

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
No Other Newspaper in the World Gives
So Much News at So Low a Price

The year 1914 has been the most extraordinary in the history of modern times. It has witnessed the outbreak of the great European war, a struggle so titanic that it makes all others look small.

You live in momentous times and you should not miss any of the tremendous events that are occurring. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World. Moreover, a year's subscription will take you far into our next presidential campaign.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Scio Tribune together for \$1.90. The regular price is \$2.25.

If you want the Oregonian, the Journal or the Telegram, we will furnish it to you at less than "bargain day" rates, providing you are a subscriber to The Tribune.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

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

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law
(CITY ATTORNEY)

LEBANON

OREGON

Sweet Home Items

H. C. Roloff filled the pulpit at the Evangelical church for the Rev. J. Stocker, who is still at Albany where his wife is in the hospital very low.

The recovery of Mrs. J. Stocker is anxiously awaited by all. May her health soon be restored is the prayer of God's people.

John Bailey, one of the saloon proprietors who was taken to the Albany hospital last week in a critical condition, is reported a little better.

J. S. Geil is expected home on the 26th from Milwaukee, where he has been for some time with his son Rev. R. H. Geil.

The old Watkins town hall wonders what is in store for it next, as the other day it had a garage sign at its doorway. There has to its remembrance every sign of industry hung at its entrance and all seemed to fail, and how long the last will stay remains a question.

John Reed was hurt quite seriously while hauling wood one day last week.

Fishing Tackle

If you want fishing tackle to take with you on your early spring outing, don't fail to see Hagey, the jeweler, about it. He has just received a new stock which is the best the market affords.

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.

Scio, Ore

The Unarmed Ranchman

By JOHN TURNLEE

When MacDonnell left his home in Edinburgh for the wild west in America to engage in ranching he was as mild a mannered fellow as ever lived. Nothing troubled him so much as to have a difficulty with any one. On the day of his departure one of his friends said to him:

"It seems to me, Mac, that you will be out of your element in a country where there is no law except gun law."

"Oh, I won't be troubled," was the reply. "I'll not offend any one, and if any one offends me and I have to fight I'll try to arrange for a substitute of fists instead of guns."

"You'll not be likely to effect such an arrangement; you're too strong. Those fellows won't care to tackle you in a trial of muscle."

When MacDonnell reached his new home he astonished the inhabitants of the country by going about without the customary enormous revolver slung to his side. He was warned by friends that such a course was unsafe. True, the people of the region were a generous, whole souled lot, who respected any man for doing as he pleased so long as he did not injure his neighbor. But there were men who had come from the lowest haunts of vice, who would not hesitate to shoot any one they took a fancy to shoot, even if unarmed. But MacDonnell refused to be converted and continued to ride over his ranch with no other weapon than a lasso.

The only trouble he had was with a neighboring ranchman named Hawkins, who insisted on claiming MacDonnell's sheep. For a time, whenever there was a question of ownership between them, Mac would give in. This encouraged Hawkins to increase his demands, and it finally became apparent that if Mac did not call a halt all his sheep would in time be transferred to Hawkins' ranch.

One morning Hawkins rode up to MacDonnell's ranch house, called him out and began to abuse him scurrilously, accusing him of branding one of his (Hawkins') sheep. MacDonnell was obliged to stand and take what was said to him, for should he retaliate in any way Hawkins was liable to draw his revolver and shoot him. Mac waited till he had finished and was about to ride away. Then he said to him:

"Mr. Hawkins, you have grievously insulted an unarmed man. I am opposed to the use of firearms, but if you will give me such satisfaction as may be afforded in the ring with fists I shall be obliged to you."

"That kind of fightin' may do for a milkop like you, but it isn't the kind we're used to in this country. When we fight out here we fight to kill."

With that he rode away. MacDonnell did not take this attack kindly. Several of his employees, including one of his herders, witnessed the torrent of abuse heaped upon him, and it galled him to live under the obloquy of having taken it without a fight. Besides, he knew that such a public insult would be spread abroad, and he feared that the community would consider him a coward. Finally he made up his mind that he must follow the custom of the country, and the day after the insult the 42 caliber revolver of the country appeared at his hip.

Fortunately he did not happen to meet Hawkins for some time. When he did it was up in the mountains back of the grazing lands. Mac was passing over a path about a yard wide leading around an almost perpendicular cliff. Behind him were two of his herders. Suddenly turning a bend, Hawkins and MacDonnell met face to face and not ten feet apart. Hawkins being first of four men.

MacDonnell was a very different man from the man who had left Scotland a year before. He had been brooding over the insult he had received till he was ready to fight to the death the man who had given it. He was very quick in his movements, and before Hawkins had quite taken in the situation Mac had drawn his revolver and had the drop on his enemy.

"Mr. Hawkins," he said, "I'll trouble you to ask the man behind you to relieve you of your revolver and drop it over the cliff."

Hawkins made no reply for a few moments, glaring at his antagonist. "Suppose I decline," he said presently.

"In that case I'll drop your dead body over with a ball in it."

Hawkins stood MacDonnell's glance and the muzzle of his revolver a little longer, then told the man behind him to obey the order. His revolver was dropped over the cliff.

It was followed by Mac's weapon, and both men stood unarmed.

"I now propose a wrestling match, Mr. Hawkins, right here. If you can

throw me over after my revolver you are welcome to do so."

"I decline certain death for both," said Hawkins.

"Then turn around with your party and go back."

Hawkins made no reply for some time. It was quite a distance to a place where the parties would have plenty of room to pass. Presently he turned and directed his party to go back.

MacDonnell never replaced the revolver he had thrown over the cliff, and its replacement was never needed.

A Record In Hard Work.

Lord George Bentinck's record of political work, as set out by his biographer, seems even more striking than that accomplished by Wellington in 1834. "It is very difficult," writes Disraeli, "to convey a complete picture of the laborious life of Lord George Bentinck during the sitting of parliament. At 9:30 began his elaborate and methodical correspondence, all of which he carried on himself in a handwriting clear as print, and never employing a secretary; at 12 or 1 he was at a committee, and he only quit the committee room to take his seat in the house, which he never left until it adjourned, always long past midnight and often at 2 a. m. His principle was that a member should never be absent from his seat. . . . Although he breakfasted only on dry toast he took no sustenance all this time, dining at White's at 2:30 in the morning."—London Chronicle.

Why the Prince Laughed.

When King George of England was in the navy, as a young man, an American of some consequence obtained permission to visit the ship on which he was serving. The ship was coaling at Halifax, and when the American clambered aboard a young officer, with a very coal grimy face, was told off to show him around. After making his tour of inspection the American rowed back to shore in company with the captain of the vessel. "Well," he said, "I have only one complaint and that is that I did not see the prince." "But you have been talking to him for the best part of an hour," answered the surprised captain. "What?" said the American. "Was that grimy fellow the prince? Sakes alive, no wonder he laughed so heartily when I asked him if they kept his royal highness in cotton wool while the coal dust was flying about!"

Strategy In Tongue Inspection.

Every one who has ever tried to get a very small child to "put out your tongue" for inspection or to open her mouth wide that the suspected tongue might be viewed knows how hard a matter it is to really see either the condition of the tongue or tonsils because the baby will not straighten out her tongue or open her mouth wide enough. I have got around this difficulty by putting a drop of honey or molasses on the tip end of the child's chin and asking her to lick it off. The process of licking off gives me a good, unhurried view of a straight extended tongue. It also causes her to open her mouth so wide that I can see her tonsils and the back of her throat, and all this without worrying the baby, for she thinks it is a game.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

Love's Labor Lost.

What on earth has become of my meersaultin pipe? Inquired an "inventor" smoker.

"Well, my dear, my wife replied, "it was getting awfully discolored, so I gave it a coat of white enamel, and it is not quite dry yet."

Didn't Want Em.

"That beauty expert is a fake." Why? "Wanted to give me some wrinkles on how to look young." Baltimore American.

The uselessness or utility of our age is often put the extract of our past life.—Le Maître.

Barometers in Mines.

A little known phase of the anthracite mining industry is the use of barometers at the principal collieries of all the big companies, especially where the mines are gaseous. When the atmospheric pressure is decreasing gas is released more easily, and the fire bosses all look at the barometers before going into the mines to make their morning inspections. When the barometer is going down they look and test with extra care for gas.

Concession.

"Does Bendick still stick to his theory that a man should be master in his own house?"

"With certain modifications. He still thinks his theory expresses the general rule, but he records his own establishment as the exception that proves it." Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Oh, the Worm!

"Last night my wife told me what she thought of me." "And what did you do?" "Let her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Singing While in Danger.

Though there is no definite rule laid down in the British naval regulations, yet it has become an unwritten one for the officers to instruct their men to sing when they are in great danger, as, for instance, when their ship has been mined or torpedoed and is sinking.

A popular song, as a rule, is ordered to be sung because most of the sailors know it, and collective singing puts more heart in them and helps them to hang on as long as possible till help comes.

Some years ago some sailors from the Vernon were blown up in Portsmouth harbor. It was in the middle of January and an icy blizzard made things worse than usual. The lieutenant in command, who was swimming in the water, yelled out to his men, who were also battling for their lives, "Sing 'Bill Bailey,' " and probably that once popular song was never sung under stranger conditions. It is said that the lieutenant swam round and punched the heads of those who were not singing.—Pearson's.

Water on a Hot Stove.

It is impossible to throw a few drops of water on a redhot stove. The water can never touch the stove at all. What is seen is a few drops rolling rapidly over the surface, gradually getting smaller until they disappear. If the drops are on a perfectly level place one can see under them to the other side of the room, thus proving that they are not in contact with the stove itself.

What actually happens is that the bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface, and this vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away. So the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it is entirely dissipated. This state of water is known as the spheroidal state and is of interest simply on account of its peculiarity and seemingly paradoxical behavior.

Relic of the Romans in England.

A farmer brought about the discovery of a mysterious house in Somerset, England. In plowing he turned up several pieces of pottery and some coins. Men were set to digging on the spot and uncovered the charred ruins of an immense house. It was about 180 feet long, 35 feet wide and contained nineteen rooms. The outer walls, still standing, are of heavy masonry, and the floors are of concrete. Some of them were formerly covered with tiles. Quantities of charcoal over the ruins showed that the building was destroyed by fire. The house has been examined by scholars, who say that it was built in the days when the Romans were in possession of England, about 2,000 years ago. The occupants have left many relics scattered about the ruins—pottery dishes and utensils, a grindstone, a small whetstone and other objects. Buried in a corner were several pieces of window glass and the neck of a small glass vase.

A Specious Plea.

"Your honor, if we can show that serious errors were made in the choosing of the jury would you grant us a new trial?"

"That depends. What serious errors were made?" "There were twelve of them. We thought we were selecting men who would acquit our client." Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vaccinated Cattle.

The natives of Senegambia vaccinate their cattle against rinderpest with a serum drawn from the lung of a beast in the incipient stages of the disease. They infect this on the forehead, and what looks almost like a third horn grows there.

Overtrained.

"Is Higgins a shrewd business man?" "He was until he got such a reputation for being a shrewd business man that everybody was afraid to do business with him." Washington Star.

Another Male Failing.

Every married man believes that the household expenses could be cut in two if he only had a chance to turn his business acumen loose on the job. Chicago News.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give.—Seneca.

Color Scheme.

When a man with a yellow streak gets blue he turns green with envy of some one he thinks more fortunate.—Chicago Post.

He is not always at ease who laughs.—St. Evremont.

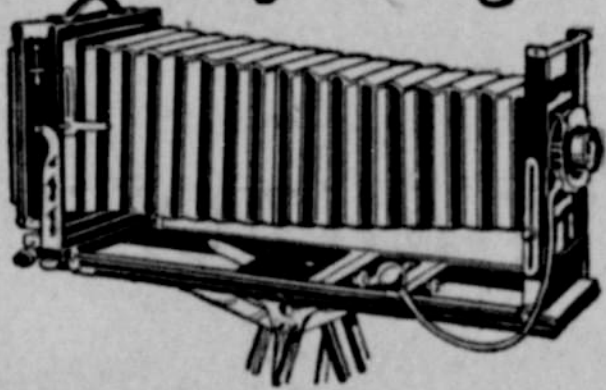
Accumulative Stage.

"I always envy the man who can take life easy and let his money work for him."

"So do I, but unfortunately in a majority of cases a man has to work for his money before his money will work for him."—Boston Transcript.

Bees that have honey in their mouths have stings in their tails. Scottish Proverb.

The right Camera for the right Subject.



That's all there is to photography. We know from experience that Seneca Cameras meet every photographic condition successfully. Manufactured by the Largest Independent Camera Makers in the World, they are so constructed that they allow the widest latitude in every branch of artistic photography.

From the Seneca Scout, the smallest and simplest camera of the child, to the complete View Camera pictured above, we make photographic instruments for every known purpose, in all sizes—but one quality. Send to-day for the recent edition of our great Seneca Hand Book of Photography, Free to you. It will tell you just what instrument to buy. The relative merits of roll film, film pack and plate cameras are discussed and you will know what camera is the one for your purpose. Best of all, this book is free. Write to-day.

SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Enclosed find 4c in stamps (no money postage and cost of mailing). Please send me free of all charges the Seneca Hand Book.

Name

Address

Seneca Camera Mfg. Company

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Largest Independent Camera Makers in the World