

A Dispatch

A Story For Memorial Day

By Captain ARTHUR TRASK

"Grandpa," said a miss of sixteen. "I wish this year you would make the story of the war you tell us on Memorial day one about a Confederate. To us young ones the war is a matter of history, and we don't realize that those beside whom we are now living as friends were then our enemies. Now, tell us a story about a nice, brave Confederate."

"I understand just what you mean, my dear," replied the septagenarian vet., "and appreciate it. Indeed, I rejoice at it. Since we are now one people it is fitting that we, especially you of the third generation of those born after the war, should feel no bitterness for a people who were our enemies half a century ago. And I am not surprised that you like to hear about them as well as about those who fought for the Union."

"Of course I must give you my own experience. There is one I had with a Confederate which is especially



HE CLASPED HER IN HIS ARMS.

adapted to Memorial day, for it is sad, and Memorial day, you know, is sad in itself. It recalls those who perished in that gigantic struggle.

"My story is told in the very beginning of the war. Fighting of a desultory kind was going on in western Virginia, then a part of the Old Dominion, but now a state which in that period of secession seceded from a state. The Allegheny mountains divide Virginia from West Virginia, and it was in these mountains that we were fighting. I was in the cavalry and did a good deal of scouting among these heights, from which I enjoyed some very beautiful views."

"The general who opposed us was a very active man. Indeed, he subsequently became one of the great leaders of the war, and many military men consider him to have been the one general of both sides who had in him the Napoleonic genius for war. If quick movement indicates such genius he certainly was in a smaller field the equal of Napoleon. For even the little Corsican could not have moved more rapidly, more unexpectedly or been in more places at the same time than Stonewall Jackson.

"Well, one day our general sent for me and told me he wanted me to find out where General Jackson was. He was reported to be at Romney, at Springfield and at Pawpaw. He couldn't very well be at all of them at the same time. The general wanted to know where he was and if possible where he would be next."

"There was a mountain ridge running north and south directly to the west of these places, and ascending it, I rode northeastward, with Romney and the other two places mentioned below me in the valley. Of course I couldn't see everywhere down there, and troops might be concealed by the trees and intervening heights. Near Springfield I concluded to descend with a view to getting a little closer to what might be going on. The mountain side was not to be passed over, especially on horseback, without going by a trail; but, having had a good deal of experience in mountaineering, I knew a trail when I saw it and, finding one, followed it."

"Reaching the valley, I struck a road. I knew it wasn't safe for me to remain on it for any length of time, so I chose an eminence near and a little above it where I could see and not be seen. There I dismounted behind a clump of low trees, tied my horse to one of them and waited.

"There was but one house in view, and that was a few hundred feet from the road and approached by a lane. I watched this house for evidence of something alive, for the place was lonely and I craved the sight of a human being. It was midsommer and everything about the house, and presently I saw a young girl come out and begin picking some of the flowers. A girl in a flower garden has always been a pretty sight to me, and I watched this young woman with very pleasant sensations. I was tempted to go down and make her acquaintance, but this might interfere with my object, so I contented myself with looking at her, admiring her graceful carriage and the comfort her flowers appeared to give her. They seemed to be talking to her and she to be listening at what they said.

"While enjoying the sight I heard a clatter of horse's hoofs coming up the valley, and presently a horseman in gray uniform appeared. As soon as he reached the lane that led down to the house he turned into it. Catching sight of the girl, he took off his hat and waved it, and she threw kisses to him. Dismounting beside her, he

clasped her in his arms.

"Now, I had computations at spying upon two lovers who had evidently met after an absence. But here comes in the difference between peace and war and more especially between peace and spying, and you must prepare yourselves for the horrid war part of my story, which I am now going to tell you. Not considering it the part of a soldier or even a spy—that's what I was—to look upon such a sight, I determined to turn away from the couple, but as I was about to do so the young soldier unbuttoned his coat, took out a folded paper, evidently a letter, opened it and read it to the girl. Then he said something to her in an earnest way, whereupon she gave him her hand, saying something to him, and it struck me that she was making him a promise.

"An explanation of this scene flashed upon me. He was carrying an important dispatch, had informed her of its contents and she had promised him that if anything occurred to prevent his delivering it she would go to the commander for whom it was intended and deliver it verbally. This was my interpretation of the matter; but, of course, it was only a guess.

"The young soldier remained only a few minutes with the girl. After having taken her in his arms again he tried to disengage himself from her, but she clung to him, and it was quite awhile before he could get away from her.

"This parting affected me very much, for I was resolved to possess myself of the dispatch or whatever it was he carried. This could hardly be done without one of us killing the other, and it was likely that he would fail, for he was unaware of my purpose, while I could follow him and if necessary shoot him in the back.

"You may think, my dear, that to harbor such intentions was very horrid of me, but you must remember that his life or mine was a mere bagatelle compared with the lives of men composing two armies. Besides, there was the cause each represented.

"The young man having torn himself from the girl, whom he left standing peering after him, I mounted my own horse and, screened by the trees, rode down the incline in the direction he had taken. We had not gone a mile from the house before I overtook him.

"Hearing the clatter of horse's hoofs behind him, he drew rein and turned. He saw me with a carbine leveled at him and heard me calling on him to surrender.

"He must have known that to refuse was certain death to him, for he must depend on a revolver, and he was out of range, while I could shoot him down before he could come near enough to me to render his weapon effective.

"You asked me to tell you of a brave Confederate, and I assure you this one was not only a brave but a noble man, for rather than be captured with the dispatch on him he chose death. He made a dash at me, but before he had made twenty paces I shot him, and he fell from his horse, which went tearing back in the direction from which he had come.

"The young soldier was dying when I dismounted and stood beside him. I wished that the war was a thing of the past, as it is for you youngsters, and I was in my own home in the north engaged in peaceful avocations. I waited till he was still in death, then opened his coat, took out the paper and read it.

"I saw that it was an order for the general commanding a detached portion of General Jackson's forces to form a junction with him that night and be ready to surprise us at dawn the next morning.

"Then I forgot everything but the carrying of the dispatch I had captured to my general as soon as possible. Putting my foot in the stirrup, I swung myself into the saddle and rode southward. So intent was I on the importance of what I was doing that I did not think of the girl at the house below. As I approached it I saw her holding her lover's horse with its empty saddle and weeping hysterically with her arms about its neck.

"I could not bear to pass her. Turning up the mountain side, I struck the trail by which I had descended and, reaching the crest, rode into camp about 10 o'clock the same night, delivering the captured dispatch to the general. When I told him the story I have told you he said:

"Thanks to you, we have nothing to fear tomorrow. We will turn in and sleep soundly."

"The year that the first Memorial was celebrated I went south, found the grave of the young Confederate I had killed and placed flowers upon it. I was no longer in war, but amenable to the generous, loving influences of peace. I was standing bare headed over the grave when the girl I had seen some years before approached with her arms full of flowers. I withdrew without saying a word to her.

"What could I have said to her? Had I not caused the death of the man she mourned? She could not have realized that the act was a war duty."

The Greek Stadium.
Stadium is from the Greek word meaning standard of length. It was the name given to the race course with in which other athletic contests also took place. The length of the course was always 600 Greek feet straightaway. Though the length of the foot varied in different localities, you may say that about nine of the course's lengths equaled one mile.

The Putrid Sea.

There is a body of water called St. Wash or Putrid sea. It is really a lagoon on the east coast of the Crimea, separated from the sea of Azov by a narrow sand bar called the tongue of Arabat. The lagoon is sixty-eight miles long, varying in width from two to fourteen miles. The water is very shallow, stagnant and exceedingly salt.

The Lion's Share.

"The lion's share" embodied the sarcasm of old Aesop, in whose fable, at the conclusion of their joint feast, the animals announce their wish to divide the booty, the lion claiming one-quarter by reason of his kingly prerogative, one-quarter for his superior courage, one-quarter for his dam and cubs. "As for the fourth quarter," said the lion, "let who will dare dispute it with me."

THE BASQUE IDEA.

Peplum Effect Shown In Lingerie Frock.



CREAM BATISTE AND BULGARIAN WORK.

The waist coming below the belt is now so popular that even the lingerie frocks for summer are shown with these basques or elongated bodices.

The frock illustrated is of cream batiste and Bulgarian embroidery, the embroidered sections being set between insertions of cream fillet lace. The arrangement of the embroidered bands, finished at the edge with ball fringe on the bodice, is exceedingly graceful. With these white frocks will be worn dark hats, but the boots are invariably white, high buttoned affairs of white buckskin being the favored style.

Girls Shunned by Men.
There are many such, and for the most part the fault lies with themselves.

The girl who never even exerts herself to be agreeable unless she can have everything her own way is one of them, for there is not a man alive who will give way in everything to a girl.

The girl who scolds is another type. She may be perfectly good tempered, but she has contracted the scolding habit, and so she is left alone to scold at her pleasure.

Then there is the girl with the haughty manner and cold stare. No man dares to make love to her, because there is nothing whatever to love in her.

So the girl scowls at what she considers his bad taste, utterly ignoring the fact that her own foolish conduct is the sole cause of his neglect.

Another girl without a lover is the painfully shy maiden. She likes to see men at a distance, but the moment they draw near she drives them back with her embarrassment. They retire simply out of pity, seeing her distress and awkward bashfulness.

Last on the list comes the girl who always has something to say about every one she sees, ridiculing people in order to be considered clever, little knowing how men intensely dislike to hear her pulling everybody's character to pieces for their amusement.

The All Day Bag.
"Even though you never would dream of carrying a hand bag in America, you must take one with you to Europe, where they are considerably more expensive to buy than at home and where you will need one every time that you start for a single day's excursion."

warned an experienced tourist while advising a friend about to depart for her first trip across the Atlantic. "This all day bag need not be weighty, but it must be sufficiently capacious to hold extra gloves and a handkerchief, a very slender folding comb and tooth brush, a tiny cake of soap, hand towel, self feeding powder puff, rubber sandals, hand mirror, chiffon veil of good size, fountain pen, notebook, needle case and a tiny flask of brandy. With that sort of equipment a woman can keep herself looking tidy for a number of hours, and she is prepared for almost any emergency likely to arise."

The Fly as a Health Inspector.

You can't hide dirt from a fly. He is a literal eye of the Lord, in every place beholding the evil and the good, particularly the evil. He has a sense for the odor of filth as a bird dog has for quails and will follow a scent a quarter of a mile up the wind if necessary to find it; then when he has found it he gorges himself full of it, smears himself with it like a small boy eating pie, clear up to the backs of his ears, and proceeds to tell the female of his species about it that she may go there and deposit her 150 eggs. No race suicide for him.

Denmark's Prime Minister.

The prime minister of Denmark, Klars Bernstein, was principal speaker at a banquet given in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Danish Woman Suffrage society at Helsingfors last month, and in the course of his remarks said that "no amendment to the constitution shall be given without including the political suffrage of Danish women."

Oddities.

Because a man cannot hear a dew drop is no sign that he is deaf, nor is it a sign of blindness because he never saw a horse fly, a board walk, a stone fence, a dog's pants, a rope walk or a clam bake.

Velocity of Meteorites.

It is no wonder that stones which fall from the regions of space are fired by the impact when they strike our atmosphere. Astronomers estimate that they fall with a velocity of at least 60,000 yards per second.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

TO MOTHERS.

Tell the mothers not to scold their boys. Never in my life did I say "You shall not" to my children. They were ruled by love and never disappointed me.

Did I not know the woman who said that—and her children—I should believe her given to exaggeration. She is a rare woman.

Why scold the boy?
To be sure, he is noisy and very much in the way sometimes. He comes into the house like a whirlwind, sprays at tables, teases the cat, makes faces at his sister and is everlasting in evidence—save when he is asleep. But—

The boy is built for noise. He is bursting with vitality and must have an escape valve. He is making himself fit physically. He is in process of man making. Do not scold him for what he cannot help.

A noisy, mischievous, forgetful lad is not necessarily a bad boy. Indeed, he is like to be a better boy than your quiet, self centered youth. But when you scold the noisy, vital kind of kid you stir up in him what ever bad may be in him. It is easy to nag a good natured, hearty boy into sharp retort and rebellion.

There's a better way. You know him so well, his strong and weak points, know that inside he has a heart as tender as his manner may be boisterous on the outside. He is not callous.

He and his father may easily clash because they are much alike. But you may be sure that under his vest is a big love for his mother. Now, you have greatly the advantage. And you should be just as careful in handling him as you were careful in handling his father in the old courting days. He is your sweetheart. Treat him as you would a lover.

The mother forgets. She is tired or has a headache. The boy jangles her nerves. She tares up at him. That rumples him, and his quick temper flares in self defense. It is soon over, and the boy still loves his mother. But the whole episode is a miserable failure.

Punish the lad, of course, when he really needs it—which is seldom. Never whip him if it can be avoided, and usually it can be. And, above all, do not scold or nag him.

Remember, he will not be your boy very long. Soon he will be a bearded man. And you will hold out a mother's empty arms.

The Great Western.

The Great Western was the crack steamship of her time. On her first voyage from Bristol to New York she took fifteen days for the passage and arrived April 23, 1838. On the second voyage she arrived May 31 of the same year in thirteen days and eight hours, the fastest time ever up to that time made westward across the Atlantic.

Lets Them Feed.

Post—Dr. Thompson is remarkably successful.

Parker—I suppose his motto is "Never say die."

Post—Nope; it's "Never say diet."—Harper's Bazar.

Figures of Speech.

"That man had to swallow his wrath." "I suppose that is why he is choking with rage!"

Stories from Out of Town

JENNINGS LODGE

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetzel have entertained many of their friends during the past few weeks at their little riverside bungalow at Roethe. Last week ten of Mr. Wetzel's former schoolmates of Chicago, Illinois, had come to Portland to the Elks' convention were the Wetzels' guests Mr. and Mrs. Offerman of San Francisco, who have spent six weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Wetzel returned home Monday.

Miss Matilda Moore and Ed T. Webb were quietly married in Oregon City July seventeenth by Justice of the Peace Samson. The couple departed immediately for their farm near Newberg. Both have been residents of this place for some time, and their friends extend congratulations.

Mrs. Rogers, a property owner of this place, but a resident of Portland, has been very ill, being confined in St. Vincent's hospital for some time. Mrs. J. Johnson, of this place, going down a number of times during the past week to be at Mrs. Rogers' bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hinman will soon take possession of their home, which they recently purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Will Jacob.

Mr. and Mrs. James Welch entertained a number of friends Sunday last with a launch ride. The trip being made from Portland in "Sunny Jim."

Mr. Welch being the owner of the launch winning in the ten mile race during the Elks' convention.

Miss Ethel Johnson, of Portland, is spending her vacation with her aunt, Mrs. J. A. Johnson.

Rev. Calvin Bergstresser and Rev. H. E. Hornschuh, of Portland were looking over the River View camp grounds Wednesday last.

Clyde Newell left Saturday for Ilwaco, Washington, where he has accepted a position.

The comfortable little home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Card was destroyed by fire Saturday evening. The fire originated in the upper story, which was dropped on the floor by Mrs. Card after lighting the lamp. Some of the furniture was removed from the rooms downstairs, but the house was completely destroyed with no remains.

Mrs. Edith Truscott entertained the Circle and a number of her friends Wednesday afternoon at her home. A short business session was held. The regular meetings during August will be postponed. Mrs. Cora Shook will be the hostess September fourth. A number of regrets were sent by those who had planned to attend the chaquetaqua on that day. Delicious refreshments were served. Those present being Mesdames Dow, of St. Paul, Jennie Jones, Ida Russell, Beas Bruecher, Agnes Cook, Cora Shook, Laura Newell, Sylvia Wilcox, Althea Emmons, Della Roberts, Edith Truscott, Anna Stover and the Misses Carrie Scripture, Anna Russell, Ruth Cook, Naomi Wilcox, Bessie Roberts, Ruth Truscott, Kenneth and Keith Wilcox, and Halmor Roberts.

H. C. Painton and family broke up camp at chaquetaqua Saturday well pleased with the entire program.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stralin, visited at Highland Monday where they are contemplating going on a ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. August Warner of Portland were calling on Jennings Lodge friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Madden, of Hood River have purchased the Ross property and took possession this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Conner are rejoicing over the birth of a son who arrived Sunday evening, July 21.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith, who have camped at Gladstone Park during the chaquetaqua left for Newport, Oregon, Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Robinson will enjoy their vacation this year at Columbia Beach, leaving Wednesday for the coast.

CHERRYVILLE

Rev. Dr. Runyan preached in the M. E. church Sunday.

Dr. O. Botkin has returned to Cherryville from a visit in Portland accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Graham, of Montavilla and her children.

Dr. John H. Boyd, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland has returned to Cherryville and will spend his vacation on his ranch with his family.

Herbert Hussock and James Mitchell of Portland came out on their motorcycles and spent Sunday in Cherryville.

Miss Viola and Miss Clara Friel have returned from a trip to Portland.

Miss Josephine Richardson, of Portland is visiting Miss Elizabeth Boyd.

Miss Latta, of Alberta, Oregon, is visiting Miss Lillian B. Averell.

Dr. A. Thompson, of Gresham and several members of his family and some friends spent Sunday on his ranch near Cherryville.

James Edgerston, wife, sister and nephew, came out in an automobile and spent several days on his ranch near Cherryville.

The forest rangers report that deer and grouse are very plentiful in the vicinity of Wild Cat Mountain about eight miles from Cherryville, and also there will be a large crop of huckleberries.

A meeting of Cherryville Commercial Club will be held next Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. F. Friel, Jr., gave a reception Saturday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Hussock, of Portland. Dancing, music, singing and games were indulged in. All report a good time.

CLEAR CREEK

The farmers in Clear Creek district from Viola and neighboring places got together for the first time July 13 to organize a "Booster Club" to show what their fertile district can produce in the line of fruit, hay, grain vegetables and timber.

Clear Creek and surrounding districts are known throughout Oregon for their productive soil and "wide awake people." The club elected officers for the ensuing year and drew up its by-laws at this first meeting. The meetings hereafter will be held the first Saturday of every month and it is to be hoped that the entire vicinity will turn out.

They are in hopes that some live ones from Oregon City will come out this way and get the people interested in a railroad so it will be more convenient to bring products to market.

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U. OF O. REFERENDUM IS PUT ON BALLOT

SALEM, Oa., July 23.—In an opinion written by Justice McBride, the supreme court today reversed Judge Galloway of the Marion county circuit court in the University of Oregon referendum case and dismissed the suits. This means that the referendums against the university appropriations of over \$500,000 will go on the ballot. Chief Justice Eakin gave a dissenting opinion, upholding the decision of the lower court. This is the first time in his service on the supreme bench that he has written a dissenting opinion alone.

The most sensational feature of the majority opinion is the declaration that the law does not mean it is necessary to have a copy of the warning and petition on each sheet of the referendum petition. In his opinion, Justice McBride says that if sheets are fastened together and a bunch of them is attached to a copy of the petition, that is all that is necessary to make them legal.

The opinion takes cognizance of the forgeries of the names as proved in the trial and reads a lecture to H. J. Parkinson for participating in a movement which originated out of community jealousies, as this did, but the opinion says after deducting the forged names enough remain to cause the petitions to go on the ballot.

Chief Justice Eakin says he bases his dissenting opinion on just one question, the form of the petition. He holds that every sheet should contain a copy of the petition and points out that the law specifically provides that 20 lines shall be left in which the signatures of each sheet must be written in by the circulator and sworn to, and says this is plain intent to have the warning and petition on each sheet.

"This whole act is bristling with precautions against fraud in its use," says Justice Eakin, "and this is the most important of them—the assurance that the man who writes his name as one of the 20 on the sheet signs the petition."

In the case of E. S. J. McAllister, appellant vs. the American Hospital association and George D. Peters et al., the supreme court reversed the decision of the Multnomah county circuit court. In this case McAllister obtained judgement against the hospital association, which was insolvent and then brought suit against the stockholders to collect the amount of the judgment from them to the extent of their unpaid stock subscriptions which action is sustained by the supreme court.

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