

### Summons

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, Department No. 2.

Stowell Dawson  
Plaintiff  
vs.  
Edna Dawson  
Defendant

### SUMMONS

To EDNA DAWSON, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff in the above entitled court now on file with the Clerk of said Court, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the 25th day of January, 1917, and you are notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: For a decree of this honorable court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant and for such other and further order as to the Court may seem just and equitable in the premises.

This Summons is published by virtue of an order made and of record in the above entitled cause and court, by the Honorable D. B. McKnight, County Judge of Linn County, Oregon, which said order is dated December 7, 1916, and provides that said Summons be published for six consecutive weeks in the Scio Tribune, printed and published at Scio, Oregon, and you are further notified that the date of the first publication thereof is Thursday, December 14, 1916.

Weatherford & Weatherford  
and E. F. Bailey  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

### Summons

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn

Ruth Glook Ford  
Plaintiff  
vs.  
Earl Ford  
Defendant

### SUMMONS

To EARL FORD, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff in the above entitled court, now on file with the Clerk of said Court, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as is hereby required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit:

For a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for a divorce, and that plaintiff be given the care, custody and control of the minor child Barbara Ford, and for such other and further order as to the Court may seem just and proper.

This Summons is published by virtue of an order made by Wm. Galloway, Judge of the Circuit Court of Linn County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record in the above entitled court and cause on the 18th day of December, 1916, which order specifies that Summons shall be published for six consecutive weeks in the Scio Tribune, that the date of the first publication shall be December 21, 1916, and the date of the last publication shall be February 1, 1917.

Weatherford & Weatherford  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

**H. B. CHESSE**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office on Sherman St

Lebanon, Ore.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

**N. M. Newport**

Attorney at Law

(CITY ATTORNEY)

LEBANON

OREGON

### After an Electric Shock.

An effective means of resuscitation after an electric shock is said to be a sharp blow on the soles of the feet without removing the shoes. In all cases, however, it is necessary to pull the tongue from the throat, as the action of the current is to cause a contraction of the muscles, and the tongue is drawn back into the throat, completely sealing the air passage. Part of many first aid equipments consist of a device which will grasp the tongue and hold it in a distended position so that the throat is open to permit of artificial respiration.

### Rhode Island and Textiles.

The first cotton mill in the United States was built in Pawtucket in Washington's first administration. The making of textiles has become Rhode Island's first industry. Some 60,000 persons work in it, and its output is about 50 per cent of the manufactured products of the state, which, little as it is, is fourth in the making of cotton goods and third in the making of woollens and worsteds.

### Ready to Believe It.

A person who had got some little smattering of zoological lore said one day to a novice that crocodiles were often seen in tears.

"Oh, that's nothing!" rejoined the novice. "I've often myself seen whales blubber!"—Stray Stories.

### Patronizing.

"Flubdub has such a patronizing manner."

"Yes, he can't pass a globe representing the world without patting it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Such People

"The jibways want to borrow our car tonight."

"I admire their nerve."

"You haven't heard the worst."

"Well?"

"They also want to know if we'd object to their putting a label over our monogram."—Bl. Gotham Age-Herald.

### Busy Enough.

First Playwright—If that manager had only had more time he would have shown me all the rare objects in his studio. Second Playwright—Was he very busy? First Playwright—Just had time to show me the door and nothing else.—Puck.

### Federated Church SCIO, OREGON

Sunday School 10 a. m.  
Preaching 11 a. m.  
Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.  
Singer Service 7:30 to 8:00 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7:30 p. m.  
Brother Meikeljohn, Leader.  
H. B. Iler, Pastor.

## A Bone of Contention

### It Came Between a Pair of Lovers.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It stretched across the salt marsh and connected two villages. Harborhead folk called it "the red bridge," while Portside people grimly referred to it as "the white bridge." As a matter of fact, it had never been painted at all, and now, after two years' exposure to wind and weather, the new wood had taken on soft gray tints that blended with the silver tide that ebb and flowed between the piers.

Although Harborhead and Portside were connected by the new bridge and the vehicles of both villages rumbled to and fro over the planks, the inhabitants were widely separated by a growing bitterness.

Parson Lane of Portside had pounded the pulpit vigorously over the matter. "Fots of paint! Fots of paint!" he exclaimed one memorable Sunday. "Have my people drowned their souls in pots of paint? The good Lord made it possible for these villages to be united by a beautiful bridge, and you wrangle over the painting of it as if the color mattered. Brethren, see that your souls are as white as you would have the bridge painted. Let not the red smirch of anger sully its purity!"

After that sermon the bitterness was intensified. The Harborhead people who weekly crossed the bridge to attend Parson Lane's church fluttered homeward to spread the good man's words far and wide, with most unhappy results.

Noah Wade and Almira Turner were to be married in June. Three times a week Noah crossed the bridge to Harborhead to see his sweetheart. They had never discussed the bridge matter, because they had been too happy to talk about anything except their own wonderful affairs.

The Tuesday after Parson Lane's sermon Almira waited at the front gate for Noah. She could see him stepping quickly across the bridge, tall, erect, with his head poised high. All the Wades were proud. The girl's blue eyes did not soften at her lover's approach. A new expression came into them.

"Waiting for me?" smiled Noah, taking the hat from his brown hair and covering Almira's little hand with his own sunburned fingers.

She drew her hand quietly from beneath his touch. "Yes," she said gravely. "Come with me, Noah. I have something to say to you. Let us go to the orchard."

"What is the matter? Are you in trouble? Has anything happened?" demanded Noah anxiously, falling into step beside her.

Almira shook her head. In silence they went across the grass to the orchard and paused in the shade of the gnarled old apple trees.

"What is the matter, Almira?" repeated Noah at last.

"I can't marry you, Noah," replied Almira quietly.

"Why not?" Noah spoke gruffly. He was angry at Almira's strange manner, at the coldness in her voice and her sudden sloopiness.

She looked at the distant sails with steadfast eyes. "Father says I shan't marry any one from over 'the white bridge,' and I don't know that I want to."

"Personally I don't care a rap what color the bridge is," retorted Noah. "I've crossed it for two years to see you, Almira, and now at this late day you suddenly drop me and say it's because I live over the white bridge—a flimsy excuse. Why don't you say outright that you don't care for me and never did?" His face was growing whiter, and the hand pressed against the tree trunk was clenched until the knuckles were livid.

Suddenly Noah swung away from the tree and without one backward glance tramped across the grass, leaped the fence into a winding lane and disappeared along the shore road.

After that it became known that Almira's wedding garments were carefully laid away out of sight and Noah Wade no longer crossed the bridge three times a week.

Then followed a summer unprecedented for its lack of rain. Weeks followed days, and months followed weeks, while the sun poured relentlessly down on the sister towns and burned the vegetation to crisp brownness. Only the salt grass that was wet by the tides remained green. Crops died in the baked earth.

September came, fiercely hot. One breathless evening Almira Turner walked listlessly along the bridge. It was said that whatever breeze there

might be would be felt on the long wooden structure that united the two villages, yet in its way formed a barrier between many hearts.

Others were walking on the bridge, but it was noticeable that Portside folks walked only as far as the middle of the bridge and then retraced their steps. Harborhead people did the same thing at their end, so there was no passing over the bridge save by those who had business to attend to. Where friendly relations were established between families in the warring villages it was considered most amica-

ble and polite to visit by way of the long road around the shore and avoid the unhappy bridge.

Almira was thinking bitterly of what her father had said when she announced that her engagement to Noah Wade had been broken. He had stared incredulously at her.

"Why, Miry, honey, I was only joking! Now, you go along and make it up with Noah this minute. There'll be bridges standing long after we poor mortals are through trying to be happy in this world."

But Almira could not make it up with Noah Wade. He did not give her a chance. He went away from Portside and found work elsewhere, and she had not seen him through the long summer. Now she was thinking of him and of her foolish excuse for giving him up.

A loud rumble of thunder sent the pedestrians on the bridge scurrying home, but Almira lingered, watching the lightning leap from cloud to cloud in that ominous black mountain in the northwest, listening to the crackle and volley of thunder, barking to the sibilant hiss of the high tide among the bridge timbers.

Just as she turned her steps homeward there came a blinding crash that seemed to envelop the whole village of Harborhead in yellow light; then all sound ceased for an instant, and out of the murky darkness there sprang a bright flame and another and another. The lightning had struck in Harborhead.

Almira hurried toward home as the wild clamor of the church bells rang out. If the Portside people refused to bring out their fire apparatus to the rescue of Harborhead the closely populated little village was doomed. It was known that Portside were very bitter against the people over the bridge.

Just as she reached the gate there came another sound, mingled with the roar of thunder, the clash of bells and the shouts of men. It was the high, sweet clang of the Portside fire bell, and it was followed by the rumble of the little engine across the bridge. It dashed past Almira's gate, dragged by a score of strong, willing hands. The hook and ladder truck came in its wake, and there, sitting high on the seat, steering the truck, was Noah Wade, his face tense and set in the glare of the fire.

The devastating storm died away while the valiant men fought the flames that licked greedily at the frame store buildings and threatened many a nearby home with destruction. Portside men and men of Harborhead worked side by side, and differences were forgotten in the single aim that prompted all.

Many times that night Almira's heart failed within her as she watched Noah risk his life within the flaming buildings. Once he brought out a little child from the tenements over the stores, and the tenderness with which he bore the child and placed it in its mother's arms brought tears to the girl's sad eyes.

And then came the moment when their eyes met across the flames. The sudden leap of recognition in Noah's glance was answered by Almira's appealing eyes, and then the smoke hung between them once more.

The weeks that followed after the fire were not soon forgotten. Differences were patched up and mended so that they would not again break. Portside and Harborhead people mingled together as they had before the days of the bridge trouble. There were church festivals and entertainments that were enjoyed by everybody, and over all was the feeling of satisfaction that the bridge trouble was at an end.

The Harborhead people had gratefully announced their willingness that the bridge should be painted white in view of the prompt and neighborly services of the Portside firemen. Portside people agreed to abide by a choice by vote.

When the vote was counted it was found that all Harborhead had voted for a white painted bridge, while Portside had courteously voted for red, and the vote was tied.

Then the question was solved by a suggestion to paint the bridge green, and it was done, and so peace reigned at last, and there was much passing to and fro.

At last Noah came over to Harborhead and stopped at Almira's gate. Mrs. Turner greeted him pleasantly.

"Almira went over the bridge awhile ago, Noah. If you walk back you may meet her," she said.

Noah walked back slowly, watching for Almira's slender form and dreading to see it beside that of some other admirer. At last she came, stepping quickly, with now and then a

glance at the rising full moon.

Halfway across she met Noah, and they both stopped. Noah guided her gently to the railing where they could look along the bright moonlit path that wrinkled the water.

"I've been to see you, Almira. Your mother said I might meet you," he said wistfully.

"I—went to Portside to mail a letter—to you, Noah. I thought you might get it sooner—tonight—and perhaps you would come. I wanted to tell you how foolish I've been!"

Noah stopped her words with a swift caress. "And I was on the way to tell you what a fool I've been, but we've met halfway, after all."

When the wedding day came round both sides thought it would be a suitable occasion on which to celebrate the return of peace, and nothing would do but that the bridal procession should pass over the bridge.

The suggestion was acted on, and a procession of about all the folks in Harborhead and all the folks in Portside followed the bride and groom or strewed flowers before them, a fitting ending to the troubles that had so long separated the two towns.

### THE STRAIT OF MESSINA.

And the Ancient Legends of Scylla and Charybdis.

The Sicilian and Italian banks which border the strait of Messina for nearly twenty-five miles to the east and west are among the most luxuriant to be found in a cruise of the Mediterranean. Magnificent golden groves of lemon and orange and orchards of pomegranate, with their brilliant red fruit, contrast wonderfully with the flowers of the almond trees which perfume the whole region.

The strait is entered from the Tyrrhenian sea, on the north, at the narrowest point, the distance between Punta del Faro, on the Sicilian shore, and the mainland lighthouse on Punta Pezzo being not more than two miles. The whole of the Calabrian coast is thickly sown with villages, some clinging to the beach, while others clamber up the sides of well wooded hills which culminate in the towering Moutaito, rising to an elevation of more than a mile above the sea. Beyond the strait to the southwest looms ever threatening Etna, the highest volcano in Europe.

The most important city situated on the strait is the once magnificent seaport of Messina, which boasted a population of 150,000 inhabitants before "the world's most cruel earthquake" of Dec. 28, 1908, tossed nearly 100,000 lives away.

The harbor of Messina is the largest and safest in the kingdom of Italy, with a depth of more than thirty fathoms. Before the great calamity it was visited annually by more than 5,000 vessels, which brought cargoes of wheat, cotton, wool and hardware and took away in exchange lemons, oranges, almonds, wines, olive oil and silks. Much of its commerce was and still is carried on with the mainland of the kingdom by means of a ferry line to Villa San Giovanni, only four and a half miles away, while Reggio, the chief seaport on the Italian side of the strait and also the chief earthquake sufferer next to Messina, is ten miles to the southeast. Ferryboats ply between these points too. Scilla, Fare, Catons, Pellarò, Scallita and Galati are minor towns on the shores of the strait.

Homer did not accord a definite habitation for his terrible sea creatures, Scylla and Charybdis, but mariners familiar with the perils of the rocks on the Italian side of the strait and with the strong eddies near the harbor of Messina saw in the mythical monsters an explanation of such dangers. Scylla was supposed to be a horrible creature with six heads and a dozen feet, who barked like a dog. She dwelt in a lofty cave, from which she rushed whenever a ship tried to pass beneath, and she would snatch the unlucky seamen from the rigging or as they stood at the helm endeavoring to guide their vessels through the perilous passage. Charybdis dwelt under a rock only a bowshot away, on the opposite shore. The second creature sucked in and blew out sea water three times a day, and woe to the ship caught in the maelstrom of its mouth!

Poets who came after the great Greek bard embroidered the legend to suit their fancy. Ovid, for example, described Scylla as the beautiful daughter of a sea god who incurred the jealousy of one of the immortals and who was changed into a sea monster. A second transformation made her a rock perilous to navigators. Some poets described Charybdis as an old woman who seized and devoured the cattle of Hercules, and in punishment for this act the demigod's father, all powerful Zeus, cast her into the sea, where her appetite persisted, but her tastes changed from cattle to ships and seamen.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

### A Defiant Idiom.

"It's me," is an idiom, says a Harvard professor, and is allowable. It is allowable largely for the reason that we haven't standing army enough to suppress it.—Houston Post.

A glad heart seldom sighs, but a sorrowful mouth often laughs.—Danish Proverb.

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