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LEBANON OREGON

Holley Items

Justin Philpot and Lorin Rice have returned from Eastern Oregon where they have been working in the harvest fields.

Mrs. Henry Hawk is on the sick list this week.

Wild geese are flying southward which reminds us that winter is near. So dig your potatoes and gather in your apples and get ready for frosty nights and freezing weather.

Some say Mrs. Pearl Wright corresponds for The Tribune. Now that is a mistake. She is sick at present with a very bad cold.

Hunters are bagging pheasants and slaying the buck deer while it is open season.

A. J. Duncan was a Holley business visitor one day this week.

Prof. Malone is progressing nicely with his school.

Mrs. M. J. Weddle and Mrs. Stella Van Epps visited at the home of T. J. Malone Friday.

Mr. Jack Frost visited us last night and cast a white mantle over everything.

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Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$.76
Oats " "	.30
Bran per ton	30.00
Wheat chop per ton	30.00
Oat chop " "	27.75
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	1.40
Eggs per dozen	.26
Butter per roll	.40
Chickens, hens per lb	.09
" spring " "	.11 1/2
" roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.15
Geese " "	.07
Ducks " "	8 to 11
Beef " "	.04
Veal " "	.04
Hogs, live per hundred lb.	5.25
Hogs, dressed " "	6.00
Mutton " "	6.00

Letting Them Worry

A Case Where the Old Folks Were Entirely Too Willing

By LOUISE OLNEY

Perplexed, he gazed at Sallie. Her blue eyes flashed welcome, but her words turned him down. All summer she had been refusing to be seen with him. This time it was the club dance. As they had been friends from babyhood, he asked for reasons.

"Sallie, what's the matter? If you really hate the sight of me I'll keep away if it kills me, but somehow I don't believe you do. What have I done? Or is it Tracy, or don't you care, or what?" In the little summerhouse he faced her, his dark eyes snapping. She tossed her fair head, but her face was serious.

"Tracy, indeed! You ought to see he's crazy about Mary Trevor! No; you have not done anything, Robbie, only"— She fingered her rose in embarrassment.

"Only what, Sallie? Tell me. I can't stand this much longer."

"Well, I should think you would hate it, too, this being managed."

"Referring to our precious families' very apparent plot to get us married? That certainly is the limit!" He spoke coolly. She nodded, flushing with anger as he continued: "I don't blame you, Sallie. I hate it too. I"— But she turned on him like a little tiger, leaping to her feet to face him.

"Why don't you go away, then? Do you think that I—are you asking me everywhere because you think I"— For answer he swept her suddenly into his arms, holding her face to his—a happy face, for she had always loved Robert Martin.

"Dear, you must know how I want you—now, always! But why couldn't our people be decently reluctant? It's all so horribly planned! We both hate being maneuvered into marriage. Mother suffers if I look at Mary—sweet girl, but not you."

"And dad gets apoplectic at mere sight of Tom—who is everything dad and I don't want—but when he and mother greet me at breakfast with that repressed 'Haven't you got something to tell us?' air I could gleefully announce Tom as their future son. That would be real revenge. Not that Tom wants me." The two looked up just in time to see Sallie's mother carefully steering the children away from the summerhouse. It was maddening. Sallie stamped her foot.

"I simply can't be engaged to you, Bob, with the family smiling benignly and all the old pussies purring over the fitness of the match! I can't!"

"Wait till you're asked," he retorted, grinning. "Sallie, we want each other, but we must let them worry. They simply must worry awhile! Did you know that poor old Tracy hates me because he thinks I want Mary?"

"Stupid boy! Anybody could see where her heart is by the way she hates me when I chagrin dad by

going out with Tom. Wonder why he asks me."

"To get even because I play Mary's little lamb to bother mother. You see, Mary's family goes no farther back than Adam. I suppose yours and mine antedate old Eden. I say, Sallie"— But he saw Tom Tracy going past with his machine and ran after him with a shout. The two men talked a long time before Robert came back to Sallie.

"Get your veil and things and come for a spin. We'll stop for Mary, have lunch at some little town, have dinner at Baxter, call on my minister Uncle John and get home by moonlight."

"And a chaperon?" Though the four had always known each other, Sallie was going at least to mention proprieties. Bob's wise eyes twinkled.

"I think I can hunt up a young married woman somewhere," he remarked, but refused explanation till Tracy left the car to persuade Mary. Then Bob did his gallant best to make things clear. He succeeded. Sallie got in front with Tom, leaving Mary to an apparently all too devoted Bob, while they paraded past their respective homes, for he it said that the Trevors and the Tracys had long wished Mary and Tom to like each other.

It was rather too late that night to please Sallie's father when Tom left her reluctantly at her own door. And Bob, mother questioned, said he had been motoring with Mary.

That was the beginning. During August the four were inseparable, and the parents worried. The only

apparent comfort was that the couples remained together. How could they know that partners were changed the minute they got from under surveillance? The girls were airy, radiant, innocent, the young men calm, impervious to comment or question. Never passing the bounds of propriety, they still baffled home attempts to regulate their movements.

Tom was always with Sallie, Rob in the wake of Mary. The couples weren't unmatched to suit the elders; but, from fearing they were engaged, they began to fear they were not. This was because the young people were beginning to excite social comment by reason of several escapades, obviously innocent, apparently accidental. They all came home one day dripping wet from overturning their canoes and swimming out, and another night they walked home ten miles after the motor broke down—by arrangement. It was first one thing, then another. Finally the parents compared notes. They decided that there was only one thing to be done—interview the four together and insist on less public devotion or an announcement of engagements.

The young couple knew of this, and the evening the council was to occur at Sallie's home they promptly absented themselves. The meeting began, and after much polite sparring it was decided to make the best of the Tom and Sallie and Rob and Mary arrangements. The old folks showed a touching resignation. All they would insist on was a knowledge of the facts.

At this juncture Tom and Sallie strolled in, followed by the other two, all showing a delightful surprise at the parental presence.

"It looks like a council of war," commented Tom, while his father glowered, and then began the attack, followed by Sallie's father and the interpolations of the others.

"If you are engaged," Mrs. Trevor finished, "we insist on having it properly announced. If you are not—well, you ought to be. I hope you understand our point of view."

A silence followed, broken only by a nervous little giggle—the giggle Mrs. Martin would not like in a daughter-in-law. Finally it was Bob who spoke as the four stood under the chandelier in the usual couples.

"We are sorry—not for ourselves, but for you—that we are not engaged. We fully appreciate your assembled wishes. But we don't see how we can be engaged. It is, in fact, impossible." He looked at Tom to finish, and that young man rose to the occasion. He was even a bit dramatic as he faced the four fathers, the four mothers, sitting in stern conclave, but visibly softened by the well bred, beautiful young quartet before them, young people charming and, after all, old enough to know their own minds. Thomas

spoke to his own mother.

"The fact is, we all hate nonsense. We hate planned matches and being engaged to order with diamond rings to advertise the fact, and the society pussies purring and fashionable weddings preceded by 'showers' of stuff that only a fire or some other special dispensation of Providence can rid you of. And then"—he took a lawyer-like tone befitting the junior partner of the firm of Tracy & Tracy, "we cannot be engaged because"—he paused for effect and got it, for a sudden suspicion sent the parents as one to their feet—"because we are already married," he finished leisurely, "a month ago at Baxter, by Robert's uncle John, who also hates fuss and feathers." With a quick movement Tom moved—past Sallie—and took Mary by the hand, leading her to his mother, and Bob had Sallie by both hands, looking at her only, forgetting the others.

And when it finally became evident to the bewildered families that the right children were together—that Sallie had married Robert, that Tom had married Mary—the relief went far on the way to forgiveness for the elopement.

"But why elope?" Sallie's father finally asked. "I think I may say for my friends that these marriages will make us ultimately happy—that they are, in fact, just what we desired. What was the real trouble? We were all quite willing." But a chorus of laughter greeted him—happy young laughter.

"That was just the trouble. You were too willing!" It was Sallie who had spoken from the shelter of her young husband's arm. Then everybody laughed.

HORSES ON BOARD SHIP.

Troubles That Attend Transporting the Animals by Sea.

On making an inspection of a ship which has been fitted for the conveyance of horses one would at first think it impossible that the animals would ever be got on board or that they would survive under such conditions for the voyage. Each horse is placed in a narrow stall, exactly two feet five inches wide, and separated from his neighbor on either side by two narrow top and bottom slip rails. The animal can never lie down during the voyage and is prevented from moving backward by the back of the stall and forward by a piece of timber breast high, upon which his portable manger of wood is hooked.

The animal stands on a movable wooden floor, which can be lifted out for cleaning purposes, leaving the iron deck underneath. The embarkation of the animals is an arduous task. They have to be led, coaxed and pushed by main force up one steep and narrow gangway and down another until they reach the places allotted to them. The main difficulty is to get the animals to go up the gangway, but strangely enough once a horse gets its four feet on it he is content to move right on.

There are some horses, however, which cannot be persuaded to go up the gangway, and these are first blindfolded and pushed by main force into a wooden cage and hoisted on board by a steam winch, generally marking their displeasure by kicking furiously.

The horses are watered four times a day and fed three times. Feeding time is announced by trumpet calls, and the animals soon get to know the call, announcing their readiness for meals by loud stamping, whinnying and stretching their heads out of their stalls, reminding one of the excitement shown by the wild animals at the zoo at feeding time.

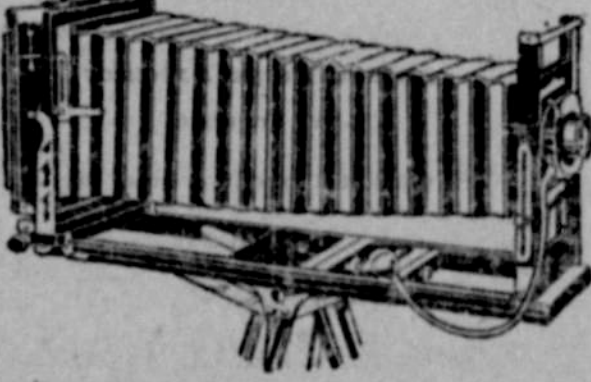
Whenever possible, ten minutes' walking exercise is given each animal every day. For the first few days of the voyage the work of exercising proceeds very slowly and is very difficult, but when accustomed to his novel surroundings the horse soon comes to know what is expected of him and will then scramble like a cat over all kinds of obstacles.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mistake of Commas.

This instance of what a mistake of a comma can produce has been noticed:

"Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a dark menacing glare saying nothing."

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