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THE SANTIAM NEWS

## Cladeks Column

EDITED BY  
**V. CLADEK**

Is the present plan of appointing federal district and circuit judges to hold their positions for life a good one? The question, itself, is at least debatable, and we believe that the practice is unsatisfactory to not less than seventy-five per cent of the voters of the country. If so, since the voters own the government, the judicial offices should become elective, else the people should have the right to recall. Look at the majority of these judges: Before they were appointed they got to their offices at 8 a. m., and put in most of their time till 6 p. m., and often added night work to make good measure. They were working for themselves. After they have been on the bench awhile, court sessions are announced to open at 10 a. m., and the judge saunters in at about 11 and does perhaps an hour of honest work and adjourns till 2 or 3. Coming in 30 or 40 minutes late, he struggles with a docket which is 2 or 3 years behind, giving it his undivided attention for an hour or so and adjourning till 10 the next morning.

After about 30 days of this nerve-racking labor, he finds himself completely broken down in health and accepts the hospitality of some railroad or other corporation, takes a proffered stateroom in a train de luxe or palatial yacht and leisurely seeks the fountains of youth.

His job is safe. He is in for life and the business of the public can wait. When justice is demanded between the captains of finance and those of less luck, the sympathy is usually with wealth and position, because they now train with the latter class.

There is nothing which makes a good-for-nothing official feel his burden of responsibility to the people like the constant knowledge that he can be licked at the next election. The people own the government but there are a lot of federal judges they do not own and cannot reach.

World's Work sent out 500 inquiries to its readers as to whether they favored Roosevelt for another term. Singular enough not a workingman was in the list—all were lawyers, doctors, real estate men, insurance agents, bankers, etc. That they were almost unanimous in favor of Roosevelt for a third term is not to the point. Ninety men of each hundred are workingmen—men who work with their hands as well as their brains—and none of them were considered of enough importance to be asked. They are only considered of the cattle who put up the votes—what the few middle and capitalist class want—that is what will be done. The rulers know that what they want they can tell the voting cattle to cast their ballots for and they will do it. They are trained animals that obey their masters. They are the same as the poor people who fight in the king's army against their own interests. Of course, as pointed out by the Appeal two years ago, Roosevelt will be nominated and elected two years from now. All the powers are working to that end. Capitalists know they must depend on the military to maintain their control of the people and their vast stealings, and there is not another man who can be relied on to make this a military dictatorship, similar to Mexico, but Roosevelt.

Now that your congressman has returned, it is your duty to entertain him in return for the hold show he put up for you. There are several ways in which you can amuse him. You can ask him questions personally, or by letter, or you can write your local editor for information on some points. Ask him what law was passed by the late congress in the interest of the wage worker or the farmer. Ask him why he did not ask for an investigation of Grosscup. Ask him why there was not another edition of Senate Document No. 196 printed, so that all who asked for it might be supplied. Ask him why he did not do something to bring before congress the shameful hounding of Mexican political refugees. Ask why he did not introduce an amendment to the postal savings bank bill, providing that deposits up to a certain point might be used by the government in paying for public improvements, the money never to be redeposited in banks. Ask him just what he did in your interest?

They who oppose Socialism enslave their own children.

Socialism is but another name for hope.

## A LEADEN MEDAL.

It Played an Important Part In a Love Affair.

By SARAH J. ATWATER.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

At the breaking out of our war with the Japanese I had been somewhat surprised at the devotion of a young lieutenant in the army who seemed to consider me the object of a grand passion. He was several years younger than I and extremely boyish. We Russians are a fair haired race, but Paul Nevinsky's hair was almost white—not with age, for he was but nineteen years old. His eyes were a light blue and his complexion milk and rose, suitable for a girl. No beard had yet sprouted.

I well remember the day Paul called upon me to say that his regiment was



"I WILL NO LONGER KEEP YOU IN IGNORANCE."

to be transported that very day over the Transiberian railway to Manchuria. He told me that were it not for leaving me he would be glad to go, since he wished active service. "I am consoled, however," he said, "that I may have an opportunity to gain some honor to place at your feet."

I was moved by this, though I saw no reason why bravery should make me love him. I was pleased that he wished renown for me rather than for himself. Since he was about to leave me and I might never see him again I had not the heart to chide him, so I bade him goodbye without giving him any definite knowledge with regard to my feeling for him. When he left me before going out of the door he turned and gave me a look so melancholy that I advanced a step, took his hands in mine and kissed him.

That kiss put new life into him. With a wave of the hand he walked quickly away, apparently not wishing to risk looking back at me again.

The battle of the Yalu was, I believe, the first great battle of the war. At any rate, it was one of the first. A few weeks after it had been fought I received a little package and a letter. The handwriting on both indicated that they had been addressed by the same person. I opened the letter first. It was from the surgeon of the regiment to which my youthful lover was attached. It read:

Lieutenant Paul Nevinsky at the battle of the Yalu distinguished himself in a charge the Japanese fire was so deadly that all the officers of his regiment who had not been picked off were driven back before the storm of bullets except Lieutenant Nevinsky, who stood his ground, rallied a small number of men and with them kept the enemy at bay till the others had returned, then completed the charge, winning all that it was intended to accomplish. But in the moment of victory he was struck by a bullet and carried off the field dangerously wounded. I have attended him and extracted the ball. He will not survive. He has asked me to send it to you, saying that since he cannot live to receive a decoration to send you he gives you what he denominates his leaden medal.

So many wounded men need my attention that I feel I am taking time that belongs to them to fulfill my promise.

This brief message written by one who was called away from his patient to other multifarious duties was all I ever received from Paul. I had no hope that he lived, and when the returns of the killed and wounded came his name was among the dead.

I would indeed have been hard hearted if this devotion had not affected me. I had admirers, but all their admiration seemed trifling beside that of this young man who faced death that he might send me a medal and had instead only had time to send me the bullet that had killed him. But I kept my leaden decoration to myself.

No other knew of it or that the man I had struck loved me. Nor did I intend that others should know of it, especially those men who were honoring me with their devotion and their offers of marriage. I had before me a career, and I did not propose that it should be blighted by the blue eyed, beardless boy who had been killed by the Japanese.

When Count Gravenieff, a noble of high rank, offered himself I would have accepted him at once but for two reasons. First, I did not wish him to think I was overanxious for him; second, I wished to complete a year of mourning for my young soldier lover. A few days before the expiration of this period a card was sent up to me bearing the name of Paul Nevinsky.

Was I glad or sorry?

I don't know. I only know that I hurried down stairs. There stood the young soldier, his cheeks, which had been round, now hollow, his complexion a pale yellow, his eyes sunken in his head. I wished to be taken into his arms that my heart might beat against his. But I controlled myself. I showed my delight at receiving him back from the dead, but gave no indications that it was from love. Gravenieff was a splendid match, and I was by no means ready to permit this condition of sentiment to interfere with my taking advantage of what it would bring me.

This was Paul's story: He had disappointed the surgeons by recovering from his wound and far more quickly than could have been anticipated. He had taken part in the subsequent battles of the war fought by the army with which he served and had returned a general of brigades, covered with decorations.

I asked him why he had not informed me of his recovery. He replied in a shamefaced way that, having sent me the bullet that killed him, he had felt that to announce that he had not been killed after all would have put him in a ridiculous position before me. He had therefore put off the announcement of his continued existence from time to time and finally had concluded to communicate it to me in person. He hoped that I would not think any the less of him for not having been killed.

While I could not forbear smiling at this absurd self abnegation, I confess I was touched by it. I could not forbear taking his hand, and when he bent forward for a kiss I could not help giving him one.

I now had two lovers between whom it was not easy for me to decide. On the one hand, there was Gravenieff, who permitted me to understand that it was a great condescension on the part of his family to consent to mingle its blood with mine. Indeed, considering that he came of the oldest stock in Russia and I was noble only on my mother's side, the match would be very advantageous to me. On the other hand was my boy soldier, who was so anxious to honor me that he apologized for returning alive after having sent me as a mark of his devotion the bullet that was supposed to have killed him. Never was a woman called upon to decide between such extremes.

And while I was undecided, or, rather, while I was unable to hurt my young lover by turning him away for the man it seemed best for me to marry, my position was a delicate one. When the count learned that Paul Nevinsky was his rival he was very much astonished. Paul had no fortune, was a commoner and was in years and appearance a mere boy. That such a man should presume to compete with him for the favor of any woman was a great blow to Gravenieff's vanity. That I should consider Paul at all in competition with a nobleman of his rank and wealth somewhat diminished the count's good opinion of me. I believe that on this account, had he not been too proud to give in to such an inferior person, he would have withdrawn his proposal for my hand.

As for Paul, when he first learned that he had a rival in Count Gravenieff all hope deserted him. "I would not truly love you," he said, "should I insist upon your bestowing yourself on me when a position so much more exalted than I could give you is in store for you."

I could not but contrast the self confidence of the count with the modesty of the little general. Nevertheless I was not so affected by this difference between the two men as by the fact that the one considered himself too good for me, while the other cared only for the honors he had won that he might lay them at my feet.

One evening my two lovers happened to call upon me at the same hour. As soon as the count saw the general his brow darkened. I introduced them. The count bowed stiffly. The general returned the salute with more amiability than might have been expected under the circumstances. The count's forbearance with me for keeping him so long in doubt broke down.

"I cannot consent," he said haughtily, "to be placed in rivalry with one who, though he has distinguished himself on the field of battle, belongs to an entirely different class from my own. I have offered you my heart and hand. It remains for you to decide

whether you prefer to be the wife of a noble or the wife of a commoner. If General Nevinsky can bestow upon you what I am able to bestow I will resign you for your own good. If not, let him cease to come between you and me."

"Count," I said, "I will no longer keep you in ignorance of my decision. I fully appreciate the substantial honors you are able to bestow upon me. General Nevinsky has already made me one gift which I hold in greater esteem than the wealth I would share with you as your countess. That gift has won. Being called upon to choose between you, I choose him who gave me this."

Catching hold of a small gold chain about my neck, I drew from under my bodice that which was attached to it—a leaden bullet.

The count stood for a moment astonished that a bit of metal should overbalance his estates; that the little general should have won me with a bullet. But he knew that my decision was against him and in favor of the giver of the ball of lead. He withdrew haughtily, and the moment the door was closed behind him my accepted suitor knelt at my feet.

## PETE INTERFERED.

He Was Not Returned and Healed the Breach.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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(Continued from last week)

Pete sat beside her, his black nostrils twitching and bulging, expectant eyes fastened on Dick Hallam's face. His whole body quivered as if controlled by a multitude of tiny muscles of steel. Suddenly, as if in response to some anticipated signal, he uttered a loud yelp of joy and bounded across the table, leaving disaster in his wake.

Straight as a die he shot toward Hallam, who rose hastily and endeavored to quiet the excited animal.

Evelyn had arisen from her seat. Her face was quite white, and it was evident that he was agitated over the contretemps. Hallam advanced toward her, determination in his manner.

"Come and join us, Evelyn," he said authoritatively.

"I cannot," she whispered brokenly. "Nonsense!" he laughed. "Come, my cousin from the Philippines is concealed behind the palms. You must meet him."

She went. There was gladness in her heart, in her eyes and in the caress she vouchsafed the faithless Pete.

"Dick," she said later when they were making all things right between them, "did you call Pete to come to you?"

Hallam laughed happily. "I did," he admitted, "and—"

"And I told him to go," she murmured to the lapel of his coat.

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## Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned have been duly appointed administrators of Joseph Holub, deceased, by the county court of Linn County, Oregon; therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby required to present the same with the proper vouchers to the undersigned at their residence near Scio, in said county within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this first day of July, 1910.

Joseph Holub, Jr.

Frank Holub.

Administrators of said

Joseph Holub, deceased

W. R. Bilyeu,

Atty. for administrators

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