

His Dramatic Model

By WILLIAM C. POMEROY

Ferguson, who wrote plays, argued that if artists need models why not playwrights? But where are the playwrights to get them?

Ferguson was engaged to be married to a young lady to whom plays, romances—indeed, all ideal things—were as real as they were objects of art to her betrothed. It had often occurred to him when he desired a model for some special scene to deceive her into a like situation and put her words into the mouth of his character. The trouble was that he couldn't bear to subject her to a strain. She was such a delicate, sensitive, clinging little thing that he was afraid any tragic experience would result in positive injury to her.

However, at one time he had in view a play in which the hero confesses to the heroine, who is a criminal, that he loves her, that he is a criminal. Her love for him is so strong that she cannot discard him, but consents to devote herself to him for life in an endeavor to help him outlive the effects of his crime and become a self-respecting and respected citizen. Later it turns out that he has confessed to a crime committed by his brother, whom he desires to save.

Ferguson knew that if he made such a confession to his Rosalie she would take it all in earnest. It would be a serious business for the girl. But he would get a model for an emotion that would result in certain fame and prospective profits. Surely Rosalie would forgive him when she knew why he had deceived her, especially when comforts would accrue from the royalties that came as a result of the deception.

There was a side issue to the matter that was tempting. It would be lovely to have Rosalie act according to his ideal—that is, to show such love for him that she would cling to him despite his crime. And the denouement would be very pleasurable.

One night he called upon his fiancée and before she came down to receive him hid one of these little photographic machines for taking in the human voice under the sofa in order that he might put her exact words into the dialogue of his play. She stepped playfully into the room, but stopped on the threshold, observing the dreadful expression he had assumed.

"Oh, Harry, what is it?"

"Rose, sweetheart, how can I tell you?"

"Tell me what? Speak at once!"

"I cannot."

"You must. Don't fear for me. I can bear it."

"I don't know how I could have done it."

"Done what?"

"Rose, to a moment of madness I was tempted to—"

"What?"

"Commit a forgery."

The little machine under the sofa was getting it all down. There was now a brief interval, a moment of fearful suspense for the hero, one of emotional indecision for the heroine. Ferguson had made an attempt to put the dialogue in his play, using his inventive powers. Thus far the real and the ideal coincided. The next lines, as he had written them, spoken by the heroine were, "Oh, Harry, how could you have done it?" But when Rose spoke they were different. She stood looking at him with a heaving bosom and flashing eyes. Then, pointing, she spoke her part:

"You just walk out of that door, and don't let me ever see you again!"

Ferguson was astonished, not only that she could treat him thus, but that she should show so much strength under the ordeal.

"Is there no hope?" he moaned.

"Hope? No! Harry, you have been fooling with your high, toned talk about honor and integrity and all that, and yet you have been weak enough to commit the most contemptible of crimes. I'd rather have had you commit murder."

"Rose, if you cast me off I shall go down, down, from this point, becoming at last a hopeless wreck on the sands. With you to lean on—"

"I don't want a man to lean on me. I prefer to lean on a man, thank you."

Ferguson stood looking at her for a few moments; then a sickly smile broke over his face.

"As a model for an ideal, self-sacrificing woman who loves her lover so well that she will cling to him, though he confesses himself a criminal, you're not a success."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been stuffing you. I wanted to see how you would act if I confessed myself a criminal."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied."

"I am. I won't make any more such confessions."

"I don't think you will."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want a lover who will use me for any such purpose. Good evening and goodbye." And she swept out of the room.

Ferguson spent more thought on appeasing her than he gave to his play. However, he succeeded in time and is now married and is still a playwright. The incident revolutionized his work. He abandoned the heroic and turned a complete somersault into realism and happened to have the faculty for working realistic scenes in with what are commonly called the dramatic laws, but which are at bottom human nature.

A Long Time Out of Use.

"A man told me," says a cynic in the American Magazine, "that during the San Francisco earthquake he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to renew an old acquaintance."

By Proxy.

Gustav—Blinks has a great command of language. Bustum—What? Blinks, the clam, who never has ten words to say? Gustav—Sure thing! His wife will say anything he wants her to.—New York Times.



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A Mystery

By F. A. MITCHEL

Herman Beck was a guide in the Swiss Alps. Old Gottlieb Swinger, the cheesemaker, had a very pretty daughter, Anna, whom Herman wished to marry, but her father would not consent. "I have nothing but a few cheese presses," he said to her, "a dozen goats and the chalet over our heads. I can consequently give you no dowry. Herman has nothing except what he can earn guiding tourists. Instead of having a son-in-law to relieve me of providing for one of my children I shall likely in time have grandchildren on my hands, for Herman is liable at any time to slide down to his death with an avalanche or fall over a precipice."

Anna gave this reply of her father to Herman, who cast his eyes thoughtfully up the mountain side, then said: "Tell your father that whether I marry you or do not marry you I will provide for you."

When Anna told her father that he exclaimed: "Herman is a fool. His dreams dream as high up in the clouds as the peaks he climbs. How could he provide for you?"

The girl made no reply to this, for she did not know what Herman meant. She knew that he was full of strange ideas, and she was impressed with the sad but resolute expression on his face when he spoke the words that she had repeated to her father. However, there was nothing to be done in the matter, for she had no idea of disobeying her father by marrying Herman.

One day an English gentleman engaged Herman to make an ascent with him. The two started out together, and when they got up to where the climbing was dangerous Herman united them by a rope. While moving along over a narrow path with a precipice on one side the tourist slipped and fell on a side of the divide which was but some twenty feet above a ledge. The shock, however, caused Herman to lose his balance, and he fell on the other side and hung over the precipice. His ax slipped from his hands, and he heard it strike far below. Fortunately, the rope held, but Herman knew that would not long bear the strain and any rubbing against the sharp rocks on the edge of the divide would surely cause it to break. For this reason he could not use it to climb up on, and, having no ax, he could not cut steps in the ice. He called out to the tourist:

"We cannot remain long in this position, for as soon as night comes and the temperature falls we will freeze. If I cut the rope you will fall on the ledge and can descend the mountain. I would like to sell you my life for money. It will enable you to live."

The Englishman would not at first consent to any such plan, asserting that he would blame himself and be blamed for accepting his life on such terms. But Herman told him that the small strands that composed the rope were gradually giving way and it would soon break. So the tourist finally said that he would accede to Herman's terms, though he could not see how the latter could be benefited by money after his death. Then Herman told him it was to be paid to Anna, the daughter of old Gottlieb, the cheesemaker in the valley.

"I will give her," said the tourist, "half of what I possess, or £10,000."

"She will not know what to do with so much," said Herman, "but you can settle that with her father."

The tourist heard nothing more from Herman. Some minutes passed, awful minutes, during which the Englishman knew that a soul was preparing for death. The surrounding mountains seemed a part of eternity, the silence that of infinite space. Then suddenly he dropped, landing on the ledge below. For awhile his mind was so filled with the terrible fate of his guide that he could think of nothing else. Then, realizing that he must save himself in order to keep his part of the contract he had made, he got up and, walking along the ledge, found a place some distance below where he could regain the path by which he and his guide had ascended. Night came on, and he lost his way. He would have sunk down in the snow and permitted the cold to end his life had he not been buoyed by a desire to pay the money he had promised. Indeed, when he thought that he must live under the cloud of his guide's death and his own safety he would have preferred to die. He stopped to rest and saw a light in a chalet window some distance below. His light, he struggled on and when a door was opened to him fell on the floor insensible.

The next day he descended into the valley and appeared at the Gottlieb home. When Anna saw him come in alone and looking haggard she knew her lover had perished and swooned.

The tourist told them that Herman had gone down into a precipice, then, without further explanation, called for a notary and executed papers transferring to Anna Gottlieb property in England worth \$50,000.

"I wonder," said the awe-stricken cheesemaker, "how Herman knew that the opportunity would occur for him to take this provision for my daughter."

Herman Beck was the only person who could throw any light on this, and since it was dead it must remain a secret.

Bernhardt's Odd Mistake.

Sarah Bernhardt was once the unconscious victim of an amusing mistake. When returning from one of her visits to England she chanced to encounter King George of Greece, who was waiting for an outgoing train, at the Gare du Nord, in Paris. The great actress was overwhelmed. "Sir," she said to the king, "you honor me. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your courtesy in coming here to meet me." His majesty gracefully accepted the situation.

TURKISH TITLES.

They Are Added to Persons' Names Instead of Being Prefixed.

Turkish names and titles are sometimes confusing to the ordinary reader, and this explanation from the Turkish embassy at Washington may be of interest. In the first place, our American prefixes "Mr." or "General" become suffixes in Turkish. The mayor of a Turkish city adds to his name Bodele Halil. Therefore it would not be Mayor John Smith, but Smith Bodele Halil.

A caliph is a prince of the royal line and "Mohammed's representative," ranking next to the sultan himself in importance. The next title of importance is sheik of Islam, or head of the Mohammedan faith. Imam is the title by which a priest is originally addressed.

Asna is the highest title within the gift of the sultan. It is conferred chiefly on men who achieve distinction in arts and letters or in commerce and is more or less common among the great merchants of Turkey or those who under the old regime had a hand in the collection of taxes. The word "bey" attached to the name of a person indicates that the bearer is distinguished for service of the country. The term "effendi" indicates that the man so addressed is higher in birth, breeding or education than the man speaking and is a variable title, depending on the rank of those carrying on a conversation.

The grand vizier, or sardarm, is the premier of the cabinet and is the highest of government civil officials. The governor of a province is known as val. This term is added to the name instead of being prefixed.—Indianapolis News.

SINGING MOTHERS.

Charm of the Music of Their Voices to Their Little Ones.

They came to me in a dream—these singing mothers. A long, slow procession of shadowy forms, beautiful as rainbows and as wonderful, singing a strange haunting melody full of mystery. First came troops of girl mothers, clasping their little babes with a tenderness that was half fear and with wide-inquiring eyes filled with holy light and the consciousness of the deepest realization of life. Then came strong mothers of youth, leading happy-faced children and confident with a sense of power, buoyant with hope, and radiant with promise. Last of all came silver mothers of men, leaning on their stalwart sons and, though bowed with years, yet gloriously young in spirit, hallowed by memories and glowing with the victory of achievement. And, a mother, watching these pass by and listening to their haunting music, felt as never before the divine significance of motherhood and all the hidden meanings in the word "singing."

All this is music in a marvelous mood, but there is no music on earth more appealing or more far-reaching than the voice of a mother singing to her little ones. No audience ever listened with keener rapture to any prima donna than that little group gathered in the twilight hour at a mother's knee. It is her dearest joy at that time to put into music all the sacredness of motherhood and the happiness of childhood, to teach and to charm and to tune the hearts of her children.—Anne P. L. Field in Craftsman.

Wide Apart.

It is told us that two schoolmates met recently. It had been fifteen years since their last meeting, but the recognition was mutual. One was sleek, well fed, well shaven, well dressed. The other was rather thin, rather seedy.

"Well, well," exclaimed the prosperous one; "what are you doing now?"

"I am an actor."

"Indeed? Well, I'm a banker. And you are on the stage? Dear me! It's been ten years since I was in a theater."

"You're got nothing on me. It's been longer than that since I was in a bank."

Then they parted, each thinking a bit less of the other than he had thought before the meeting.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Salute in an Uproar.

Some years ago the Spanish cabinet decided to take legal proceedings against certain members of Parliament who were suspected of misusing public money. The opposition resolved at all costs to prevent this, and for forty hours on end they kept up a most amazing uproar. They cheered and shouted, and sang litanies in chorus. The effect of the latter performance was extraordinary. One deputy would come to the front and, as his friends chanted the response, and so they went on for nearly two days and nights until a truce was proclaimed.—Pearson's Weekly.

Followed Instructions.

Mudge—This watch has been stopped for two or three weeks. Jeweler—Let me see it. There is nothing the matter with it except that it has not been wound. Mudge—I thought maybe that was it. I remember you told me to wind it up just before I went to bed, and I haven't been to bed for three nights.

A Chatty Old Lady.

The following advertisement appears in a fashionable British newspaper: "Lately I wish to exchange scandal with another. Replies required only from those in the best society."

Comfort is but a homely name for happiness.—North

Two Language Signboards.

In China and Japan railroad signboards bear the names of places in both English and the native language.

Straight as It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well cut with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you are so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cure has gained a world-wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

People in the News

Attorney General Hogan, of Ohio, has decided that the red flag of the Socialist organization may fly at East Liverpool.

The Storting at Christiania has voted a life annuity to Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, of \$16,000.

Lieutenant J. D. Park, military aviator, was killed by a fall of less than 15 feet while flying from San Diego to Los Angeles.

Lawyer John N. Anhalt will be placed on trial in New York Monday on an indictment charging him with bribery in connection with an attempt to liberate Harry K. Thaw from Matteawan asylum.

Secretary of State Bryan accepted an invitation to speak at the second annual banquet of the Pan-American Society of the United States, held in New York Thursday.

William Deary, general manager of the Potlatch Lumber company, one of the best-known men in the western lumber country, died at Potlatch, Idaho.

Replying to Colonel George Harvey's statement that his recent public speeches were meant to incite the "predatory poor," Vice-President Marshall said at Washington: "If anybody will produce a public utterance of mine advocating the curtailment of distribution of honest wealth except by a fair inheritance tax, I will go to Wall street and apologize."

Brief News of the Week

Two thousand of the 2500 laborers on the Kettle River railroad, a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific in the Okanogan district, have struck.

London bankers representing the makers of the five-power loan of \$125,000,000 to China have been officially notified of China's final acceptance of the loan, and have made the first advance of funds.

Of the 30,000 children enrolled in the Hawaiian public schools, nearly 10,000 of them are Japanese, according to information received by the United States bureau of education.

Congregations in Ohio and Indiana which suffered from the recent floods have appealed to the general committee of the United Methodist Church, in session at Washington, for aid to the amount of \$125,000.

The Illinois senate passed a suffrage bill, which gives women the right to vote on all statutory offices. It is doubtful whether the measure reaches a rollcall in the house at the present session.

Official estimates issued by the authorities of Scotland Yard, say that the damages to property in the British Isles, caused by the militant suffragettes during the last three months amounts to more than \$5,000,000. Taking into consideration the increased cost of detective service, they estimate that suffragette activity, is costing England \$25,000,000 a year.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Leo L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

O. J. Goffa, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. Goffa and Anna A. Goffa, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of a writ of execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, in its docketed, dated the 23d day of April, 1913, in a suit therein pending wherein O. J. Goffa is plaintiff and J. W. Goffa and Anna A. Goffa are defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 8th day of March, 1913, in favor of the plaintiff and against defendants above named, for the sum of \$250.70, with interest thereon from the 23d day of November, 1911, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$75 attorneys fee, and \$10 costs and disbursements and the accruing costs, I will on

Saturday, May 31st, 1913

At the hour of 10:30 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the above named defendant's right, title and interest in that certain lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the county of Sherman, state of Oregon, to-wit: Commencing at a point 264 feet west and 534 feet north of the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, section eighteen (18) in township one (1) north range seventeen (17) east of w. 10th meridian, zone north 664 feet, thence the east 70 feet, thence the south to the north line of Devey street in the city of Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, thence along said north line of Devey street, to the place of beginning.

Subject only to confirmation and the right of redemption as by law provided.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 30th day of April, 1913.

J. C. McKean, Sheriff

5012-30-172 of Sherman county, Oregon.

CUMMINS-In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Grace Butler Dickson, Plaintiff, vs. William J. Dickson, Defendant.

To William J. Dickson, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the second entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 27th day of June, 1913, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of willful desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

The summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in accordance with an order of the Hon. D. R. Parker, Circuit Judge for Sherman County, made on the 3rd day of May, 1913, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 16th day of May, 1913.

It is 1913-172 Attorney for Plaintiff

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

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Moro Oregon.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.

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"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

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We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right.

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