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THE SANTIAM NEWS

Cladeks Column EDITED BY V. CLADEK

What difference would it make to you if the Standard Oil or the Steel trust were divided up and run by hundreds of competent small plants? Could they produce cheaper than the great plants of each? Wouldn't the operation of many small plants be more expensive than the greater ones? And if more expensive would not you have to bear that expense in the price of the products? Be sensible. The larger the units the greater the economy—but we do not get the benefit of the economy. If we owned the plants in common there would be no added price to the cost of production to pay interest, rent and profits to the Rockefeller and Morgans. They are not to be blamed for taking these things—you are the fools that vote to have them own and take it. Your vote says you believe in private ownership of the industries—and why should the men you elect to office vote to make collective ownership and protect you with low prices when you vote against men with such ideas? If you were in Rockefeller's place you would do about as he does. I would as soon pay tribute to him as to you. Let's all own the industries and manage them for the common good. Could that be bad?

You Boys—Are they your boys? When they grow up they will make their living working for others, and their time will belong to the man who hires them. This means a large portion of their lives. Or, perhaps, they will farm or conduct a small business, imagining they are free; nevertheless, they will pay tribute to the profit takers, to the landlord, to the masters of transportation, so that once more a large portion of their time will belong to the masters of the machinery whereby living is made. More than this, when the masters desire to expand their business, they will require your boys, so-called, to go out and fight, perhaps die, or it may be, be mangled and made chronically diseased. It will all be for the benefit of the owners of the increased traffic, for "your boys" will have no interest in it. The masters merely use "your boys" to grab them wealth—to murder and rob for them. Your boys! Bah! They do not belong even to themselves. This system is one of slavery. Your children are sold every day, and you stand for it—you, who pretend to be men and lovers of liberty!

A recent dispatch from Washington concerning the high cost of living says:

If the price of beef or lamb is too high, eat musk rat, taking Secretary of Agriculture Wilson's word that it is good. Uncle Jim sings the praise of the musk rat in a bulletin just issued by the department. He recommends musk rat farming as profitable. The secretary says that the flesh of the musk rat is highly esteemed by the aborigines of North America, especially in winter.

Uncle Jim's bulletin tells how to fry, roast and stew musk rats. To fry you let it lie in salt water for an hour, wash it, dry it with a cloth and season, then dip the pieces in prepared egg butter and dust with flour or meal. You let the musk rat fry slowly for an hour and serve it with a gravy of milk, butter and flour and parsley.

Plutocratic Uncle Samuel ought to give us a further report on the food value of polecats and snakes. He might also touch on toads and fishing worms, with a few simple receipts for preparing the common house rat for the table. By corresponding with the proper "aborigines" you may discover new values in sawdust and peanut shells. Hoping Uncle Samuel may give this his deepest thought, I am his for the revolution.

Capitalism gives private property to a few, who do not create it. Socialism will permit the many who create wealth to retain all they produce, and they will make themselves rather than the idlers rich.

Capitalists do not give you employment; they keep you from employment except as you will agree to give them part of what you produce.

You have worked hard and what have you got? Others have not toiled and you see what they have.

He who takes part of your product takes that which belongs to you as surely as though he took purse itself.

DRY VALLEY'S INDIAN SUMMER.

How Springtime Returned to a
Middle Aged Sheepman.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company.)

Dry Valley Johnson shook the bottle. You have to shake the bottle before using, for sulphur will not dissolve. Then Dry Valley saturated a small sponge with the liquid and rubbed it carefully into the roots of his hair.

Dry Valley had been a sheepman. His real name was Hector, but he had been rechristened after his range.

Many years of living face to face with sheep on their own terms wearied Dry Valley Johnson. So he sold his ranch for \$18,000 and moved to Santa Rosa to live a life of gentlemanly ease.

Dry Valley bought a four room cottage in the village and a library on



WITH MAGNIFICENT INSOLENCE.

strawberry culture. Behind the cottage was a garden of which he made a strawberry patch.

When his strawberries were beginning to ripen Dry Valley bought the heaviest buggy whip in the Santa Rosa store.

In the house next to Dry Valley's lived a widow with a pack of children that gave the husbandman frequent anxious misgivings. In the woman there was a strain of the Spanish. She had wedded one of the name of O'Brien.

Between the two homesteads ran a crazy picket fence overgrown with morning glory and wild gourd vines. Often he could see little heads with mops of black hair and flashing dark eyes dodging in and out between the pickets, keeping tabs on the reddening berries.

Late one afternoon Dry Valley went to the postoffice. When he came back, like Mother Hubbard, he found the deuce to pay. The descendants of Iberian bandits and Hibernian cattle raiders had swooped down upon his strawberry patch.

Dry Valley slipped into the house, got his whip and charged the marauders. The lash curled about the legs of the nearest, a greedy ten-year-old, before they knew they were discovered. His screech gave warning, and the flock scampered for the fence like a drove of javvies flushed in the chaparral. Dry Valley's whip drew a toll of two more elfin strikers before they dived through the vine clad fence.

Dry Valley, less fleet, followed them nearly to the pickets. Checking his useless pursuit, he rounded a bush, dropped his whip and stood, voiceless, motionless, the capacity of his powers consumed by the act of breathing and preserving the perpendicular.

Behind the bush stood Panchita O'Brien, scolding to fly. She was nineteen, the oldest of the raiders. Her night black hair was gathered back in a wild mass and tied with a scarlet ribbon. She stood with reluctant feet, yet nearer the brook than to the river, for childhood had envied and detained her.

She looked at Dry Valley Johnson for a moment with magnificent insolence and before his eyes slowly crunched a luscious berry between her white teeth. Then she turned and walked slowly to the fence with a swaying, conscious motion, such as a duchess might make use of in leading a promenade. There she turned again and grided Dry Valley Johnson once more in the dark flame of her audacious eyes, laughed a trifle schoolgirlishly and twisted herself with pantherish quickness between the pickets to the O'Brien side of the gourd vine.

Dry Valley picked up his whip and went into his house. He stumbled as he went up the two wooden steps. The old Mexican woman who cooked his meals and swept his house called him to supper as he went through the rooms. Dry Valley went on, stumbled down the front steps, out the gate and down the road into a mesquite thicket at the edge of town. He sat down in the grass and laboriously plucked the spines from a prickly pear one by one. This was his attitude of thought, acquired in the days when his problems were only those of wind and wool and water.

A thing had happened to the man—a thing that, if you are eligible, you

must pray may pass you by. He had become enveloped in the Indian summer of the soul.

Dry Valley had had no youth. Even his childhood had been one of dignity and seriousness. At six he had viewed the frivolous gambols of the lambs on his father's ranch with silent disapproval. His life as a young man had been wasted. And now in his senility and yellow leaf one scornful look from the eyes of Panchita O'Brien had flooded the autumnal landscape with a tardy and delusive summer heat.

But a sheepman is a hardy animal. Dry Valley Johnson had weathered too many northers to turn his back on a late summer, spiritual or real. Old! He would show them.

By the next mail went an order to San Antonio for an outfit of the latest clothes, colors and styles and prices no object. The next day went the recipe for the hair restorer clipped from a newspaper, for Dry Valley's sunburned auburn hair was beginning to turn silvery above his ears.

Dry Valley kept indoors closely for a week except for frequent sallies after youthful strawberry snatchers. Then a few days later, he suddenly emerged brilliantly radiant in the beetle glow of his belated midsummer madness.

A jaybird blue tennis suit covered him outwardly almost as far as his wrists and ankles. His shirt was of blood, his collar winged and tall, his necktie a floating orfamme; his shoes a venomous bright tan, pointed and shaped on penitential lasts. A little straw hat with a striped band decorated his weatherbeaten head. Lem on colored kid gloves protected his awkward hands from the benignant May sunshine. This sad and optimistic creature trotted out of its den, smiling foolishly and smoothing its gloves for men and angels to see. To such a pass had Dry Valley Johnson been brought by Cupid, who always shoots game that is out of season with an arrow from the quiver of Momus. Reconstructing mythology, he had risen a prismatic macaw from the ashes of the gray-brown phoenix that had folded its tired wings to roost under the trees of Santa Rosa.

Dry Valley paused in the street to allow Santa Rosans within sight of him to be stunned and then deliberately and slowly, as his shoes required, entered Mrs. O'Brien's gate.

Not until the eleven months' drought did Santa Rosa cease talking about Dry Valley Johnson's courtship of Panchita O'Brien. It was an unclassifiable procedure—something like a combination of cakewalking, deaf and dumb oratory, postage stamp flirtation and parlor charades. It lasted two weeks and then came to a sudden end.

Of course Mrs. O'Brien favored the match as soon as Dry Valley's intentions were disclosed. Being the mother of a woman child and therefore a charter member of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap, she joyfully decked out Panchita for the sacrifice. The girl was temporarily dazzled by having her dresses lengthened and her hair piled up on her head and came near forgetting that she was only a slice of cheese. It was nice, too, to have as good a match as Mr. Johnson paying you attentions and to see the other girls fluttering the curtains at their windows to see you go by with him.

Dry Valley bought a buggy with yellow wheels and a fine trotter in San Antonio. Every day he drove out with Panchita. He was never seen to speak to her when they were walking or driving. The consciousness of his clothes kept his mind busy; the knowledge that he could say nothing of interest kept him dumb; the feeling that Panchita was there kept him happy.

He took her to parties and dances and to church. He tried—oh, no man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He could not dance, but he invented a smile which he wore on these joyous occasions, a smile that in him was as great a concession to mirth and gaiety as turning hand-springs would be in another. He began to seek the company of the young men in the town, even of the boys. They accepted him as a decided damper; for his attempts at sportiveness were so forced that they might as well have essayed their games in a cathedral. Neither he nor any other could estimate what progress he had made with Panchita.

The end came suddenly in one day, as often disappears the false afterglow before a November sky and wind.

Dry Valley was to call for the girl one afternoon at 6 for a walk. An afternoon walk in Santa Rosa was a feature of social life that called for the pick of one's wardrobe. So Dry Valley began gorgeously to array himself; and so early that he finished early, and went over to the O'Brien cottage. As he neared the porch on the crooked walk from the gate he heard sounds of revelry within. He stopped and looked through the honeysuckle vines in the open door.

Panchita was amusing her younger brothers and sisters. She wore a man's clothes—no doubt those of the late Mr. O'Brien. On her head was the smallest brother's straw hat decorated with an ink striped paper band. On her hands were flapping yellow cloth gloves, roughly cut out and sewn

for the masquerade. The same material covered her shoes, giving them the semblance of tan leather. High collar and flowing necktie were not omitted.

Panchita was an actress. Dry Valley saw his affectedly youthful gait, his limp where the right shoe hurt him, his forced smile, his awkward simulation of a gallant air, all reproduced with startling fidelity. For the first time a mirror had been held up to him. The corroboration of one of the youngsters calling, "Mamma, come and see Pancha do like Mr. Johnson," was not needed.

As softly as the caricatured tars would permit, Dry Valley tiptoed back to the gate and home again.

Twenty minutes after the time appointed for the walk Panchita tripped demurely out her gate in a thin, trim white lawn and sailor hat. She strolled up the sidewalk and slowed her steps at Dry Valley's gate, her manner expressing wonder at his unusual delinquency.

Then out of his door and down the walk strode, not the polychromatic victim of a lost summertime, but the sheepman rehabilitated. He wore his old gray woolen shirt, open at the throat, his brown duck trousers stuffed into his overrudd boots, and his white felt sombrero on the back of his head. Twenty years or fifty he might look, Dry Valley cared not. His light blue eyes met Panchita's dark ones with a cold flash in them. He came as far as the gate. He pointed with his long arm to her house.

"Go home," said Dry Valley. "Go home to your mother. I wonder lightnin' don't strike a fool like me. Go home and play in the sand. What business have you got cavortin' around with grown men? I reckon I was loosed to be makin' a be poll-parrot out of myself for a kid like you. Go home and don't let me see you no more. Why I done it, will somebody tell me? Go home and let me try and forget it."

Panchita obeyed and walked slowly toward her home, saying nothing. For some distance she kept her head turned and her large eyes fixed intently upon Dry Valley's. At her gate she stood for a moment looking back at him, then ran suddenly and swiftly into the house.

Old Antonio was building a fire in the kitchen stove. Dry Valley stopped at the door and laughed harshly.

"I'm a pretty looking old rhinoceros to be gettin' stuck on a kid, ain't I, Tonia?" said he.

"Not verree good thing," agreed Antonio sagely, "for too much old man to likee muchacha."

"You bet it ain't," said Dry Valley grimly. "It's dum foolishness, and, besides it hurts."

He brought at one armful the regalia of his aberration, the blue tennis suit, shoes, hat, gloves and all, and threw them in a pile at Antonio's feet.

"Give them to your old man," said he, "to hunt antelope in."

Just as the first star presided palely over the twilight Dry Valley got his biggest strawberry book and sat on the back steps to catch the last of the reading light. He thought he saw the figure of some one in his strawberry patch. He laid aside the book, got his whip and hurried forth to see.

It was Panchita. She had slipped through the picket fence and was half-way across the patch. She stopped when she saw him and looked at him without wavering.

A sudden rage—a humiliating flush of unreasoning wrath—came over Dry Valley. For this child he had made himself a motley to the view. He had tried to bribe Time to turn backward for himself. He had—been made a fool of. At last he had seen his folly. There was a gulf between him and youth over which he could not build a bridge even with yellow gloves to protect his hands. And the sight of his torment coming to pester him with her elfin pranks—coming to plunder his strawberry vines like a mischievous schoolboy—roused all his anger.

"I told you to keep away from here," said Dry Valley. "Go back to your home."

Panchita moved slowly toward him. Dry Valley cracked his whip.

"Go back home," said Dry Valley savagely, "and play theatricals some more. You'd make a fine man. You've made a fine one of me."

She came a step nearer, silent and with that strange, defiant, steady

HE LOOKED THROUGH THE VINES.

shine in her eyes that had always puzzled him. Now it stirred his wrath.

His whiplash whistled through the air. He saw a red streak suddenly come out through her white dress above her knee where it had struck.

Without flinching and with the same unchanging dark glow in her eyes Panchita came steadily toward him through the strawberry vines. Dry Valley's trembling hand released his whip handle. When within a yard of him Panchita stretched out her arms.

"God, kid!" stammered Dry Valley. "Do you mean?"

But the seasons are versatile, and it may have been springtime after all instead of Indian summer that struck Dry Valley Johnson.