

The Strategy Of Shorty

By REX BEACH

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was stage time, and the men sprawled restfully upon the hotel porch awaiting the coming of the mail. Shorty had pre-empted the doorsfll, which he held by squatters' right, his thick body, toadlike and short, barring egress, while the idling smoke from his pipe excited apologue within him. A front step in the early evening, with the fullness of supper investing his audience, was solace to the little man-first, because the darkness hid his ungainly body; second, be cause to every man there comes a garrulous hour when reminiscence is like boney, and, third, because his legs did not dangle in impotent discomfort as when he expended his wealth of shortness upon the edge of made furniture.

"Say, how comes it you ain't drivin' the stage any more, Shorty?" questioned a prospector who had just packed in from the Big Divide. "Get fired?"

"Sure! Fired at and into, both." "How's that-shot? You don't say so. Who done it?" "Black Bart."

"Well, I'm durned! I didn't s'pose Bart would shoot up a driver; thought be allus played the messengers. How'd it happen?"

"There was a lady with me one trip." began Shorty, blushing at the memory, "an' Black Bart stuck us up on the



you!" growled Shorty "Don't you get funny with me."

Big Grade. He insulted her-leastways be called her my sweetheart-so I shot at him to spare her feelin's. I don't claim I done just the gentlemanty thing, 'cause it ain't a driver's place to mix with road agents, them duties bein' delegated to messengers an' such passengers as has a genius for disturbance. However, there bein' no messenger handy, I dipped at him an' busted his Winchester. My bullet knocked the gun out of his hands, an' he ran for the cutoff down the old sheep trail. He laid fer me there with his guns. When I drove by he got me here. Most welf now though."

Peg-Leg spoke unexpectedly from the shadows.

"Look a-here, Shorty. I ain't never figgered out one thing about that fracas. Old Charlie Crane says you come tearin' into his place on the dead run, your hosses plumb beat out, an' you an' the young feller all shot up." 'That's right," said Shorty.

"Well, who was this young feller? You left here that mornin' with the girl an' the bullion, but there wasn't no young feller along."

Peg-Leg had sprung the question which had excited the camp for months, and the listeners waited breathlessly. From the first the affair had a touch of mystery maddening to the camp, the more so inasmuch as Shorty, the man of splendid simplicity, had suddenly lost his candor and maintained a baf fling silence. Speculation had fed upon drifting rumor until Forest Hill wriggled in an agony of curiosity.

Considering h + ferocious habit of reducing to an ur fortunate personal basis those questions he found not to his liking, there seemed no advisable method of arriving at the truth, unless and silence had served to hone the edge of this sharp interest until "Peg Leg." the landlord, had arisen unexidlers wondered why they hadn't was the worst of them tenderfoot pros

coorgue or aira perore. Even Shorty. scorning us he did all recognized codes of warfare, could do no more than take umbrage at a wooden legged man.

"Well, ye see, it was this way," said the stage driver finally, then amid their sighs of interest there came the throb and rumble of the Auburn stage. "Here comes the mail. I'll tell ye some other time," he broke off, while the opinion of the crowd at this interruption was voiced by Spike Duffy, who swore.

"The which would certainly rasp ye, cuss his little hide!"

After the mild excitement of the stage's arrival had rippled out those who were given to the expectation of mail disappeared in the wake of the postmaster. It was one of these returning that brought IT. The epical deserves the dignity of

capitals, and epical it surely was for the dwarf who still conversed upon the

"Hey, Shorty! Here's a letter for

"What?" The little man's voice held atter, gasping incredulity.

"Sure; from a lady too." Now, it is possible to crowd the limit. "Look a-here, you!" growled Shorty, rising threateningly. "Don't you get funny with me."

"I ain't. Here it is, honest," declared Peg-Leg, hurriedly thrusting upon him a packet. "Look at it yourself."

Shorty came into possession of the object with that measure of familiarity and blitheness with which a man receives his summons to the pillery. Then when he had dazedly entered the lighted room the astonishment of the beholders swelled over bank.

"There's strange doin's here," said 'Peg Leg" gloomily, "not to say suspicious, an' I don't like 'em. I forms my own deductions."

"Mebbe it's from his sweetheart." Spike Duffy ventured, provoking mirth in those who knew Shorty's terror of the fair sex.

"I'll bet it's one of them newfangled dvertisements tellin' how to acquire bodily strength," added Murphy, who bore upon his person indelible marks of Shorty's vigor, due to an inadvertent bibulous remark long past. "Yes. sir, an' he kin outlift anybody on the

of a soot enameled tin lamp Shorty became aware of the fact that the letter was of a wonderful cerulean tint. Moreover, it was square and ungainly and offered grounds for unlimited conjecture. Plainly it was his, however, for it bore his name in large angular feminine characters.

The sensations of one's first letter are not fleeting, but they do pass finally, so, exhuming from a cavernous pocket what resembled a brass bound "billy," he pressed a spring, and it clicked into the likeness of a marvelous hunting knife with unfolding hilt and tapering steel of bayonet length. Shorty tolerated upon his person only ornamentation of the finest. He sliced a long splinter from the table to remove clinging traces of plug and, inserting the point gingerly, slit the epistle after the manner of skinning a tender, baby blue rabbit.

A fleeting perfume came to him, and the blood drummed thickly in his ears at the memory of its owner.

"It's from the little girl," he breathed ecstatically. "It's from the little girl." He spoke of her diminutively, although she had stood head and shoulders above him.

Seminary characters bear small resemblance to printed speech, nor do they lend themselves to prompt interpretation among the un-Vassared, but finally the following materialized, and he absorbed it so completely that every word stood out in mental bas re-

My Dear Friend-Mother and I wish to thank you for the great service you have rendered us, and we wish you to know that in saving my brother, Lincoln, from his wicked associates and the conse-quences of his folly you have won the blessings of two women.

We had to send him away at once, as he was recognized. He writes from Honolulu that he is safe and has begun his life all over, so we are very happy.

all over, so we are very happy.

In view of all you have done we hesitate to ask your further help, but there doesn't seem to be any other way. The money that came from the Golden Fleece claim we gave to Lincoln, and now the second payment is overdue. They tell us that those men have jumped our mine and won't pay the balance and refuse to get off. Mother is awfully worried, too, because we are very poor—so poor we can't cause we are very poor—so poor we can't take the case to law. Please tell us what to do and receive the renewed blessings of a mother and the heartfelt thanks of your sincere friend,

MILLICENT CUSHING.

Shorty untied his silk neckcloth and carefully wrapped the precious note within. The bundle he placed inside perhaps by the exhibition of a curiosity | his shirt bosom. His large hands made which Shorty would be privileged to clumsy work of it, owing to their unregard as morbid and insulting. Time | familiarity with billet doux, but his mind worked nimbly.

So! The Wilkins outfit had jumped her ground-thought she didn't have pectedly to press the question. The anybody to look out for her eh? That

pectors-they were crooked. They brought their devious eastern methods out into God's country and thought folks would stand their work. He'd never seen them, but they were chicken hearted pups-anybody who would cheat a woman was a quitter. He was for peace, himself, of course; trouble never did look good to him, but a real man was due to step into this affair. Not to use violence. No, sir; just cool, disinterested argument backed up by equity and a reasonable firmness.

Shorty busied himself with the legal aspect of the case. Never was there a clearer. The Wilkinses had failed to make good; ergo, they had another jump coming. There remained only the process-simplicity itself. Reason made a bee line, hurdling certain confusing obstacles in the nature of statutes and common law precepts, fleeing directly along the course of least resistance. Shorty oiled up his six shoot-

His theory of strategy forbade delay, for a scant measure of military knowledge demonstrates the value of an attack in the cold gray of the dawn. It is then that the blood moves slothfully and the mind is flaccid from the apathy of slumber.

"Gf' me your 'gat,' " he said to Hoffmeister, the Canada bar superintendent, as that gentleman was preparing for bed.

"Sure; help yourself." Shorty carefully tested ejector and sights, throwing the gun to shoulder tentatively.

"What's up? Thought you didn't like blg guns."

"I don't. The little guns is best, only I'm goin' bumbardin'. I want 'bout 500 rounds too. Also jest witness that." He spread upon the table a document evidently fresh from the throes of composition. Hoffmeister read it wonderingly, gazing with amazement at the in his passion, while his voice was still hoarse

"What does this mean? It says Link Cushing's silve-in Honolulu."

"Drop it, I say!" shouted the prisoner. kicking savagely. "You le'me up an' gi'me one belt at you with a pick handle-that's all I want-jest one wallop. I'll learn ye to read letters."

Bart forced him roughly back. "Shut up, or I'll slit your gullet!"

The other only bounced on his bed in paroxysm of abuse, his one intelligible sentence running, "I ain't no humpback!"

"The boy did me a good turn up Emigrant Gap way once," said the road agent, "and I took him for a partner. When you dropped him the day of the holdup I swore I'd kill you if it took twenty years. How'd you get to know his sister?"

At the lady's mention Shorty spoke again, sullenly at first:

"That was her on the stage with me that day. When you stuck us up I let drive at both of you. I busted your Winchester lock an' creased the kid. I throwed him in the wagon an' drove on. When I found he was her brother, of course I couldn't give him up, so I told 'em at the Wire bridge that he was a passenger an' had got shot in the holdup.

For some time the outlaw remained

why didn't you now?" said he. "I came near killing

"Because I sin't no humpback!" yelled the little man loudly, reverting to his unspeakable indignity. "Le'me up and fight like a man."

The other regarded him strangely, almost in wonder, but no hint of amusement lay in his eyes. At last he apologized: "I beg your pardon, Shorty. I didn't mean it. You sure ain't a bumpback. We've been too good enemies not to be good friends. You saved that boy, and I'd like to shake on it. I've heard considerable about you, off and

He cut the lacings, and Shorty rolled out, feeling his many bruises gingerly. "I never went back on a partner," continued Bart, "but you've done more for the boy than I ever could, and when you need any help let me know.

I feel like I owed it to you.' Shorty's mind acted quickly. "I'll take some right now. Ye notice that letter says they're plumb busted the girl an' the old lady. Well, I've tore this flat all up lookin' for gold. I've wallered in work disgraceful to a

section gang till I've wore blisters on every shovel handle around the place. For results look at this an' weep. He displayed his tin can, with its

meager yellow contents. "Now, s'pose you blow in with some of that ill gotten wealth of your'n."

"Bet I will," heartily replied the tall man, and from each pocket he produced much currency, tossing it upon the table until the watcher's eyes grew round and wondering. As each exploration resulted in an added roll, the dwarf remarked: "You remind me of that passage in the good book about the Widder Cruse's oil-you never seem to run out. Seems like your business

has its redeemin' features.' "Yes; there's easy money in it for nervy men," said Bart. "I need a partner too."

"Wouldn't wish any, thanks," quickly replied the other. "Weil, I guess you're wise." The dark man sighed wearily. "It's a fast life. They'll get me some day. Don't

let the women know where that money came from." He stepped outside, then added shrewdly, "And, say, I hope you marry the girl."

The little man stood a moment dumbly, then leaped savagely at the

"Here, you"- But Bart had melted into the night, and there came only the echo of his laughter and a rustle across the carpet of pine needles.

(To Be Continued.)

Many a velvet word has a sandpaper thought behind it.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Richey of Boring were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Richey Sunday.

Emmet Odell was a business visitor in Gresham Tuesday.

Bellrose were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. tive. Dr. King's New Discovery eases L. Anderson, Sunday.

P. Campbeil, Sunday.

Portland Monday.

the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nolta. at your druggist. Pleasant Valley Grange is having the

inside walls of their dining hall and kitchen treated to a coat of paint. J. L. Johnson of Gilbert is doing the work. P. L. Bliss has installed an electric light plant on his place, lighting his house, barn and out buildings.

Little Miss Eula Marvin gaye her mother a surprise party on her birthday last Saturday evening. A number of guests were invited. Ice cream and cake were served.

Carl Borges and daughter, Mrs. Hadley, of Portland, visited with Chris and for me." Don't keep on suffering, ap-Fred Borges Monday. Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Blair of Lents

were valley visitors Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richey of Boring

called on Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sager one day recently. Mrs. Elwood and daughter Miss Lura, of Portland, came out Saturday and

visited over Sunday with friends at this Drs. L. S. and Laura E. Downing of Portland and Mrs. King of Wichita, Kansas, were entertained by Mr. and

Mrs. f. P. Campbell last Sunday. G. N. Sager called on J. F. Wing of Ernest Olson of Sellwood visited with

his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Olson, during the latter part of the week. Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Forsgren enter-

tained friends from Powell Valley Sun-Willard Bliss was a Damascus visitor

Sunday afternoon. Grain harvest is in full swing hereabouts this week.

A special meeting was held last Saturday evening by Pleasant Valley Grange at which the first and second degrees was conferred upon a large class of new candidates.

KENDALL

The baseball game planned for Sunday a week ago, between Kendall and the Woodstock Firemen was called off on account of the non-appearance of the firemen. This is the second time that team was to play Kendall and both times failed to show up.

Miss Hazel Sample was a recent risitor among friends in this vicinity. Mr. Newton has a short time since completed a new addition to his resi-

From now until November 25th, look out for the playing of "peanut politics on the part of certain metropolitan newspapers. To get some idea of the game as played, subscribe for the papers of the two most important parties. Thereafter you will think twice before casting your vote. As the political section of the papers is today conducted, no man is doing himself justice who relies solely upon the advice of a prejudiced paper to decide for whom he shall vote. Someday-or is this hoping too much?-man will trust man completely. Then there will be no need of political editors making use of psychology, suggestion, etc., of which the general public knows very little and by which they may be greatly influenced, by one adept in making use of the above-to swing voters over to their way of thinking. About the only way a voter may now do justice to himself in this respect is to read all sides. By getting only one side one becomes too one-sided. Get both sides, then draw

your own conclusions. Miss Cecelia O'Sullivan was a recent visitor in our midst.

Mr. O. B. Olson has disposed of his residence property and is thinking of going on a farm.

Several persons in this section, who have lately received word from their soilder friends on the border, report that the Oregon soldiers are unanimously in favor of "Oregon Mist," instead of the scorching atmosphere of the

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At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching service. 8:00 p. m. Evening services. 7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting. 8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of

W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor.

16 a. m. Sabbath Scho 11 a. m. Morning worship.
7:p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service. 8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church

Sundays: 8 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:30 a. m. Sunday School. 12 M. Choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church 10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.

11 a. m. Saturday preaching. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting. 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E. 10 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching ser-

7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer A cordial welcome to all. Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of

each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.

Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual. Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec. Rev. O. W. Tavior Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert
Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Paul Bradford,

Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.

11:00 s. m Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching Services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week
prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30

B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services. J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of ortland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45, a, m, Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at

W. R. F. Browne, pastor. Residence 5703 83rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church 9:45 a, m. Sunday school. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 a. m. class meeting. 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. 7:30 p. m. preaching.

The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m.

Morning Worship, 11 a. m.

Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m.

German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Presching. 3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor. 6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Presching.

Brentwood M. E. Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Preaching s vice. Rev. W. 1. Wilson, Pastor.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Royal Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Neighbors, meets regular Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.