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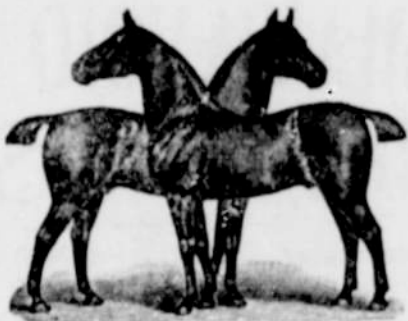
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Executors Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Linn County, executor of the last will and testament of Leo Zeller, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, properly verified as by law required, at my residence near Thomas, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

LEO ZELLER, JR.

C. C. Bryant Executor

First publication June 9, 1911.
Last publication July 7, 1911.

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.

Notice of Guardian's Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Herman Hickman, Cyrus C. Hickman, Rachael L. Hickman and Mary E. Hickman, minors, was by the county court of Linn County, Oregon, on April 17, 1911, duly licensed to sell the following real property, to-wit:

Beginning two rods E. of the N. W. corner of section 25 in Township 10 S., R. 2 W. of the Will Mer., Oregon, thence East 78 rods; thence South 40 rods; thence west 78 rods; thence north 40 rods, to the place of beginning, containing 19 1/2 acres more or less in Linn County, Oregon.

That on and after Monday, July 10, 1911, the undersigned will proceed to sell at private sale to the highest bidder all of the interest of said minors in said premises for cash. Applications to purchase may be made at the office of R. Shelton in Scio, Oregon.

Missouri E. Hickman

Guardian

C. C. Bryant, Attorney.

First publication June 8, 1911

Last publication July 6, 1911

IS TRAINED FOR POLITICAL LIFE

Woodrow Wilson Tells How He Fitted Himself.

Studied Law Because It Was the Shortest Path to Public Career, but Quit It, He Says, as He Found He Didn't Know How Then to Be an Honest Lawyer and a Politician.

In an interesting interview with Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in the May issue of the World's Work Mr. William Bayard Hale quotes the governor as follows:

"How did I happen to enter political life? Why, I suppose I was born a political animal. Always, from the first recollections of my youth up, I have aimed at political life. The reason I studied law was, I suppose, because in the south when I was a boy the law furnished the shortest path to public life. I gave it up because I found I couldn't be an honest lawyer and a politician; at least I didn't know how then to do it. So as the next best thing to living in public life I tried to satisfy my mind by studying it. I took a new start and went back to school, Johns Hopkins, where I tried to learn something about the facts—the facts, mind you, of government. From the start my interest has been in things as they are rather than in a theoretical analysis of them. In my thesis I studied the American congress as it is in fact, an organization of committees, somewhat as Bagehot had studied the English constitution as it was and as it actually worked rather than as its theory fictitiously made it. So, you see, I was always a practical politician."

"So that your occupancy of this comfortable swivel chair is really a fulfillment of your original youthful ambition?"

"Not of that so much as the fulfillment of my whole life. I suppose. When they came to me and said, 'You have been talking public questions and urging your young men to go out and take their part in politics; now it's time for you to take your own turn,' what could I say except: 'I'm glad of the chance. If the people want me to I will.'"

"Besides, to speak the truth, I was only asked to do in a bigger field what I had been doing at Princeton for ten years. I have been fighting privilege at Princeton, just as I am fighting it here now, only there I had friends told me I mustn't drag the fight out into the light before the big jury, and so I didn't. Here I can fight the same fight before the eyes of all men. It's fun to be out in the air and the sunlight."



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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"I know a heap of things that I can't tell—not just yet, son. Has McVickar been calling you down?"

"No one has called me down, but some one or something is keeping me out of the real fight. There isn't any fight that I can get into. Everywhere I go there is the same cut and dried welcome, the same predetermined enthusiasm. Sometimes it seems as if all the people I meet had been instructed to make things pleasant and easy for me."

The senator's chuckle was barely audible.

"I wouldn't find much fault with that if I were you, son," he said. "You'll get enough of the real thing by and by."

Blount felt his anger rising. He was in precisely the right mood to believe that his father, failing to make him a cog in one of the wheels in the machine, had gone about in some mysterious way to insulate him, to make it impossible for him to get into the real tide of affairs. But he kept his temper.

"It's no use," he said, with a tang of abruptness in his tone. "We are diametrically opposed to each other—you and I, dad. I stand for democracy, the will of the people and its fullest and freest expression. You stand for—"

"Well, son, what do I stand for?" queried the father, and the question was accompanied by the quizzical smile that brought the hot blood boyishly to Blount's cheek.

"If I should say what all men say—what some of them are frank enough to say even to me"—He stopped short and then went on again with better self-control.

"Let's keep the peace if we can, dad. I'm sorry that you are finding it necessary to fight me and a thousand times sorer that I've got to fight you. But I'll tell you here and now that I'll never quit this state—this native state of mine—until it has had at least one decently clean election. I have told Gantry to pass the word that I shall show the railroad up if it doesn't play fair, and I've got to hand the same thing out to you, dad. I don't want to threaten, but it is only fair to say that I haven't been going about with my eyes shut. Whether you have authorized it or not, there is a lot of crooked work going on, and if I am driven to it I can print some things that would change the political map of this state so it won't be recognizable."

For some little time after his son had left the cafe the Hon. Senator Sagebrush sat absently toying with his deserts. When he rose to go out the battle light in the fierce gray eyes was the signal which not even his most faithful henchmen could always interpret, but which most men feared.

CHAPTER XIV. THE DYNAMITER.

IT was about the time that Evan Blount was finishing his fourth week of the campaign of education that the senator's wife began to detect signs of country weariness in the eyes of Miss Patricia Anners. During the last week or two some impulse which she did not take the trouble to analyze seemed to be drawing the girl toward the city. The roads around Wartrace were just as good as ever, and the free pleasures of motoring in a country where speed restrictions were conspicuous by their absence were just as keen. But now Patricia confessed freely to a longing for the sight of city streets.

"Only you mustn't consider us or me so much as you do, Mrs. Blount," she protested. "I have a dreadful suspicion that we have already interfered shamefully with your autumn plans. You are merely too kind and hospitable to admit it."

"You have interfered with nothing," was the ready assurance. "No inducement that was ever devised would take the senator away from his own state during a political campaign, and your coming has been a blessing. But for the good excuse to bring your father out here to the fossil beds we should have been mowed up in the In-

ter-Mountain hotel from the firing of the opening gun to the day after election. But that is neither here nor there. You are tired of the country. Shall I telephone the senator that we are going in this afternoon to stay awhile?"

"I shall be delighted," said Patricia, and the eyes which were so apt to tell tales confirmed it. Then she added, "Now that father has his box of books from the university library he will never miss us."

On their first day in the capital Evan was away, but he returned the following morning, and Mrs. Blount captured him for a theater box party.

It proved to be a rather more formidable affair than Evan had anticipated. There was a sufficient number of guests to fill two of the open dress circle boxes. Gantry was of the number, and so were the Weatherfords—father, mother, daughters and son.

Blount had been counting upon a measurably undisturbed evening with Patricia, but fate or a designing hostess intervened, and he found himself cornered between Mrs. Weatherford and her younger daughter, with the square shouldered reform candidate for governor strengthening the barrier which separated him from Patricia.

Blount had met Gordon socially a number of times, and in the intervals allowed him by Mrs. Weatherford he was silently studying the face of the big man, who, if the gods should so direct, might be the leader and chief political figure in the state for the succeeding two years.

It was a good face and, in Blount's estimate, an exceedingly strong one. Almost unconsciously he fell to contrasting it with that of Reynolds, the candidate for whom the corporation interests were working.

Though Blount himself was on the corporation side, he could not help admitting that the comparison was not favorable to Reynolds. He said to himself that Reynolds' face was the face of a timeserver.

Weighing the two men one against the other—Reynolds was sitting in an adjacent box with a party of railroad officials—Blount was conscious of a twinge of regret that chance or his convictions had made him a partisan of the weaker man.

Throughout the play and the intermissions the Weatherfords—mother and daughter—kept him from exchanging so much as a word with Miss Anners, whom Gantry was shamelessly monopolizing. But on the short return walk to the hotel after the Blounts resolutely pushed his arm aside and gave Patricia his arm.

"I think you owe me a very big apology," was the way she began on him when they had such privacy as the crowded sidewalks conferred.

"Consider them made; and then tell me what for," he countered.

"Consider a moment. You come to me with a really harrowing story of your new experiences, and just as I am beginning to get interested there is an interruption, and in the morning, at some perfectly impossible hour, off you go, and we hear no more of you for weeks and weeks. What have you been doing?"

"I have been doing precisely what you told me to do—preaching the gospel of honesty and fair dealing and trying my level best to make other people practice it."

"You have been successful?" she asked quickly.

"Reasonably so in the preaching, since that depended solely upon me. As to the other, I don't know. Sometimes I think the housecleaners are honestly at work, and at other times I am afraid they are putting up a front only to deceive me. Some time perhaps I may tell you how far I have had to go into the 'practical politics' armory to get my weapons."

"And your father, Evan—are you coming to understand him any better?"

He shook his head despondently. "No, or, rather, yes. I am afraid I am coming to understand him or his methods only too well. The only way we can keep from quarreling now is to banish politics when we are together."

"I am sorry," she said, and the sorrow was emphatic in her tone. "As I have said before, you don't understand him. You are judging him by standards which, however just and true they may be, are peculiarly your own standards. I know you can be broad for others when you try. Can't you be broad for him?"

It was good to hear her defend his father. It was what he would have wished his wife to do. Suddenly there arose within him a huge reluctance to lessen or to weaken in any way her trust in David Blount.

"Let us say that the fault is mine," he said hastily. "God forbid that I should be the means of making you think less of him in any respect!"

(Continued next week)