

Proper Food for Weak Stomachs

The proper food for one man may be all wrong for another. Every one should adopt a diet suited to his age and occupation. Those who have weak stomachs need to be especially careful and should masticate their food thoroughly. It is also important that they keep their bowels regular. When they become constipated or when they feel dull and stupid after eating they should take Chamberlains Tablets to strengthen the stomach and move the bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect.

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Best Remedy for Whooping Cough

"Last winter when my little boy had the whooping cough I gave him Chamberlains cough remedy," writes Mrs J B Roberts, East St Louis, Ill. "It kept his cough loose and relieved him of those dreadful coughing spells. It is the only cough medicine I keep in the house because I have the most confidence in it." This remedy is also good for colds and croup.

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

For Sale—Good seed potatoes at
reasonable price. L. Zeller, Scio,
telephone 3x1.

Scio Soldier Boy Writes

Letter to Home Folks

June—1917

Dear Folks at Home:

Well I expect you have been waiting for a letter for a long time so I will take the time and write to you. I am still working in a ward on Mare Island but hope to go back to Goat Island soon. The measles did not make me sick at all. I was in bed but one day and a half and since then I have been working in the ward. I have been attending the patients mostly all by myself. There are 12 bed patients. Today I will give a little routine of my work or assistance. I arise at 6 or 7, wash for breakfast and make up my bed; eat breakfast and at eight o'clock I take pulse and respiration and chart them, give them their medicine and any special treatment. Then after I get that all done I do not have very much to do till 11, then the same thing at 12, also at 4 p. m. and at 8 again. Then I have to make out the report in the evening. It keeps a person busy but I am getting some good practical experience and that is what counts. I have been here 18 days and I think I will go back to school Tuesday. My mail is delayed a little but I get it all right. The weather here is swell—hot in daytime and cool in evenings. I got a letter from Miss Berryman the other day. She wrote it on the train. I guess the graduating exercises were good and I would liked to have heard them. It is about 9:30 now. You see we have a prisoner in our ward and someone has to be on guard. I am on for tonight. I would not need to be but I wanted to write some letters so I put myself on from 9 to 12. I have only seven letters to write, so will not be very lonesome. There are five measles wards here. Ours is M ward and I have heard the doctors and nurses say that it was the best kept ward of them all. The man that has charge of the ward hasn't done very much since I have been here, except to show me different things that I didn't know. He wanted to keep me as long as he could, so that is the reason I am here. I have had several good compliments since I have been here. He said that I was the best apprentice he had ever had under him. Also the two day nurses who are over the five wards, said that I was very good and I overheard one nurse say to the doctor that I was a very good worker and that I learned quick. That makes a fellow feel pretty good to hear things like that.

We get good milk to drink three times a day and as I have the privilege of eating in the kitchen I get all I want. All the mail is censored here and the patients are not allowed to tell that they are in the hospital or sick. I give my letters to someone going to Vallejo, a town across the bay, and have them mail them there.

I like the navy and am glad I got in the hospital corps. The hospital corps men are treated good. They figure that some time they are liable to be sick and if the hospital corps gets it in for them they will get the worst of it. I can't think of much more to write so will close. Address my mail to Goat Island.

From your sailor boy,
Clair McLain

MUNKERS and WEST
SCIO STAGE

Bilyeu & Bilyeu, Props.
Phone 6-515

STAGE MEETS ALL TRAINS

—Leaves Scio Postoffice—
at 7:10 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. for West Scio
and 8:15 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. for Munkers

A Diplomatic
Mission

It Was Attended With
Difficulties

By ELINOR MARSH

James Maitland, son of an admiral in the U. S. navy, fell in love with and married Mile. Julie de Lavalie, the daughter of a French diplomat who had spent many years in the French service, a considerable portion of which time he resided in Washington. M. de Lavalie never represented his country as an ambassador. He was an adept at secret methods then in vogue between nations, but, since the open diplomacy of the late Secretary Hay, now largely done away with. When any quick Machiavellian work was to be executed it fell to Lavalie.

Maitland and Mile. de Lavalie were married while the bridegroom was employed in the state department. At the time the Panama canal was being located and there was any amount of chicanery perpetrated both as to its location and the prevention of its location both by Central and North Americans. Then came young Maitland's opportunity. One morning the secretary sent for him, handed him a dispatch and told him that he wished him to take it to the United States consul at Vera Cruz, who would see that it reached its destination.

Delighted at being thus enabled to make a beginning in his profession, Maitland took the dispatch—it was placed in an official envelope of the state department addressed to the consul—and was about to leave when the secretary said to him:

"It is essential that the information contained in that envelope reaches our consul in Vera Cruz on or before the 13th. After that date it will be too late. It is well that you should know that its prompt delivery will involve the making of the failure to make millions of dollars by certain capitalists. You will therefore be very guarded in speaking of your mission and watch well the dispatch. I send it to Vera Cruz by you in order that no one in this country may know its ultimate destination. Nevertheless there are plenty of spies about and we may have them right here in the state department. Be careful, and good luck to you."

When Maitland went home and with the exhilaration of youth told his wife of his mission, its importance, considering the interests involved, and all that, she failed to show similar enthusiasm.

"What is it, pet?" he said. "You don't seem pleased."

"Jimmie," she replied, "you will never get it through."

"Why not?"

"They will steal it from you."

"What makes you think so, Julie?"

"From a little girl I have heard my father tell the ways people take to outwit one another. I know all about it. You know nothing."

However, the little woman packed her husband's suit case—all the baggage he proposed to take—then took the dispatch to the library, and when she returned handed her husband a box of cigars. He opened it and removed the top layers and below was an envelope addressed to Senora Sanchez, Mexico City, in Mrs. Maitland's own hand.

"Little one, you're a brick," said the young diplomat. "I see your scheme. It would never do to leave the dispatch in my suit case under cover of a state department envelope, would it?"

"No. Now, Jimmie, do be careful of the suit case and don't let it out of your sight a moment."

Maitland gave her a dozen kisses, picked up the suit case, called a carriage and started for the train. He reached New York during the afternoon and went at once on board the steamer which was to sail early the next morning. He was about to lock his stateroom door on the suit case, when, remembering that there might be other keys that would unlock it, he took the dispatch out from under the cigars and put it in his pocket. If he was followed, with a view to stealing the document, his baggage was surely the first place the thief would look for it. In order to discover if the case had been opened for the purpose, he replaced the cigars he laid all of those on the top row with the ends in the same direction except one, which he reversed. Having done this he went on deck for air.

The next morning Maitland found himself out on the Atlantic ocean heading for the gulf of Mexico. He walked the deck alone, having resolved not to make a single acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to his stateroom for a nap, and before lying down it occurred to him to examine his suit case. Not that he really expected to find evidence of any one having been there,

but simply to satisfy himself that it was as he had left it.

What was his astonishment to find every cigar in the box laid in the same direction. The one he had placed differently had been reversed.

The discovery took his breath away. After all, his wife was right. If there were those on his track who had already shown such skill in hunting for the document, what more would they do? Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The dispatch was there. But he did not feel assured that it would be there when he arrived at Vera Cruz. He vowed that no one should during the passage come within arm's length of him.

He napped in his berth and read a novel which he had brought with him during the afternoon and evening, not leaving his stateroom. The next morning he passed on deck. He expected every moment that some man would attempt to make his acquaintance. No man did, but a very pretty young woman sitting in a steamer chair looked at him as he passed her and cast down her long Spanish lashes. Every time he passed her in pacing back and forth she gave him the same glance and the same downward sweep. He suspected her at once and put himself on his guard.

With the exception of the Spanish woman there was no evidence of any person or persons shadowing him. But on the second day out an old lady with very white hair came up the companionway and looked about for a seat. The ship was rolling, and Maitland, taking hold of her arm, supported her to a steamer chair. She thanked him, but he would have nothing to do with her. Surely he had reason to suspect every one. The old lady besides thanking him made some commonplace remark, to which it would have been polite for him to respond, but he turned from her as though she had some infectious disease.

Several times after that he surveyed her from a distance and noticed that she looked very peculiar. Indeed, after scrutinizing her one afternoon as she sat dozing in her steamer chair it occurred to him that she was a young person disguised as an old woman. When the day before the ship was due at Vera Cruz he saw her and the young Spanish woman sitting side by side and talking confidentially he made up his mind that they had been sent out from Washington to steal his dispatch and that one or both of them had already opened his suit case. Probably one did the work while the other kept watch.

A few hours before his arrival in port Maitland went to his stateroom, took the dispatch from his pocket and looked at it. He felt very happy. If he had got it so far on the journey despite those who were trying to get it from him surely he could do what little remained. Replacing it, he picked up his cigarette case, which he had left on a shelf, lighted a cigarette and, lying down with his novel, began to read. He soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

When he awoke the ship was in port. He felt nauseated. Something had happened. He clapped his hand to his side pocket.

The dispatch was gone.

"Beaten after all," he moaned.

Starting up, he staggered out and on to the deck. No one had gone ashore. A last hope occurred to him. He would have the two women arrested on a trumped up charge. There they were near the companionway. He rushed forward and, seeing a policeman on the dock, beckoned to him. The man met him on the companionway, and Maitland, slipping a ten dollar bill into his hand, told him that there were two women thieves on board who had robbed him. When the women reached the dock they were taken into custody. They made a great ado at their arrest, asserting their innocence.

"I am an American," said the old lady, "and I demand to be taken before the United States consul."

"I will take you to the consulate," said Maitland, "provided your confederate will consent to go with us."

The old lady persuaded the other woman to make no objection, assuring her that it was their best course. Maitland called a carriage, and the three travelers entered, the policeman climbing to the box. On reaching the consulate Maitland insisted that the Spanish woman go in with them. He did not dare leave her in the carriage. She seemed indifferent about it, and the three went in together. The consul being engaged at the time, they were placed in the waiting room.

While waiting, Maitland, facing the old lady, scrutinized her. What was there that was familiar about her? Suddenly—the Spanish woman's back was turned—she gave him a smile.

He recognized his wife.

Rising, Julie went into the hall, Maitland following her.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's safe."

"Where?"

"In my corsage."

"How did you come by it?"

"I've had it all the time. When I handed you the cigar box in Washington it contained a dummy. I kept the dispatch."

"Who opened my suit case?"

"The woman in there."

"How do you know?"

"I saw plainly that she had been

sent to delay the delivery of the dispatch and, pretending that I was on the same errand, won her confidence, and we agreed to work together. After she found the envelope was not in your suit case she was sure you had it on your person. You were very careless to leave your cigarettes in your stateroom. She picked the lock with a skeleton key, went in and replaced your cigarettes with those that had been drugged. When you were asleep she robbed you."

"And the dummy? What did she say when she discovered that?"

"She cried. Had she secured the dispatch she would have been paid \$100,000."

While Julie was explaining she was opening her dress, took out the real dispatch and handed it to her husband. Returning to the room he had left, he told the Spanish woman that he had found the missing article, apologized and said she might go where she liked.

When Maitland delivered his dispatch his wife did not appear in the transaction. He was well launched in the profession he had chosen.

BARBED WIRE IN WAR.

Putting Up and Cutting Down Barriers Is Perilous Work.

The erection of war entanglements, even when the trenches are some distance apart, is at all times dangerous.

The men slip over the parapet and in the first place pound in the supports with mallets, the heads of which are carefully wrapped in cloth in order to deaden the sound. Two other men carry the wire drum—a wooden cylinder round which the wire is rolled—by means of a long pole through the center, and a comrade attaches the wires to the supports.

The work is slow and nerve straining, says a writer in the London Graphic, for star shells burst often and compel the men to crouch low and remain motionless until the flare burns out.

To each soldier who takes part in modern warfare thick gloves for gripping wire and strong pliers for cutting it are as essential as the rifle and bayonet.

Before an assault by his own regiment the soldier cuts his own wire, and he must then endeavor as best he may to cut and hack his way through the enemy's, pulling down a support here, cutting the wires while the machine gun batteries rap out their message of death toward him.

Thus barbed wire, so simple in itself, so deadly when used in the ways described, enters into every phase of operation in the firing zone.

EVILS OF OVERFEEDING.

A Good Rule For Many Would Be "Eat Less and Exercise More."

The sin of gluttony is common, and therefore much condoned, but like every other violation of nature's laws has a penalty. Fat inefficiency, sluggish mentality, the reddened nose, the pimply face, certain of the chronic skin eruptions and much fatigue and nervousness are due to the abuse of the digestive apparatus. Rich, indigestible foods in large quantities, highly seasoned to stimulate the jaded palate, are forced into a body already rebellious from repelition. Exercise is largely limited to walking to and from the table, and bodily deterioration proceeds rapidly.

Many an overfed dyspeptic, suddenly dragged by the stern hand of circumstances from a life of physical ease and plenty and forced to work out of doors, suddenly discovers that his semi-invalidism has gone, that a chronic skin derangement of many years standing has disappeared and that a new vigor and zest of life has been given him.

Not every one can spend his whole time in the open air, but a certain amount of exercise and plain, wholesome food in an amount not exceeding the body's needs can be had by almost every one. Simple moderate diet and exercise make for health. These are not faddish food theories, they are just plain common sense.—Exchange.

Clever Coral Fishers.

The coral beds of Japan are worked by clever divers in the employ of a master diver, who receives the take as it comes in, grades it and, when a sufficient quantity has been obtained, asks for bids on the lots of each grade. Representatives of the leading exporting and wholesale firms are always at hand during the season the best coral is taken to inspect the take and proffer bids. The total annual take is about 35,000 pounds, valued at \$700,000. The color of the coral has a great deal to do with the value placed upon it. The most expensive is "boko," a pale quince color. Single heads of this color, suitable for manufacture into ornamental hairpins, bring from \$10 to \$50 each. The next color in value is pink, followed by white, light red and dark red.

The First Clock.

The earliest complete clock was made by a Saracen metal worker in the thirteenth century.