

JOHNNY WAS A HOME-MAKER

By BENTON GREY

"YOUR baby's come, Mr. Johnson," announced the postmaster, as the young settler halted his team in front of the post office at Alliance, Miss. "Just wait a minute and I'll bring him out to you." He disappeared within the door that led to his parlor, and presently emerged again, accompanied by his wife and a little boy of some three years, who smiled up confidently into Johnson's face.

"Never knew you was a married man, Mr. Johnson," continued the postmaster sympathetically. "He seems to have made a sure enough journey across the water all by himself. My wife says she'd be scared to death to send our Ella that distance by post. The mother ain't dead, I hope?"

"My baby!" Johnson yelled. "I'm a single man, Mr. Smith. How can it be my baby?"

The postmaster shook his head dubiously. "He's tagged," he said, "and there's postmarks from most all the places he's passed through. C. Johnson, Alliance, Miss., it reads. This is Alliance, and this is Mississippi, and you're sure enough C. Johnson, aren't you?"

"It's a mistake," groaned Johnson. "I never even dreamed of having a baby."

"Of course, Mrs. Smith will take charge of him for a while, if the sender can be found," said Mr. Smith, gloomily. "But, having none of our own, you'll understand that it would be kind of hard on us to keep him."

"You keep him for a few days until something more is heard about him," said Johnson. "Can't you have the sender traced?"

"I'll do my best," said Mr. Smith, and Johnson rode away.

That night the loneliness of his situation appealed to him more than ever before. He had almost forgotten the faithless young woman who had been the cause of his migration to this half-settled and almost uninhabited region. He had the normal human need of companionship—yet he had no one to call his, neither wife nor parents nor family. He surprised Mr. Smith by appearing at the post office again the next morning.

"I think I'll relieve you of the boy for a few days," he said. "It might be companionable—and then, when you get word of the sender we can have him shipped back again."

He did not return for several days, and when he did appear at the post office, Mr. Smith was amazed to hear the child calling him daddy.

"Well, you see," explained Johnson, sheepishly, "I came to the conclusion that I was a sort of selfish case, living all alone, and I might as well do a little good in the world. So Johnny and I have sort of struck up a partnership. He's going to run the home and I'm going to run the farm, aren't we, Johnny?"

"Yeth, daddy," said Johnny, clinging to his new father's coat.

Mr. Smith turned to his wife when the cart had rolled away.

"It hate to think of Mr. Johnson's feelings when the real father turns up," he said.

"Perhaps he won't turn up," answered his wife. "Do you suppose?"

"No, no, my dear; it ain't his, her husband answered. "But it's a mighty queer situation."

The problem was solved a few days later by the arrival at the postmaster's office of a pretty and highly excited young woman, who inquired breathlessly for the boy.

"I got word at Alliance, Ark.," she explained. "My dead sister's boy, sent from Scotland. She was my only relative. You have him here?"

"Well, not here," the postmaster admitted, rubbing his chin reflectively. "Might your name be Johnson, Miss?"

"Yes, Charlie Johnson."

"Well, it's odd; but the boy was addressed to C. Johnson—that stands for Charles; and as there's only one C. Johnson around here, I gave him to him."

"Then you must take him away at once," answered Miss Johnson.

"Well, I'll try," the postmaster said. "But Mr. Johnson kinder took a hankering after him."

"But he can't have him," cried the young woman, indignantly. "How can a stranger take a child away from his aunt?"

"He can't," admitted Mr. Smith. "Only he's sort of done it. However, you wait here, miss, and I'll get Mr. Johnson down by telephone inside of a couple of hours."

Two hours later Johnson, looking very uncomfortable, appeared with the boy. But Johnny absolutely refused to go with his new-found relative.

"I guess you'd better spend a day or two here, miss," suggested Mr. Smith. "Then he'll grow sort of used to you, and it won't be so hard on them."

She accepted Mrs. Smith's hospitality. And soon the situation was self-evident. The child had evidently destroyed the original tag, and in re-writing it, the prefix Miss had somehow got placed at the end, where it read Mississippi.

But Johnny proved so reluctant to leave his new-found father that, long before the "day or two" was up, Johnson, having ascertained that Miss Johnson had no ties at Alliance, Ark., made a proposition embracing—

Would what other sort of proposition would she expect at a town named Alliance?

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The Judge: Why Waste Time With Details.— by M. B.



WIFE'S VISIT TRAPS HUNTED KENTUCKIAN

Accused of Hiring Out to Shoot His Cousin.

Bairdstown, Ky. — "Cherchez la femme!" say the French. And because a woman talked too much Kelly Howard, thirty, mountain feudist, has been tracked to this bluegrass country and captured.

The capture caused echoes to sound concerning a fatal shooting on a lonely creek bed in the isolated section of Floyd county one day last January, when, it was claimed, Howard shot to death his first cousin and one-time best friend, Morgan Shepherd, thirty-five. Howard was going under the name of Kelly Arnett when caught.

Howard was arrested at a small house on the farm of his brother, Keuben Howard, near Desatville, this county. Howard had been working with his brother after fleeing the mountains. Howard was sitting at a window when he saw two Floyd county officials approaching. Howard had known both men for years and he knew his arrest impended. So, without arguing with them, he ran. The officer saw Howard, however, and when he did not heed their demands for surrender, they opened fire. Then Howard gave up.

Aftermath of Party. According to Jerry and T. C. Allen, the Floyd county officers, the mountain murder was the aftermath of a riotous family party back in the hills during which a woman, Mrs. Moots Allen, was shot to death. Shepherd, the man afterward killed by Howard, was tried and convicted of the woman's killing, but had been granted a new trial.

According to the officers, the commonwealth charges that others who were suspected in the killing, afraid Shepherd would go free, hired Howard, said to be a "dead shot," to kill the accused man. One day in January, while Shepherd and a neighbor, David Wilson, were riding a mule along a mountain trail in a creek bed, with Howard and Bruce Shepherd, a brother to the man later slain, on another mule, Howard drew his pistol and shot Shepherd from the lead animal.

While in jail here awaiting transportation back to Floyd county the prisoner declared the shooting was an accident.

Wife Disclosed Retreat. The location of the escaped man was learned by the mountain officers when Howard's wife paid him a visit and when a friend "talked too much" to another. The Floyd county authorities expressed apprehension as to the possibility of getting their prisoner home safely. Jerry Allen, the younger of the two officers, exhibited his back, in which he said 157 shot entered three weeks ago when he was waylaid while riding through the mountains. An assassin had hidden in an ambush near the trail and "opened up" on the young officer as he rode past. Allen, however, said the attempt on his life must have been made "in fun."

Howard, of course, was in this county when the attack was made, but he had many relatives and friends in the mountains who may have known Allen and as Allen has been active against various forms of lawbreaking others may have felt the need of removing him. He expressed no fear of going back to the hills, where he has the reputation of being a "go-getter."

Rural Girls Best. Sacramento.—Girl students in rural schools far surpass the athletic records of their urban sisters, according to Dr. Herbert R. Stoitz, state supervisor of physical education, in his annual report. Athletic proficiency in sports during the last few years has been particularly marked among the girl students generally, said the director.

Hires Rat Catcher. Natchez, Miss.—Rats are so numerous in this city that the woman's advisory board of the city council has arranged to bring a professional rat catcher to rid it of the pests. All civic bodies and the merchants of the city will be asked to join in the campaign under his direction and it will be carried out on an extensive scale. Thousands of dollars of property damage has been done by the rats.

Chef Gets Pension. Pine Bluffs, Ark.—James Murphy, former chef of the Hotel Pines, served in that capacity at the hotel for 17 years without missing a day, without being late a minute and without registering a complaint ever extra duties. He has just retired from the service of the hotel on account of advancing age and has been pensioned by W. M. Trulock, manager of the hotel.

Girl Rescues Drowning Father and Daughter



Miss Betty Coleburne of Winthrop, Mass., battled against a heavy wind and tide in Winthrop harbor one day recently, swimming 100 yards to rescue Peter McLaughlin and his eight-year-old daughter, Dorothea, after their sailboat had capsized during a squall.

Fined \$25 for Being Too Playful With Snake. Baltimore, Md.—A snake brought grief to Adam, and one of the despicable acts of the "darker" of Eden reptile brought on a fine in police court for John Cameron, colored.

John attended a ball game on the lot where the circus had been two days before. While John was cheering the players a snake, left behind by the circus, slid between his legs.

John picked up the snake and walked over to Viola Wallace, colored, and let the coils of the reptile slide across her neck. Viola broke all records in her home ward game.

John picked Mamie Bedford, colored, as his second victim. But Mamie didn't scare well. When John came near her with the snake she picked up a stick and beat him on the head.

After treatment at Colonial hospital he was taken to the police court. Mamie was arrested, charged with assault. When Magistrate Johannsen heard the story, John was fined \$25 and costs for starting the disturbance. Mamie was dismissed.

Settled by Mutineers. Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific ocean, has an area of only about two square miles and a population of about 100 souls. It was settled in 1790 by mutineers from the British ship Bounty.

Cruaso Isle's Bleak Sisters. The Chilean islands of San Ambrosio and San Felix are mere pinpoints of rock in the Pacific ocean and never have been inhabited by man. About the only life which the islands support is that of a few stunted desert shrubs and a few seals and sea birds, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. The islands were discovered in 1574 by the same Juan Fernandez who discovered and gave his name to the equally desolated land that later became "Robinson Crusoe's Island," 600 miles to the south.

THE MARKETS. Portland. Wheat — Hard white, \$1.53; soft white, \$1.45; western white, \$1.44; hard winter, northern spring, \$1.40; western red, \$1.39.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$17.50@18 ton; valley timothy, \$18@19; eastern Oregon timothy, \$20@21. Butterfat—39c. Eggs—Ranch, 25@28c. Cheese—Prieos f. o. b. Tillamook: Triplets, 28c; loaf, 30c per lb.

Cattle—Steers, medium, \$6.75@7.75. Hogs—Medium to good, \$9.75@10.50. Sheep — Spring, medium to choice, \$10.50@11.00.

Seattle. Wheat—Hard white, \$1.49; soft and western white, \$1.44; hard red winter, \$1.41; soft red winter, western red, \$1.40; northern spring, \$1.41; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.55.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$23; D. C., \$27; timothy, \$28; D. C., \$28; mixed hay, \$23. Eggs—Ranch, 26@31c. Butterfat—39@41c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.00@8.00. Hogs—Prime mixed, \$9.75@10.25. Cheese — Washington cream brick, 23@24c; Washington triplets, 21c; Washington Young America, 22c.

Spokane. Hogs—Prime light, \$10.00@10.75. Cattle—Prime steers, \$6.50@7.00.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK

Dean of Med. University of Illinois. (© 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

WORK. "WHEN I am dead," John M. Siddell once said, "I want you to carve on my tombstone this line: 'Here lies a man who lived a number of years and found out one thing—that there is no substitute for work.'"

It has been generally conceded, I believe, that our first parents, before they transgressed the regulations of the Garden, had nothing to do but enjoy themselves—to snip off a shoot occasionally from some over-ambitious vine or flowering shrub and to watch things grow. Much a condition of affairs had continued long they would have left the Garden of their own accord from utter weariness and dissatisfaction, and would not have had to be driven out as they were.

When the Lord said to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," it was not a curse he was pronouncing but the greatest blessing he could have conceived. The happiest people in the world are those who work—and the most useful ones—no matter how hard and common the work may seem; and the most unhappy are those who have nothing to do but to think about themselves.

A great deal of the energy of the world has gone into the invention of "labor-saving" devices, and yet the operation of every such device involves a new kind of labor, and the total amount of work demanded is about the same as it was before. The people whom I have known who have tried the hardest to devise some way to get out of work have expended more physical energy in their attempts to evade work than would have been necessary to accomplish the task they were attempting to sidetrack.

Siddell was right. There is no substitute in the world for work, and it's just as well there isn't, for nothing induces more peaceful, more genuine satisfaction, more real happiness than work well conceived and well performed.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE. Under Foreclosure Execution. Notice is hereby given: That under and by virtue of an execution and order of sale, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county, in the cause pending therein wherein Frank C. Bramwell was plaintiff and Ruby B. Pettys was defendant, to me directed, dated the 19th day of July, 1924, upon a judgment and decree made, rendered and entered in said cause and court on the 20th day of November, 1923, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant, Ruby B. Pettys, for the sum of \$872.25, to gether with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 20th day of January, 1922, until paid, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorneys' fees, and in which said judgment and decree it was ordered and adjudged and decreed by the court that the mortgage of plaintiff, covering the following described real property, situated in Sherman county, Oregon, to-wit: Lots one (1) and two (2), and the south half of the northeast quarter of section one (1) township four (4) south, range fourteen (14), east of the Willamette meridian, containing 160.09 acres, more or less, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, be foreclosed, and that said real property be sold, in the manner provided by law, for the satisfaction of said judgment, costs, attorneys' fees and accruing costs.

Now, therefore, I will, on Saturday, the 23rd day of August, 1924, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, at the front door of the county court house at Moro, in Sherman county, Oregon, offer for sale, and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand the following described property situated in Sherman county, Oregon, to-wit: Lots one (1) and two (2) and the south half of the northeast quarter of section one (1), township four (4) south, range fourteen (14) east of Willamette meridian containing 160.09 acres more or less together with the tenements hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Dated at Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, this 22d day of July A. D. 1924.

HUGH CHRISMAN, Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon 5125a22

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