

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 7:05 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

The Deserted Ship

She Came Into Cape Cod
In Good Condition

By F. A. MITCHEL

I. Captain Barnickel ceased going to sea with the close of the year 1914 and retired to his home on Cape Cod. He had built that home on the seashore and could look upon the ocean and the ships rounding the cape or standing far out to sea. In summer he would either be sitting in a wicker chair on his porch or pacing to and fro, as had been his habit on the bridge. In either case he was not far from an old-fashioned glass that he had used many years before at sea.

One morning—it was the second summer after the captain had retired from sea life—he was pacing the porch when, seeing a sail approaching, he

stopped his walk and stood looking out on her with his body bent forward and his hands clasped behind him, in exactly the same position that he had done the same thing at sea many a time before. Then, turning about, he went for his glass, supported on a pair of brackets against the front of the house, and, taking it down, leveled it on the vessel.

It was a schooner under half sail. There was a light wind, and she came along slowly. Now and again she would luff up into the wind, remain stationary for a short while, then, catching the breeze, move forward again.

"Looks as if there was no one at the helm," remarked the captain to himself.

He lowered his glass for awhile, raising it again when the schooner had drawn nearer. This time he could see her decks plainly, and not a person could be seen on them.

"That's very strange," said the captain.

It certainly was the strangest sight Captain Barnickel had ever seen—a full rigged ship sailing before the wind with not a person on deck, not even a helmsman. Nor was there sign of any person in the hold below or in the rigging.

The vessel was moving parallel to the shore. Had she not she would have been beached. When she came opposite the Barnickel home she luffed up into the wind and remained stationary. The observer had a good look at her. She seemed to be in perfect condition except that her boats were gone. That she was at the mercy of the winds and the waves was evident. If there were persons aboard of her they were certainly below, but there was not the slightest sign of any one above or below.

By this time the vessel was observed by other persons than the captain. Laying aside his glass, he walked to his gate and thence down to an inlet where there were boats. Taking one of them, he took aboard a volunteer crew and was pulled to the strange ship. Reaching her, he directed that the anchor be let go and the sails lowered. The ship being thus brought to a standstill, the captain looked about him.

As he had noticed from the shore, nothing was amiss on deck except that the boats were gone. The party went below and found nothing at all amiss there. Indeed, the table was set in the cabin for breakfast, and a pot of coffee stood at one end of the table. It was stone cold, as were all the dishes that had been prepared. Evidently something had occurred just before those on board were expecting to sit down to the morning meal.

The only indication of a hasty flight was that the lockers in the staterooms stood open and for the most part empty. A few pieces of clothing lay upon the floor. That women and children had been aboard was evident from the fact that articles of clothing fitted for such persons were present. The log was found, and the last entry had been made six weeks before and had ended abruptly with no mention of approaching danger.

The name of the ship painted on the stern and in other places was the *Esperanza*, from which it was judged that she was a Spaniard. Whatever had occurred to cause her desertion must have taken place off Gibraltar, for the last reckoning entered indicated this.

Captain Barnickel had met something that in all of his forty years at sea he had never met before. He had run across derelicts, but not a deserted ship. Those about him looked to him for guidance, and he directed that the vessel be taken into the inlet and docked. This was done by the men under the captain's orders. The *Esperanza* was tied up, her sails lowered, doors locked, and there she remained while those who had taken her in waited for some tidings of those who had deserted her. Meanwhile Captain Barnickel reported her presence on the Cape Cod coast to the proper authorities.

II.

Jose Alvarez, a young sailor of Cadiz, had risen from before the mast to be first mate of a vessel, and on returning from a voyage the owners of the ship he was on announced to him that they were intending to give him a command. This was good news for the sailor, for he had been for several years betrothed to a young girl, and his promotion would enable him to marry her. Not only this, but, being master of his ship, he could take her with him on a voyage. There was still another advantage; the young sailor had saved \$10,000 and became part owner in the ship he commanded.

Captain Alvarez was not given a large ship; indeed, the concern which owned these vessels confined their marine operations to small ones. The vessel to which the young captain was appointed was intended for a freighter between Cadiz and South America, though there were rooms for a few passengers whenever any such desired to go on her. But since she was not a steamer, passengers seldom cared to use her unless it was between points where a steamer was not to be had.

When the ship was loaded there was a wedding on shore, and the captain

took his bride aboard his ship. There were several passengers, including a few women and children. The trip being the wedding journey of the captain of the vessel, naturally the start was a jolly one. The captain and his bride were acquainted with the passengers, and the voyage bade fair to be a party of pleasure.

The only drawback to this prospect was the great European war, which was in its second year, and the sinking of ships by means of German submarines. At that time there was no armament of merchantmen, and they were at the mercy of any submarine that could come near enough to get a shot at them. But Captain Alvarez believed that submarines infested the lanes usually traveled by steamers, and his course took him far from such lanes. He proposed to skirt the African coast for some distance and then turn eastward and cross the Atlantic where the ocean surface was largely free from ships. Indeed, he intended to sail nearly upon the course sailed by Columbus on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

However, he must cross the ship lane taken by vessels running between New York and Gibraltar. Here was his danger. If he got over it in safety there would not be much danger for the rest of the voyage unless unhappily he might meet one of those ships sent out by the German government as sea raiders.

True enough, it was on the sea lane between New York and Gibraltar that a blow fell. The captain, his wife and the passengers were about to sit down to breakfast one morning when the watch called out from above:

"Captain, there's a submarine on our port bow!"

The captain ran on deck, followed by the men passengers, while the women huddled together, clasping the children in their arms with blanched faces. The submarine's periscope could be seen above the surface of the water moving toward the vessel. There was a fine wind, and Alvarez determined to try to escape by putting on all sail. Turning his stern to the submarine, he showed her heels and had the wind held might have escaped, but within half an hour he struck a calm. Then the submarine pulled up near the ship and ordered those aboard of her to take to the boats.

There was nothing to be done except to obey the order. The women and children were first put into the boats, which were stocked with provisions and water; then the crew and the captain last. All must be done hastily, for the captain of the submarine had given a limit of time, and they feared that if they exceeded it the ship would be sunk before they could effect the transfer. Besides, to embark on the heaving billows many miles from shore with nothing but oars to propel the boats was in itself a dreadful experience.

While they were making the transfer the captain of the submarine asked Captain Alvarez what kind of a cargo he carried. Alvarez answered that it was principally Spanish wines. The German, not averse to taking aboard such a stock, determined before sinking his prize to send for some of the juice of the grape.

The passengers had left the ship and were pulling for the coast when two things appeared which changed the situation. The smoke of a British cruiser was seen, the vessel coming from the direction of Gibraltar. The submarine made off southward. She had barely started before a thick fog rolled up and wrapped everything in oblivion.

Those in the boats had a compass with them and were thus enabled to steer a straight course. After terrible exposure they reached a wild part of Africa and in time made their way back to Cadiz.

Their return was a melancholy one, especially since the groom's savings of nearly ten years at sea were supposed to have been sent to the bottom of the Atlantic by the submarine. The ship owners did not relish risking more vessels on the deep, and Alvarez was obliged to remain at home in idleness, his discontent being enhanced by the fact that he was earning nothing and now had a wife to support.

But one day when he was lamenting his fate word came of the strange vessel that had come to Cape Cod. No one thought that this could be the ship of which Alvarez had been master till the name *Esperanza* was given. Then theories began to be broached as to how she had escaped. The real reasons which have been given here—the appearance of the cruiser and the fog—did not become known till later. The winds, which had been for a long while out of the east, had blown the ship across the Atlantic ocean.

Captain Alvarez, being furnished by the ship owners with means and documents to prove property, crossed the ocean and claimed the *Esperanza*. In returning on her to Cadiz he had better luck than before and arrived safely.

Base Libel.

Woman—How did you get to be a tramp? Tramp—By degrees, mum. I begun as a golf player.—New York Globe.

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues.—Locke.

SAVE THE TREES.

The White Pine Blister Rust and a Warning and an Appeal.

The American Forestry association has issued a warning and appeal for co-operation in fighting the disease known as the white pine blister rust that threatens the destruction of all the white pine and other five leaved pine trees in the United States.

This disease has already appeared in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota and in Quebec and Ontario.

There is no known cure for it. It kills the white pines infected, and it spreads steadily. The spores or seeds are blown from diseased pines to currant and gooseberry bushes. They germinate on the leaves of these bushes. The leaves then produce millions of spores or seeds of the disease, which are blown by the wind from the bushes to the pines, and these, even those several miles distant from the nearest bushes, are infected, become diseased and die.

The white pines in New England are worth \$75,000,000, in the lake states \$96,000,000, in western states \$90,000,000 and in the national forests \$30,000,000, or a total of \$281,000,000.

Unless the ravages of the white pine blister rust are stopped these pines will be destroyed.

The American Forestry association urges people in all the regions where the disease has been discovered to destroy at once all currant and gooseberry bushes, diseased pines and others exposed to infection. This will help stop the spread of the disease.

The great forests of dead and dying chestnut in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts stand today mute but convincing witnesses to the fact that such diseases must be checked, if at all, in their early stages.

The pine growth of this country is far more valuable than the chestnut ever was, and the damage the blister rust may do is accordingly greater than the injury that has been or can be wrought by the chestnut blight. But experience proves that the ravages of the blister rust can be, if taken in season, stopped much easier than the chestnut blight. In a number of places where started it has been nearly or entirely eradicated. May the pine forests of America be saved and not neglected as the chestnut until it is too late!—Tree Talk.

Musical Vibrations.

We can take the scale of vibrations, beginning with the shortest wave lengths that have been measured—the gamma rays given off by radium, which are only about one one-hundredth of a millimeter long—and ending with the longest known electromagnetic waves, 10,000 meters or more in length, and arrange them in a scale of octaves like the musical scale. In the Scientific Monthly Professor David Vance Guthrie of the Louisiana State university says they will cover just about forty-eight octaves, of which the rays that are visible to our eyes comprise but one.

Wrens Good Insect Eaters.

The wren, according to A. A. Saunders of Norwalk, Conn., is a valuable and interesting bird. It has a cheerful song, and during the summer months it sings almost incessantly. Its food is largely insects. A pair of wrens will work from daylight to dark during long June days gathering caterpillars and other harmful insects to feed their young. I have known them to visit the nest with insects on an average of three times in five minutes. The number of insects destroyed by a pair of wrens and their young in a season is enormous.—Tree Talk.

Judging a Potato.

A good potato should be firm and crisp when cut, and a thin cross section when held between the eyes and the light should show a relatively uniform distribution of starch throughout its whole area, as opposed to a large, translucent, watery central area, which denotes a lack of starch in this portion of the tuber. The even distribution of starch insures greater uniformity in cooking and in texture of the flesh when cooked.

Useful Curtain Suggestion.

The small metal office clips so handy for keeping papers pinned together will be found exceedingly useful for clipping up the curtains at night. The advantage over pins in preventing curtains from blowing out the screenless windows at night is that the clips leave no telltale holes.

The National Hymn.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is honored as the national air not by act of congress, but by regulations of the military services, which prescribe that it shall be played at colors and retreat.

Drops of dew refresh the faded flowers; so do kind words cheer the aching heart.

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