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## Cladeks Column

EDITED BY  
**V. CLADEK**

Dear Reader—In this column I will publish all kinds of articles, which I hope will interest you. They will be on agriculture, politics and everything that interests the farmer, and I hope your criticism will not be too severe. I will talk to you as a farmer and neighbor and if you should feel dissatisfied with some of my articles, please do not blame our noble editor, Tom, but put all the blame on me, because he will not be responsible for this column, the only responsibility fall upon

Your truly servant  
**V. CLADEK.**

There is no better habit that can give more happiness and more satisfaction than that of being cheerful under all circumstances. It is a pretty hard proposition to be cheerful sometimes, but just try it and watch the results.

It is a duty of each and every one of us to boom and push our country, to talk at all times nice and favorable of it, no matter if your crops does not look good, and remember it is not the country to be blamed for it, but it is you. Look at your neighbors' crop, it is better than yours. The reason is because he works better, alternates his land more and uses his good judgement. If you think this is a poor country and you do not like it, no body is holding you and the sooner you leave it so much better for you and the country.

Blessed is the man who is too busy and of too fine honor to listen to tale-bearers.

Say, don't forget to put up a little more extra hay, we might get a hard winter, and you might wish you had put up a few extra loads in your barn.

Mr. Prosel, the Lebanon carpenter and contractor, has 40 hens which laid 78 dozen of eggs in the month of April. Who can beat that? Each hen paid for herself in one month and the rest of the year is profit.

Let us wait until we have mastered our own business before beginning to advise our neighbors how to manage their affairs.

Did you get the latest year book of the department of agriculture? If not write our congressman or senator for it, it is full of very valuable articles and is free to every farmer.

Good plan to have a few extras on hand when you begin haying. Some extra forks, pulleys, snaps, cockeyes, and, above all, an extra stock of patience. You'll need it before harvesting is over.

Do not get mad when you fall over a harrow or a hoe or a rake that you have carelessly left where you last used it. As you hold your bruised and paining shank, quietly resolve that you will never be careless again.

It is to your interest and benefit to have Socialism prevail. It would place you and your family forever beyond even the fear of want. It would give the working people three to five times the income for the labor they now receive. You can see that the capitalists would not want this, as what you would receive as increase they would lose as graft and profit. Hence it is that they denounce and lie about Socialism, because it would prevent them profiting off you. If Socialism is such a horrid thing as they tell you, they must have found it out by reading its literature. Why do they not advise you to read its literature in the hope that it will have the same effect upon you that it has upon them? The fact is that they know if you were to read it that you would see how much it would benefit you and your family—and you could not be fooled into voting for the old parties who are using your ballots to keep the capitalists and grafters in power over you. They are wise to their interests—why are you not wise to your interests? Could the reading of a book injure you so much? Has it injured them who claim they have read? Can you be such a baby that you would believe in Socialism if it taught such bad things? Why not be a man and use your own brains instead of having them used by those who skin you?

Have you read over the last republican national platform lately? Read it and see how much of its pledges the party has carried out. Such a party could fool only the veriest chumps. It never redeems its pledges. It makes them only to fool the people into voting for it, and then drops them into a hole. And the democratic party did the same thing when it was in power. Will you be fooled forever by capitalist parties?

## PETE INTERFERED.

He Was Not Returned and Healed the Breach.

By **CLARISSA MACKIE.**  
(Copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.)

Evelyn, having returned her engagement ring to Richard Hallam, was collecting her other gifts for the same purpose when it occurred to her that she would like to keep one of them. What should she retain?

Why, Pete.

She caressed his brindled coat, and a strange lump came into her throat as his pink tongue licked her little, ringless hand. Then she sat up and blinked back the brightness to her eyes and completed her task.

She wondered if Richard would come tonight. No; he would sulk one day, and then tomorrow evening he would come.

The next day Evelyn shopped and lunched and called with exceeding diligence. Late in the afternoon she slipped home to a quiet cup of tea in her own sitting room. There were no letters, no messages—nothing for her.

In the evening Mr. Hallam was announced. Evelyn tried to subdue the wild beating of her heart and dallied over the adjustment of a rose in her hair. It would be all right after all. Her soul sang with joy; but, coquette that she was, Evelyn schooled her face to proper severity as she entered the drawing room.

"Good evening, Miss Lovell," said Hallam, with grave politeness, taking her hand for an instant and dropping it hastily. "I received your note last evening. I have brought Jones around with me to help carry the stuff away."

"The—the stuff?" she stammered, nonplused at his manner and the strangeness of the situation.

"Why, yes," he replied cheerfully; "you wrote that you had some trifles you wanted me to remove from the premises, and here I am."

Evelyn lifted her head haughtily. "Certainly," she said with assumed



"LOOKS LIKE A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL," HE SAID.

carelessness; "I had forgotten for the moment. I will ring for Martin to bring them."

They sat in silence until Martin's fat white calves staggered into the room under the weight of an assortment of neatly tied packages. Evelyn stared miserably at the sight. Hallam grinned broadly. "Looks like a Christmas festival," he said, with ill-timed levity.

Martin deposited the packages on the floor and departed. Dick Hallam drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"I have an inventory here," he remarked, with a businesslike air that was disconcerting. Evelyn felt that she was the victim of some horrible nightmare. It could not be possible that Dick Hallam had been so mean as to keep an account of the gifts he had given on birthdays and at Christmas! Where was the generosity and love that had always characterized loyal Dick?

"Let me see," he continued thoughtfully, scanning the paper in his hand. "I will call off the items, and you may tell me if they are all here. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you in the matter," he added politely.

"It is no trouble," she said faintly. "All the things are there."

"A jeweled bangle, pearl hatpins, lace fan, clock, books, gold purse—er—a picture?" he interrogated her doubtfully.

"Yes," she murmured in a low, distressed tone. "a picture."

"And one dog," he ended sharply, replacing the paper in his letter case.

"Oh, no—not Pete!" she cried, with an involuntary gesture of alarm.

"Oh, yes, Pete, of course," he said in a matter of fact tone.

"I cannot let him go," she said defiantly.

"I insist that the dog shall be included among the articles."

"I beg you will leave Pete with me. We understand each other. I love him so," she said, with a lump in her throat.

"I regret the necessity, but I cannot leave him," he replied relentlessly.

"I will bring him myself," she said.

Twenty minutes passed, and Evelyn did not return. He rung the bell.

"Please remind Miss Lovell that I am waiting," he said to Martin.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Miss Evelyn went out," explained the man.

"Where did she go?"

"She didn't say, sir. She had the dog, and she said she might not return tonight."

Hallam smiled enigmatically.

"Just tell my man to call a cab and take these packages around to my rooms," he said to Martin. Then he left the house.

It so happened that Richard Hallam was her vis-a-vis at the Lumley dinner the following night. They greeted one another with frigid politeness, and then Evelyn turned her attention to Percie Goodall, who took her in, while Richard devoted himself to Mary Cameron.

Percie was a dog fancier. He loved dogs, bought dogs, thought dogs, wrote dogs and showed dogs; but, above all, he talked dogs. He was talking dogs now.

"For a good, all around, companionable dog, one that is affectionate, intelligent and a genuine sport, commend me to a Boston terrier," he said enthusiastically.

Evelyn shot an apprehensive glance across the table. Hallam was discussing an entree with careful attention, but she knew he had heard Goodall's loud, crisp tones.

"Oh, yes," she said carelessly, "dogs are interesting, but I want to hear about that skating rink you are building at Vinecliff, Mr. Goodall."

"But," expostulated Goodall, "I thought you were a dog lover, Miss Lovell. Surely your Pete won a blue ribbon?"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted in agonized haste. Why should he persist in talking about horrible dogs? "I adore them, you know, only I want to hear about the rink now," she added in a low tone.

"Very well," he laughed good-naturedly, "exit the dog and enter the rink! It's a tank 100 feet square; glass roof, with an ice plant concealed in the cellar. When it is completed I shall have a carnival, and I know you will be queen of the festivities! How's that?"

"That will be delightful," she said, with a relieved laugh. Dick was frowning into his plate now, and she felt a little better. It was apparent that Mr. Hallam was experiencing the pangs of jealousy.

After that they went to the play, and Dick Hallam still danced attendance upon Mary Cameron.

"Nice girl, Miss Cameron," ventured Goodall as he helped Evelyn into her cloak after the curtain had rung down for the last time.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Evelyn enthusiastically.

"Engaged to Hallam's cousin, isn't she?" asked Goodall.

"I didn't know," faltered Evelyn.

"So they say. 'Bob Hallam is in the Philippines, you know. The engagement hasn't been announced, although it leaked out at the club.'"

"Oh!" said Evelyn, and it is not on record what Evelyn thought.

Three miserable weeks dragged by, miserable for Evelyn Lovell. Dick she saw occasionally, always the same cool, courteous, distant Dick. Nothing more had been said about Pete, and he remained in Evelyn's possession, the hostage of her love. Once in the solitude of her room she had attacked the astounded Pete and shaken him forcibly.

"You hateful, horrible dog! If it hadn't been for you I do believe"—What she believed Evelyn did not utter, so the aggrieved Pete never knew.

One crisp morning she sallied forth with Pete at her heels. She shopped without enthusiasm, and then, overcome by a weariness that was unnatural to her buoyant temperament, she went into a certain smart little tea room and ordered luncheon. Pete sat on a chair beside her loftily indifferent to the tempting sights and smells that surrounded him.

The room was deserted save for herself and a group at another table in a far corner screened with palms. She discussed her salad languidly. Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw that it was Richard Hallam who was seated at the opposite table—and of course the Cameron girl. She lifted her chin with hauteur and bowed coldly. He returned it stiffly. She thought he was looking pale and tired and somewhat bored. It was strange that such a busy lawyer as Hallam could spend time dangling after a creature like the Cameron girl. Oh, everything was strange and so horrid anyway!

(Continued next week)