

H. B. CHESS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office on Sherman St

Lebanon, Ore.

William G. Amos

DENTIST

Main St. near Grant

Phone Independent 64

Lebanon Oregon

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Notary Public

N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law

(CITY ATTORNEY)

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OREGON

Administrators 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, administrator of the estate of James Krumi, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned administrator properly verified as by law required, at my residence two miles southwest of Seio, Oregon, within six months from the first publication hereof which is June 24, 1915.

C. C. Bryant Ignatius Faltus
Attorney Administrator

Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$ 1.00
Oats " "	.45
Bran per ton	30.00
Wheat chop per ton	34.00
Oat chop " "	30.00
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	1.55
Eggs per dozen	.14
Butter per roll	.35
Chickens, hens per lb	.09
" spring " "	.09
" roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.12
Geese " "	.75
Ducks " "	8 to 11
Beef " "	5 1/2
Veal " "	06
Hogs, live per hundred lb	6.75
Hogs, dressed " "	8.25
Mutton " "	6.00

For Sale

A valuable farm—310 acres, six miles west of Lebanon. 190 acres in cultivation, balance oak grub pasture land. Fair house and barn, good small orchard, within one-half mile of railroad, on R. F. D. route. The farm has good natural drainage and is regarded as one of the best farms in that locality. All of the cultivated land has been seeded to clover. For price and terms write or see The Scio Tribune, Seio, Ore

WHEN ELIZABETH SCORED

Or a Case of Too Many Lovers.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

In all his trying experiences as an editor Richard West had never faced so peculiar a situation. The two young men had burst in upon his privacy, accusing and gesticulating in an incoherent manner. After much questioning their cause of complaint was found to be the recent publication of the following astonishing communication:

Mr. Robert Wells and Mr. John Glegg of Woodborough announce their engagement to Miss Elizabeth Thornton of this city.

Twice the perplexed editor read the paragraph, then rubbed his eyes. "This is out of my province," he remarked at last, "but I'll see the society editor about it."

"No use," snapped Robert Wells. "We went to her first, and she says the clipping was inadvertently copied from the Woodborough Suburban. Any joke goes in that home town paper but how a thing like that could get by in a responsible daily!"

"Such blamed carelessness might bring a pretty suit against your paper," hotly interrupted John Glegg; "made things hot enough for us in Woodborough, but it was rather too much to have it repeated when we came to the city."

In a spirit of relief the managing editor turned to answer his telephone. "Editor Daily News?" questioned an aggrieved feminine voice. "Well, this is Mrs. William Thornton. I called up to ask explanation of that vulgar notice regarding my daughter which appeared in last night's paper. Yes, unfortunate mistake no doubt, but I will call to see you personally this afternoon—at 4 o'clock."

Viciously Richard West banged the receiver into its hook. "So there is a Miss Thornton!" he exclaimed. "There is indeed," Mr. Glegg remarked feelingly.

"And you have both, perhaps, been paying her attention?"

"Well, rather," this from Mr. Wells. "I can only express, then, my regret for the occurrence and suggest a public contradiction."

"Contradiction?" growled the blond one of the two. "Good heavens, it's been rubbed in enough now!"

"If anything of the kind happens again," vaguely threatened his companion, and the door closed with an eloquent slam.

Suddenly the editor's annoyed expression changed to one of irrepressible amusement. The smile still lingered as he returned to his work. But as the hour of 4 drew near and his clerk announced a visitor he glanced apprehensively toward the door and arose stiffly. It was only a girl who confronted him, however, not the dreaded Mrs. Thornton, whose important name figured so largely in social circles—just a slip of a girl with appealing blue eyes and a sensitive mouth.

"Are you the editor?" she asked naively and, uninvited, settled herself in the editor's chair. "I came about that engagement notice. Had to get here before mother, who will probably make a fuss. I am Elizabeth Thornton."

Howing, the editor waited. "It was I who wrote the announcement," she calmly stated.

"You?" He swung about in disbelief. The girl nodded.

"It was one of my jokes," she said ruefully. "They always turn out the wrong way." She leaned forward confidentially. "Do you know what it means to have reckless impulses? Mr. West, doing or saying a thing you are bound to be desperately sorry for next day? Well, that's me. Let me explain about that foolish announcement."

Miss Thornton's suddenly embarrassed gaze sought the toe of her foot.

"You see, I have known those two boys, Bobbie and Jack, for some time, and we've gone around a lot together more or less. One afternoon unexpectedly and right out of a clear sky Bobbie asked me when we were going to be married. Why, I'd never even thought of such a thing. When I tried to tell him so he insisted quite stubbornly that the marriage question had always been understood between us; said when he talked about it I had never contradicted him. Miss Thornton raised aggrieved eyes to the editor. "Now wasn't that unreasonable," she demanded, "to be expected to marry a man just because one had not gone round denying being engaged to him? And that very evening" she paused impressively.

"Jack Glegg comes walking over to ask me when I'm going to marry him; declared I knew all along that the house he was building was for me."

"I had discouraged Jack in the building," Miss Thornton admitted, "because he's naturally idle and I like to see him busy. But it seems Jack had told me the roof would never go on his house until he had the promise of a wife to occupy it, and, of course, any one would have advised him to put on the roof. So," she sighed, "it ended by both boys accusing me of falsely leading them on while being engaged to the other, and when I emphatically denied this to each they settled back comfortably believing me to be still their own betrothed." Miss Elizabeth Thornton laughed.

"It was all so perfectly ridiculous," she continued, "that I decided to give them enough of the subject and wrote that silly notice, hurrying it off to their home town paper to greet them when they arrived. Woodborough enjoys publishing amusing personalities, and I expected the affair to end in a laugh." She regarded the editor accusingly. "But, oh, when the awful thing came out in your paper!" Miss Thornton threw out her hands. "Now I'm afraid for you," she said.

Richard West followed the girl to the door and then surprised himself by continuing to follow into the elevator and on down to the street, where he stood an unnecessary length of time assuring her of his regret and of his ability to soothe the ruffled feelings of her mother. Again in his office he stooped to pick up a bunch of faded violets which had fallen from the girl's belt and to place them carefully in his desk. Then he leaned back in his chair, falling into a pleasant reverie. Each fragrant breath from the violets seemed to bring back in an indefinite way the piquant charm of the girl's presence—that one laughing gleam from her binetell eyes. And so for days the winsome face haunted his memory.

Richard West formed a habit of gazing eagerly down at the passersby or of falling into brown studies before his desk. Then one day the girl's well remembered name caught his eye, seeming to stand out in glowing letters upon the social column of his own paper. When he had read the passage a second time he summoned the social editor.

"Let me know," he requested, "if this announcement has been duly authorized. The social editor peered through her glasses.

"The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Thornton to Mr. Robert Wells," she quoted. "Oh, yes, that is correct! The notice was copied by request from a Beechwood paper. Miss Thornton has been a guest at the Halmoral, returning this week, as the notice says, to be married in the city. I will send you the original copy."

Swiftly the editor's practiced eye scanned the bold signature. "Authorized for publication by Robert Wells. Undoubtedly his hand went out toward the telephone. Then as if in answer to his thought, the office door was opened to admit a small figure.

"May I come in?" asked a diffident voice. Richard West's heretofore well behaved heart beat a rapid tattoo as the vision in blue advanced to his side.

"I did not think you would do it again," she reproached him. In silent exasperation he handed to her the original signed slip of the disturbing announcement, watching in vast relief as rebellious color flooded the girl's indignant face.

"It is just as I thought," she cried. "Robert Wells wrote the wretched thing for revenge."

"And the fact stated is not true?"

Miss Thornton scorned the eager question. "I was having such a lovely time," she said—"dancing, driving, tennis. Now he has spoiled it all. If I had leprosy I could not be more avoided. Returning to be married in the city," she mocked. "I'd never be married as long as I live. This time you are not to blame and I came down to scold you."

"One might be driven to second offense," he told her, "for the pleasure of seeing you once more."

"You may see me again sooner than you expect," she laughed and her prophecy came true.

It was a flushed and beautiful young woman of flashing eye who burst in upon him one gloriously memorable morning.

"I hope I'm in time," she began breathlessly and waving aloft a paper. Grandmother read it last night in the Farm Gazette.

With that glowing face so near his own, it was rather difficult at first to grasp the significance of this latest message, but presently Richard West realized that "Miss Elizabeth Thornton was again reported engaged. Mr. John Glegg this time figuring as the fortunate bridegroom elect."

"Isn't it contemptible?" Miss Thornton glanced distractingly through a floating strand of hair. "You see, they have agreed together to get even. Oh, I wish—" The resonant voice broke tremulously as the girl turned to the window.

Richard West followed, shaken, between a desire for deep sympathy and a desire for helpless laughter, wondering at the mighty emotion which surged within him at the sight of two very appealing tears creeping down the

girl's averted cheek. Tightly his hand closed over hers.

"It has all been so childish foolishness," she murmured.

"Perhaps it has," the man answered gently, "but I'm afraid that I cannot be sorry, Elizabeth," he paused, and the name was allowed to pass.

"I can't be sorry because the foolishness brought you to me, and I can't be quite sorry for your tears. Tears prove the existence of a heart, and if you have one—if I have—I want it to keep forever, Elizabeth."

Silence in the office while the telephone bell rang unheard; then Richard West rushed over to his desk to pen a hasty line.

"There," he cried triumphantly, "that goes into the paper tonight, and I think, dear, you've scored the boys there."

Glancing over her lover's shoulder the girl read aloud: "The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Thornton to Mr. Richard West. Wedding to take place next month."

Tenderly her eyes sought those of the editor. "Authorized for publication by Elizabeth Thornton," she said.

Our Mineral Wealth.

The United States is not only the world's greatest producer of mineral wealth, but it possesses by far the greatest known reserve of any nation in most of the important minerals. This is one of the things that has made us great and which is destined to make us far greater as measured by world standards. In some instances, such as coal and oil and phosphate rock and radium ore, the United States possesses more than all the other known deposits of the world, and the only essential minerals of the first rank of which the United States has no known supply at all commensurate with its needs are nitrates, potash, salts, tin, nickel and platinum. But as it stands today no other nation in the world so nearly approaches absolute independence in respect to mineral resources notwithstanding the vast magnitude of our home consumption.—Review of Reviews.

Why Some Women Look Dowdy.

In the Woman's Home Companion Grace Margaret Gould, fashion editor of that publication, explains how fashions have to be applied differently to different individuals. A woman may be fashionably dressed and still look like a frump. Following is an extract from what she has to say:

"The new fashions, generally speaking, each season attempt to give grace and beauty to women as a whole, but for each individual one there must be discrimination."

"Fashion favors a style for everybody and everybody in style, but yet one woman's style is another woman's dowdiness, just as one man's meat is another man's poison. There is danger therefore in following blindly the dictates of fashion, for what is attractive for one woman may be ridiculous for another."

Geography.

There are many little errors of geography that are more or less prevalent. A glance at the globe, for instance, corrects the notion that France is just about east of England. Nearly half of France lies, in fact, west of Dover. Lisbon is not only west of London, but is west of the entire island of England and even west of Dublin. Even Madrid is west of London. It was not until the Spanish war and the Oregon's wonderful swing round the circle to join Admiral Sampson that this country came to see by the map that the whole continent of South America is east of New York. And not until Colonel Goethals got to work did we understand that the Pacific end of the Panama canal is east of the Atlantic end.—Topeka Capital.

Beauty of Zambesi Falls.

To realize fully the wondrous beauty of the Zambesi falls, Rhodesia, one must have time to linger and watch the ever changing scene. The depths of the chasm below are veiled from sight by the rising columns of opalescent mist and above the yawning abyss the sun glints and sparkles, weaving the drops into a magnificent rainbow. Three hundred feet below roars and boils the swirling flood as it emerges from the Boiling Pot, rushing on down the zigzag gorge between towering cliffs of rock, narrow, fierce and of unfathomable depth.—African World.

Harness Work.

Bill—What's your friend's business? Jill—He's a harness maker. "Well, here's something he may be able to succeed at. This paper says more than 400 patents have been issued by the United States for devices intended to harness the power of sea waves."—Yonkers Statesman.

Improving the Backbone.

Although the following sounds like an Irish pun, it is credited to an American clergyman:

"Patriotism is the backbone of the United States," quoth the minister. His congregation nodded a silent approval.

"And what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Boston Herald.

WHEN IN TOWN STOP AT

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