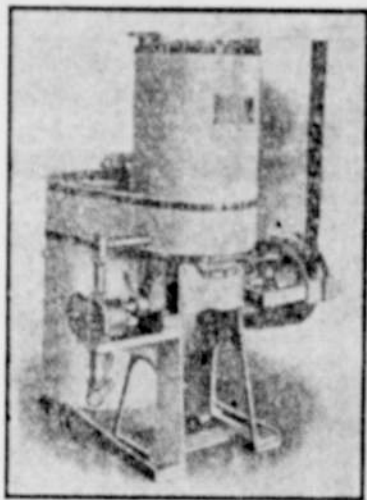




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Freezers. Made express-
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Albany..... Monday
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Due when mare is known to be in foal.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents
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Cornish & Rigs Livery Stable

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Administrator's Notice

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Fairlotte Crabtree, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, and that said court has fixed Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day as the time for the hearing and settling of all obligations to said account; therefore, all persons having any objection to said account are hereby notified and required to file the same in said matter in said court on or before said last mentioned date.

Dated April 21, 1911.

Jas. A. BLYEY,

Administrator of said estate

W. R. BLYEY,

Attorney for Administrator

Last publication May 19, 1911.

Sunset Magazine for May

Nile of the West by S. Glen Andrus. Beautifully illustrated in four colors. The Spell, a western novel by the Williamsons. Guests of Greater China Town, by Charles K. Field. Automobile section. Now on sale at 15 cents.

Teacher's Summer Review Term begins at Albany College July 10 and will continue to August 19. All branches for state certificates will be taught by the best instructors. Advanced work in high school subjects. Primary and intermediate methods a specialty. Interview Superintendent W. L. Jackson or President H. M. Crooks.

Is there anything in all this world that is of more importance to you than good digestion? Food must be eaten to sustain life and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of bile, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by all dealers.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

GOV. WILSON AS FOE TO BOSSISM

(Continued from page 1)

forms. The election of a United States senator from New Jersey was the first important work for the new legislature to undertake. James Smith, Jr., long known as the big boss of the Democratic party in the state, had decided that he wanted this particular plum for himself, and he announced himself as a candidate, but at the primaries held early in 1910 James A. Martine, a clean and popular citizen, had been a candidate for the senatorial nomination and had received the endorsement of the people at the polls. Smith's name had not been presented at the primaries. This did not make any difference to Smith, who thought that his power as boss was sufficient to override the will of the people. Governor-Elect Wilson declared that Smith should not be senator, that he had no claim upon the office and that Martine had the strongest claim of all, that of popular endorsement. The fight between the old boss and the new leader was short, sharp and decisive. Backed by public opinion, the new governor won, and Martine was elected senator on the first ballot.

With these triumphs to his credit it is small wonder that the people of the United States are coming to look upon Woodrow Wilson as one of the greatest political leaders who have been developed in recent years. A progressive of the progressives, it does not worry Governor Wilson any to be called a radical. In fact, he calls himself a radical. "I am radical," said Governor Wilson recently, "and the first element of my radicalism is: Let's get at the root of the whole thing and resume popular government. We mean to have the kind of government we thought we had. I am ready to draw the initiative and referendum at any time. I believe in it. I have not the slightest fear of its disturbing our theory of representative government. I don't worry about theories anyhow; it's facts that worry me. The fact is we in New Jersey have not got anything but the theory, while in states where they have tried it the initiative and referendum has given them back representative government. It works, you know, without being called on to work at all. Where legislative representatives know that if they fail really to represent, the people have the power to take the legislation back into their own hands, those representatives have an effective motive to represent. The initiative and referendum is like a gun behind the door—for use in case of emergency, but a mighty good persuader nevertheless."

It is perhaps unnecessary to add to this explanation of Governor Wilson's attitude toward public affairs that



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

he is against special privilege of every kind and that he is particularly against the high protective tariff system and what he terms the outrageous Paine-Aldrich tariff law, and perhaps it is unnecessary to add that these are no new convictions on Governor Wilson's part, but are the fruit of a lifetime of study and observation of political affairs, of a life spent in training for active public service for which the opportunity has just come to him.

In his home life the governor is supremely happy. His tastes are quiet, and his charming wife and three bright and attractive daughters are the center of all of his recreations and amusements. Rather fond of the open air, he is not a sportsman in any sense of the term, although he occasionally finds opportunity to play golf, which he does very badly, with some of his most intimate friends. When it was announced in April that Governor Wilson was to visit the Pacific coast during May he was fairly deluged with telegrams from every part of the west, inviting him to speak on enough occasions to have kept him busy for three months doing nothing else.

The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER X. IN THE HERBARIUM.

THE Weatherfords, millionaires, mine people and so newly rich that the crisp bank notes fairly crackled when Mrs. Weatherford spent them, kept their lackeyed and liveried state in a castle-like house in Mesa circle, the most expensive if not the most aristocratic no thoroughfare of the capital city.

Weatherford, the father, egged on by Mrs. Weatherford, had political aspirations pointing toward a United States senatorship, the election to which would fall within the duty of the next legislature.

The mine owner himself would willingly have dodged, but the ambitious wife was inexorable. There were two grown daughters and a growing son, and it was for these that Mrs. Weatherford was socially ambitious.

The reception, for which the senator's wife had driven her guest thirty miles through the dust of the sagebrush hills, was one of the moves in Mrs. Weatherford's private campaign.

From room to room in the vast house a curiously assorted throng of the hidden ones worked its way as the jam and crush permitted.

It was a mark of the newness of the Weatherford riches that the glass and iron greenhouse, built out as an extension of one of the drawing rooms, was called "the herbarium." It was a reproduction on a generous scale of a tropical garden.

The senator's party of three was fashionably late at the function in Mesa circle, but in the crush filling the spacious drawing rooms the hostesses and her long line of receiving assistants were still on duty.

Having successfully passed the line with her husband and Patricia, little Mrs. Blount looked about her, saw Mr. Richard Gantry, signaled to him with her eyes and, with the traffic manager for her center rush to wedge a way through the crowded rooms, was presently lost to sight—at least from Miss Annors' point of view.

Whether she knew it or not, from the moment of her appearance at the hostess' end of the long receiving line the senator's wife had been marked and followed in her slow progress through the crowded rooms by a prosperous looking gentleman, whose hawk-like eyes never lost sight of her.

When his quarry stopped, as she did frequently, to chat with one or another of the guests the man with the eager eyes circled nervously and once or twice seemed about to make the opportunity which was so slow in making itself.

But it was not until the little lady in the claret colored party gown had drifted, still with a hand on Gantry's arm, in among the palm and banana trees that the bird of prey person made his swoop. A moment later Gantry had taken his commands and was disappearing in the direction of the refreshment tables, and the little lady was saying, "Dear me, Mr. Hathaway, you almost startled me!"

"Did I?" said the lumber king rather grimly, as if he meant the query to be apologetic. "I am sorry. I didn't mean to, but Mrs. Gordon said I would find you here, and so I took the liberty of—er—following you. I'm needing a little straightening out, you know, and—er—would you mind letting me talk business with you for a minute or two, Mrs. Blount?"

"Certainly not, if you can talk business in such a place as this," she said, making room for him on the rustic settee.

"Perhaps it isn't business; perhaps it's only politics," he resumed. "First, I wish you'd tell me what I've been doing to get myself into your bad books."

She laughed easily. "Who said you had been doing anything?" she asked.

"The senator," he answered shortly. "He said I would have to make my peace with you. I want to be put next in this pigs in clover railroad puzzle. Our contract with the Transcontinental is about to expire, and I'd like to get it renewed on the same terms as before."

"Well," she said ingenuously, "why don't you do it?"

"I can't," he blustered. "Everybody has suddenly grown mysterious. Kiltredge, the general superintendent, doesn't seem to remember that we ever had any contract, and Gantry is just as bad. And when I go to the senator he tells me I must make my peace with you. I can't understand what everybody is driving at. I've got something to sell that the railroad company needs. Where's the hitch? You can put me next. Why can't I get my contract renewed?"

The little lady was opening and shutting her fan slowly. "What was your contract?" she asked innocently.

"If I thought you didn't know I wouldn't tell you," he said bluntly. "It's a rebate rate east and west from all of our sawmills, and it was given us two years ago, a few days before election."

"And the consideration?" she asked, looking up quickly.

"You know that, too, Mrs. Blount. It was the swinging of the solid employees' vote of the Twin Buttes Lumber company over to the railroad ticket."

"And you wish to make the same arrangement again?" she asked.

"Exactly. We've got to have that preferential rate or go out of business."

"With whom did you make the contract two years ago?"

"With Mr. McVickar, verbally. Of course there was nothing put down in black or white, but the railroad folks did their part, and we did ours."

"A gentlemen's agreement," she murmured. "You have tried Mr. McVickar again?"

"Yes. He referred me to Gantry."

"And what did Mr. Gantry say?"

"I couldn't get him to say anything with any sense in it. The most I could get out of him was that I would have to see the boss."

"And instead of doing that you went to see the senator?" she asked.

"Who else would Gantry mean by 'the boss'?" demanded the befogged one.

"Possibly he meant the senator's son," she ventured, tapping a very pretty cheek with the folded fan. "Have you been leaving Evan Blount out in all of this?"

"I didn't know where to put him in. That's what brings me here tonight. The senator or Mr. McVickar or both of them together have set the whole state to running around in circles with this appointment of young Blount. Some say it's a deal between the senator and McVickar, and some say it's a fight. Half of the professional spellbinders are walking in their sleep over it right now. I thought maybe you could tell me, Mrs. Blount."

"I can't tell you anything that would help the people who are walking in their sleep," she returned, "but I might offer a suggestion in your personal affair. Mr. Blount is your man."

Hathaway pursed his thin lips and frowned. "How big a block of Twin Buttes stock shall I offer him?"

Her laugh was a silvery peal of decision. "You always figure in dollars and cents, don't you, Mr. Simon Peter Hathaway?" she mocked.

"I have always found it the cheapest in the end."

"Listen," she said, with the folded fan held up like a monitory finger. "Mr. Gantry may be back any minute, and I can give you only the faintest hint. You must go to Mr. Evan Blount and appeal to him frankly as one business man to another."

"But I have heard—they say he's all kinds of a crank."

(Continued next week)