

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 Gleek 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 16th 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.

READING HISTORY.

The One Way to Acquire a Real Knowledge of the World.

Henry James once told me that the only reading of which he never tired was history. "The least significant footnote of history," he said, "stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction. Nothing that has ever happened to the world finds me indifferent."

I used to think that ignorance of history meant only a lack of cultivation and a loss of pleasure. Now I am sure that such ignorance impairs our judgment by impairing our understanding, by depriving us of standards, of the power to contrast and the right to estimate. We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history, and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations.

The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimilate. Consider only this brief sentence of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch: "In nothing is one so blamed as he who has gained his wealth." A pleasant place, no doubt, for business enterprise, a place where young men were taught how to get on and extravagance kept pace with shrewd finance; a self-satisfied, self-confident, money getting, money loving people, honoring success and hugging its fancied security, while in faroff Rome Cato pronounced its doom—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

THE SCARLET Tanager.

He Wears His Gaudy Fireman's Suit Only in the Summer.

The country folk call the scarlet tanager the firebird. His feathers set the woods on fire. Reversing the figure, the firebird puts out the torch of the sun and pales the plumage of the oriole that has come to fly "in tropic splendor through our northern sky."

This tanager of ours is not much of a songster. He does not have to be. All he has to do is "stand on" in the show in order to share applause with the gold tongued wood thrush and the mellow tongued meadow lark. Seemingly the tanager thinks that his call is to be preferred to his song, for he calls forty times where he sings once. The tip of a tree gives him the best stage setting for his beauty, and there he perches, looks the sun in the eye and chirps by the hour. His mate is a modestly garbed female, who is willing to attend to home duties while Beau Brummel gallivants abroad.

It is only for a season that the tanager wears his fireman's suit. Nature's rule that he must change his clothes when September is spent may seem foolish to him, but he obeys to the feather. In dun and drab he goes south, where he tells an unbelieving and brilliantly plumaged company of tropic birds of the wonder of his summer dress.—Chicago Post.

That Held Him.

He—I shall not marry a woman unless she is my exact opposite. She—You will never find so perfect a being as that.—Life.

The true art of memory is the art of attention.—Johnson.

A Real Autocrat.

"Here's the photograph of a famous maitre d'hotel. He has a stern and haughty look."

"Hasn't he, though? I dare say that fellow wouldn't bend for any tip less than a \$100 bill."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bamboo Opals.

Bamboo opals are peculiar gems which are sometimes found in the stem of the bamboo. This gem is very rare from the fact that not one in a thousand bamboo stems contains it. These vegetable growths are called tobacon by the Filipinos. Some of them are so similar—that is, they exhibit so perfectly the characteristics of the opal—that even experts frequently fail to distinguish them from the real gem.

Superiority.

"She's a very superior person."

"That so? In what way?"

"She pays more for her gowns than any other woman in the club."—Detroit Free Press.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton.

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.

Consoling.

"What did you say your age was?" he remarked between dances.

"Well, I didn't say," smartly returned the girl, "but I've just reached twenty-one."

"Is that so?" he returned consolingly. "What detained you?"—Exchange.

FUSSY AUNT SALLY.

She is One of Those Who Always Find a Task Undone.

Our Aunt Sally always has one or two more things to do at night before she can go to bed. We were at her home a few weeks ago, and all of us sat up until late. At about 11 o'clock Uncle Buckram gave a yawn, and in thirty minutes everybody was under the cover listening to the rain—everybody except Aunt Sally. She decided that while everything was quiet she would sew the buttons on the new trousers she was making for Buckram. When this was finished she started to bed, but she remembered that she hadn't set her yeast. She went back into the kitchen and worked for about twenty minutes, and then it seemed that she was through with everything for the night.

We were almost asleep when she brought in another quilt. She said it might turn cold during the night and that we could pull it up if we needed it. She went back to her room and stood perfectly still for a few seconds. Evidently she was trying to think of something else to do before going to bed, and she thought of it. She decided she had best sprinkle down her clothes so they would iron better next day. When this was finished she folded the rough dried pieces and put them away.

At last the house was dark. The rain was pouring down, and we turned over for a good sleep. After we turned we were facing the barn, and we saw Aunt Sally out there with a lamp. She managed to keep the lamp dry, but in a few minutes it went out. A little later we heard her enter the house, and while feeling for a place to set the lamp she said: "I declare that fool hen hasn't any sense. I put her up in a dry place and she wouldn't stay there. She seems determined to drown, and I ought to let her do it, but I guess I'd better go back and see about her."—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

The Day of the Carver.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly. A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference. New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the titbits according to precedence there was no end. The old time carver, in fact, was born and then made.—London Standard.

Difficult Feat.

Two boys stood in front of the entrance gate of a football field. They had no money, but they were determined to outwit the gatekeeper somehow and get in and see the game. They suggested scheme after scheme to one another, and finally the older boy said:

"I got it now! We'll walk in backward, and be'll think we're coming out."—Exchange.

Not Catching.

Mrs. Nouveau Riche—Willie, I don't want to see you play with the Slingby-Smythe's dog again. Willie Ditto—Why not, ma? Mrs. N. R.—The dog is pedigreed, they say, and there's no telling when it may have another fit of them.—New York Globe.

His Suspicion Confirmed.

How interesting the financial columns in the morning papers can be to the traveled reader! For instance, here's a market report that says "butter was strong." This confirms an impression formed at a boarding house recently.—London Ideas.

Feminine Intuition.

"I thought you were going to send that hat back, Maude. What induced you to keep it?"

"Every girl I know was careful to tell me, as soon as she saw it on me, how unbecoming it was."—Baltimore American.

On the Line.

"You say you have spent hours over a single line?"

"Yes; and sometimes days."

"Then you're a poet?"

"No; I'm an angler."—

Unusual Behavior.

Lerret—You look worried, old chap. Yaddiloh—Yes; I'm afraid my wife is sick. She stayed at home all yesterday afternoon.—Life.

Stewards Must Live.

Knicker—Smith regards himself as the steward of his wealth. Bocker—That's just the trouble: he expects tips.—New York Sun.

It is well to value people for what they are without expecting perfection.

MAKE QUICK DECISIONS.

Wrong to Waste Valuable Time Over Trifling Problems.

There are some folks in this world who never appear to be able to come to a decision on any issue, either big or little. They are constantly harassed by doubt and the fear that they will make the mistake of picking up something by the wrong handle. They spend their lives sitting astride the fence because they lack the courage to get down on either side of it. They strive to propitiate everybody and please nobody.

What more pathetic spectacle than to see a strapping big man chasing back and forth between the hat counter and the mirror on the wall in the agony of doubt and despair over the momentous question as to whether he ought to purchase a straw lid with a red band on it or blue!

Sympathy goes out to the woman who for weeks perplexes her pretty head over the problems as to whether she will have her new gown cut obliquely or on the bias. In the end she has it cut scalloped, and every time she wears it her regret is that she didn't have it made severely plain.

If your processes of decision are going to halt and buck and stall over the color of a hatband or the cut of a gown how can you hope to decide the really serious problems of life? Blessed is he who can marshal his wits in calm judgment, then decide whether he will stay on this side or cross over and burn the bridge behind him.

Rather than dilly-dally and shilly-shally through life, you had better, in the interests of strengthening your moral fiber, make a mistake by a quick decision now and then. Focus the best judgment of which you are capable on the question at issue, then take your stand and hold your ground.—Boston Post.

Disraeli and Gladstone.

Mr. Shaw Leslie, an Irish author, tells the following:

"My grandfather witnessed an effective piece of play in the house during a duel between Disraeli and Gladstone. During a heated flight of oratory Gladstone upset some pens on the table between them. Disraeli rose and, calling attention to the fact, slowly replaced them one by one. The effect of Gladstone's speech was lost by the time Disraeli had finished."

Speaking of Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Leslie says:

"My grandfather recalled the ludicrous incident which brought them together. As they both left the Athenaeum, unknown to each other they seized the same hat. The effect was ludicrous enough to appeal even to professional humorists, and they shook hands."

Eggs Sterilized by Gas.

A method of preserving eggs which is said to keep them absolutely fresh for an indefinite length of time is in use in France. New laid eggs in tin cases holding 1,000 each are placed in an autoclave, from which the air is exhausted until all the gas within the shells has been drawn out. Then carbonic acid gas and nitrogen are introduced from tanks of these gases in liquid form, and the tins containing the eggs are sealed with solder. Any germs of decay are killed by these gases, and it is said that the flavor of the eggs is in no way affected.

Canals of Venice.

The canals of Venice are a part of the Adriatic sea. The city is built on 115 small islands or shoals in the gulf of Venice. These islets are connected by several hundred bridges, and the direction of the canals, of which there are nearly 200, are so formed as to constitute the "highways." Thus it is due to the situation of this city and not to special intention of man that it has canals instead of paved streets.

He Made the Sale.

"Yes, the property is cheap enough. Why do you want to sell it?"

"You won't give me away?"

"No."

"Well, sir, it's because I'm the only man in this neighborhood that doesn't move in high society, and I'm lonesome."—Chicago Tribune.

Sample.

"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.

"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.

"Just a little sample of married life," suggested father.—Cleveland Leader.

A Biting Sentiment.

You have to be careful even about paying compliments. Bill Mixer, who used to write ads. for a tobacco house, got himself in bad when he started writing copy for a butter concern and wrote "Guaranteed not to bite the tongue."—Boston Globe.

A Long Siege.

After a siege of twenty-four years Turkey took Candia from Venice in 1669.

Semi-Tropical Southern California

CALIFORNIA—with its oranges, its winter flowers, its beaches, its mountain resorts, its time-stained missions, its delightful sunshine and out-of-door life—surely the call is irresistible in January

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