

Wide Enough For Two

A Farce to be played on Saturday
Evening, June 3

AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Music by Scio Band

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Wickerwork, a male crank.....R. M. Cain
Hiram Brush, his level-headed partner.....Joe Wesely
Ferdinand Cowley.....Roy Shelton
Fritz Kellar, a funny Dutchman.....Andy Hagey
Pump, an American citizen of African decent.....Fred West
Miss Prune, a female literary crank.....Cra Weddle
Satira Brush, Hiram's daughter.....Jennie White

SYNOPSIS

This farce is one scene of ludicrous fun from beginning to end. This farce opens with a very amusing dialogue between Wickerwork, the social-political crank, and Miss Prune, the literary crank. She is intent on reading him one of her "efforts," while he is equally anxious to show that every platform should be "wide enough for two." Explains his great scheme for hatching chickens by the million and instantaneous hatching by electricity. Fritz and Pump discuss American society. F. explains how to dress turkeys for the Bold British Club. W. explains he has secured (for \$500) the patent right for fattening elixir which will enable poultry to live on gravel and water. Enter Pump, who says Fritz has baked the eggs in the hatching machine. Ferd, who calls on delicate business, gets the bounce. B. puts Fritz on guard to keep Ferd away. Pump in league with Ferd drafts into the "chain service." Ferd reenters and mistakes Miss P. for Satira. She thinks he is W. A horrid mistake. W. makes another mistake. Re-enters Fritz, who drags out W.; business. Denouement.

All parties holding season tickets for the Lyceum course, present them at the door and receive 50 cents for same

The net proceeds are for the benefit of the Scio School

Doors open at 7:30. Play starts at 8

Admission: Reserved Seats, 35 cents
General Admission 25c. Children, 15c

AVIATION MEET

Salem, Oregon, Sunday June 4

The Salem Board of Trade and business men have arranged for Mr. Eley's visit, at great cost and as he is an experienced aviator, the meet, so far as he is concerned, is sure to be a success. Aviation is rapidly being reduced to a practical science, yet there are thousands of people who have yet to see a machine heavier than air leave the earth. This will be a great treat and you should attend.

ADMISSION: Adults \$1; Children over 12 years of age, 50 cents; under 12 years free

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The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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Blount took the paper mechanically and quite as mechanically ran his eye down the list of names. At the bottom of it, written in with a pen, was the name of Patricia's father, with his residence and occupation filled out in full.

While Evan was staring at the pen written name Hathaway went on eloquently emphasizing the disastrous results that would fall upon the people for whom he was in the largest sense the trustee, the disaster hanging upon the withdrawal of the preferential rate.

Blount broke him in the midst of the special pleadings. "I see you have recently added one new name to this list, that of Professor Anners."

"Yes," interrupted the Twin Buttes president, "and he is a good example of our stockholders. Those like Anners—college professors, preachers and the like—buy stocks when they buy 'em at all for an investment and pay for 'em out of their hard earned savings."

"I know," said Blount, frowning. The fact that Patricia's father was involved added a fresh and exasperating complication, but he must come to some decision. "Let us get down to the present fact," he went on brusquely. "What is it that you want me to do, Mr. Hathaway?"

"I want you to set the machinery in motion so that we can have our rate continued for another two years on the same terms as before. You are going to need every vote you can get this year, Mr. Blount, and you can't afford to turn us down."

Blount returned the printed list of stockholders and fell back upon the pencil sharpening. "Is it possible that you don't recognize the bald criminality of such a transaction, Mr. Hathaway?" he asked quietly.

"Of course I don't," was the ready reply. "It is the universal rule of the business world everywhere. You do something for me and I do something for you. You make it possible for us to live and do business in lumber, and we will do what we can to make it possible for you to get your square deal from the people of this state. That's the whole thing in a nutshell, Mr. Blount."

"One question," snapped Blount, trying to fix the roving gaze of the hawklike eyes. "With whom did you make this arrangement two years ago?"

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Albany -- -- Oregon

"With Mr. McVickar himself."
"And you think you can do it again?"

"I know I can, but I don't want to go over your head. They all tell me that you are handling this end of it for the railroad company, and I'm not going around hunting a chance to make enemies. There's no hurry. Take your own time to think it over and to communicate with Mr. McVickar if you want to. When you get things fixed you can wire me just one word to Aristas. Just say 'Yes' and sign your name to it, and that will be enough."

For a full half hour after the president of the lumber trust had closed the door of the private office in the Temple court building behind him Blount sat rocking gently in his pivot chair, fighting once more with the soul nausea which was threatening to overwhelm him.

So Vice President McVickar had deceived him after all, and he was merely a fence put up to screen the chicanery and trickery which were going on just the same as before. More, the vice president had let him stultify himself in a thousand ways. All his brave talk about openness and fair dealing would be set down as mere dust thrown to conceal the workings of a corrupt and criminal machine, grinding away in the background.

And his father—how did he figure in this despicable business? Had he plotted with McVickar to bring his own son to shame merely because that son had refused to be a tool in the hands of the great machine? It was grossly incredible, and yet—Evan Blount remembered that thus far his father had said no word opposing the course he had taken. Could it be possible that a father could become so much the boss as to forget the common ties of kindred?

Blount's mind—but more than his mind, his heart—went groping out in vain reachings for a confidant and an adviser. There was no one to whom he could turn, no one whose conscience was not seared and distorted in the fires of political partisanship. No one, did he say? Yes; there was one. Patricia would know and understand. He must find her and tell her. But in the interval—

He got up and shut his desk with a slam. The stenographer heard and came to the door of the anteroom, notebook and pencil in hand. "Anything to give me before you go away, Mr. Blount?" he asked.

"No," said Blount almost savagely. Then he reconsidered. "Yes, there is. You may take a message to Mr. McVickar. Are you ready?"

The stenographer nodded.

"All right; take this:—"
"Pending another interview with you, I shall close my offices in Temple court and confine myself strictly to the routine legal business of the company. In the meantime my resignation is in your hands if you wish to appoint a new division counsel."

"Write that out and send it at once," he said to the clerk. "I shall be at the hotel if you want to reach me between now and closing time."

CHAPTER XII

A WELLSPRING IN THE DESERT.

IN the telephone station at the hotel Blount tried several times, and always ineffectually, to get a long distance connection with Wartrace Hall. Failing in this, he called up Gantry to ask if the traffic manager knew anything about the purposes and movements of his father. Gantry did not know, but he knew something else—a thing which proved the leakiness of the telegraph department.

"Come down here and tell me what you mean by sending incendiary telegrams to the vice president," he commanded, with jesting severity, over the phone.

Gantry was busy with the stenographer when Evan entered, but the traffic manager immediately postponed the business of the moment and dismissed the clerk.

"There is nothing to tell—more than you seem already to know," said Blount morosely in answer to Gantry's quest. "I have wired my resignation."

"But why?" persisted Gantry.

"Because I am not going to be an accessory either before or after the fact—not if I know it," was the prompt rejoinder.

"An accessory to what?"

"To a criminal disregard for the laws of this state and of the nation, Gantry. If you and some others had your just deserts you would be breaking stone in the penitentiary this blessed minute."

"Suffering Jehu," laughed the traffic manager, "somebody must have been hitting you pretty hard! Who was it, Evan?"

At another time Blount might have been less angry and more discreet.

"It was Mr. Simon P. Hathaway, president of the Twin Buttes Lumber company," he said.

Gantry drew a long breath, which ended in a low whistle.

"So that's what you were let in for, was it?" he exclaimed. And then he checked himself abruptly and went back to the principal contention: "But you're not going to quit, Evan. You can't afford to do that."

"Why can't I?"

"Because you have committed yourself right and left. No man can walk out of the ranks on the eve of a battle. You don't stop to consider the construction that will be put upon such hasty action on your part."

"I don't stop to consider anything, Dick, except the fact that I was evidently expected to connive at a criminal contempt for the law of the land, the law which, as a member of the bar, I have sworn to uphold. That was enough for me."

"But it won't be enough for Mr. McVickar," Gantry interposed. "If you can afford to drop out he can't afford to let you." Then, with sudden gravity, "Haven't you better let me hold up that telegram of yours for a few

hours, Evan, until you've had time to think it over?"

Blount sprang from his chair in a white heat.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are already holding it up?" he demanded.

"I took the liberty temporarily," said the traffic man coolly. "There is no harm done. Mr. McVickar is on his way west now, and he will be here in a day or two. Why not kill the message and have it out with him in person when he comes?"

But Blount was not to be appeased.

"I won't have my communications tampered with," he raged. "If you have given an order to have that telegram held out you can give another to have it sent immediately."

"All right," said Gantry, "just as you say." And he made no effort to detain the enraged one when Blount turned his back and strode away. But after the self discharged political manager was gone the traffic man chuckled quietly and turned up a faced down paper which had been lying on his desk during the short and belligerent interview.

"Humph!" he mused, reading the typewritten lines over again. "The little lady was too fly for you this time, Evan, my boy. She was just prophetic enough to guess where and how you would go off the handle. Great little woman that. I believe she figures out more than half of the fine moves in the honorable senator's game."

Evan Blount walked a half dozen blocks beyond the Inter-Mountain hotel before he had cooled down sufficiently to determine what to do next. As it chanced, the cooling down moment found him at the entrance of the



"I WON'T HAVE MY COMMUNICATIONS TAMPERED WITH."

public garage patronized by his father. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he went in and asked if any of Senator Blount's cars were in the city. The garage manager replied that the big roadster was in, and Blount's decision was taken upon the spur of the moment.

A few minutes later he was behind the steering wheel of the fast machine, picking his way out of town.

Blount reached the entrance to the cottonwood shaded avenue at Wartrace just before the dinner hour, and he was so far recovered from the attack of righteous indignation that he was able to meet his father and the others with a fair degree of equanimity.

(Continued next week)