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Cladeks Column

EDITED BY

V. CLADEK

In every city the public is complain-
ing about the extortion of the express
rates. Hundreds of thousands have
been expended by the public and gov-
ernment in the past investigating and
lawing about the express extortions.
And the same game is being supported
by the votes of the men who complain,
they not having the sense or something
to see that if the public owned and
operated the express business that there
would be rapid decrease in express rates
as there has been in postage rates, be-
cause every congressman and senator
would vie with each other in giving
better and cheaper service to the peo-
ple from whom they get their election.
It seems that voters are very foolish to
keep on permitting men in office who
oppose the collective ownership of
transportation, while at the same time
that same public is ever in hot water
because of the extortion and bribery
and crime by the men who privately
own the express business. Most peo-
ple cannot make comparisons. They
have never been taught to reason at
all. Socialists know what to do and
how to do it, but there are not enough
of them yet to make the change.

Because Socialists talk of the evils of
the system and say that there can be
no end of the robbery of the worker
until both the republican and democratic
parties are overthrown and the Social-
ist party comes to power, it must not be
supposed it is meant that Socialists are
naturally any better or more honest in
desire than are republicans or democ-
rats. They mean only that the capital-
ist system, sustained by both repub-
licans and democrats, is inherently
immoral and dishonest, and right can-
not prevail until it is destroyed. Many,
if not most, of the individual republi-
cans and democrats, are honest in their
support of the system and are conven-
tionally good men. They simply do not
see the robbery that prevails, and sup-
port wrong, not because they are per-
verse, but only because they are ignor-
ant of the wrong. They may be well
educated and well posted along other
lines, but they are blind to the cause of
the suffering and poverty there is.
Some day they will see, and then the
native honesty they possess and their
sincere desire to do right will bring
them to a hearty support of socialism.

You can hardly find a man these days
who will not say that he believes in
many things that the Socialist advo-
cates. But so many stop short of the
one essential thing—that is the over-
throw of exploitation. Socialists are
coming more and more to recognize the
truth of the Socialist philosophy—but
philosophy is not enough. We must
come to the point of stopping the rob-
bery. Words are good as means of
conveying ideas, but words will not fill
an empty belly. Unless we come to
action, unless Socialism is transformed
from the realm of philosophy into an
actuality, into a living, breathing con-
dition, it is nothing. Scientists are be-
ginning to recognize the tremendous
evolutionary force which is bearing us
to Socialism. But if we depend on
forces alone and not on ourselves we
shall be centuries in reaching what
might be obtained in a few years.

The postal savings bill which Taft
has insisted on being passed is made
flattulent and valueless by a provision
calling for a redeposit of the money
deposited with the government in the
banks. The money might as well be
deposited in the banks in the first place.
If the savings of the people were fully
deposited with the government, finally
half of them would be available for the
use by the government in constructing
roads, improving waterways, or buying
up the machinery of production and
distribution, while the money deposited
would still be perfectly safe. This
would be more conservative banking
than is conducted by any private bank
today.

The fact is just beginning to dawn on
the American people that we no longer
govern ourselves; we really live under
an imperial government, and the fed-
eral courts constitute the emperor. The
federal judges are appointed by the
great corporations, and those judges
almost invariably uphold the rapacity
and oppression which we suffer at the
hands of the corporations. The laws
that congress pass do not amount to any
more than the laws of the Russian
duma, where they are aimed at cor-
porate abuses, and yet we ridicule the
duma.

A MIRACLE FROM THE SEA.

How a Ray of Sunlight Gave In-
spiration to a Genius.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

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ciation.]

(Continued from last week)

her on the beach and had cheered her,
for he was alive with the fire of deter-
mination to thwart Donald Benton's
ambitions. The avenue which was to
lead to success, however, remained dis-
couragingly invisible.

The boom of a cannon aroused Ben-
ton. A warship, stately and majestic,
had turned from the city and was put-
ting to sea. She was magnificent in
her grandeur, and her bristling guns
alone would ordinarily have aroused
Benton to enthusiastic admiration, but
he scarcely noticed them now.

He glanced at the sun and saw it
was time to be turning toward the
city. Once again he looked seaward
and a great sigh, born of his solitude,
filled his breast. Impulsively he
stretched his arms toward the vast-
ness into which his heart had van-
ished.

"Oh, God," he cried wearily, "work a
miracle for love's sake!"

He climbed the rocks and had gained
the summit when there were more
cannon volleys. The warship and a
nearby fort were exchanging courtesies.
Benton glanced disinterestedly
in their direction and was about to
continue his progress when something
caught and held his attention—some-
thing on the ship.

It was the gun turrets that he looked
at.

The rays of the descending sun shot
full length along the grim dogs of war
perched high above the ship's main
deck. As the sun sank toward the hills
beyond the radiance departed from the
cannon, and still Benton's eyes follow-
ed them, even until they and the ship
were far too distant to any longer be
discernible.

Then, like one suddenly possessed
with an inspiration, he snatched a
memorandum book from his pocket,
dropped down on to the rocks and
commenced to sketch and to figure.

Rapidly and excitedly he worked
with his pencil. He traced straight
lines and dotted lines. He drew curves
and circles and made queer looking,
jagged marks, covering page after
page of the little book. There were
front views, side elevations, and cross
sections with figures and notes jotted
irregularly here and there. He seemed
to be striving for some conclusion of
a plan.

The big red sun slipped from view,
and the rosy afterglow turned to violet
and from violet to gray. Lighthouses
blinked their alternate lights, and day-
light grew so dim that Benton was
obliged to bend his face close to the
paper to enable him to see.

He had been sitting motionless for a
long time when he suddenly leaped to
his feet with a wild, glad cry and
dashed down on to the beach with the
little book clutched tightly in his hand.
"I have it!" he shouted. "I have it!"
And he threw himself face downward
on the sand.

"God!" he cried in a half sob. "The
miracle has emerged from out the sea
—for love's sake!"

It was not altogether for the purpose
of extending grants at fabulous roy-
alties on his invention of mining ma-
chinery that Phil Benton found him-
self in London a few weeks later. Is-
abelle Fielding was there.

And never was that homely old max-
im "Nothing succeeds like success"
more applicable than in the case of
Benton, for, since the newspapers
were spreading the greatness of his
achievement, Mrs. Fielding had hasten-
ed to renew acquaintance.

Benton was dining with Mrs. Field-
ing and Isabelle one evening.

"The mechanical principle was sug-
gested to me by the revolving guns in
the turrets of a warship," he was ex-
plaining. "It was the day you sailed,"
turning to Isabelle. "I was on the
beach at Cragshead, my heart fairly
wrenched from me as your ship passed
from sight."

"But you have had great compensa-
tion for Isabelle's absence," naively in-
terposed Mrs. Fielding.

"Only partial," he replied seriously.
"Only a very small part. Indeed, there
is no compensation for Isabelle's ab-
sence."

He reached over and covered one of
Isabelle's hands with his own, looking
the while at Mrs. Fielding with plead-
ing eyes.

The mother heart capitulated. Be-
sides, she had grown weary of battling
for Donald, and, after all, Phil Benton
had won a name for himself and was
rapidly winning a fortune. She an-
swered his look with a smile, and a
nod toward the happy girl.

"You have my consent," she said.

The Wedding Day

A Tale of New Amsterdam

By HELEN INGLEHART

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Association.

There lived in the town of New Am-
sterdam, which is now the great city
of New York, a Dutchman—they were
all Dutchmen there then—named Peter
Van Gaasback. Peter had a daughter,
Katrina, whose eyes were as blue as
the vault of heaven, whose cheeks
were like two roses floating in a pan
of milk and whose hair hung down her
back like a lovely woven flax rope.

Now, there were a people not far to
the east of New Amsterdam who were
of English extraction and of an entire-
ly different make-up from the Dutch.
These were the Yankees. Whenever
the two peoples met for trade—they
never met for anything else except to
fight—the Dutchman invariably went
home with nothing, while the Yankee
had twice as much as he had before.
It is not to be wondered that the for-
mer hated the latter.

Pardon Langdon, the Yankee who
had won Katrina's young heart, was a
long, lean, hungry looking youth who
walked with a slouchy gait, drawled
his words and did not appear to know
enough to go under cover when it
rained. Nevertheless he was not to
be shaken from his purpose to marry
Katrina despite the refusal of her fa-
ther and mother and the principal citi-
zens of New Amsterdam. These prin-
cipal citizens, including her father,
met to take measures to prevent the
robbery of one of the most beautiful
of their lassies by a Yankee and her
transfer to the cabbage fields of Con-
necticut. A great deal of schnapps
was consumed, and many pounds of
tobacco were smoked—for a Dutchman
could not deliberate without both—when
the council came to the conclusion that
the best way to prevent Katrina's mar-
rying a Yankee was to marry her to a
Dutchman.

No sooner was this decision reached
than every unmarried man present put
forward a claim for the position of
Katrina's husband, whereupon her
father announced that she should be
wedded to the man among them who
could show the largest number of pel-
tries—for that was the sole business of
the town—and old Dietrich Van Crin-
cle, some sixty years old, baldheaded
and with the palsy, having shown that
he owned more skins than any other,
was selected to save Katrina to the
community.

This was too much for Katrina's
mother, who from this time sided with
her daughter. But Katrina's mother
was the stupidest woman in New Am-
sterdam. Katrina told Pardon Lang-
don all that had happened and that
she was to be forced to marry old Van
Cricle on the fifteenth day of June
coming. Pardon told Katrina to per-
suade her father to promise her that
if she was not married to Dietrich Van
Cricle on the 15th of June, 1647, she
should not be forced to marry him at
all, but should be permitted to marry
whomsoever she liked. Katrina, aided
by her mother, spent a week persis-
tently entreating the old man to grant
this request, and he, worn out by her
importunities, finally gave in. But he
told Van Cricle what he had done
and warned him to surely be on hand
on the appointed day to claim his
bride.

When Katrina reported the success
of her and her mother's work done
upon her father he told her to tell her
mother to meet him that night at the
base of the tower wherein was the
town clock. The mother did so, and
Pardon, opening the door for her, told
her to go up and set the clock back
twenty-four hours. This was done, and
Pardon instructed her that on the 15th
of June she should tell her husband
what she had done.

The result of all this was that on
the morning of the appointed wedding
Peter Van Gaasback called the council
together, told them of his promise to
his daughter, of his wife's turning the
clock back twenty-four hours, and that
Katrina now claimed that the day for
the wedding had passed. What should
he do?

Anthony Ten Broeck, the clearest
headed man in New Amsterdam, arose
and attempted to prove that, though
the clock had been turned back a
day, no day had been lost. But he
became involved in his own argument
and sat down in confusion. Others
endeavored to set the matter right, but
met with no better success than Ten
Broeck. Then the bridegroom expect-
ant attempted to show that the day
appointed for the nuptials had arrived,
but he only succeeded in proving that
a day had been lost by the turning
back of the clock and it was now the
16th of June. As the schnapps and
tobacco smoke mounted to the brains
of the Dutchmen the confusion be-
came greater, and the debate lasted so
long that some of them went to sleep.
While others went home to dinner.
After dinner the discussion continued
till it began to grow dark, and all went
home to supper and to bed.

(Continued next week)