

# The Power of Sympathy

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

When the Spanish-American war broke out Ralph and Edgar Townsend, teachers, enlisted in the same regiment of sharpshooters and were assigned to the same company. One day they were out on the picket line supporting the Spaniards. Their position was behind a stone wall, its circumference broken here and there. Ralph was on one side of a gap, while Edgar was on the other side, the opening between them being eight or ten yards. Edgar concluded to make a dash to join his brother. He had passed safely over all but a couple of yards of the distance when Ralph saw a Spanish sharpshooter taking aim at his brother. Ralph had just emptied his piece or he would have sprang between him and Edgar and received a shot which, grazing the spine, paralyzed his lower limbs. He was discharged from the service and sent home, where he submitted to an operation that partly restored his locomotive powers, but he was in a measure crippled for life.

As soon as the war was over Edgar Townsend rejoined his brother, resolving to devote the rest of his life to him. Ralph was twenty years old, Edgar twenty-two. Ralph would not admit that he was crippled and was very sensitive at the mention of his being so. As for Edgar making any change whatever in his life's plans on his account he would not hear of it, nor did Ralph seem to realize that he had sacrificed himself for his brother. He considered what he had done simply in the line of his duty as a soldier. Edgar, on the contrary, was impressed with the idea that his brother had put upon him a burden which he should have to bear himself.

Nevertheless as soon as Edgar saw that Ralph was averse to such an interpretation of the status between them, he refrained from any mention of it, and wherever it was possible to conceal any sacrifice he made for his brother he did so. He soon came to studying Ralph's wishes, and wherever they conflicted with his own, made promises that what Ralph wanted was distasteful to him.

Then came Edith Payne into the lives of the brothers. She was sympathetic with Ralph, but her heart went out to Edgar. The one she loved as one who needed her, the other she loved as one she needed. Edgar, noting that his brother was daily growing more dependent on her, refrained from paying her any marked attention.

As time went on Edgar perceived that Edith was growing to be a necessity to Ralph. Moreover, he noticed that while Edith was devoted to Ralph, there were indications that her heart was setting toward himself. One day when he and Edith were speaking of Ralph Edgar said to her:

"I feel it my duty to say to you, Edith, that I have seen what perhaps has passed unnoticed by you. Ralph loves you."

The girl paled, and she had cause to pale. She loved Edgar and she knew that while his brother held this view, Edgar was lost to her. He would never stand between his brother and her.

"I hope," she said presently, "that you are mistaken."

"And I hope," said Edgar, "if you think you cannot respond, that you are mistaken. Our attentions to those dependent upon us often draw us to them with far greater force than we realize."

Edith sighed. She knew that the man she loved was endeavoring to persuade her to give herself to the man she only pitied. But she said nothing more. She knew what Edgar would have her do. She did not know his feelings toward her, but she surmised that he had no desire to possess her himself. Even if he had he would give her up to his brother.

Soon after this brief dialogue Edgar went away for a time, leaving Edith and Ralph together. Before his departure he said to Edith, "I hope when I return to find that you have decided to make Ralph happy."

It was thus that Edith was led to bear a part of the burden of the man she loved by giving herself to the man she did not love. She considered what

he had said to her a command, and she would not disobey. When Edgar returned she told him that she and Ralph were engaged.

She looked Edgar in the eye when she made the announcement, hoping to see him wince. If it was a shock to him he concealed it so well that she was deceived. From that time she gave herself up more and more to Ralph's companionship, and when the wedding day came went with him to the altar a martyr.

Then Edgar, feeling that his brother no longer needed him as before, spent much of his time away from him. Some said he did not dare trust himself near his brother's wife.

As the years sped on Ralph Townsend grew more and more helpless, his wife more and more devoted to him. Ten years after his marriage he died. Those who knew of the sacrifice that had been made supposed that Edith and Edgar would quickly come together. They have been disappointed. Four years after Edith became a widow she and Edgar had not married. It is said that she illustrates Edgar's words to her years before, "Our attentions to those dependent upon us often draw us to them with far greater force than we realize."

Edgar is still a bachelor.

# The Girl He Left Behind Him

By F. A. MITCHELL

John Hobbs was a Yorkshireman, born on his father's farm, worked on his father's farm and was contented on his father's farm. He had received only a few years' schooling, but he was a bit of a philosopher in his own way. He was engaged to be married to Ellen Brierly and expected to inherit her father's farm and live and die there. Ellen was a high strung, emotional girl and when the war with Germany broke out insisted that John should enlist.

"What for?" asked John.

"Why, all the men are enlisting."

"It seems to me, if that's so, some one 'ad better stay 'ome and do the farmin'."

"But think of the excitement of going off to the war with the flags flying, the drums beating and the band playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'!"

"And hobblin' back singin' 'the leg I left behind me'!"

"John, I'm afraid you're a coward."

John looked at her, leaning on the spade with which he had been digging, then threw it down and said:

"I can't stand that from the girl I love. I'm goin' to enlist."

"Forgive me," said Ellen, throwing her arms about him. "I know you weren't afraid to go to the war. I thought you needed a little prodding."

"I'm goin' to war to please you. I don't believe in wars. The fellows that go either don't come back or, if they do, they find the excitement all over and people talkin' about somethin' else. They don't cut no figure at all. The fellows that stayed at 'ome has got the jobs, and the soldier 'as to git a livin' the best way 'e can."

"Don't fear for that, Johnny, dear. I'll be 'ere to welcome you back, and if you are maimed I'll take care of you for the rest of your life."

She kissed him and patted him to make him feel better about the sacrifice he was making, but Johnny refused to be comforted. However, he went to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted. When he marched away with the regimental band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" Ellen stood by the roadside waving her handkerchief at him, her eyes bedimmed with tears.

One day, the better part of a year later, a discharged soldier, walking along a road in Yorkshire on one foot leg and a wooden one, met a man with a hoe on his shoulder.

"Mister," said the ex-soldier, "I'll been to the war. I was taken prisoner by the Germans on the battlefield, shot away for a time, leaving Edith and Ralph together. Before his departure he said to Edith, 'I hope when I return to find that you have decided to make Ralph happy.'"

It was thus that Edith was led to bear a part of the burden of the man she loved by giving herself to the man she did not love. She considered what

"What's she to say? A good deal, wot's that? I'll wait to the war for 'er sake and left my leg in Belgium for 'er sake too."

"Are you John 'Obbs'?"

"Fauncy I am, wot's left o' me. Besides my leg, my right 'and 'as gone and my left eye."

"And you've come back to marry your sweetheart?"

"I'll fauncy. She promised to take care o' me for the rest o' my life if I come back maimed."

The man looked thoughtful, stroked his beard, changed the leg he was standing on several times, then said:

"This 'ere promisin' to take care o' any one for life is a bad business."

"Ow so?"

"I promised to take care of a woman for 'er life, and I'm a dotin' o' it, but it's a 'ard job. I wouldn't mind givin' 'er to you to take care of you."

"I don't want 'er. I want Ellen Brierly, the girl I left behind me when I went to the war and the girl I went to the war to please."

"I'm sorry you did that."

"Why?"

"Well, your goin' to the war got me into a lot o' trouble. I was mighty independent in them days. I 'ad no worryment wotsoever. A girl took a shine to me and married me. I ain't 'ad no peace since."

"Is that wot comes o' matrimony?"

"That's wot come to me. See 'ere, young fellow. I fancy it was very 'ard stayin' in German 'ospitals and leavin' your leg and your fingers behind you and losin' your eye, but you missed a lot o' troubles worse than that by goin'."

"Wot troubles?"

"The troubles o' matrimony. You missed 'em; I got 'em."

"Ow so?"

"I married the girl you left behind you."

"Wot! You married Ellen Brierly?"

"I did. I knew that a feller named John 'Obbs that 'ad gone to the war was expectin' to marry 'er when 'e got back—if he ever did get back—and I thought I was wrongin' 'im. I don't mind join' the best I can to make amends. If you want 'er I'll fight out and say nothin' about it, leavin' 'er to you."

John Hobbs thought awhile before accepting or declining this very self-sacrificing offer. Finally he said:

"That's very kind o' you, my friend, but seppin' 'ow you and Ellen is married it wouldn't be 'onorable o' me to crowd you out. I'm goin' to my father and mother, and I fancy they'll be glad to take care o' me. So long."

And he stumped on.

A Ruler of Rulers.

For several years, as readers of the sporting pages know, the domestic affairs of the Philadelphia National League club have been subject to frequent changes of administration.

During the December meeting of the big league magnates in New York, Sherwood Magee, the star outfielder for the Phillies and one of the wags of baseball, dropped in to look things over.

Somewhat spoke of the possibility of a new alignment of the directorate in Philadelphia.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Magee; "in the years I've played on that team I've had no less than nine presidents under me!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Stage Humor.

There is a form of stage humor which has always been popular in America and perhaps is an expression of a national trait. It consists of the joke which is made by the actor on the stage, half as a part of the play, half out of the play, as a sort of side remark to the audience, as it were, burlesquing the play. It is a favorite form of humor with certain vaudeville comedians, who usually abuse it. It was a favorite form with the old Weber & Fields company, who could use it to perfection.

Once the late Peter Dillely in a Weber & Fields play came out on the stage from the wings, pursued by the applause supposedly of a group of diners to whom he had been making a speech. He jerked his thumb toward the invisible applauders, smiled at the audience and remarked, "Jolly dogs, those stage hands."

Again, De Wolf Hopper started to make a certain speech after the first performance of "Fiddle-dee-dee" and hesitated for a word.

# HE WON HIS BET

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

I was a reader for a prominent magazine. Perhaps I should explain to those who are not familiar with editorial work that a reader is one who reads manuscripts of unknown authors. A manuscript is brought in to the editor, who sits at a mahogany desk and listens with apparent interest to a long account of the merits of the work submitted, smiles benignly on the author and as soon as he is gone tosses the manuscript to the reader without a word.

The magazine I was with being for women, most of the readers were women. I being one of the women.

At one time when the editor was ill those who insisted on seeing the editor were referred to me. One of those who left a manuscript with me was a man who seemed to me to be of such caliber that either he should be a successful writer or should not be a writer at all. But successful writers were not used to asking us to publish their works; we asked them to do us the honor to permit us to publish them. I was certainly impressed with Mr. Horatio Beardsley—the name on the title page of his story—and promised him that I would give his story a careful reading.

I did most of my work at home and took Mr. Beardsley's story, called "A Fool For His Pains," there to read it. But a great many manuscripts were crowding upon us at the time, and we were especially successful in getting recognized literary lights in the literary world to give us their works for publication. The consequence was that I omitted to read "A Fool For His Pains" for some time.

One day I looked in my closet for the manuscript, where I had left it, and did not find it there. I asked my mother what had become of it and learned that she had burned an accumulation of pasteboard boxes recently. The manuscript was in a pasteboard box, and it was apparent to me that it had gone up in smoke.

I was terror-stricken. If through my carelessness a manuscript committed to my care were destroyed and there was no other copy in existence I would not only suffer a terrible mortification, but would lose my position, on which I was dependent for a living for both my mother and myself.

When I went again to the office of the magazine a letter from Horatio Beardsley was handed me, stating that he had made arrangements for the publication of "A Fool For His Pains" and asking them to return the manuscript. I said nothing at the office about its destruction, for I had not sufficiently recovered from the shock to make up my mind what to do or say in the matter. I went home and tried to think out a way by which I might save myself from the loss of my position, though there was no possible way of escaping the mortification to which I would be subjected.

What I decided upon was this: I wrote a note to Mr. Beardsley, confessing that his manuscript had been burned and asking him if he had another copy and begging him for the present to say nothing about the matter. My note brought him to see me at my home, and it was plain that he was much chagrined at the loss of his manuscript. I told him I could raise \$50, which I knew was more than any author unknown to the public could get for a story of the same length as the one he had submitted. He looked up at me with a curious expression when I said this, but made no reply.

He left me, saying that he would think over what was best to do, but in the meanwhile I need give myself no uneasiness concerning it. This was very good of him, and I felt very grateful.

A few days later I received a note from him saying that he had decided to rewrite the lost story. Work he did over a second time was always better than his first effort. If I could spare the time to become his amanuensis for the time he would not only excuse me for the destruction of the original manuscript, but if he received a higher price for the second draft than he would divide the excess with me.

I was only too glad to escape with this penalty and accepted the proposition except as to any pecuniary interest in what he received for his story. I gave him a couple of hours every working day for a month, at the end of which time the story was finished.

In the course of another week I received a note from the author containing a check for \$250, which he said was my share of the excess over what he had been offered for the first draft of his story. And what was my consternation to see in his signature the name of one of the most gifted writers before the public.

He had made a bet with a friend that he would submit a story to our magazine under an assumed name and nothing would come of it. Something more than he expected did come of it; his story was burned. Time showed why he treated me so nicely. It seems that he had taken the same fancy to me that I had taken to him. That is why he wished me for his amanuensis. He desired to be with me, to become acquainted with me, and as it turned out he was afforded an opportunity to make love to me. I have been his wife several years and have not yet heard the last of the burning of his production. Indeed, I never expect to hear the last of it. What troubled me at the time was that I could not tell a gifted writer from a common scribbler.

A Good Retort.

The head master of a boarding school a few miles north of London is very particular about the behavior of his scholars during meal times, a fact of which the undermasters are fully aware. A short time back one of the tutors observed a boy cleaning his knife on the tablecloth and immediately pounced on him.

"I suppose that's what you generally do at home, sir?" he remarked sternly.

"Oh, no," replied the boy quietly.

"We generally use clean knives at home,"—London Mail.

# Hillsboro Celebrates JULY 3-4-5

For the first time in the history of Washington County the committee presents 3 days of

# Aviation

Mr. Munpter, who is under contract with the State Fair, is under contract and will make five flights from the ball park, at the grounds

# Saturday, July 3

Children's parade at 10:30 in the morning on Main Street. Roller skating race, in the business district, forenoon. Airship flight, 1:30 and 4:30 p. m.

# Sunday, 4th

Sunday School parade, 9:30 a. m. Devotional exercises and community sing 10:00 to 12:00.

# Monday, 5th

Civic parade at 9:00 a. m. Patriotic exercises at grounds, 11:00 a. m. Games, races and contests, afternoon Aviation, 1:30 and 4:30. Dancing Saturday and Monday, afternoon and Evening at grounds.

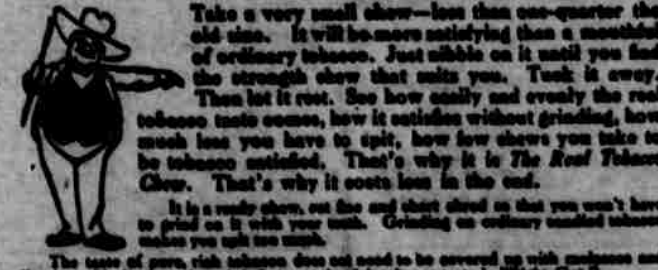


THE NOVICE LEARNS THE GOOD JURGES WAY

A NIBBLE of "Right-Cut" gives you a more good tobacco taste and substance than a cheekful of the old kind.

It's the Real Tobacco Chew—and if you like tobacco you'll know it by the time you finish your first pouch.

Sappy, mellow, rich tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough. And the taste lasts.



One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

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If your horse should happen to be frightened, your very life may depend on the strength of your harness. Our harness is made to stand all strains. It's the kind you may depend upon.

F. T. SPICKER Main Street, opposite Court House

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington. Winthrop W. Davis, Plaintiff,

vs. Julia F. Davis, Defendant.

To Julia F. Davis, above named defendant.

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the plaintiff's complaint filed against you herein, within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, and on or before the 28th day of July, 1915.

If you fail to make such appearance within the time herein specified, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit, a decree of the above entitled court dissolving the marriage contract heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and yourself, and for such other relief as the court may deem just and equitable.

This summons is made by publication pursuant to an order of the Hon. Geo. E. Swaney, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered herein on the 14th day of June, 1915.

Date of first publication, June 17, 1915. Date of last publication, July 27, 1915. Joseph and Hanes, Attorneys for plaintiff, 511 Corbett Building, Portland, Ore.

Administrator's Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that I, the undersigned, have been by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Barbara Ann Gates, deceased, and have duly qualified as such administrator.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me with the proper vouchers at the law office of W. H. Barrett, at Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated June 17, 1915. John Gates, Administrator of the estate of Barbara Ann Gates, deceased. W. H. Barrett, Attorney for said estate.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Kurman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County his final account and report in the matter of said estate, and that said Court has fixed and appointed Monday, the 28th day of June, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of the State of Oregon for Washington County, in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

W. O. Mosher, Administrator of said estate. W. M. G. HARR, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

# Suggestions For Summer

Where To Go

## Tillamook Seashore Resorts

Wonderful scenery, dense forests, enticing trout streams, miles and miles of glorious sandy beach.

Special Low Round Trip Fares from all points with long limit. Daily and week end trains.

Ask for further particulars and copy of booklet "Seashore Tillamook County"

## Summer Excursions East

Round trip tickets to Eastern destinations via California with stop-overs in either direction to visit the Expositions on sale daily from all points.

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Our Agents will be glad to furnish full particulars in regard to any of the above outings and make reservations, outline your trip or give you interesting literature on the various places you can visit.

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Every charm for an out door vacation. Surf bathing, fishing, boating and pleasant social recreations

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Daily Train Service and special Sunday Excursions

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