

The Gate That Won Jane

How It Opened the Way
For Their Happiness.

By MARY G. BENTLEY.

Farmer Tillson hadn't a generous hair in his head. He kept every cent he got and never gave out a cent.

Jane was as open hearted as Tillson was close. She was the life of the young farmer people round about, and not one of them but loved her. Her uncle did all he could to impress her with the fact that, having some capital, she should look upon marriage as a sort of partnership in which her partner should furnish an equivalent to her own means.

One day there came to Tillson's farm a young man who asked for work. He was rather intellectual looking than muscular, a fact that did not favorably impress Tillson. But he offered to work for very low wages, and as it was harvest time Tillson employed him.

Now, Jane no sooner saw young Zeke Freeman doing the hardest work there was to be done on the farm, which her uncle put upon the young man, than she pitied him. Pity being akin to love, she loved him. She was bright enough, however, to keep the situation from her uncle, who never suspected it till Freeman one day went to him to ask for Jane's hand.

"No, ye can't have Jane," snarled old Tillson ungraciously. "She's my brother's daughter an' has money of her own, an' ye ain't nothin' but a hired man with no prospects. I don't see what Jane was thinkin' on to say ye could ask me. Ye can't have her, an' that's all there is to it."

Zeke opened his mouth as though to protest or to strengthen his case by further argument, but Tillson's face was grim and forbidding, and he knew the old man too well to weaken his chances by causing useless irritation. He turned away.

That afternoon they were near the farmyard gate, Zeke digging post holes and old Tillson patching up a wheelbarrow, when the drummer of an agricultural warehouse appeared. But, instead of going straight to Tillson, he stopped at the gate and began to examine it curiously.

"Queer contrivance that," he said presently. "Good idea, though—grand, good idea. How did you happen to think of it?"

"It's some of my hired man's dillydallyin'," replied Tillson gruffly. "He's forever up to something of that sort. Wastes half his time."

Zeke flushed a little, but did not look up.

"No wasted time about that," declared the drummer emphatically. "It's a valuable idea. There's money in it."

"Money?" questioned Tillson eagerly. Then he saw one of the horses squeezing his body through the open doorway of the corner and he rushed off. He would have sent Zeke, only he preferred him to continue at the post hole digging.

"So it's your idea, is it?" said the drummer as he crossed to Zeke's side. "Going to have it patented, of course?"

Zeke laughed. "Patented!" he echoed. "That foolish thing? Why, it's nothing but a lot of stones and two hinges placed so the gate will shut of itself."

"But that's just the sort of thing which usually proves valuable," persisted the drummer. "The simpler the device, if it's useful, the better. You'll make a mistake if you don't protect the idea."

"Then I guess I'll make the mistake," said Zeke carelessly. "Patents cost money, and I haven't any. Besides, if I had I wouldn't risk 50 cents on that foolish thing."

The drummer regarded him thoughtfully. "Look here," he said suddenly, "how would you like to make a trade? I could appropriate the idea for myself if I did business that way, but I don't. Still, I like to make money wherever I see a chance. My horse does a good deal in patent articles, and I can gener-

ally guess pretty close whether there's money in an idea or not. Now, if you say so, I will put this through at my own expense and keep half the profit. What do you say? Suppose we fix this thing now?"

He opened a notebook and wrote for some seconds, then tore out the leaf and handed it to Zeke.

"It's a sort of agreement for you to put your name to," he said. "Read it first, though. Never sign anything until you know what it is."

Later I will have regular papers made out for both of us."

Zeke read the paper and signed his name with the pen which the drummer held ready. Then he resumed his digging. A few moments later Tillson came hurrying back.

"The dratted horse ate a full peck of good corn," he began wrathfully. "No supper 'll he get this night. Now, what is it 'bout that gate bizness? How's there money in it?"

"By getting the invention patented," answered the drummer carelessly, "but Zeke and I have fixed that up. Well, I must be going."

"But, look here!" exclaimed Tillson. "Ye must talk with me 'bout that gate. It's mine! Zeke ain't nothin' to do with it."

"Oh, I don't want the gate," said the drummer coolly. "It's only the idea, and that, I believe, belongs to Zeke. Goodby."

Tillson stared at him as he walked away, with deepening anger on his face. Suddenly he swung round to Zeke. "What did ye get?" he demanded. "Come, hand it over."

"I didn't receive anything in money," Zeke answered.

"Stop!" roughly. "Don't tell any yarns. Didn't I hear the man say you an' him fixed it up? Now, how much money did he give ye for my gate? Look at me straight!"

Zeke did so, with a half smile. "He's to be paid for getting out a patent," he replied, "and have half what we make."

"An' ye didn't get any money?" "Not a cent."

Tillson looked at him sharply, but there was no deceit in the straightforward face. Even he realized the fact. "Then yer an idiot!" he snarled. "The man was set on the idea. I could see that from the way he spoke. Ye could have got \$50 or \$100 jest as easy as nothin'! Mebbe we could have made a trade for a lot of his tools. An' now—huh—ye'll never hear from him ag'in."

Zeke did not answer, and presently Tillson went toward the barn grumbling. But his words did not disturb Zeke in the least. He scarcely expected to hear from the man again. Even when the "regular papers" came, with imposing seals and blank places for him to sign his name, he regarded them more as novelties than as anything that would affect his future.

But one day a letter came which caused his eyes to open wide with amazed delight and which after a half hour of hard thinking carried him into the house after his Sunday clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned from the town. Old Tillson met him at the barn door, his face dark.

"What d'ye leave work for without my say so?" he demanded.

"Business," replied Zeke. "I heard you say t'other day the mortgage had run by and that if you did not raise the money soon they'd be selling you out. So I've been to a lawyer and had it fixed over in my name, to save you trouble. You can pay me whenever it suits. You see, in answer to the look on Tillson's face, "I got a check for \$2,000 on the patent and am likely to get as much more every year. I think I'll buy Dickson's big farm that joins ours."

Tillson stood looking at the young man with mouth and eyes wide open. The expression on his face was a study.

"What interest you goin' to charge me?"

"Never mind about the interest. You can pay whatever rate you please or nothing at all."

"Waal, I suppose you've got to be paid suthin'. What is it you want?" "Jane."

"Oh, that's the pay you're after." The moment the old curmudgeon's interest came to the front he was less concerned about that of his niece.

"You and she can settle that, I suppose. As long as she's satisfied I suppose I'll have to be."

Jane was perfectly satisfied, and

before long there was a wedding.

But Zeke didn't buy Dickson's farm. He drifted into the employ of a firm engaged in the development of mechanical contrivances and is now a very rich man.

The Ever Active Brain.

The question, "Does the brain ever rest?" would seem to be answerable only in the negative. Unconscious cerebration appears to be a necessary concomitant of the powers of intellect, and during sleep, whether we remember it or not, we are always dreaming. Of course, during waking time we are perpetually thinking, thinking. Dream is the thought of the sleep time, when reason is out of the game, and the fancy, or imagination, has the reins, with nothing to hold her back. We take many a trip under her guidance that we are unable to recall when she has resigned the reins into the hands of reason. Awake or asleep, we are always busy. The mind never rests.

FOOTBALL SIGNALS.

Story of How the Use of the Number System Was Inaugurated.

According to R. W. Maxwell, the famous Swarthmore player, numerical football signals, now so necessary to playing the gridiron game, first originated in 1888, when Pennsylvania Military college used the system against Princeton and won from the Tigers by a score of 6 to 0. The New Jersey team was bewildered by the novelty, but the advantage of the system was realized and Princeton adopted it, followed by Yale and Harvard. In fact, the birth of the signal system Maxwell says:

"Signals seem to be an absolutely essential part of football, and yet it was not until 1888 that they were invented. From the November day in 1869, when Rutgers and Princeton played the first game of football, until 1888 the colleges got along by using systems which varied with every eleven, letters being frequently used. It was left to Pennsylvania Military college to originate the present system of numbers.

"It was on a chill November afternoon in 1888 that Pennsylvania Military college flashed the number system on the football world and, incidentally, used the signals as the means of a coup whereby Princeton was whipped at Chester by 6 to 0. The numbers not only mystified Princeton, but they so speeded up Penn Military's play that it was able to outrush the Tigers at every stage of the game, which was witnessed by more than 1,000 persons, a great football gathering for those days. From that day the use of numbers for signals sprang rapidly.

"In defeating Princeton Pennsylvania Military did not use trick plays, spring some new formations or work the 'shoestring' stunt for the first time. The players outgeneraled their opponents, and the outgeneraling was done by using a system of numbers for signals.

"Football signals now being used by all of the teams were used for the first time in this contest. Princeton was swept off her feet by the speedy play and was outclassed and outplayed. It was the most successful coup d'etat ever sprung by a football team. It made such an impression on Princeton that the coach adopted it for his team, and within a year Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and others also took it up. Penn also was defeated in that same year. This revolutionized football."—New York Times.

BAPTIST CHURCH

G. A. POLLARD, PASTOR
 Sunday School - 11.00 a. m.
 Preaching Service, - 11.00 a. m.
 C. U. E. Meeting, - 6.30 p. m.
 Preaching Service, - 7.30 p. m.
 Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 8.00 p. m.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that C. Lorence, executor of the estate Phebe Jane Martin, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor in the County Court of the state of Oregon for Polk County, and that said Court has appointed Monday, the 9th day of April, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said County Court, in Dallas, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of all objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published March 9, 1917.

C. LORENCE,
 Executor of the estate of
 Phebe Jane Martin, deceased.
 Oscar Hayter, Attorney.

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No. 10,071

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

At Monmouth, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on March 5, 1917.

RESOURCES

1. Loans and discounts	\$121,431.46
2. Overdrafts, unsecured	102.93
5. U. S. bonds:	
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	15,000.00
6. Bonds, securities, etc.:	
b Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledged to secure postal savings deposits	\$ 2,000.00
e Securities other than U. S. bonds, (not including stocks) owned unpledged	24,780.59 26,780.59
8. Stock of Federal Reserve bank (50 per cent of subscription)	1,200.00
9. Value of banking house (if unencumbered)	8,962.50
10. Furniture and fixtures	1,500.00
12. Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	\$ 3,297.26
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	75,009.09 78,306.35
13. Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 12 or 20)	4,047.49
16. Outside checks and other cash items	\$ 187.22
Fractional currency, nickels, and cents	159.12 346.34
17. Notes of other national banks	555.00
20. Lawful reserve in vault and net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank	22,892.64
21. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	750.00
Total	\$281,875.30

LIABILITIES

23. Capital stock paid in	\$ 30,000.00
24. Surplus fund	10,000.00
25. Undivided profits	\$10,195.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	2,148.44 8,046.56
28. Circulating notes outstanding	14,010.00
Demand deposits:	
33. Individual deposits subject to check	153,741.58
34. Certificates of deposit under less than 30 days	7,112.21
36. Cashier's checks outstanding	597.25
38. Postal savings deposits	232.80
Total demand deposits, Items 33, 34, 36, 38	\$166,683.84
Time deposits (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice)	
41. Certificates of deposit	\$ 53,134.90
Total	\$281,875.30

State of Oregon, } ss
 County of Polk, }
 I, W. E. Smith, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. E. SMITH, Cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1917.
 WALTER G. BROWN,
 Notary Public.

My commission expires September 22, 1920.

CORRECT-Attest

IRA C. POWELL,
 J. B. V. BUTLER,
 WM. RIDDELL, } Directors.

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