

We are just starting on our third Season in Albany. When we say that we have not spared time or money in making OUR STORE one of the finest HIGH GRADE CLOTHING STORES in the Northwest, we think you will bear us out. We carry the best makes and lines of Merchandise to be found in the world. When this Store was opened, just about one year ago, we had the pick of all the high grade lines that come to the Western Coast. We will say this: That this is the only Store in Albany where one man's money is just as good as the others.

We are looking for the man and boy that wants Quality, Style and Reliable Goods, that is willing to pay a fair profit for goods. WE DON'T GIVE GOODS AWAY. Come in and we will show you the best money can buy.

MENS HIGH GRADE CLOTHING

As for style and fine tailoring, fit and distinctive in appearance, there are no other clothes made like

HART, SHOFFNER & MARX

We make a specialty of this goods in our high grade clothing. We want our customers to have the best. You will find that we carry a very elaborate and complete stock of this make.

Suits \$22.50 to \$40

MENS SUITS

For the man that wants medium priced suits with style and good workmanship, fabric that is all wool, we offer him the

CLOTHCRAFT LINE

The highest grade medium priced line on earth.

Suits \$12.50 to \$20

We guarantee them—so does the maker.

IN OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

You will find all the new shapes and colors at \$3.00 to \$5.00

Agents

for the

KNOX

\$5.00

Hats



Agents

for the

HOWES

\$3.00

Hats



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One Price Clothiers

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ALBANY, ORE.

OUR BOYS DEPARTMENT

We have the only exclusive Boys and Childrens Department in Albany. In this department we have everything that the boys wear.

Boys Knicker suits at \$3.50 to \$10

Boys Wash suits at 75c to \$2.50

Boys shirts and waists at 50c to \$1.00

Boys underwear at 50c to \$1.00

Boys hats and caps at 50c to \$3.00

UNDERWEAR

You will find all Wool, Cotton or Silk mixed. Mens Union Suits \$1 to \$5

Mens five piece suit 50c to \$3

We have a full line of the B. V.

D. at 50c to \$3



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First Class Accommodations and prompt Service
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CALAVAN Prop

Hacks connect with all trains both at
West Scio and Munkers.
Our rigs our first-class and our horses
good drivers. Prices reasonable.

T. J. MUNKERS, President

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The Scio State Bank

Takes care of your money, using the utmost
diligence for your safety. It does a strictly
banking business; takes care of your
checks on other banks; makes
transfers for you; makes loans
consistent with good
conservative business
methods

The Best Place in Portland to Eat
is at

Pap's Coffee House

at West end of the Morrison Street
bridge.

CHARLES J. MAHER

(Successor to Riner Bros.)

PROPRIETOR.

Socialist Plans in Milwaukee
(Continued from page 4)

"The money made out of the city by contractors will better go toward the relief of the unemployed:

"First, by the improvement of the streets; second, by the establishment of public coal and wood yards, and a public ice house.

"In this climate ice is as necessary in summer as coal is in the winter. These necessities should be sold at cost. The city could easily harvest an abundance of ice during the winter months, thus employing many citizens who would otherwise have to receive public aid. We realize that giving work to the unemployed can solve no industrial problems, but it is the least that can be done as a humane duty toward those in distress.

"Free education is essential to a high civilization. Free books are as much a part of free education as free teachers and free school houses. The social democracy demands that books and school utensils be furnished free to all pupils attending the public schools.

"This naturally leads us to the question of taxes. If corporations bore their share of taxes—figured even at the present valuation—the taxes of all citizens could be reduced 20 per cent, and there would still be enough money left in the city treasury which could be used for public improvements of all kinds.

"Public health requires more attention to factories and workshops, better plumbing, more public baths and a system of public street closets, such as is found in European cities.

"Public health also demands an extension of the free medical service. At the present time, many a disease and even epidemics get their origin from the fact that poor people shrink from consulting a physician because of the expense, until it is too late.

"This is a general outline of the principles that will guide the social democratic administration.

"As to the working details we shall have to refer to our platform and the message of our mayor, Emil Seidel.

"We are hampered by an obsolete charter and laws made in favor of the capitalist class, and the capitalist class only, but we again promise the best administration this city has ever had, and as far as human effort can secure it, we will make good our promise."

The Man From Brodney's

By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXVIII Continued)

"You!" he exclaimed.
"Sh!" she warned. "I have retained my guard of honor."

He looked beyond her and beheld the tall, soldierly figure of a Rapp-Thorberg guardsmen.

"The devil!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

"Not at all! He is here to keep me from going to the devil!" she cried so merrily that he laughed aloud with her in the spirit of unbounded joy. "Come! Let us run after the others. I want to run and dance and sing."

He still held her hand as they ran swiftly down the drive, followed closely by the faithful sergeant.

"You are an angel," he said in her ear. She laughed as she looked up into his face.

"Yes—a Persian angel," she cried. "It's so much easier to run well in a Persian angel's costume," she added.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PRESCRIBED MALADY.

"YOU are wonderful, staying out there all night watching for—us." He was about to say "me."

"How could any one sleep? Neenah found this dress for me. Aren't these baggy trousers funny? She rifled the late Mr. Wyckholme's wardrobe. This costume once adorned a sultana, I'm told. I wore it tonight because I was much less conspicuous as a sultana than I might have been had I gone to the wall as a princess."

"I like you best as the princess," he said, frankly surveying her in the gray light.

"I think I like myself as the princess, too," she said naively. He sighed deeply. They were quite close to the excited group on the terrace when she said: "I am very, very happy now, after the most miserable night I have ever known. I was so troubled and afraid—"

"Ah, but then I will have Paris," she cried gaily. He was puzzled by her mood—but then, why not? What could he be expected to know of the moods of royal princesses? No more than he could know of their loves.

Lady Deppingham was got to bed at once. The princess, more thrilled by excitement than she ever had been in her life, attended her friend. In the sanctity of her chamber the exhausted young Englishwoman bared her soul to this wise, sympathetic young woman in Persian vestment.

"Genevra," she said solemnly in the end, "take warning from my example. When you once are married don't trifle with other men—not even if you should not love your husband. Sooner or later you'd get tripped up. It doesn't pay, my dear. I never realized until tonight how much I really care for Deppy, and I am horribly afraid that I've lost something I can never recover."

"You were not in love with Mr. Browne. That is why I can't understand you, Agnes."

"My dear, I don't understand myself. How can I expect you or my husband to understand me? How could I expect it of Bobby Browne? Genevra, you are in love—madly in love—with Hollingsworth Chase. Take my advice. Marry him. He's one man in a"—Genevra placed her hand over the lips of the feverish young woman.

"I will not listen to anything more about Mr. Chase," she said firmly. "I am tired—tired to death—of being told that I should marry him."

"But you love him," Lady Agnes managed to mumble despite the gentle impediment.

"I do love him—yes, I do love him!" cried the princess, casting reserve to the winds. "He knows it—every one knows it. But marry him? No—no—no! I shall marry Karl. My father, my mother, my grandfather, have said so, and I have said it too. That ends it, Agnes. Don't speak of it again." She cast herself down upon the side of the bed and clinched her hands in the fierceness of despair and decision.

After a moment Lady Agnes said dreamily: "I climbed up the ladder to make a 'ladyship' of myself by marriage, and I find I love my husband. I dare say if you should go down the ladder a few rounds, my dear, you might be as lucky. But take my advice. If you won't marry Hollingsworth Chase, don't let him come to Paris."

To be Continued)