

WHY CLARKE WILL QUIT PLAYING

Pilot of Pirates Gives Reasons For Becoming Bench Manager.

BLOW DECIDES HIS FUTURE.

When Pitcher Sallee Sent One of His Fast Ones Crashing Into Fred's Temple It Marked the Beginning of the End of His Active Days.

When lanky Harry Sallee shot that fast one crashing into Fred Clarke's right temple in St. Louis July 2 last it marked the beginning of the end for Clarke as one of the greatest player managers of all time.

It didn't mark the veteran pilot's finish so far as he personally was concerned. Persons nearer and dearer to him than any fan long had begged him to quit. Fear that some day his daring and aggressiveness would meet with serious injury had caused his family to plead with him that he give up playing—that he take his place among other old masters as a bench manager and that, like Jennings, Griffith, McGraw, Chance and DeBiel, he wear his uniform for bench privileges only.

It is said by many that when Sallee "beamed" Clarke in that memorable Sunday clash with the Cardinals it was the coin that flipped the future destiny of the Pirate boss. It was just such a trick of the baseball fates that Mrs. Fred Clarke and her two young daughters often had feared. For years the great leader of pennant contenders and winners smiled and laughed away these occasional fears and bore injury after injury with apparent good grace.

Figures It Time to Quit. But the inevitable came. It wasn't Sallee's fault. It was the misfortune of both that Clarke, crowding the plate as usual, was caught by the fast "insider" and dropped senseless in the loam. It troubled the Pirate manager for two weeks, but there was no lasting ill effect. Probably then, if never before, Fred Clarke figured that in seventeen years as a major league ball player he had had enough. The close of his seventeenth year showed him to have a grand batting average with Louisville and Pittsburgh of .326. He was keeping up that gait late last season, having .324 for the year that marked his last.

Wins Big Championship. True, he had accomplished great things, but not until 1909 did he succeed in fulfilling his most cherished ambition—a world's championship. They looked for him to take off the spiked shoes in the following year, but Fred thought he could repeat.

Mrs. Clarke during the past year declared that one of the happiest days of her life would be the day that her husband declared he would give up the game for all time. He met with frequent injuries early in the last playing season; then came the distressing rap from Sallee.

Recently Fred was quoted as having but nineteen suits of clothes that he will never participate in another game of ball. Pittsburgh hopes he loses every bet he made, and the Pirate fans simply can't imagine such a thing as Clarke sitting on the bench when a ninth inning pinch wallop is needed. He probably never again will play the outfield or any other field, but the knock of slapping out a hit—it's in the wood and in the blood—it will be mighty hard for him to resist.

GOTCH GIVES ADVICE.

"Be Underdog With Good Grace," Says Wrestler.

Here is something new and interesting in its line. Frank Gotch made a certain advance after a wrestling match in Cleveland not long ago and gave some good advice to the young men present after this fashion: "Learn to bear the burdens of the underdog with good grace and fight your way to the top of the heap. I happen to be one of those champions that have been defeated. Back in my younger days I lost a number of matches, but they were only incidents which went to pave the way to a championship.

"I was the underdog with the determination, and I set out to win my battles, trying to be a gentleman every inch of the way, and I extended myself to give my friends and backers a good show in every bout. Every man should learn to fight. By that I do not mean that he should be a pugilist or a wrestler, but I do mean that he should be able to fight out his own life's problems."

Saw No Difference.

"People who seek books from the fiction section make some funny breaks," says a librarian of the Library of Congress. "I have made note of a number of these, but none of them amused me more than the request of a sour looking spinster. She sternly demanded of me a copy of 'The Recollections of a Lar.' I told her that I didn't know it, but that I could give her 'The Recollections of a Married Man.'"

"That will do," said she acidly. "It's practically the same thing."—Lippincott's.

Patrons our advertisers.

Epigrammatic Dinner Bell.

"What's an epigram?" asked Mr. Cumrox. "An epigram is something that sounds good, but doesn't convey any reliable meaning."

"I get your idea. It's something like the dinner bell they used to ring at a place where I worked as a boy."—Washington Star.

The Resemblance.

Klicker—Which side of the house does the baby resemble? Bocker—The mortgage; he costs so much.—Judge.

President Lincoln and the Quaker Soldier Boy

A LINCOLN DAY STORY

By Captain F. A. Mitchell

The following story is a true one. The words in it attributed to Mr. Lincoln were actually spoken by him. Singular it is that Abraham Lincoln, the central figure in American history during the nineteenth century, should have contained so many contradictions. On one occasion he said to Senator Voorhees at the White House, "Doesn't it seem strange that I should be here—I, a man who couldn't cut a chicken's head off, with blood running all around me?" Full of humor, he was usually said. An obstinate opponent, he never hated one he opposed. Brave himself, he had the utmost sympathy with the timid. This was one of his most peculiar traits. Yet was it peculiar? Was it not that with that farseeing intellect of his he looked into humanity and saw it as it is rather than as it has always been considered? In his



Photo by American Press Association.

"Hi, you, there—lower that musket!"

sympathy with the noncombatant the developments of the half century since his death have borne him out. During the latter part of the eighteenth century a Quaker family came from the south and settled on Lake Champlain. Any one who looks upon its placid waters will at once recognize it as a place of peace, one fitted for those who shrink on account of conscience or preference from contention. This family occupied the largest of the islands in the lake and for three-quarters of a century pursued their peaceful avocation there. Then came to their native land a gigantic struggle, such as up to that time the world had never seen and for length and breadth and intensity may never see again.

When the war drums beat in 1861 thousands of young men on both sides flocked voluntarily to the standards. Two years passed, the end was not in sight, the enthusiasm among the youth had cooled, or, rather, many of those who had sprung to arms had been killed, died of disease or sent home disabled. Then came the draft. Among the descendants of this Quaker family who years before had settled on Lake Champlain was Faithful Lawrence, a widow with one son. Pardon Lawrence had been brought up by his mother in the Quaker faith that it was sinful to fight. He was a boy of strong character, and that character had been molded by his mother under the influence of her peaceful religion and in a peaceful location.

Pardon was but little more than eighteen when the draft came, and his was one of the names drawn. He consulted with his mother, who counseled him that their principle of nonresistance directed him to obey the government. So he submitted and was received into one of the regiments then forming in the region in which he lived.

"Though I am forced to bear arms against my fellow beings," said the boy, "I shall never injure any of them."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the recruiting officer. "My mother has taught me it is a sin to fight. It is her religion and my father's, and his father's to the third generation. I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

"How do you propose to help it?" asked the officer, amazed. "They may place a gun in my hand, but they cannot compel me to fire it or I may fire up in the air where there is no one to be injured."

The recruiting officer laughed and made no reply. For the ordinary duties of a soldier Pardon Lawrence was found to be an excellent man. He was quick to learn those duties and submitted readily to discipline. While the other boys, used to the far different life of the farm, were slow to acquire that respect due an officer by a private, Pardon fell into it easily. Where they would now and again prove refractory the Quaker boy was always subservient to military discipline.

Then came the day of battle when

the natural makeup of the man stands forth. There are some who flinch, some who girt their teeth and march up to death supported by a strong will and a few who seem rather to enjoy the fray. Pardon, had it not been for the principles that had been instilled into him from babyhood, would have been one of those who take naturally to fighting. On his face was the resolute look of the man who was forcing himself to endure the test to which he was subjected, but it was there from a different cause. He was bracing himself against not only the effort on the part of his officers to make him fight, but against that hot blood which sooner or later comes to most men on the field of battle. Pardon feared to break away from the religion of his forefathers that had been taught him by his gentle mother, but he did not fear the enemy.

The regiment was kneeling behind a stone wall waiting a charge of the enemy. On came a line of brown, like dead leaves and dust rolled forward by a gust of wind. The captain of Pardon Lawrence's company stood, his eyes darting first at this death whirl then along the line of his men, whose guns were pointed horizontally, all except one that was inclined upward. It was Pardon's.

"Hi, you, there—lower that musket!" Pardon's musket sank to a level, but when the order came to fire it bobbed up as if worked by machinery. The captain saw and remembered. Thrice the brown line was driven back before it failed to come again, and every time Private Lawrence's gun, just as the word "Fire" was given, went up, the charge going toward the sky. Not only the captain saw, but Pardon's comrades, and there sprung up against him a fierce antagonism.

"Traitor!" "A Confederate sympathizer!" "A Quaker!" "Quaker he hanged! That don't count when we're fighting."

"The next time I'm behind him in a fight I'm going to shoot him."

Pardon heard these comments, but they did not ruffle him—indeed, a faint flush of satisfaction came upon his cheek, for he was thinking of the placid bosom of his native Lake Champlain and of his little mother in her prim dress when she had said to him at his departure:

"They will find it hard, Pardon, to do the will of the Lord, but he will give thee strength."

When the fighting was over the captain called Private Lawrence to him and asked him why he had fired in the air instead of at the enemy. Pardon told him.

"Why did you enlist?" asked the captain. "I didn't; I was drafted."

"Corporal of the guard!" cried the captain. The corporal came, and the captain ordered him to take the refractory private to the guard tent and keep him there till he was called for. Then the captain went to the colonel and reported the singular case. An order was sent to direct the corporal of the guard to bring Pardon to the colonel's headquarters.

"He has called for you," said the colonel with all the sternness he could command, "to tell you that unless you will promise me that there shall be no more of this failure to fight, this flinching, this cow!"

"Does thee think I don't shoot because I am afraid?" cried Pardon, fishing.

"No, not that, but"—The colonel was puzzled. "Take him away," he said.

Not long after this scene Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office, when it was announced to him that the colonel of a regiment had visited Washington to consult with the president concerning a matter of life and death to a private soldier. Mr. Lincoln was busy, but gave orders that the officer should be admitted at once. When he came in Mr. Lincoln began to rise from his chair, and the colonel thought he would never stop rising.

"Another leg case, colonel, I suppose?" said the president wearily. Many cases of cowardice and consequent death sentences came before Mr. Lincoln, and he always called them leg cases. "You can't get me to shoot a man for running away in battle. I wouldn't do it. A man can't help being a coward any more than he could help a hump back if he were born with one. I have been scared myself and know what it is. In any contest or controversy arising between the head and the heels I never knew the heels to get anything but the best of it."

"This is not that kind of case at all, Mr. President," replied the colonel, and he explained that he had a Quaker in his regiment who wouldn't fight and wouldn't run. Mr. Lincoln was much relieved. "Why, that's plain enough, colonel," he said. "There is only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men wherever they are. Send him home."

The colonel returned to camp, and the next day Pardon was ordered to the surgeon's headquarters. There he was subjected to a rigid physical examination, at the end of which the officer certified on a discharge blank that Private Pardon Lawrence was physically incapacitated to do the duties of a soldier. When the papers reached the surgeon general he was about to send them back disapproved, since there was no disability specified, when he remembered that he had received an order from the president to pass them when they came in. So Pardon Lawrence went home covered with the glory not of a military but of a moral hero.

Rattling Windows. In some houses the windows have an unpleasant habit of rattling at all times of the day and night when there is the least wind. In such a case an ordinary clothespin is most effective. It must be split in half and one half inserted on each side between the framework and the window or between the sashes. A good plan is to paint the clothespin the same color as the window frame and secure the pieces by a cord and screw to the frame so that they will be in readiness when needed.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

For the Children

A Little Girl's Fine Valentine For Papa.



Photo by American Press Association.

See what this little lady fair has drawn upon her slate—a heart for papa's valentine. He'll surely appreciate it very much when he sees the picture. It was pretty hard work to get the lines just right, but you can see how well she succeeded. And little brother helped some too. He didn't bother a bit while the artist was at work. He just looked on and wondered at his talented sister's skill. He would have made a valentine, too, but somehow the pencil wouldn't go right and kept sprawling all over the slate. Perhaps by next year he'll be able to draw a beautiful valentine.

Lincoln's Kind Heart. One cold winter day Abraham Lincoln came upon a poor man who had been fired to chop up an old hut into firewood. The poor fellow was barefoot, thinly clothed and shivering from the cold, and he was so weak that he could hardly raise the ax.

Lincoln stopped the man in his work and said, "How much are you getting for this job?"

"A dollar," said the woodchopper, "and with it I must buy myself a pair of shoes."

"You go inside and warm yourself for a few minutes," said Lincoln as he took the ax from the woodchopper. Then he swung the ax mightily and soon had the old hut split up into kindlings. He had done it so quickly that the man could hardly believe his eyes. The poor woodchopper received his money and bought his shoes and never forgot the kindness of Abraham Lincoln.

About St. Valentines. How our simple valentine customs ever came to be connected with so subtle and revered a person as St. Valentine has ever been a mystery. There are many theories as to how this came about, but the most probable one is that the custom descends from the ancient Romans and can be traced to their festivals of the Lupercalia, which came on the 14th of February. At this celebration names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by young men. The fathers of the church put their veto on these personal drawings and in place of the young women's names substituted the names of the saints, each person thus choosing a patron saint for the coming year. This change (by chance) was made one St. Valentine's day, the anniversary of the martyrdom of Valentine, an old time saint.

A Lincoln Story. A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then, taking one gaunt knee in his hands, said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then endorsed the report, "Give this man a captain's certificate."

Conundrums. When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking tube? One is hollowed in; the other is hollowed out.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

When is a horse a victim of the inquisition? When it is fastened to the rack.

A Happy Valentine. If I could be a valentine I know what I would do—I'd get into an envelope and travel straight to you.

And if the postman didn't know And where you live I'd shake his bag As soon as he was near.

And then with all my might I'd jump And run across the street. I'm sure that he'd jump too to find A valentine had feet.

I'd ring the bell and ring the bell A minute and a half. And when you came and saw 'twas I. Oh, my, how we would laugh!

Not Much. Jess—What did papa say when you asked him? Jack—Not much. Jess—But what was it? Jack—Just that. "Not much"—London Mail.

The Resemblance. Marks—That Mrs. Gabbiegh is a perfect amazon of a woman. Parks—She hardly suggests the amazons of old to me. Marks—Oh, I mean the river she has a large mouth, and she runs on incessantly.—Boston Transcript.

WILLAMETTE CLUB TO GIVE BIG DANCE

One of the social events of the season will be the dancing party at Busch's hall next Wednesday evening by the Willamette Dancing Club. The committee in charge of the affair is composed of H. E. Draper, Clyde Mount and M. D. Latourette. The parties given by this club have always been most enjoyable affairs, and there is no doubt that there will be a large attendance at the coming party.

SECRETARY GIVES PRIMARY RULES

(Continued from page one.) for posting in public places in the respective precincts. March 20.—Latest date on which statements and portrait cuts (endorsing and opposing candidates) shall be handed to the State Printer by the Secretary of State, properly compiled, edited, prepared and indexed for printing.

March 29.—Latest date on which petitions for nomination for offices to be filled by the State at large or by any district consisting of more than one county and for Judges of Circuit Courts and for District Attorneys in districts consisting of a single county shall be filed in the office of the Secretary of State.

March 30-April 1.—Dates during which Secretary of State must arrange names and information and certify same to the county clerks for primary nominating election, filing one, posting one, and registering one copy thereof to each county clerk.

March 30-April 4.—Time within which State Printer shall commence and complete delivery of pamphlets to the Secretary of State. April 2.—Latest date on which county clerks shall mail lists of registered voters of the respective counties to the Secretary of State.

April 3.—Latest date on which petitions for nominations for offices to be voted for in only one county or district shall be filed with the county clerk.

April 4.—Dates during which the county clerks of the counties shall arrange the names and other information concerning all the candidates and parties named in the valid petitions for nomination which have been filed with them and those which have been certified to them by the Secretary of State, forthwith certify same, under the seal of the county court, file same in office and also post a duplicate thereof therein and proceed forthwith to have official ballots printed as provided by law.

April 9.—Date on which county clerks close registration books before primary election. April 9.—County clerk shall immediately send to the Secretary of State a certified copy of the numbers and totals of the electors for each party registered in the county.

April 9.—Immediately on the close of registration for the primary nominating election the county clerk shall deliver to the Secretary of State the postoffice address and party registration of every voter who has registered.

April 10.—Latest date on which Secretary of State shall forward by mail to every registered voter of the several political parties required to nominate their candidates at the primary election a copy of the pamphlet of his political party containing the names and the statements provided for.

April 18.—Last day on which any

person who has filed a nominating petition by the electors of a political party, and who has removed from his electoral district before the day of the direct primary nominating election may cause his name to be withdrawn by a writing, duly acknowledged, by filing same with the Secretary of State or the county clerk or clerks with whom the certificate nominating him was filed.

April 18.—Last day on which any nomination by petition of the electors of a political party, vacated by death or removal from an electoral district may be filled by the committee which has been given jurisdiction so to do by the political party or the law substantially as provided in Sections 3345 and 3346, Lord's Oregon Laws.

April 19.—Date of primary nominating election. Polls open at 8 a. m. and continue open until 7 p. m. Judges at their discretion may adjourn at 1 p. m. for one hour.

April 22.—Date on which county clerks shall proceed with the canvass of vote; Sec. 3377. Make copies of each abstract of vote and transmit same by mail to the Secretary of State.

Behind the Scenes. "What's the trouble?" asked the Impresario's friend. "I can't keep my people down to their own lines of work. The prima donnas will kick and the ballet won't"—Exchange.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Edward Hinderlie to C. A. Hanson, 25 acres of sections 4 and 9, township 5 south, range 1 east; \$1,900. H. A. and Rosa A. Kruse to Marion and Minnie R. Sumner, land in sections 7 and 18, township 3 south, range 1 east; \$10.

Isabel and Julia Rosenfeld to Louis Jermulowski, 41.84 acres of D. L. C. of William H. Fordyce, township 3 south, range 3 east; \$10. A. B. and Lola Craft to George M. and Ella A. Laughlin, 80 acres of Caleb and Alice Richey D. L. C., sections 19, 20, 29, 30, township 1 south, range 3 east; \$18,300.

D. N. and Phebe Bridgestone to C. L. Gray, 40 acres of section 28, township 3 south, range 4 east; \$4,000. William Pierce Johnson, Ira Pierce, S. B. McKee, F. G. Wight and Wil-

Three Reasons WHY YOU SHOULD USE Howard's Triumph Patent Flour

FIRST—A high patent flour which is in a class by itself, milled from Bluestem exclusively.

SECOND—Manufactured by the only mill in Clackamas county which makes a hard wheat patent flour.

THIRD—You should patronize a home institution instead of allowing your money to go away from your interests.

Tell your Grocer you want HOWARD'S TRIUMPH

liam R. McAfee to Willamette Pulp & Paper Company, land in Clackamas county; \$10. Lewis C. Dunton and Sarah Dunton to Victor Dunton, part of W. D. Woodcock D. L. C. No. 38, township 5 south, range 2 east; \$1. A. E. Sparks and Elizabeth Sparks to E. and Laura Baker, 16 acres of section 29, township 3 south, range 4 east; \$10. Myrtle A. and Oliver Frost to Charles Kenknight and Frank E. Dodge, 108 acres of sections 21 and 28, township 3 south, range 1 east; \$1,000. G. F. and Molly Brocha to F. M. Chance, trace 5, Multnomah Acreage; \$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. Meals 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.

We Do Cure Rheumatism

Hot Lake Mineral Baths and mud given under scientific direction have cured thousands. Write for illustrated booklet descriptive of Hot Lake Sanatorium and the methods employed. Hot Lake Sanatorium is accessible as it is located directly on the main line of the O. W. R. & N. railway, and special excursion rates are to be had at all times. Ask agents.

HOT LAKE SANATORIUM

HOT LAKE, OREGON.
WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.

PRIDE

IN OUR FACILITIES GROWTH BUSINESS WE HAVE ALL THAT

Our modern printing and binding establishment would interest you. We would be glad to have you inspect it.

Oregon City ENTERPRISE

Maker of BLANK BOOKS LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS