

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

H. B. CHESS ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office on Sherman St. Lebanon, Ore.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law
(CITY ATTORNEY)

LEBANON OREGON

For Sale

A valuable farm—310 acres, six miles west of Lebanon. 190 acres in cultivation, balance oak scrub 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.

Busby's Milk Food

How It Secured Its Position as a Prime Favorite

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Dennis Malony and his wife, Ellen, were taken ill about the same time.

Both being unable to earn anything, kind friends made up a purse for them and sent them articles that they needed. But Dennis recovered his health slowly and Ellen was a long while getting well. Finally both were able to be out again, though Dennis was hardly fit for work. So Ellen took the burden upon herself again and earned enough to keep the wolf from the door. After a while a baby was born to the couple, and the difficulty was enhanced not only by Ellen's being unable to go out to work, but by her not being able to nurse the little fellow. Milk must be purchased, and there was no money with which to buy it. The doctor who had attended Mrs. Malony, being loaded down with samples of prepared milk for babies, supplied some of the deficiency with those gratuitous preparations.

"How did you get 'em, doctor?" asked Dennis, puzzled.

"The manufacturers send them to me with the request that I recommend them."

In the sample cases came advertisements in great superfluity. Dennis read them and looked at the pictures of fat children that had been brought up on them with much interest. Little Dennis thrived on what the doctor gave his parents for awhile, then the supply was exhausted.

"What'll we do now, Ellen?" asked the husband, despairingly.

"I'll tell you, Dennis," replied Ellen. "We'll let 'em take a picture of the child and publish it for more milk."

"That's a good idea, Ellen; only I'm afraid Dennis isn't beautiful enough."

"Beautiful enough! What d'ye mean, Dennis? He's the most beautiful boy in the world."

Dennis had his doubts, however, for the baby resembled him, and he had never been called an Adonis.

"We haven't the money to pay for a picture to take to the men that makes the milk, Ellen."

"What'll we do?"

"There's a young fellow on the floor above that has a machine for takin' pictures. We'll get him to come down and take a photograph of the baby, and I'll take the picture to the men that makes the milk, and mebbe he'll give us a few bottles for it."

The young man on the floor above was appealed to. When he saw the baby he was surprised, for the boy was really not a prize infant. But, realizing that it would not be in good form to say so to the parents and being ready to photograph anything, beautiful or homely, he took the picture, and when it was developed the mother was in ecstasies over it and Dennis declared that even if the boy did resemble his father the picture was not so bad after all.

One morning the manager of Busby's milk food was sitting at his desk when Dennis, unannounced, approached and said:

"My little boy has been takin' your milk, and it's put ten pounds o' the finest flesh on to him ye ever seen. I'm thinkin' that ye might like to print his picture and send it out with your milk."

Dennis drew the photograph of his son and handed it to the manager, who looked at it and with difficulty suppressed a desire to laugh. Then glancing up at the proud father he asked, by way of chaffing him, what he wished for the right offered.

Dennis replied that a few bottles of milk to keep the child alive was all he expected. This won the heart of the manager, for he was a kind man, and, calling for a dozen bottles of his prepared milk, he gave them to Dennis, telling him he would consider the proposition. With this he dismissed the happy Dennis, who went back to Ellen loaded down with milk enough to last till they could devise some other scheme to carry little Dennis farther on in his world's pilgrimage.

"I'm thinkin', Ellen," said Dennis the next morning, "that the reason Mr. Busby don't sell more of his milk by puttin' it into the papers is because he don't know just how it helps the babies. I'm goin' to write an ad. meself and take it to him, givin' him the free use of it for bein' so kind in givin' us the milk."

"We owe it to him, Dennis."

Dennis sat down and after an hour's hard work finished his task. This was what he had written:

"Busby's prepared milk is the finest milk for babies of all of 'em. If you don't believe it jist go and see Mrs. Dennis Malony, 75 West Ninety-fifth street, and see the fine child that has

been brought up on it. The baby has gained a pound a day on it for a month at a time and looks like a genuine little angel that you see in oil paintings."

Dennis gave the advertisement to his wife to read, and she said he hadn't said half enough good things about the food. She suggested that he show it to Tom Murphy, the young man who had taken the baby's photograph, to see if it was all right. So Dennis took it upstairs, where he found Tom and asked him to edit his production. Tom, who had a keen sense of humor and was a bit of a wag, said it was a fine piece of work, but he thought it could be improved. Dennis asked how, and Tom said that if he would leave it with him overnight he would make some additions which he thought would render it more effective.

Dennis was only too glad to do so, and as soon as he was gone Tom brought his genius to bear on it and produced the following:

"Busby's prepared milk food is made of the best buttermilk that can be procured in the market. The flavoring spices used in it are gathered on the shores of Hudson bay by the Indians. Its ivory whiteness is obtained not from any deleterious ingredients, but is distilled from myriads of white roses grown on the Busby farm under the superintendence of a graduate of an agricultural college. The fatty substances used in the food are obtained from the blubber of walruses shipped on trains running on the ice of Bering sea, thus preventing delay and insuring the delivery of the blubber in the best condition at the milk factory.

"Some rare instances of development of children using Busby's food are testified to by mothers. Charles Deltrich when seven months old weighed only twenty ounces. After taking a bottle of Busby's milk he gained so much in one night that in the morning his mother mistook him for the five-year-old son of her next door neighbor and sent him to his supposed home with a lump of sugar. At the end of a year, having drunk 200 bottles of Busby's, he had gained a pound a day.

"Benny Harkaway, who weighed only two pounds at birth, was blown about in every draft, keeping his mother in constant dread lest he be carried out of the window. Ten bottles of Busby's food gave him so much flesh that, his father having tossed him playfully, when the child came down was crushed by the enormous weight."

When this production was shown to Dennis he asked its author if it was not somewhat overdrawn.

"Overdrawn?" cried Tom. "Suppose it is! That's the art of writing an ad. If you write it in plain, unvarnished terms nobody will notice it. I'll guarantee that it will increase the sales of Busby's milk enormously."

"All right," replied Dennis. "I'll take it to Mr. Busby."

"I wouldn't do that," said Tom. "You had better insert it yourself. I'm a reporter for a newspaper, and I can get it put in at cut rates."

Dennis gave him a carte blanche to insert the ad, and went down to his wife to report what he had done, adding that he was going to make Mr. Busby's fortune for him on account of his kindness in giving them the milk.

The baby's milk ran out one day, and Dennis, thinking that Mr. Busby might have heard from his advertisement and on account of increased sales be disposed to give him some more food, went to the gentleman's office and stood as before beside the desk.

"Mornin', sir," said Dennis.

"The manager looked up from hundreds of letters and seeing the man to whom he had given some of his milk food asked him what he wanted.

"Have you heard from the advertisement?" asked Dennis.

"What advertisement?"

"The one that came out in the paper."

"The manager looked at Dennis as if groping for something, then suddenly exclaimed:

"See here, my man, did you have anything to do with that game that was played on me in a statement got up to ruin my business?"

"No, sir; I put in an ad. at my own expense for the favor you done me for givin' me the milk for me little baby."

The manager stared at Dennis for a time, then said: "I don't know that it will do any harm after all. It may call attention to my goods." He took up a handful of letters from the pile on his desk and ran them over. One, evidently a lady who had never had children or run a dairy, wrote to know whether the cream was left on the buttermilk used in Busby's milk. Another, a nurse, entered a protest against using spices in baby's food. "I should think," she said, "that it would injure the child's stomach." A young man who said that he was a student of chemistry asked for the process by which the white substance was distilled from roses.

There were on the desk a number of comic papers containing illustrations of the marvelous developments of children who had been fed on Busby's milk. One was a picture of a very small man being crushed under an enormous baby, another, a drawing of a woman giving a fat child a lump of sugar, while beneath were the words, "Now run home to your mother."

There were numerous letters from

advertising agents and advertisers asking for the name and address of the person who had invented the clever scheme for attracting attention to Busby's milk food, and one man who was about to put a patent washing machine on the market offered \$500 a month for the services of one who had so cleverly drawn the public attention to Busby's milk.

Dennis went home with all the milk he needed for the baby for a month, and the next week Mr. Busby sent for him and, after telling him that he was run down with orders for his milk food, gave him a permanent job as caretaker of the milk depot, with double wages.

Finally the perpetrator of the joke came in for his share of the profits, for the offer that had been received to write advertisements was forwarded to him, and he accepted it.

Dennis Malony has since made a good living, and his wife has brought up a large family of children on Busby's milk, which has become the prime favorite, outselling all other children's foods.

An Anachronism.

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener. "Why, man, tempting Adam wif a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

Squared.

"By George, Tom, you have been in a fight?"

"No, I just met an old school enom of mine I used to lick when we were kids, and he paid me a debt he's been owing me a long time." Pittsburgh Press.

Handicapped.

"Jinks is a born poet. That's no reason why he shouldn't try to make something of himself." Boston Transcript.

Of all poverty that of the mind is the most despicable. —Gregory

Summons

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LINN COUNTY

Frank E. Parrish Plaintiff

vs. Geo. W. Stimson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stimson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein. Defendants.

Summons for Publication in Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

To Geo. W. Stimson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stimson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, the above named defendants.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby notified that Frank E. Parrish, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency number 199, issued on the 30th day of April, 1914, by the Tax Collector of the County of Linn, State of Oregon, for the amount of Thirty-eight and 20/100 (\$38.20) dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1911, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot No. Three (3) in Block No. two (2) in Kirkpatrick's Second Addition to the Town of Lebanon Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said Town of Lebanon, as same appears of record in the County Recorder's office for said Linn County, Oregon; also

The South one-half of Block No. five (5) in Wasson's Addition to the Town of Lebanon, in Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said Town of Lebanon, as same appears of record in the County Recorder's office for Linn County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Frank E. Parrish has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amount as follows:

Year's Tax	Date Paid	Tax Receipt Number	Amount	Rate of Interest
1912	April 30, 1914	8886	\$17.61	15 per ct.
1913	April 30, 1914	6981	\$16.36	15 per ct.
1914	Sept. 23, 1915	8736	\$21.38	15 per ct.
			\$55.34	

Said G. W. Stimson, Trustee, as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that Frank E. Parrish will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of the summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of Honorable D. H. McKnight, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, and said order was made and dated this 5th day of November, 1915, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 11th day of November, 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

HILL & MARKS Attorneys for Plaintiff Address Albany, Oregon

Inauguration of Motor Car Service

Between ALBANY AND CORVALLIS

on Saturday, January 15

Leave Albany at 5:30 p. m. for Mill City
Leave Mill City 6:15 a. m. for Albany

For further information ask local agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent
Portland, Oregon

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 to cover 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

Subscribe for THE SCIO TRIBUNE \$1.25 a year