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Administrators Sale of Real Property

In the County Court for the County of Linn, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased Notice of Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Executors of the estate of J. W. Compton, deceased, will, pursuant to the terms of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, offer for sale, the following described premises, to-wit:

Beginning at the Southwest corner of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 18, in Township ten (10) South of Range One West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, running thence North 13 rods, thence East 30 rods, thence South 13 rods, thence West 30 rods to the place of beginning, containing 3.27 acres of land more or less, situated in Linn County, Oregon.

That said Executors will sell said lands at private sale and will receive bids therefor up to and including the 17th day of March, 1917. Said bids can be made by letter deposited in the postoffice directed to either of the undersigned at their postoffice addresses or by personal bids made to either of said Executors.

Dated this 9th day of February, 1917.

G. W. Compton, Lebanon, Ore.
Henry Kinzer, Crabtree, Ore.
Executors of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased.

When in need of anything in the way of job work, call and see us. We do first-class work at reasonable prices.

His Tutor

She Taught Him to Conjugate the Verb to Love

By EDWIN SHARPE

Father has never done a day's work in his life. I have often heard him say that to go to a store or an office every day and attend to details such as buying and selling and shipping and financing and such matters that have no importance except for the time being, dying as fast as they are born, like certain insects, would soon wear him out. But to sit in a library and read immortal works such as the Greek poets and the Latin prose writers—father reads them in the original Greek and Latin—that is a way of spending one's time fitted not for commercial slaves, but intellectual gentlemen.

When I was a child we lived—my parents live there yet—in the country not far from a great city. Father had inherited some property from his ancestors that had been handed down through several generations, and our income, though small, was sufficient for our wants. So father was at liberty to spend his time in a way that he considered profitable. I sometimes overheard people sneering at him for living the life of a drone, as they expressed it, but since I have grown old it seems to me that even the real drones in a colony of bees must have their place in nature's workshop or they would not be there.

Another singular thing about Dame Nature is that, while she requires years to transform a boy into a man, she will turn a girl into a woman in a twinkling. At any rate it was so with me. When I was thirteen I was sitting one morning on the porch at home, my doll being in a chair beside me. Seeing a young fellow—he appeared to be about seventeen—come into the grounds, I seized the combination of china, cotton and sawdust and flung it in an open window behind me. There were some books on a table near by, and, taking up one of them, pulling down the short skirt of my dress at the same time so that it would cover my knees, I pretended to read.

The young fellow came along by the winding walk under the great trees—they had recently put forth that season's leaves—and approached the porch. Though my gaze was bent on my book, I saw not the printed words, but the advancing youth. I have a miniature portrait made of him at that time, and many who have seen it have taken it for an ideal creation. He was tall for his years, and his beautifully shaped head was set on as beautiful a neck, his collar being of the open sort, which showed the throat to advantage. His face was a perfect oval, his eyes large and lustrous, his hair falling about his temples in disordered waves.

I have spoken from experience in saying that Dame Nature will turn a girl into a woman in a twinkling. My own transformation did not occupy more than a minute. Within that period I caught sight of the youth, flung away my doll and was in love.

The newcomer paid no more attention to me than if I had been made like my doll, of sawdust. I was stung to the quick that he did not look at me. He rang the bell, asked for father and was shown into the house. I went upstairs and, stationing myself beside a window overlooking the walk by which he must pass out of the place, waited for him to do so. When he departed I was watching him from behind curtains. He walked with a satisfied step, as though he had come for a purpose and had accomplished it.

I wished to go right down to the library and learn all about the visitor from father, but I feared to show an undue interest in him. I tried hard to wait a long while, but five minutes was all my impatience would allow. Going into the library, I pretended to hunt for a book, at the same time asking as if incidentally:

"Who was your visitor, papa?"

"Julian Trowbridge."

"What did he come for?"

"To ask me to teach him for his college examination. He has applied for admission in June."

"Are you going to coach him?"

"Yes. I couldn't very well refuse."

He's the son of my old friend Trowbridge, who was in college with me. Trowbridge has devoted himself to ignoble pursuits and got rich. I pulled him through his graduating examinations.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" I said to myself, putting my hand to my heart to still its wild beating. Then I asked, "Is he coming here for instruction?"

"Yes, every morning at 11."

And so I should see every day till June this young god whom I had suddenly set up in my heart. If father had known the tumult within me he

doubtless would have ordered me to the nursery every morning before his pupil's coming. Father had published a translation of Ovid's "Art of Love" with copious notes, but he did not know enough about love itself to suspect that his own daughter had already been pierced by one of Cupid's arrows. The natural he studied in his library from the ancients; the artificial came to him the moment he left it. His daughter must go to college, and that meant absence of love for seven or eight years to come. That he had right under his own nose but a repetition of what had occurred over since human beings were born into the world was furthest from his thoughts.

In nature the first step in mating is to build a nest. In my case there was a lot of preliminary work to do. My first great object to accomplish was to induce my mother to procure some dresses that would reach at least to my ankles. After much trouble I persuaded her to engage a dressmaker to come to the house and make me some summer costumes. By day mother would give her instructions as to the length of my skirts, and by night I would surreptitiously lower them while they were fastened. When they were finished mother would scold the poor woman for not obeying her orders.

"How is your pupil getting on, papa?" I asked one day.

"Not at all. He's stupid as an owl. He can't even conjugate the present tense of the verb 'to love.'"

"Do you think he'll pass his entrance college examinations?"

"Not this year."

Father was not looking at me, so I was at liberty to raise my eyes to heaven with mute thanks and resolved that, if the coaching should continue for another year, in case the instructor could not teach the pupil how to conjugate the verb "to love" I would do so myself.

For a year Julian Trowbridge came and went for his lessons, taking no notice of me whatever. The next spring I asked father if he thought his pupil would be able to enter college that year.

"Possibly," he replied, "by hard working, but he has no taste for the classics. I don't see why his father wishes to send him to a university."

"Has he learned to conjugate the verb 'to love'?" I asked.

Father gave me a quick glance. I had changed a good deal within the year and might now have passed for a young lady. But he saw no consciousness of a double meaning in my demeanor and replied:

"Oh, he's got beyond that, of course, but he couldn't get past an examination on Caesar's Commentaries."

"He must be very backward," I remarked carelessly, and as I left the room father called to me. "You're far ahead of him."

This gave me an idea. I had met the "blockhead" many times, and he was beginning to treat me with more consideration. One day I said to him: "I think father is too impatient with you. If you'll let me read Latin with you I'm sure we'll be a help to each other."

He accepted my offer, and I told father that he might spend the time he was devoting to Julian in his library, turning his pupil over to me. Father was very glad to get rid of him, and the very next day Julian and I were seated on a rustic bench under a tree with a copy of Vergil between us.

I have boys of my own now, and I surely would not consent to have one of them fall under such an influence as Julian Trowbridge experienced at that time. I had no more intention of teaching him the dead languages than I had of teaching him to fly in the air. Fortunately for him, however, I had inherited my father's ability to learn and to teach them. My object was to teach him to conjugate the verb "to love."

"I love, thou lovest, he or she loves, we love, you love, they love." In short, in my code of instruction every one loved, and that's all they did. But since Julian's mind was bent especially upon getting into college and he found in me a more seductive teacher than my father the lesson resulted more to his erudition than might have been supposed. I didn't care how much Latin he learned provided he didn't fail to master the verb "to love." Girls between, say, twelve and sixteen are usually far more capable of learning than boys. This gave me an advantage. I taught Julian Latin and at the same time deftly wove in that other instruction which was far nearer my heart. I prepared him to enter college and to be my future husband at the same time. In learning the first he was not as stupid as my father considered him; as to the other I confess I had a very hard time with him. He would conjugate the verb "to love," saying "I love" with no feeling whatever. One day while he was doing so in this perfunctory way I got very near him—so near, indeed, that a few loose strands of my hair brushed against his cheek. Suddenly there came a surfer into his voice that I had vainly expected for weeks. Then I felt an arm stealing around my waist, and I knew that my pupil was prepared both for college and to be my lover.

He passed his entrance examination without a condition and gave me all the credit for enabling him to do so. "But you do father an injustice," I remonstrated. "You must admit—"

"What? That old bookworm? He may

know a lot, but he has no ability whatever to impart knowledge to any one else. Why, do you know, he spent months trying to teach me to conjugate the verb 'to love' without my being able to catch even the mood. As for 'I am loved,' I didn't know anything about it."

I laughed and remarked that I was the only one of the three who at that time knew all about that mood.

If I had considered my youth and the years that must intervene before I could claim my conquest for my own, possibly I might have desisted. But youth considers nothing.

I have said that, having boys of my own, I would not like to have them fall under the same influence that their father fell under at eighteen. This needs to be qualified. It depends on the girl. If any of my sons should at that age fall in love with a girl who would have in her the traits to hold his affection when he has grown older and to make him a valuable life helpmeet I should be very glad to have him do so. I believe that early mating is not only natural, but beneficial, provided the persons mating are fitted for life partnership.

Advantage of Necks.

"The giraffes and the ostriches are the most forgiving animals in the zoo," remarked the keeper.

"Is that a fact?" said the visitor.

"It most certainly is. Why, dear sir, they overlook everything."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unreasonable.

Mr. Fusser—Aren't you nearly ready? Mrs. Fusser—I wish you'd stop asking me that question. I've been telling you for the last hour that I'd be ready in a minute!

Caustic Advice.

Clara—He says he thinks I'm the sweetest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call? Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.—Town Topics.

Makes For Happiness.

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Dr. T. K. Sanderson

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Oats " "	.50
Bran per ton	30.00
Wheat chop per ton	50.00
Oat chop " "	35.00
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	2.00
Eggs per dozen	.20
Butter fat per lb	.41
Chickens, hens per lb	.16
" spring " "	.13
" roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.19
Geese " "	.12
Ducks " "	.14
Beef " "	.08
Veal " "	.12
Hogs, live per hundred lb	12.50
Hogs, dressed " "	.14
Mutton " "	10.00

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

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WEST SCIO

North 7:50 a.m.
South 5:31 p.m.

Corvallis & Eastern

MUNKERS

To Albany 12:25 p.m.
From Albany 9:22 a.m.
Motor to Mill City 10:05 a.m.
" from " 4:21 p.m.

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