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of The New York World**

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**A Valuable Present**

The Tribune desires correspondents from every locality in the Scio country.

In order to secure them, we offer a valuable present, worth \$2.50 for the best written four news letters beginning September 1, the letters to all be written and published in September.

The awards will be made by at least three readers of The Tribune. Contestants should be subscribers to the paper.

We want news letters, not manuscripts on some particular hobby, but items of news in your particular neighborhood.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

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LEBANON OREGON

**Sweet Home Items**

Dr. Bellinger has been appointed local registrar for vital statistics.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan of Foster, are the proud parents of a baby girl.

A number of our citizens took a pleasure trip last Saturday and Sunday, going up the river for a stay over night.

Quite a few people of Sweet Home have gone to the hop yards.

Our old friend and neighbor, A. E. Edwards and family, of Scio, were in Sweet Home a short time a week ago.

We understand that J. A. Coulter has sold his share in the auto truck to Keith Brothers.

Mrs. Bellinger is visiting in Salem this week, being the guest of her mother.

The high school board met Saturday and again hired teachers for the school year. It is to be hoped these teachers will retain their positions and not resign.

**Holley Items**

(Delayed from last week)

Mrs. Anna Putman and two sons, Freddie and Willie, have returned from San Francisco, where they had been to see the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Crocker drove to Albany Monday on business.

Judge and Mrs. Hewitt autoed up the Calipooia above Holley from Albany Saturday to look at the country.

T. J. Malone, Jess Cochran, W. M. Connor, Ivan Murphy, and John Hamilton motored to Albany Monday on business, returning on the train.

W. S. Swink is getting along nicely with his new house, he having done all the work with the help of A. J. Duncan and son John.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Rice, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson and Mrs. Mary Hamilton took an outing up the Calipooia for several days. They report a delightful time.

Miss Lois Hamilton has returned home after spending the summer at Eugene with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards.

It is reported there is going to be another wedding near Holley soon.

**Peaches For Sale**

I have plenty of peaches for sale at \$1 per bushel, you come to the orchard and get them and supplying your own boxes. Crawfords and Charlottes now ready and the muers will be on hand next week.

E. J. Daley, Scio.

**LIKE A SUBMARINE**

The Fur Seal In Many Ways Resembles an Undersea Boat.

ITS HABITS IN THE WATER.

Although It Can Swim Only When Submerged and Must Rise to the Surface Every Few Minutes, It is a Marvel of Speed.

We have come to regard the soaring albatross or the condor as the prototype of the aeroplane. When we look for a natural model for the submarine we find it well made in the body of the fur seal and fully suggested by its method of progression in the sea, for it travels there only when wholly submerged.

Unlike, however, the "unterseeboot," the fur seal is not fitted for swimming on the surface; it only rises there to survey, to breathe and to sleep. It never attempts to swim with head above water on any course, no matter how short. It rises when undisturbed or not alarmed, looks about with head and neck well stretched up above the surface of the sea, fills its lungs with air literally compressed, turns its head down and with its powerful anterior flippers drives itself below the surface to the depth of five or ten feet, then ahead on that level. Thus submerged the body of the seal glides through the water as swiftly as a swallow in the air—it is a vanishing streak to our eyes.

How long it remains thus submerged when traveling no one has any definite knowledge, but the best consensus of opinion gives it a rise at intervals of every three or four minutes to breathe—that is, a pause of less than two or three seconds, with barely more than its nose and eyes above the surface, for exhalation and renewed inhalation—when down goes the trim body to speed ahead again.

When our submarines were first brought out a trip of more than 300 miles from base was the utmost limit of their cruising. Today they have been so perfected that they can cruise safely more than 3,000 miles from that base. Therefore in this connection it is interesting to know that the fur seal makes a submarine journey in the north Pacific ocean of more than 5,000 miles from its base on the Pribilof islands, in Bering sea, and then returns.

An animal which can not only make such an extended journey, but can steer its course over an uncharted waste from point to point, month by month, with positive regularity and in perfect time, must be a fine type of swimming machine, and it is.

There is to be observed a close resemblance between the cigar shaped submarine boat and the body form of the fur seal. As we view them laterally, this resemblance is complete. They are both driven ahead by feathering screws, and they are both kept on the level of their submerged course at a given distance below the surface by rudders.

Then we observe that the periscope, to which the submarine craft owes all of its efficiency, is duplicated exactly by the seal's nose and eyes and which are all that it ever lifts above the surface when startled and in flight of passage.

Again we note that the fur seal as a submarine has a great advantage over the human boat—it has eyes that can look ahead and around under water—how far we do not know, but it is reasonable to assume that the seal's eye can see as far under water as the eye of a camera can, which we have the evidence of in good records.

Then, too, it also has an acute sense of hearing under sea, for we know that the whirring of a propeller's screw will drive all the seals away for miles around a steamer. We know that because some of the early pelagic sealing vessels were fitted with small auxiliary screws, and these, when put into use, had to be removed.

With reference to the powers of destruction, of course our fur seal boat has no torpedo tubes, but it can and does "shoot its mouth off" at fish with a deadly certainty.

In this connection it is interesting to note that seals do not catch fish by pursuit of them—not at all. They shoot down from above upon the backs or up from below to strike at the bellies of their funny prey.

How fast these precocious submarines can speed up under the stimulus of excitement or fear no one knows. But it is well known when a vessel is coming down before a gale of wind from the islands, logging fourteen to sixteen knots, that a bevy of fur seals will often follow the ship for hours and repeatedly swim by it, swim around it and then renew the chase and circling of it.—Henry W. Elliott in New York Times

**Nine Points of Law.**

1. A good deal of money; 2. a good deal of patience; 3. a good cause; 4. a good lawyer; 5. a good counsel; 6. good witnesses; 7. a good jury; 8. a good judge; 9. good luck.

**POSTMASTER LINCOLN.**

What Happened When He Was Called Upon to Square Accounts.

On May 7, 1883, says F. F. Browne in "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln," Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem, Ill., by President Jackson. The duties of the position were light, for there was only one mail a week and the remuneration was correspondingly small.

The office was too insignificant to be considered politically, and it was given to the young man because every one liked him and because he was the only man willing to take it who could make out the returns. He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, since it yielded him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a postoffice of his hat. Whenever he went out he put the letters in his hat. When a person who expected a letter met the postmaster he found also the postoffice, and the public official, taking off his hat, looked over and delivered the mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued or was removed to Petersburg.

A small balance due the government remained in Lincoln's hands at the discontinuance of the office. Time passed on and he had removed to Springfield and was practicing law, having his place of business in Dr. Henry's office. Meanwhile his struggle with poverty was unabated, and he had often been obliged to borrow money from his friends to purchase the barest necessities. It was at that juncture that a government agent called to make a settlement of the old postoffice accounts. The interview took place in the presence of Dr. Henry, who thus described it to Mr. Browne:

"I did not believe he had the money on hand to meet the draft, and I was about to call him aside and offer to lend him the money when he asked the agent to be seated. He went over to his trunk at his boarding house and returned with an old blue sock, in which a quantity of silver and copper coins was tied up. Untying the sock, he poured the contents upon the table and proceeded to count the coins.

"The government agent found that the pile contained the exact amount of the draft to a cent and in the identical coins that Mr. Lincoln had received. He never under any circumstances used trust funds."

**IT WAS A TOUGH STEAK.**

But the Restaurant Man Easily Fixed It When the Kick Came.

It happened in a downtown restaurant. A well dressed—as he always must be to make a good story—young man ordered a steak. The waitress, rather pretty—which qualification she must possess in writing a story of this kind—filled the order, and the young man started in to devour the feast which had been set before him.

The young man had no sooner started in on the steak than he discovered that he had a kick coming, and as the restaurant proprietor passed he stopped him by saying: "I can't eat this steak; entirely too tough. I wish you would see that I get better meats when I come in here."

"Too bad! That steak looks all right. But let me get you another." And the aforesaid proprietor took the steak, the silverware which had been served with it and departed. He soon returned with a steak which looked exactly like the first one. The young man picked up his knife and started at his second order. "Fine!" he said as his knife cut it apart without the least effort. The customer was pleased beyond words, and that he enjoyed the steak was evident, for he left only the plate.

As the reporter passed out he met the proprietor again, and this is what was said: "That steak was all right, but the girl made a mistake in not giving him a sharper knife. All I did was to put the same steak on another plate and bring him a sharp knife. You have no idea what a difference a sharp knife makes with a steak from a beef of questionable age."—Columbus Dispatch.

**Why He Missed Her.**

"So you're little Willie Woodby?" said the new minister after Sunday school. "I called to see your mother yesterday, but, unfortunately, she was not at home."

"Oh, yes, she was," replied the boy, "but I guess she took you for the installment man. You look something like him."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Possible Solution.**

"How can a man be as stupid as that fellow and live?" "Some of the men at the club have a theory that he was raised on a vacuum bottle."—Judge.

A man without patience is a jump without oil.—De Almont.

**A TRAGIC RETREAT**

When the Afghans Lured the British Into the Jaws of Death.

THE EVACUATION OF KABUL.

Of 16,000 Persons Who Left the City Under Pledge of Safety Only One Man, Except a Few Prisoners Taken, Escaped Massacre.

In this wondrous day of wire and wireless we learn, half across the world, the events of the day almost instantaneously, and the very elements carry abroad the news. It is more than romance; it is miracle, but a miracle that may banish forever from the pages of the future historian and romancer one of the most dramatic figures of the past—the messenger bringing first news from the battlefield.

Long even before Pheidippides of Marathon ran to Athens from the immortal battlefield, cried "Victory!" and fell dead the messenger held a place in myth and chronicle that he has maintained for centuries. Some times he is merely the swiftest rider or runner, sometimes a hero of the fight, chosen as an honor to bear glad tidings; sometimes a hard pressed refugee, sometimes even a lone survivor.

Lady Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the distinguished woman painter of wartime scenes, of which "The Roll Call" is most famous, once illustrated in a less known painting one of the most tragic episodes in the history of modern England—the arrival of Dr. William Brydon at Jalalabad, Jan. 13, 1842. Her terrible little picture shows the young Scotch surgeon, dazed, desperate, exhausted, clinging half-conscious to his wearied horse as the walls of the city loom in sight.

He had come from Kabul, through the mountains, in midwinter, one of a retreating army of British and native troops, accompanied by swarms of attendants and camp followers. With them at first were also nine English women, wives of officers, including Florentia, Lady Sale, wife of Sir Robert Sale, the commandant at Jalalabad, and his daughter. There were also fourteen children. A long, fatigued and hideous series of blunders, treacheries and murders had brought the tremendously outnumbered British in Kabul to the point where evacuation of the city and acceptance of a promised safe conduct to Jalalabad seemed to their leaders the best that could be hoped for, and the retreat began.

But the Afghans did not keep their word, and soon there were no leaders. Before the march was half over many were slain and conditions were so hopeless that the others yielded to a proposal to surrender the commanding general himself, General Elphinstone, together with the women and children, into the care of the Afghan chief, Akbar Khan, as hostages, but not until the Kurd Kabul was passed.

The gorge of the Kurd Kabul is a five mile ravine between high mountains, so narrow, lofty and grim that in winter the sun scarcely reaches its depths. That January it was deep in snow, the rocks were glazed with ice, and upon every mountain slope, in every crevasse, behind every bowlder, lurked the fanatic Afghan tribesmen, with their long guns and long knives. Weary, crowded, half crippled by frost, the confused and formless masses struggling through the gloomy canyon soon lost all semblance of an army, as the slaughter soon lost all semblance of battle. It became simply the massacre of a rabble, and the snow grew red.

"Three thousand men," says the historian Sir J. W. Kaye, "fell under the fire of the enemy or dropped down paralyzed and exhausted to be slaughtered by Afghan knives. And amid these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes and then seeing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

After the general became a captive with the women the rout and slaughter increased in horror. The Judo Rak pass succeeded the Kurd Kabul, a dark, steep, winding track ascending high among frowning crags, and barricaded at its narrowest point. It was a trap. The fugitives were caught beyond escape. A mere handful emerged alive.

Within sixteen miles of Jalalabad only six of these remained. Before these sixteen miles were covered five of the six had been killed by struggling marauders.

Dr. Brydon alone, one man out of 16,000, reached the goal and bore the awful news.

Later, when England awoke and avenged the women and children and a few prisoners were rescued, Dr. Brydon himself lived to share and survive the famous siege of Lucknow, another terrible episode in his country's history, but one as honorable and inspiring as the retreat from Kabul was humiliating and disastrous.