, Pleasant Hill Addition to Oregon City; \$10.

NOT EXPENSIVE

Treatment at Hot Lake, including medical attention, board and baths, costs no more than you would pay to live at any first class hotel. Rooms can be had from 75 cents to \$2.50 per day. Meats 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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