

How the Treaty Was Made

A Story Inspired by the President's Peace Plan

By F. A. MITCHELL

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In the changes that have come over Europe the principles of Perot and Wendon have disappeared from the map. They were carved out of the ancient territory called Perotia and were a boundary line between the two was a matter of dispute, and much blood had been spilled without any progress being made to fix it permanently. At last war had reduced them both to bankruptcy.

One day a young man, Hermann von Gratz, rode into the capital of Wendon, drew up at the palace of the reigning prince and announced himself as an envoy extraordinary from the sovereign of Perotia, having power to make a treaty with his neighbors of Wendon establishing a boundary line. At the time of his arrival the minister of foreign affairs was with the prince, who, having heard von Gratz's announcement, turned to his cabinet officer and said:

"Count von Steinwitz, negotiate a treaty such as this young man is sent to make. I do not wish to see it or be consulted with regard to it. It has been signed, sealed and dedicated. Then if it is satisfactory to me I will make you a knight, giving you at the same time one of my estates. If the treaty fails to meet my approval you shall lose your head."

At this the ambassador looked very much astonished.

"What surprises you?" asked the prince.

"A coincidence. My sovereign the Prince of Perotia has imposed upon me the same conditions."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, your highness, with this addition, that the treaty must be made. I cannot escape for a failure to agree."

"Turning to von Steinwitz, the prince said:

"Add that condition to those I have named. Take my brother sovereign's representative to your castle and keep him there till you have come to an agreement."

The minister and the ambassador bowed themselves out, mounted horses and rode to von Steinwitz's castle.

There was a great difference in years between the two diplomats. Von Steinwitz being over sixty years old, while von Gratz was scarcely thirty. The former was not much worried for his head, for he was a veteran in diplomacy and had no fear but that he could satisfy the prince and his experienced men. Upon their arrival the host placed his guest in the handsomest and most comfortable of apartments in the castle, left him and, going to his cabinet, ordered an attendant to bring him a letter, the Countess Bertha, that he wished her to come to him. In a few minutes the maid joined her father, and he said to her:

"A young diplomat is here from the king of Perotia. Make it your business to win his heart."

"Yes, father," said the girl dutifully and obediently. She asked no reason for this strange request, and none was offered. Like all girls of that period, she was accustomed to hear and to obey. Parents did not give reasons for their orders.

Von Gratz and Bertha von Steinwitz at once began the same evading. No orders were necessary in either case so far as love was concerned, for the young diplomat as soon as he set eyes on the countess was enraptured. And Bertha, in the handsome face and figure, the intellectual cast of von Gratz's head and countenance, saw an ideal such as she had dreamed of from childhood. After the meal the crafty count withdrew to his cabinet, leaving the two together.

The next morning after breakfast von Steinwitz, instead of inviting his guest to begin the negotiations, ordered horses and footmen to be brought and sent his guest and Bertha on a hunt. All day they rode through the woods attended by a retinue of courtiers and servants. Bertha not only found any attempt to fascinate her companion repulsive, but needless. She had only to be herself to win him, and she gave her heart to him without the asking. Love is a fine diplomat than any earthly sovereign has ever employed. The two breathed it in with the pure air. When their birds took flight for the coveted game, though they were followed, their hearts remained in proximity. And when the hunt was ended and they rode back to the castle they took no thought of love; the little god alone had a care for that.

The second day was like the first, and so the time passed. Love pre-

vented, but not the treaty. Ten days had gone by, and not a point in it had been discussed. Then the young diplomat began to realize that he loved his antagonist's daughter. A new feature had come over the treaty. If the count achieved a diplomatic advantage the lover would lose his head. If the latter secured a victory the father of the girl he loved must die. There could be but one happy result—a treaty as inspired by generous motives that the work when finished would be satisfactory to both sovereigns.

Then one morning the count, instead of devising new pleasures for his guest, invited him to his cabinet, and the two sat down together over papers and maps.

Now, Hermann von Gratz had been sent on this mission because he was a wanderer in the science of diplomacy. The two principles were to him but sheet music. If he gave up a town and gained an island, if he left out a province for future consideration and slipped a peninsula, it was all for a final checkmate of his enemy's king. During this first morning, when preliminaries for the struggle were alone taken up, his mind was upon a different matter. He was thinking of Bertha and that if he possessed her she must be given him by his opponent in the diplomatic game. But the next day, when the battle began, he temporarily forgot his love, and the older man was surprised to learn that he had a genius for an antagonist.

"Let us proceed," said von Gratz, "methodically. When I grant you a province for a town or an island, we will mark the same on our map, and the agreement shall be immutable. If we do not proceed thus we shall make no treaty and both suffer the penalty."

The count saw the necessity, but acquiesced reluctantly. The boundary ran for a distance of some 50 miles, at times the natural division being a mountain chain, at times a river. The field on which the game was played was so broad that only one who had a head fitted for the purpose could retain at one time its different parts. The players sat down to work at 10 in the morning and never came even for a meal till 10 at night. Then on the concessions of both parties they drew the treaty. When it was finished it must be signed, for every step in it was irrevocable.

Von Gratz put his signature to it without reading it. The count dreaded to do the same, but there was no escape. Then his antagonist leaned back in his chair while von Steinwitz read the document. He had not half finished it when he smiled. His enemy had secured an overwhelming advantage.

For a few moments the count gave himself up for lost. Then suddenly he remembered his instructions to his daughter. He had given them with a view to providing for such a contingency as this and had observed the results. Regarding his presence of mind, he expressed no dissatisfaction with the treaty. The seals of both principles were attached, and the instrument was de facto.

"You will remain as my guest a few days longer," said the count, "while engraved copies are being made, then I suppose I shall be obliged to part with you."

"And your head," added von Gratz. For the first time the two looked at each other, not with duplicity, but in their true relations.

"Yes," replied the count in a tremulous voice, "with my head."

"Had I not played a better game than you if I would have been my head to drop under the ax?"

"It surely would."

"A boundary line equitable to both sovereigns could not perish to this treaty. For centuries both have spilled blood over it, and now that an advance has been made in the method of settlement one of us must get the better of the other, and the one that is beaten dies."

"How can it be otherwise?"

"What may come in future times I know not. Perhaps it may be a growing sense of justice when diplomacy will not mean an intellectual battle with blades looking on to give moral support to the players. In the case before us love comes in to atone that treaty we have just made and construct another. In striking you I strike your daughter, whom I love. That I cannot do."

Taking up the treaty, he tore it into bits.

"Now let us make a compact, inspired not by articles, but by ships, not by intellectual superiority, but by love."

The old count looked at his younger visitor in astonishment. Then heads of persuasion stood out on his face, and he trembled. Lastly he folded von Gratz in his arms with the words:

"My noble son."

It was the lover who made the new draft of the treaty, while the old man sat giving his faculties time to regain their equilibrium. For an hour Hermann jotted down memoranda, making changes and adding new data on the map, then wrote out the articles of agreement. When the document was finished he handed it to the count, remarking:

"There is no war in this; there is peace. There is no victory gained by intellectual supremacy; there is property. It is not based on justice, for human justice is seldom determinable. It is based on the one simple word 'love.'"

Von Steinwitz read the document and saw in it that equal division of advantages which was exactly what he represented the wisest sense of equity.

When the treaty was presented to the two sovereigns each in night, the other had gained the day's share. But after reading it each saw that it was not so, and each felt a sense of relief and satisfaction that a necessary for bloodshed was past and his people spared from themselves to binding up their wounds, filling the soil and raising articles necessary to their comfort.

When it became known that Hermann von Gratz had inspired the treaty and that she was to marry one of the rulers both principles rose up to celebrate the nuptials. Gifts poured in from all quarters, and there was more enthusiasm in the festivities than at any royal marriage that had ever occurred.

Laconic

Ethel Barrymore's mother was a capital comedienne and a woman of much wit and humor, a quality not lacking in her distinguished daughter. In an engagement in San Francisco she was asked to take part in a special performance. She wired her manager in New York for permission. His reply was "No."

Her answer to this was equally brief.

It was "Oh!"

This was more laconic than Artemus Ward's reply to the San Francisco manager, Thomas Maguire, who telegraphed Ward:

"What will you take for forty nights in California?"

"Whisky and water," was the response.—Daniel Frohman's "Memories."

Gratitude

A political leader said of gratitude at a banquet in New York:

"The gratitude that you meet with in politics makes you think of the hired girl with thirty years of service behind her."

"To this faithful old creature her mistress said:

"My dear Martha, you have now served us faithfully for thirty years. We shall henceforth regard you as a member of the family. You will receive no wages."

A Freshie

The baby across the car aisle caught sight of the bilious individual opposite and let out a shrill yell of alarm.

The bilious person leaned forward.

"Baby attendin' college, ma'am?"

he asked.

"No, sir," the mother sharply replied, and the baby yelled again.

"Thass ver' funny," said the infuriated one, "there's certainly some class to that yell."

Then he gave the child an atrocious wink and fell asleep.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Zook, the paper hanger will do your painting.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF POLK.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson.

To Rhoda Peterson, John W. Peterson, Charles A. Peterson, George M. Peterson, Mary A. Starr and Grove A. Peterson, greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk at the Court Room thereof, at Dallas in the County of Polk, State of Oregon on Saturday, the 11th day of November 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why the following described lands should not be sold, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 580 feet South and 200 feet East of the Northwest corner of Out Lot No. Twelve (12) in the town of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, running thence South 134 feet, thence West 75 feet; thence North 124 feet; thence East 75 feet to the place of beginning.

WITNESS: The Hon. Ed F. Comd, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk with the Seal of said Court affixed, this 7th day of October, A. D., 1911.

[SEAL] Attest: E. M. SMITH, Clerk, SIBLEY & EARDY, Attorneys.

IN TOUCH WITH FRIENDS and RELATIVES



A GRAND-MOTHER may not be as spry as she used to be, but she is in close touch with her world for all that.

The telephone enables her to make many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

Formal gatherings have their place, but it is the many little intimate visits over the telephone that keep people young and interested.

Grand-mother's telephone visits do no stop with her own town. The Long Distance Service of the Bell Telephone takes her to other towns, and allows relatives and friends to chat with her although hundreds of miles away.

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Herald and Pacific Homestead one year 1.00
Herald and Weekly Oregonian one year 2.00
Herald and Daily Telegram one year 5.00

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Eliza E. Hawley, has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County executrix of the estate of John H. Hawley, deceased, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified with the proper vouchers within six months from the date of this notice to the said executrix at her residence in the city of Monmouth, in Polk County, state of Oregon.

Dated and first published September 29, 1911.

ELIZA E. HAWLEY, Executrix of the estate of John H. Hawley, deceased.
OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney.

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Office of the Comptroller of the Currency
Washington, D. C., August 24th, 1911.

Whereas by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that,

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Monmouth, in the town of Monmouth in the County of Polk, and State of Oregon has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.

Now therefore I, Lawrence O. Murry, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that

The First National Bank of Monmouth, in the town of Monmouth in the County of Polk, and State of Oregon, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in Section fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of the Polk County Bank, Monmouth, Oregon.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fourth day of August 1911.

LAWRENCE O. MURRY, Comptroller of the Currency.
(Seal)

HAIR Styling made from combings. Enquire at this office.