

HERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon. Friday, August 11, 1916.

Five Cents

Dr. C. L. Poley
Physician and Surgeon.

Moro, Oregon.

Office in residence.

C. J. BRIGHT,

W. C. BRYANT.

Bright & Bryant.

Attorneys-at-Law

offices at

The Dalles and Moro, Ore.

J. B. Hosford

LAWYER

Practises in United States and State Courts also in the State of Washington.

Suite 1 and 2

The Bank Building
MORO, OREGON.

Grover J. Duffey

Lawyer.

Office with W. H. Ragsdale
MORO - OREGON.

C. M. Huddleston

Attorney at Law

Wasco, - Oregon

PAPER HANGING

PAINTING

SIGN WRITING

Estimates Furnished
Free.

J. F. Noonan, Moro, Ore.

Your business will be appreciated and an endeavor will be made to please all.

**AS GOOD AS
A CHEW OF
"SPEAR HEAD"**

That Means the Supreme Degree of Rich, Luscious Tobacco Flavor

NO OTHER CHEW EQUALS IT

Nature varies the flavor she puts into the different grades of tobacco leaf—and the best of all is the flavor of choice red Burley that pleases you so mightily when you chew Spear Head. The delicious fruit flavor of a chew of Spear Head is a revelation to the man who has never chewed or who has been chewing near-good tobacco. For chewing is the one way to get all the wholesome, healthful, appetizing flavor of the tobacco leaf—providing you chew a high-grade plug like Spear Head. No other tobacco can compare with Spear Head in the wholesome satisfaction it gives. You get more savory sweetness in a chew of Spear Head than in a whole plug of ordinary tobacco. And you get it in its purest form—for Spear Head is made amid the most wholesome surroundings, in a great, new factory that's kept absolutely clean and sanitary. Try this rich, mellow, satisfying, pure chew. Such a chew cannot be obtained in any other tobacco than Spear Head. In 10c cuts, wrapped in wax paper.

The WOMAN'S PICTURE

An Unusual Episode of Life on the Border

By GORDON RAY YOUNG

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

I raised my hands. There was no word spoken. The revolver and behind it the masked face of the highwayman were enough. For the first time in my life I realized how people felt when they gazed at the muzzle of my gun and trembled before the black mask that I wore. I remember that I wanted to laugh. The humorous side of the situation appealed to me. I was being held up! I, Hugh Richmond, whose purse did not contain so much as the value of one gold piece, but whose body, dead or alive, was worth \$5,000. I know that I smiled, and I could see that my smile was disconcerting; therefore I knew that I was face to face with an amateur. I cared little for being held up. In fact, I rather enjoyed the situation.

"Pleasant day," I ventured. "The gun made a terrific report, and the bullet whizzed dangerously close. After such an answer I kept my lips closed. My highwayman did not seem to know what to do next, and we sat on our horses at a bend in the mountain road and looked at each other. The first motion he made I knew that he wanted me to dismount, but I pretended not to understand and wrinkled my brow as though puzzled. "Climb off," came in a faint whisper. Then I was puzzled. It was not the hoarse whisper of one who had lost his voice. Of a sudden I understood. My amateur highwayman was more frightened than his victim. He could not even manage his voice. I determined to take advantage of him. In those days I was a good horseman, and I was mounted on the wisest little mare that ever kicked up dust in a sheriff's face.

Gently I touched Dolly's flank with a spur and, keeping my hands aloft, made her plunge from side to side, guiding her with my knees until we were several yards away. I lowered my hands, leaned forward, chirped in Dolly's ear, and away we flew. Bang, bang, bang! All of his shots went wild. An hour later I smiled to myself and tried to imagine the astonishment that would seize Mr. Amateur if he knew that his revolver had caused Hugh Richmond to lift his hands.

There wasn't a sheriff in Colorado that didn't want me. I was wanted on so many charges that I had lost track of them myself. I only knew that no man—"no, nor woman either, though by your smile"—was my friend. I sprang in the sunshine, as I often did, and let my thoughts wander. At such times I would think of the faces of men and women I had known long ago, and of all those faces there was but one I remembered with tenderness, and that dear, sweet little girl believed that I was dead. I was worse. Society had driven me out.

Solitude is pleasant enough when you grow tired of the city and are wearied by the restless clatter of industry, but I longed—I actually craved the company of a human being. But I could have no friends. I knew if I made any sooner or later I would be

er times would have been offensive, was now a pleasure.

At such a place you meet and see many kinds of people—the vicious and the good gone wrong, who incidentally make up the great percentage of the outcast element; the bad and would like to be bad, the braggart and the hero, the fast, the rough, the rough handed miners and disoriented cowboys.

An hour after I sat down a young man with lily hands entered. I knew him for a gambler or a tenderfoot, and when he placed himself before the tin pan piano and began banging a selection from "Il Trovatore" I knew that he was a newcomer and shifted my chair to get a good look at him. He was a handsome lad, one of the best type.

"Hey," I shouted softly and in ridicule, "desist from such atrocities." He looked at me in amazement. "You know that piece—you?" "His last word had an altogether different inflection. He was startled and from saucer like eyes stared at me. My first thought was that I had been trapped; that he recognized me as Hugh Richmond.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. No answer. "Zell me. What is the matter?" There was a ring in my voice that he did not disregard, and he answered in a whisper, "Nothing."

That whisper! He was the amateur highwayman.

We had met again, and I liked the boy. My impressions are not always correct, but they are positive, and if I take a dislike to a man at first sight I would distrust him, though we were seated side by side in heaven. But this lad, this mere youth, this unsophisticated child of the east, who had no better sense than to attempt highway robbery and three hours later inflict music on his victim, touched my sympathy.

"Well?" I spoke half defiantly because I wanted to make him talk.

"We never met before," he stammered, coming toward me with the reluctance of one approaching a judgment seat.

"Never," I answered emphatically. As he sat down I pushed the bottle toward him, and he grasped it eagerly. "Good stuff," he lied politely.

"Damnable," I rejoined. "But I think it is good," he insisted and took another glass of the liquid fire.

"How long?" "Three weeks," he replied, embarrassed. "I am a tenderfoot, the rawest kind and well blistered."

"How long?" I queried again. "God knows. I don't want to stay any longer than I can help."

His tongue had been loosened. Three large jolts of whiskey—such whiskey as comes over the bar of the Silver Dollar would have loosened the tongue of the Sphinx—and before I realized what was happening he was rapidly whispering into my ears his tale of sorrow.

"I was in a social set that was too high for my purse," he said. "My family was proud, my name was an open sesame to the exclusive set, but my income was small. My employer trusted me. There is a woman in the case."

"Heaven, such a woman! I am not worthy of her. It was not her fault. I wish that I could get a start over again, but I've hit the trail for hell, and yet she loves me. I couldn't let her know that I was poor, and I showered her with presents, just as the other fellows did that wanted her to love them, but she turned them away."

"She loved me, do you hear? I gave her everything that money could buy, and then the crash came."

"My own father turned me out of the house. My own mother wouldn't let me kiss her goodbye. My employer—he was an old friend of the family—and he wouldn't prosecute, but I was disgraced. The papers had it."

"And then she—she of all women—said that she loved me and always would and said that she was as much to blame as I because she had allowed me to spend money on flowers and take her to the theater—most of the money went for that; but, of course, there was a ring."

"She told me to go west, to go out where money was dug from the ground and fortunes made in a day and to get enough to settle my accounts, and then we would go to some place else and begin life all over again."

"And here I am. But what can I do? How can I dig gold out of the ground? I know nothing about it. There's nothing I can do. I'm bad—bad all the way through. My father told me I was. So what's the use? I don't care for myself, but for her—her."

Tears rose in his eyes, and he cried: "If I could only get a start again for her! I'd slave my life away just to make her happy, for she loves me even after all that."

He drew a small picture from his pocket, kissed it again and again, then laid it on the table and gazed intently at the sweet, childish face.

I glanced at the picture, casually, rose, gripped the table, then sank back staring into the face of the boy, who failed to notice. I knew her—oh, how well I knew her! And all that she said was true. I glanced around the saloon. It was early. Men were just beginning to drop in. There we sat, the boy and I, men from the far, far east, and each had been driven out, as the result of a faithlessness to a trust and I—no matter why I came.

There we sat together, he a youth and I a man, and before us lay the picture of a woman whom we both loved. The boy had fallen across his arms on the table. At first he sighed, and then his heavy breathing told me that he was sleeping. I fell into a reverie.

I had no money. All that I could get hold of went east, passed through the hands of a lawyer and then to— But she never knew whence it came. She believed what the lawyer told her, and he didn't know the truth.

Still the boy slept.

I speculated on the amount he needed and glanced about the room. I touched him on the shoulder. No answer. I shook him, and he raised his head drowsily.

"How much do you need?" "He was not fully awake. "Come on; wake up." And I shook him again.

"What do you want?" "Come on outside. The fresh air will do you good," I said.

We went out. "Look here, kiddie, I came out west several years ago and struck it rich. I like you, and I know that there is not a streak of bad in you. Now, if I lend you the money, will you go back and be a man? When you get on your feet you can pay it back, no hurry, though."

"Would I—would I? Oh, heavens! Then I could go back like a man and be a man. You must be an angel in disguise!"

"Have you a horse here?" "No."

"Well, take mine—over there." I selected the best one in sight—that is, next to Dolly. Explanations at that stage of the game would have been embarrassing.

Then I gave him directions as to how to ride, and told him to make haste.

"I'll be along pretty soon—in about an hour—but I want you to go now. I will have to go back and find a couple of friends and borrow a few



I DREW BOTH GUNS INSTANTLY AND BOARED, "HANDS UP!"

dollars to make up the amount. I could get it tomorrow, but I want to see you started back east tomorrow morning. It will be a long ride, but I guess you are good for it, even if you are a tenderfoot."

He wanted to wait and come with me, but I made him ride off.

Then I went back in. It was a risky proposition, and such a desperate chance that even now I have strange twitching about my heart when I think of it.

There were noise and laughter. The tin pan piano was going its utmost; excited gamblers were plunging heavily at faro bank, and several men were at the bar, when I placed my back to the wall, drew both guns instantly and roared:

"Hands up!" The confusion became silence. Some turned to the door, bent on taking a chance, but thought better of it, and up went their hands. The bartender hesitated for a moment, debating whether or not to drop behind the bar, but he caught my eye and obeyed.

In less time than it takes to tell I had plundered the faro bank—and a goodly roll it was—and asked the bartender to step aside while I emptied the till. He gave me a smile, and I knew by that smile that he was a dangerous man.

I backed to the door, knowing that the moment I stepped outside a fusillade of shots would be sent in my direction. I turned, made two jumps and was astride of Dolly and pounding down the road while the wicked crack of a Winchester troubled my ears. I glanced over my shoulder and could see the white apron about the shadowy form that stood in the doorway. The bartender was a dangerous man, but I had been born under a lucky star.

"What's all that shooting about?" the boy asked when I overtook him a couple of miles farther on.

"A little altercation over a poker game. Come on; we'll have to ride fast if we make that station in time to catch the morning train."

After pushing our horses hard and talking but little we arrived at the station the following morning just as the train whistled in the distance. Its faint roar grew nearer and nearer until, with a mighty rush, it was upon us and the brakes were grinding and creaking.

"If I only knew how I could repay you—I will, but I would like to express my thanks now, and words won't do it," he said earnestly as he gripped my hand.

"You can—and fully—for all time." "How? Tell me how. I will do anything."

"Give me that picture of"—and I called the sweet faced girl by name. He reached in his pocket and handed it to me. Again we shook hands. He stepped on the train, and slowly it moved off, and then—faster and faster until it was out of sight.

I stood staring after the train and wondering what he would think when he remembered that he had never told me her name—for she was my daughter.

Mr. Van Arsdale's Partner

He Was Very Practical In Making a Selection

By ELINOR MARSH

Shortly after I had been introduced to the social world as a bird I noticed that my father looked worried. This increased till he took to his bed. He never left it. After his death his affairs were settled, and it was announced to my mother and me that he had died insolvent. We had nothing to live on except a small annuity my father had settled on my mother when they were first married and were beginning to climb the golden ladder. But this barely sufficed for my mother.

It was surprising to me how soon I lost all my friends in society. For awhile I was invited as before and, having a wardrobe, accepted some of the invitations I received. But within half a year those men who control the sale of women's garments had so changed the fashions that my clothes were no longer in vogue. From this time I dropped out of the social swim and was soon forgotten.

I had met a certain Mrs. Abercrombie, the widow of a capitalist who had herself become a philanthropist. One day when mother and I were wondering how we would make ends meet I received a note from Mrs. Abercrombie saying that she needed a secretary and offering me the position. Of course I jumped at the opportunity and accepted the offer at once.

My employer regarded the fortune her husband had left her as a trust for the benefit of those who needed help. Indeed, her husband had left it to her for this purpose. Her personal expenses were very small, and she never gave anything away except in accordance with the principles that had been laid down for her by her husband in his will. She was a kind, hearted woman, but very conscientious, and had been converted by her husband to believe that money given indiscriminately did harm instead of good. With her the distribution of charity needed management just as her husband's business needed management.

Mrs. Abercrombie gave me a very small salary to begin with. Indeed, I was not at first worth much to her, but I was very attentive to my work and as fast as I learned it she increased my pay. But at its best it was not much.

Mrs. Abercrombie dispensed a good deal of money in connection with other philanthropic capitalists. If half a million dollars was needed to found a hospital she would be one of a number of persons to make up the amount. This at times was the cause of my meeting these persons. They were old men who had spent a lifetime in accumulating fortunes, or else their widows. I was quite frequently sent to them with messages from Mrs. Abercrombie, and there were cases in which I was commissioned to talk over plans for a mutual expenditure of money for charity.

I had heard of a certain Edgar Van Arsdale, an old gentleman who joined Mrs. Abercrombie in various gifts, but had never met him. One day a letter of his to my employer came into my hands for filing. It announced that her plan with regard to "a day nursery at Crookerville" was satisfactory to him and he would join her in it with pleasure. There was also a statement that he was grateful to her for consenting to help him in the matter of a partnership and he would take the matter over with her. I supposed that the writer was getting old and wished some one to take upon himself a part of his affairs.

It was not long after filing this letter that Mrs. Abercrombie sent me to Mr. Van Arsdale to state her reasons for declining to give a certain sum of money. She explained the matter to me thoroughly so that I would be able to make it clear to Mr. Van Arsdale. I was driven to his home and on reaching it and giving my name and the object of my call to a maid was ushered into a room used by the philanthropist as an office. It was empty, and I took a seat while I waited.

It was not long before a young man some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old entered, bowed to me as deferentially as if I were a social belle and placed a chair for me near a desk at which he seated himself. Then he waited for me to state my business.

"Pardon me," I said. "I have come from Mrs. Abercrombie to make a statement to Mr. Van Arsdale. I presume it will be the same if I make it to you as if I made it to him direct."

"Exactly," he replied. "Just as Mr. Van Arsdale and I are one and the same person."

"As to the matter in hand," I began. "Mrs. Abercrombie regrets deeply that she does not see her way clear to join you in the erection of a laboratory for college." I proceeded to give the reasons for her refusal, and when I

had finished the gentleman, who had listened attentively, said:

"If I can repeat this statement as clearly and intelligently as you have made it I shall feel proud of myself."

"Thank you," I replied. "I am used to hearing verbal messages from my employer. Any one could do what I have done with the same practice."

"I couldn't with ten times the practice. I can write anything so that it may be understood by a very intelligent person, but I can't speak it."

"Then I may tell Mrs. Abercrombie that you are satisfied with her action?" "You may. But," he added, after a brief pause and with a smile, "you are not at liberty to tell her that Mr. Van Arsdale has taken a partner."

"Of course not. I fear I have erred in—"

"Not at all. Will you kindly say that Mr. Van Arsdale has met a party who, he thinks, will fill the bill, but he has no assurance that the person will accept the position."

I didn't understand this partnership matter and was sorry that I had been so indiscreet as to mention it. The gentleman saw by my looks that I was embarrassed and added:

"Never mind that. Mr. Van Arsdale can attend to it himself—that is, if it is attended to at all."

As I rose to go the young man took a rose out of a cut glass vase on his desk and offered it to me. I took it, thanked him and after inhaling its delicious perfume for a moment left the room and the house, he gallantly seeing me to the door.

Soon after this visit I was sent again to Mr. Van Arsdale's house on another matter. I was received by the same young man, and when I mentioned that I presumed his chief might be indisposed he replied that Mr. Van Arsdale was very much indisposed and probably would not attend to any more business.

"Is he very old?" I asked. "Very."

On this visit the gentleman led the conversation to various topics not of a business nature, and I was delighted with his chat. We spent so much time together in this way that I feared I would receive a rebuke from Mrs. Abercrombie. But she said not a word on the subject of my delay, much to my relief.

One morning after the arrival of the mail Mrs. Abercrombie called me into her boudoir and said to me:

"My dear, I have an offer for your services from one who needs a person on whom to place much greater responsibilities than I, and the compensation will be much greater. Mr. Van Arsdale writes me that if I will consent to give you up he will take you."

"Mr. Van Arsdale! Indeed, Mrs. Abercrombie, I could not possibly take his place. He is very old and very ill. His secretary has told me that he will probably never again attend to business. I have understood that he needed a partner."

"A partner! Where did you hear that?" "I noticed it in a letter of his that you gave me to file."

"Oh!" replied my employer. "I think that by a partner he meant one to whom he might intrust matters that he could not intrust to a clerk or a secretary."

"What's the matter with the young man who has been acting for him? Can't Mr. Van Arsdale keep him?" "If you consent I will write Mr. Van Arsdale to that effect, and you can settle it with him."

"Do you think I will be able to fill the position?" "Most assuredly."

"Do you know what the salary will be?" "I do not."

After more inquiries on my part, to which I got no satisfaction, I consented to consider a proposition from Mr. Van Arsdale, and Mrs. Abercrombie wrote him to that effect. I was surprised the next morning to be informed that Mr. Van Arsdale had called and was waiting for me in the drawing room.

"Mr. Van Arsdale!" I exclaimed. "Why, I supposed he was bedridden! I expected to go to him."

"He's waiting for you. By the by, why not wear your new crepe de chine?" "What! Dress to receive a broken down old man? He'll think I'm too fine for a business woman."

But Mrs. Abercrombie insisted and superintended my toilet, and after she was satisfied I went downstairs to the drawing room. There sat the young man who had several times received me at Mr. Van Arsdale's. I stopped a moment on seeing him, then advanced, saying:

"I thought that a broken down old man couldn't come to see me, but would send for me to go and see him. I presume you come with a proposition for Mr. Van Arsdale."

"I do."

"I believe he wants some one to"— "He wants a partner."

"You mean one to?" "He wants a partner for life."

"That doesn't mean much, since you have said that he will never again"— "I will explain. My father died recently and I am his heir. I have practical views. Expecting that some cold blooded society woman would marry me for my money, I asked Mrs. Abercrombie to recommend some girl who had been brought up as a lady as I have been brought up a gentleman, but who had made good in taking care of herself. She recommended you. You got hold of a letter of mine on the subject, and after that I was more careful."

What else he said to me on that eventful evening is so near my heart to be repeated here, though my brain was in such a whirl that I only got its meaning. I need only say that I accepted his proposition and became his partner.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1916, the Cincinnati Enquirer

The Mystery. "What is the mystery connected with that most advertised mystery novel?" asked the old fogey.

"Well," replied the grouch, "after reading it it seems to me that the mystery is how the author ever found a publisher."

Gaining Experience. Real wisdom may come to a man Who toils from sun to sun. But we learn less by doing than We learn by being done.

The Wise Fool. "A man should always try to keep ahead of the game," observed the sage. "Not always," corrected the fool. "How about the man who goes hunting?"

Advice. Here's some advice, both trite and sound. That you should oft repeat. While love may make the world go round, It won't make both ends meet.

Paw Knows Everything. Willie—Paw, what is the liquor question? Paw—The liquor question, my son, is "What'll you have?"

Oh, Heck! "My Willie is an angel," said His-maw of Willie Rogg; "The child insists that he be fed Each day on angel food!"

Huh! Dear Luke: A lady came into my optical office to have her eyes examined last week. When she was leaving I asked her name, and she told me that she was Mrs. Clara Seeright of Jeffersonville, Ky.—J. S. J., Louisville.

Help! "I'll write a nice suite song," said Matt. "And sing it in the Key of F-sharp." —R. & T.

Is That So! As long as most of our women folks would rather stay home and play "This little pig went to market" with the baby's toes just to hear the baby laugh than go out just to hear a suffragette talk there won't be very much the matter with this country.—Luke McLuke in Cincinnati Enquirer.

And as long as the majority of the men would rather stay at home and help the mothers get the babies to sleep and see that they are tucked in cozy and warm than to go to some loafing place down town and discuss the tariff and baseball, the country will be pretty sure to go along in the right channels for a long time to come.—William (O.) Journal-Republican.

John D. Helps John D. Dear Luke—Did you know that John D. Helps is the manager of the Standard Oil company at Juneau, Alaska?—W. C. J., Juneau.

Hoorsy! Ima Cook won honors for the best jelly at the Dallas fair.—Temple (Tex.) Telegram.

Scat! Dear Luke—Does Tom Catt of Hazelton, Ind., get in 7-5mitty.

Things to Worry About. Wisconsin leads in the manufacture of limburger cheese.

Names is Names. Miss Vera Sharp lives at Hensonville, Ky.

Our Daily Special. The longer you nurse babies and troubles the larger they grow.

Luke McLuke Says: Never murder with a buzz saw and never dispute the word of a 250 pound woman when she announces that she weighs 150 pounds.

We are all eager to give the devil his due. But we are not so considerate with our creditors.

The old fashioned man who used to be known as the breadwinner now has a son who is known as the dough loser. It is possible to give a girl a bad scare after she has been eating onions. But it is impossible to take her breath away.

A married man's idea of an ideal wife would be the one who would believe every word he told her when he returned home at four bells in the morning.

If a girl