

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

Woodburn-Springfield Branch
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 19:05 a.m.
" from " 4:21 p.m.

§ Daily except Sunday

Auto bus leaves Scio postoffice
7:10 a.m. & 5:00 p.m. for West Scio
8:15 a.m. & 1:30 p.m. for Munkers

Federated Church

SCIO, OREGON

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

FLIES FLEE FROM BLUE.

The Germ Laden Pests Either Fear or Hate That Color.

The Arabs have long known that flies fear or hate the color blue, and that is why the houses in many of their towns are calcimined in a light blue tint. Before the French Academy of Sciences recently Messrs. Galatne and Houlbeert described the results of their observations on the eyesight of flies. The only light that these insects see really well is white; their eyes do not see violet and indigo at all, the vibrations of the blue and green rays are disagreeable to them, and red has the effect of darkness. Yellow alone of all the colored rays is tolerated as well as white.

The solar spectrum as seen by the eyes of a fly begins at green and ends at bright orange. The practical conclusion to be drawn from this is that when a room has blue window panes the flies therein become as inactive as if it were dark. If a slit of a blind be opened to let in a ray of white light the flies will rush toward it and go out through the blind.

In Japan they hang curtains made of beads of blue glass mixed with tubes of painted bamboo at the entrances to butchers' and pastry cooks' shops. These let the air in, and the flies go out through the interstices between the beads, but do not re-enter.—New York World.

The Part Played by Miss Dudley

It Did Not Result Exactly as Was Expected

By ETHEL HOLMES

A motorcar drove up to the porte-cochere of a country house overlooking beautiful hills and the valleys between them. A girl alighted, and another girl came out of the house and took the new arrival in her arms; then, each encircling the other's waist, they passed into the house.

Later they sat on the porch together. The newcomer said:

"Well, Clara, I'm here. What can I do for you?"

"I want you to act a part."

"Are you to give up your place for a movie play? Surely the pictures will be beautiful."

"No movie play; the real thing."

"Go on. You interest me."

"You know that I am very rich."

"I certainly do, having experienced many a taste of your fortune."

"We rich girls when it comes to marriage are at a great disadvantage."

"I thought it was we dowdier girls who suffer in that respect."

"You know very well that I mean we wish to be loved for ourselves and we are usually loved for our possessions."

"That's better than not being loved at all."

"Stop your nonsense till I have finished. What I have to say is serious. Of course marriage in the case of a girl who has a fortune necessarily becomes something of a commercial matter. She is expected to get an equivalent from the man she marries."

"Inclined, you mean."

"I suppose so. A match has been arranged by mutual friends whom I met in England between me and Lord Edmonston. He is heir to the title, but there is no estate; at least it is largely encumbered."

"The commercial part of it all is that you are to go into a matrimonial partnership, he to furnish the title, you the wherewithal to keep it up."

" bluntly but truthfully stated. Nevertheless we women prefer to be loved by the man we marry. Edmonston and I have never met. He is coming tomorrow to make my acquaintance and will remain here so long as he likes. Now, I wish you to be I while I am you. I shall try to win his heart, he supposing his interest is in you. Do you see?"

Ruth Dudley looked serious.

"Yes; I see plainly, but suppose you fail to induce him to give up the rich girl for the poor girl? Where will I be? Your mother from the time I was a baby saved me from poverty and all that means to a child in its future station in life. This she did by using that fortune you now possess. You ask me to do that which in case your plan fails will lay me open to a charge of base ingratitude."

They were sitting side by side on a wicker bench. Clara Kimball put an arm around her friend's waist, drew her to her, kissed her and said:

"Ruth, dear, if my plan fails I shall rejoice to greet you as Lady Edmonston."

"Thank you, Clara. I have no ambition to marry a man with something to live up to and nothing to do it on."

But Miss Dudley was persuaded to do that against which her inclinations as well as her judgment rebelled. It was the obligation that compelled her. She accepted the situation, resolving that if she could antagonize Lord Edmonston she would certainly do so.

Mrs. Kimball, Clara's mother, was the only person in the house besides these two, excepting the servants, and she was in her daughter's secret. She was to keep out of the way except so far as she would be needed as chaperon. Lord Edmonston arrived, and Ruth received him as his prospective fiancée. There are good men in the British aristocracy and there are men who do not deserve to be classed as men. Edmonston belonged to the former class.

Edmonston did what would naturally have been expected of him under the circumstances—he showed a preference for the girl he supposed to be the heiress. Ruth treated him, to say the least, without cordiality. Clara did her best to please him. Edmonston appeared to accept the situation and showed himself disposed toward the company of Clara. It must have been evident to him that he had not made a good impression on the supposed heiress, but that her friend was quite pleased with him. What he really thought or felt neither of the girls knew. When the first day of his visit ended the girls before going to bed held a conference and the real Ruth congratulated the real Clara on the way the plan was working.

"It bids fair," said Ruth, "to be a very pretty romance with a delightful

denouement."

"You shall come and live with me at Edmonston castle," said Clara.

"Ruth," said Clara one morning, "this is downright selfishness on my part. If I am to have a coronet and a fortune you should have at least a fortune. I have written Duncan Swift to come up for the week end. Set your cap for him. He's very wealthy and a fine fellow. He indicated to me once that it would be a good plan to unite our fortunes, but neither loved the other, and I declined. Besides, it has always been my ambition to marry a nobleman."

"At any rate," replied Ruth, "another man in the house will be conducive to carrying out your plans."

"How?"

"Why, I shall show Lord Edmonston that I am for your friend, Mr. Swift. Edmonston will accept the inevitable and be better satisfied to take you without the fortune since he can't get it through me. But, Clara, Mr. Swift, knowing you to be Clara Kimball, will give the plan away."

"Not at all. I shall let him into the secret."

Affairs of the heart are prone to take their own course. Mr. Swift came and, as Miss Kimball had arranged, devoted himself assiduously to Miss Dudley. But the pleasant relations that should have existed in this quartet were marred by an antagonism on the part of the two men, which showed itself at once and developed with amazing rapidity. This the girls could not understand. Edmonston was devoted to Clara, and Swift's attentions to Ruth were very noticeable. Why then should the men be antagonistic to each other? It was not long after Swift's arrival that Edmonston, seeing Ruth alone in the garden, went out and joined her.

"Miss Kimball," he said, "I think this visit, which has not resulted in what it was intended for, should come to an end."

Ruth looked up at him surprised.

"When I came here," he continued, "as soon as I saw you I said to myself there is the woman I would wish for my wife irrespective of her fortune. From the first you have shown that you have no such feelings toward me. There is no necessity for me to remain longer. I leave at once. I have the honor to bid you goodbye."

"But," stammered Ruth, "you have been devoting yourself to my friend."

"A ruse de guerre. I hoped to pique you."

Ruth stood a picture of conflicting emotions. What she had feared but what in her heart she had craved had happened.

"Lord Edmonston," she said, "don't go today. There is something that needs to be explained to you."

"I should be pleased to listen to the explanation."

"Not now, tomorrow."

Edmonston looked at her inquiringly, then consented to remain till the next day.

Ruth went at once into the house to find Clara, intending to break to her the news of this lamentable failure of her plan. As she passed the library she saw Swift and Clara there in earnest conversation. She passed on to her own room to wait till she could see Clara alone. After what seemed to Ruth from voices in the library below a lowering of voices and presently silence. In due time Clara's footstep was heard on the stairs, and she entered Ruth's room. Ruth was still a volcano of emotion, and Clara seemed not less perturbed.

"Oh, Clara!"

"Oh, Ruth!"

"What I feared when you announced this plan to me has happened."

"And what I have feared since has happened."

"What's that?"

"When Duncan Swift proposed to me I supposed it was simply to unite our fortunes."

"Well?"

"He says it wasn't that at all. He loves me. As soon as he came here and found Edmonston here he was wild."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he says that—oh, Ruth, I can't say it—do you love him?"

"Go on."

"He says he devoted himself to you to pique me."

Ruth stared at her friend, but said nothing.

"Are you crushed at what I tell you?"

"Do you love Swift?"

"Yes; I have accepted him. But heavens! How am I to break the matter to Edmonston?"

Ruth went to her friend and embraced her.

"Never mind Edmonston," she said. "If he wants a fortune he'll have to find it in another. These two men have been playing the same game."

"What do you mean?" asked Clara.

"Edmonston, in order to pique the heiress, has been devoting himself to the heiress' friend."

"He loves you?"

"Probably he loves the fortune he supposes I possess."

"That remains to be seen."

"Which of us shall confess?" asked Ruth.

"I will confess for both," said Clara. Edmonston was still pacing in the garden when Clara found him there.

"Lord Edmonston," she said, "I am not Miss Dudley, as you have sup-

posed. I am Miss Kimball."

Edmonston looked astonished.

"Before uniting any fortune with your title I desired to win your love. I have not won your love nor have you won mine. I have this morning accepted a lover from whom I have been separated by a misunderstanding. As for my friend Ruth Dudley, you may settle your affairs with her direct."

"Where is she now?"

"In her room. If you desire to speak with her go into the library. I will send her to you."

That same evening the two girls were in Clara's room in dishabille comparing notes as to the events of the day. Both were happy.

"What did Lord Edmonston say to you, Ruth?" asked Clara.

"What did Mr. Swift say to you?"

"Oh, it would sound flat at being repeated."

"My case exactly. The only real love scenes, Clara, are at the end of a movie play. When they kiss you know just how they feel."

Miss Dudley is now Lady Edmonston. Her husband got a fortune through an uncle. He didn't have to marry it.

FIT THE MAN TO THE JOB.

Square Pegs Are Not Made to Go Into Round Holes.

In the American Magazine is an article entitled "Are You a Square Peg in a Round Hole?" by Herman Schneider, dean of the school of engineering of the University of Cincinnati. Dean Schneider has devoted his life to making successes out of failures and to finding the right job for the right man. He believes that failure is seldom more than an indication of the right path to success. Among other things he says:

"Every individual has certain general traits; every kind of work has certain general characteristics. The problem is to interpret the traits of the individual, classify the characteristics of the job and then guide the individual into the job for which he is supremely fitted. This is one real employment problem."

"There are very many human characteristics, but there are a few broad and general ones which frequently make for success or failure."

"There is a type of a man who wants to get on the same car every morning, get off at the same corner, go to the same shop, ring up at the same clock, stow his lunch in the same locker, go to the same machine and do the same class of work day after day. Another type of man would go crazy under this routine. He wants to move about, meet new people, see and do things. The first is settled; the second is roving. The first might make a good man for a shop manufacturing a standard product; the second might make a good railroad man or a good outdoor carpenter. A failure in one line of work may prove a big success in another."

Hopeless Inquiry.

A stranger was questioning Helen, trying to get her to say her father's first name.

"What does your mother call your papa?"

"She calls him my daddy."

"Yes, but when she wants to speak to him what does she say?"

"She says, 'Goo, please,'" was Helen's reply.

"I don't mean when she calls him at the office. When she tells him to get up in the morning what does she call him?"

"She says to be ready in about four minutes."—Youth's Companion.

Sanskrit.

The Sanskrit is the language of the ancient Hindus. It is not now spoken and is understood only by the Brahmins and by scholars who have made a special study of it. It bears a striking likeness to the Greek, Latin, German, Celtic and Slavonic languages, and, though Sanskrit is not regarded as the parent of these dialects, it is looked upon as the language nearest to the original speech of the undivided Aryans.

A Hemming Tip.

In sewing hems of towels or sheets or muslin, in starting them from the end place a piece of paper under the needle and sew through it for about two inches, then on to the hem. This will prevent the clogging of the thread and needle. Then after tearing off the paper the threads are there for tying the end.

Height of Hopefulness.

He—After I am out of college, darling, I may have to wait a few months before I can make enough to support you. She—It is so hard to wait. He (bravely)—I know it. But of course you know the world doesn't know anything about me yet.—Exchange.

Ambiguous.

"How are you, old man? Feeling pretty strong?"

"No, only just managing to keep out of the grave."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!"

Reason, prudence, caution, courage, justice, co-operation and conciliation are requisites to economic growth and strength.—Elbert H. Gary.

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