

MORNING ENTERPRISE OREGON CITY, OREGON

E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher.

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CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

THE MORNING ENTERPRISE is on sale at the following stores every day:

- Huntley Bros.—Drugs Main Street. J. W. McAnulty—Cigars Seventh and Main. B. B. Anderson, Main near Sixth. M. E. Dunn—Confectionery Next door to P. O. City Drug Store Electric Hotel. Schoenborn—Confectionery Seventh and J. Q. Adams.

May 30 in American History.

1808—First general celebration of Soldiers' Memorial day. 1887—Major Ben. Perley Poore, journalist and author, died; born 1820. 1890—Memorial to General James Abram Garfield dedicated at Lakeview.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 7:23, rises 4:32. Evening Star: Mars. Morning Stars: Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn.

Play Ground—Swimming Pool

We who have grown beyond the boy stage, who have given up the play ground to the younger generation who have happened to get through boyhood alive, even though we were nearly drowned, or nearly killed in another way look back upon the past and wonder how we ever reached our majority with all our senses and the two legs, arms and eyes the Good Lord gave us. Is it not right that we should profit by our past and by so doing make an extra effort to do something for the boys of today who have some of the same traits, the same deviltry the same games as in our time and who almost daily take their lives in their own hands especially during the summer months, when they must swim at any cost. A boy would not be a boy if he did not want to do the things that boys have always done and will always want to do, and we would not give a cent for a boy who did not want to do so.

This city has never done much for its boys. Let's begin now. It is never too late to make amends.

Clackamas Southern Railway

Work will begin on Monday next and how the dirt will fly. We will have Molalla Corners linked with Oregon City in the great commercial doings of the world by the time winter sets in and then the large amount of freight now going through other quarters will reach market through our city either by water, electric or steam road. Oregon City has better freight handling possibilities than any other Willamette town outside of Portland and the world will soon look to Oregon City for other than the products of today.

The Straight and Narrow Path

Baltimore, Maryland, is doing everything within its power to induce industrial plants to operate within its limits. That state is shaping its course to invite capital with equal rights to labor. Why not Oregon? If we begin right we won't have to change.

Improvements Needed to Make Our Army Inferior to None

By Major General LEONARD WOOD, Chief of Staff, U. S. A.

THE number of graduates of West Point should be increased, and the first thirty alternates who pass the highest successful examinations each year should be appointed to the academy by the president. At least THREE-FOURTHS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SHOULD BE WEST POINT GRADUATES.

A FITTING RESERVE SHOULD BE PROVIDED. MEN IN CIVIL LIFE SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED TO GO INTO THE ARMY FOR SHORT PERIODS.

In Europe it is generally recognized that training in the army is BENEFICIAL TO ALL MEN, and a similar idea should be encouraged here. If this is done the United States will be much better prepared for emergencies than it is now.

We now want to reorganize the army along safe and conservative lines. We want legislation to make the militia available for service outside of the country, and we also want legislation which will enable us to CALL OUT VOLUNTEERS WHENEVER NEEDED.

We want a well balanced army, so that it can be organized into working units and so that it can be mobilized at places where it is needed with the smallest expenditure of time and money. When we get what we are now working for we will have AN ARMY INFERIOR TO NONE IN THE WORLD.

The Billiard Ball Effect Isn't Just What We are Looking For



THE SADDEST INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

By F. A. MITCHEL. (Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.)

WHAT is the saddest occurrence you witnessed during the civil war? I asked the white headed veteran.

"The saddest occurrence?"

"Yes, the most pathetic."

"I'll tell you, but the circumstance involves a little preface. I can't call it a story, for there's not plot or plan to it. I fought in the ranks during the whole of those terrible four years and was in many skirmishes and battles. I started in the west, my first fight being at Shiloh, my next at V'er-



EATING WITH THE ENEMY.

ryville, and so on, including Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca and Kennesaw, and most of the time that I wasn't in battles—on the Atlanta campaign—I was under fire.

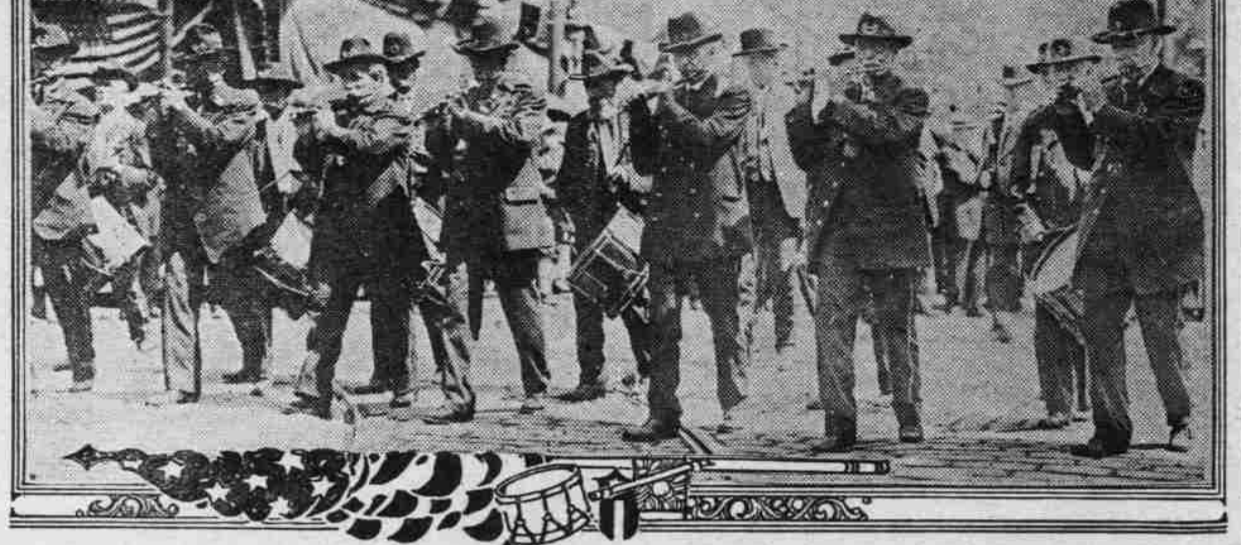
"Our people up here only knew of the war by some one near and dear who went down there to fight for the Union and never came back. Some times those lost ones were brought back in a box, sometimes they were buried with martial honors, with a wooden headstone over them; sometimes they were marked 'Unknown,' and sometimes they were all shoveled into a trench together. At the time their northern friends didn't know much about all this. They read in the newspapers of a battle, and it was very exciting and all that. But they never realized war.

"It was the southern people who found out what war was. It was right among them. That's the reason that as it progressed they became



Major General LEONARD WOOD

CRISTUNES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO BY JAMES A. EDGERTON.



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"By fours—right—march!" rings down the line. From troop to troop it flies. The bent forms straighten; there comes the shine Of the old light in their eyes. "Ta-rat-tat-tum!" throbs the turbulent drum, While the wild fife shrill and blow, And the tunes they cry as the ranks go by Are of fifty years ago.

Old "John Brown's Body"—"Guide right there— hep!"— And "Rally Round the Flag!" The hearts of the marchers keep in step, Though their old feet halt and lag. "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—say, I never hear that air But I think of the day I marched away And left Her standing there.

more and more unanimous about it. Many of them didn't wish to go out of the Union. They were driven out of it by their leaders. But when they were overrun by armies, their little garden patches destroyed, their fences used for firewood, their fathers and brothers killed, they changed their minds. Many a time the men of a family when we Yanks were approaching their homes joined with the Confederates for the first time and fought against us.

"I was with that army that advanced south in the spring of 1862 through Kentucky and Tennessee. One night while carrying a message from one part of our army to another I lost my way. Coming upon a cabin, I knocked. A man came to the door and asked what was wanted. I told him I would like forage for my horse, a place to sleep for myself and to be put on the road in the morning. He complied with all these requests, and after stabling my horse I lay down on the floor in his cabin and went to sleep.

"In the morning my host's wife gave me what she had in the house for breakfast, and, being hungry, I ate a good meal. The family name was Shanks. The father was about forty, and there were two boys aged, respectively, fifteen and twelve. They treated me kindly and insisted on filling my haversack with salt pork and corn pone, which was all they had. They were an uncouth lot, but they were a family, and we all know what that means, united and with no wish except to live their simple lives together. I noticed their affection for one another, and it made me homesick.

"They put me on the road, and I continued my ride. After delivering my dispatches I returned to headquarters and handed a reply to the general commanding.

"We met many people in the south for a moment, a day or a week. The events through which we passed were ever changing and filled with excitement. For that reason we didn't remember people. I forgot all about the Shanks family. Indeed, they never again entered my head till they were called back by the incident I'm going to tell you. The army I was with advanced to northern Alabama and remained there nearly four months. Then in August of that year General Bragg marched through Chattanooga and on up toward Louisville. General Buell, commanding our force, went marching north by another route to head him off. The two armies came together at Perryville and fought a battle.

"Perryville isn't considered today one of the great battles of the war, but I don't remember in all the fights I was in having such hard, incessant firing as there was that day. I suppose it isn't considered of so much importance now because only a small part of the Union army was engaged, the rest being held back by the commanding general.

"Well, now I'm getting to the point of my story. After the battle we found the Confederate dead and wounded a good deal, mixed, some

"The Battle Cry of Freedom"—Bill, Do you mind how the band blared out "The Battle Cry" when we charged the hill And took it with a shout? "Yankee Doodle," "The Picket Guard," "Gone at Their Country's Call"— How they take us back through the years, old pard And how we love them all

"We're Coming, Father Abraham"— Yes, coming as of yore, And when we pitch our final tents Upon the farther shore We're sure "Old Abe" will greet us there, And the boys we used to know, And we'll hear above the songs we love Of fifty years ago.

times a Confederate lying across a Unionist and sometimes vice versa.

The wounded were picked up and laid on the grass in a long line for the surgeons to visit and operate upon. Some of them died before a surgeon got to them at all. I was walking along this line and came to two of those who had died. A boy was waving a green branch over them to keep the flies away.

"Are they related to you, my boy?" I asked.

"That one," he said, pointing to the man, "is my papa, and that one," pointing to the boy, "is my brother."

"I looked at him and recognized him. He was the younger of the two Shanks boys. When the battle came on the father and the oldest son left their cabin, which was near by, with their shotguns and joined the Confederate ranks. After the battle the boy found them, and they died while he was keeping away the flies."

Saved by Enemy's Picture. James Garrabrant, a New Jersey soldier, while fighting at a battle on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, saw a daguerreotype fall from the pocket of a dead Confederate soldier. He picked it up and placed it in the breast pocket of his own blouse. Soon after he was struck by a ball and fell. His brother picked him up and found that the metal plate of the picture by receiving the bullet had saved his life. Garrabrant was not wounded.

How He Was Wounded. At a council of Confederate generals

early in the civil war one remarked that Major Blank was wounded and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign to him. "Wounded?" said Stonewall Jackson. "If it really is so I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY." When Poem Was First Published It Aroused Protests.

A LITTLE band of women in Columbus, Miss., did not know that they were pouring a few drops of oil on the troubled waters when in the spring of 1867 they decorated the graves of the boys who had worn the blue and the boys who had worn the gray lying in the cemetery near the town. The New York Tribune the next day contained this dispatch:

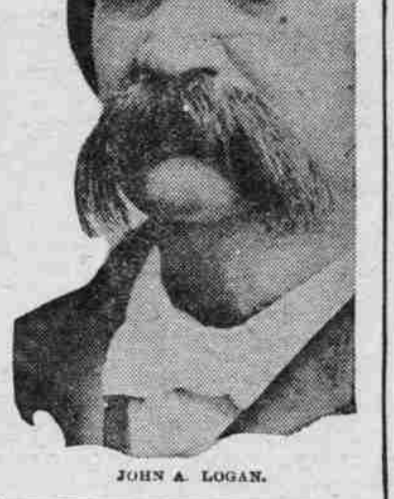
The women of Columbus, Miss., animated by noble sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the Federal soldiers.

It is not to be wondered at that this beautiful incident suggested a poem to one in whom there was the spirit of true poetry. Francis Miles Finch, whose home was in Ithaca, N. Y., read the dispatch and was impressed by the fact that the incident indicated that the south was holding out a friendly hand and that there should be some response to it. His beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray," was his own personal response to this friendly overture.

JOHN A. LOGAN WAS REAL FOUNDER OF MEMORIAL DAY

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN was the real founder of Memorial day. On May 5, 1868, he was commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and as such gave the order that Decoration day be generally celebrated on May 30. One reason for the date doubtless was that it was on May 30 that the last Union volunteer of the war was discharged.

General Logan was born in 1826, served in congress from Illinois as a Douglas Democrat, resigned to go into the war, fought at Forts Henry and Donelson, being wounded at the last named; commanded the center



JOHN A. LOGAN.

before Vicksburg, became military governor of the city after the surrender, served for several years in the United States senate and was a candidate for vice president with Blaine in 1884. After his defeat he returned to the senate.

James G. Blaine said of General Logan: "While there have been more illustrious military leaders in the United States and more illustrious leaders in legislative halls, there has, I think, been no man in this country who has combined the two careers in so eminent a degree as General Logan."

THE VETERANS.

By DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Every year they're marching slower; Every year they're stooping lower; Every year the lifting music stirs the hearts of older men; Every year the flags above them seem to bend and bless and love them As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again

Every year that day draws nearer, Every year the truth is clearer, That the men who saved the nation from the seething southern sword Soon must pass away forever From the scene of their endeavor, Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number, Loyal still to those that slumber, Forth they march to where already many have found peace at last, And they place the fairest blossoms O'er the silent, mold'ring bosoms Of the vallant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller, Tattered flag and faded color, Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do, And the eyes that only brightened When the blaze of battle lightened, Like the tattered flags they follow, are grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them musing, Every year we watch them passing, Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain, But the battle flags above them seem to bend and bless and love them, And through all the lifting music sounds an undertone of pain.

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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS Beatrice Sherk to John Sherk, land in tract 35, Oak Grove; \$1.

Adolph and Mary J. Jette to Nora White, lots 1, 2, block 4, Brightwood; \$10.

G. V. and Selma Axene to E. S. Peterson, land in section 26, township 4 south, range 3 east; \$4960.

J. T. and Ada Alexander to Henry Endres, lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, block 22, Windsor; \$10.

Adolph and Augustus Brumm to E. M. Scoutan and Ella May Scoutan, 1 acre of section 5, township 3 south, range 2 east; \$1675.

Marie A. and H. E. Brown to E. M. Scoutan, tract 11, block 2, C. T. Tooze Addition to Oregon City; \$500.

B. F. and Susan Linn to Frank and Anna Busch, lot 7, of block 13, Falls View Addition to Oregon City; \$10.

T. C. and E. M. Howell to B. F. Linn lots 5, 6, 7, 8, block 13, Meldrum; \$800.

Annie McGinnis and W. F. McGinnis to Charles Wolfer, lot 2, block 2, Sunset City; \$10.

E. M. and Clara Hart to Jacob R. and Emma Conroy, land in section 30, township 2 south, range 5 east; \$10.

Estadaca State Bank to Eliza Wehrhelm lot 10 of block 13, Lone Oak cemetery; \$25.