

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

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

Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by order of the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, has been appointed and is now the duly qualified and acting executor of the estate of Charles Wesley, deceased, late of said county and state.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to present the same with the proper vouchers within six (6) months from the date of this notice to the undersigned executor at his residence in the city of Scio, Linn county, Oregon.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1917.
JOSEPH F. WESLEY, Executor.
HILL & MARKS
Attorneys for Executor

49-5t.

Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John W. Powell, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate with the County Clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the County Court of said county has set Monday, August 20, 1917, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the County Court House in Albany, Linn county, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to such final account, and the settlement thereof.

Dated and published the first time this 12th day of July, 1917.

MARGARET M. POWELL,
Administratrix of the estate of John W. Powell, deceased.

SAM'L M. GARLAND,
Attorney for Administratrix.

GENERAL OFFENSIVE BEGUN BY RUSSIANS

Washington.—The whole Russian front from the gulf of Riga to Roumania is reported in official dispatches from Petrograd to the Russian embassy here to be alive with battle. The Germans are said to be rushing troops from the Italian and French fronts and to be entirely rearranging their positions.

On the northern front near Riga German reinforcements are rushing up by sea transport. On the Lemberg front the troops are being shifted back and forth by means of heavy automobiles in an attempt to prevent further advances by General Korniloff. On the southern front, in the Carpathians, the Austrians are said to be in full flight.

Although the movement of the Russian infantry engaged in General Korniloff's big offensive in eastern Galicia is being hampered by bad weather, the Cossacks apparently have been able to keep up their dashing tactics. This is indicated by the report that the town of Dolina has been occupied by Russian forces.

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

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law
(CITY ATTORNEY)
LEBANON OREGON

G. F. Korinek, B. V. S.

Veterinarian
Both Telephones
STAYTON - - OREGON

C. C. BRYANT

ATTORNEY AT LAW
201-2 New First National Bank Bldg.
ALBANY OREGON

A CHILD LOVE

It Was More Than That Later

By ETHEL HOLMES

I am an old maid. I have never had a love affair and never expect to have one. Perhaps this is why I take an interest in the loves of other people. Nothing is so attractive to me as to watch a young couple drifting into that current which at first moves so imperceptibly that they are not aware they are in it. Indeed, so unconscious are they of being incipient lovers that it does not occur to them to conceal the fact from any one else.

And to me there is something especially touching about the loves of children. Some deny that there is such a thing as a pair of children lovers. I deny their negation, and I do so on a very sound basis. When I was ten years old I was in love with a boy of fifteen. This is the nearest I ever came to love.

I remember one day sitting at my window sewing when a boy and a girl passed on the other side of the road. The boy's straw hat was dingy, and there was plenty of ventilation in its crown. His only other clothing was a shirt and trousers—no shoes or stockings, nothing around his throat, his collar being open and displaying the tanned skin. The girl's clothing was neither better nor worse, and there was about as much of it.

The two were evidently absorbed in each other. What they were talking about I was too far from them to hear, but it was of vital importance. It may be that the boy had been "kept in" after school and they were indignant over time thus lost in play. It may be that some urchin had smashed the china head of the girl's doll. Whatever it was it was being discussed with animation.

And I maintain that these childish interests are of more real importance for the time being than those which come later. No addition to an adult's stock of wealth gives the same zest as a new toy to one of these little people.

Often afterward I saw these two and always together. In this they were different from other children who play, boys with boys and girls with girls. I learned that they were Henry Morse and Lila Bunker, a farmer's boy and farmer's girl. Indeed, we were all farmer folk, all knew one another, everybody being interested in some degree at least in every one else, a simple community and more than usually free from the petty jealousies common to mankind.

Henry Morse's father was determined that his son should have a good education, and the boy was sent away to school. After this I used to see Lila going by our house, but no companion supplied Henry's place. She was always alone, and I fancied her thinking of her other self. But this was simply fancy on my part. As I have said in the beginning, not having had any love affairs of my own, I conjure up love affairs for others. In this case of Henry and Lila I knew nothing of what was passing between them except from observation, so I may be excused for filling in occasionally that the story may not seem too disconnected. At the last I was present and shall not have to draw on my imagination.

When Henry came back from school there was a more modish appearance to his clothes and to his manners. Poor Lila, who had remained on the farm, had only an unadorned beauty, freshened by pure air and sunshine. They were now about sixteen years old, though Henry was half a head taller, and I could not see that their interest in each other had waned, though the childish unconsciousness that they were of different sex had disappeared. I used to see them go by the house together as formerly, but the prattle of childhood had given place to the more sober conversation of youth. I often wished I could hear what they were saying to each other.

Henry did so well at school that his father decided to send him to college. I wondered what effect his four years' association with young men and women of the world would have on my pet love affair. I feared that Henry, having become used to the polished girls he would meet, would return to see in Lila a country girl lacking the airs and graces of her sisters of the city. Would this alienate him? It was to be expected that it would. And, though country born and bred myself, I don't know that those of us who go to the city and acquire city ways are to be blamed when we return and yield to dissatisfaction with country ways.

Henry remained away a year at college before he came back to the farm. Then one July morning, when sitting at my window darning socks, I looked up, and there on the opposite side of

the road were the couple I had first noticed eight or nine years ago as children. Though Henry was plainly dressed, his clothes were not country clothes. It seemed to me that he might pass anywhere as a city bred young man. And Lila—how my heart went out to the poor child in her effort to dress in a fashion more in keeping with the apparel of those girls to whom Henry had been accustomed. It was all infernal with me, but it was plain to see that she had prepared herself against his return to modify the difference between her and their habiliments.

I wondered if he noticed this and if it pleased or displeased him. Surely her effort was not very successful. In the country one may get city fashions, but it is not every worker who can make them up. But in the few moments they were passing it was impossible for me to tell if there had been any change in Henry's feelings for Lila. So I placed out the story in this wise: Henry was beginning to see the difference between her and the girls he had met. I mean by "her" her clothes—a certain deficiency in what city people call chic. I am not referring to Lila as a soul, not even as a body, for in bodily beauty she would doubtless far surpass many a city girl. Well, what do I refer to? Why, clothes and manner; that's all.

After this Henry seldom came home during vacations. I heard that he usually went camping with his fellow students. At any rate, I lost track of my lovers. I was reluctantly obliged to consider my story, if not finished, at least passing through a stage of interruption. Henry had become interested in a career which would have nothing to do with farms or farmer people. When he was graduated I learned that he was intending to study medicine. But before he entered a medical college his father, who spared no expense on his education, sent him abroad. When I heard of all these matters, which were taking him farther and farther away from provincialism and his provincial sweetheart, I groaned in spirit, for I saw that my love story was likely to end in nothing.

It was some time before Henry was to leave the medical college that I heard bad news of Lila. They said she had some trouble that was dragging her down, but the doctors could not discover what it was. They could not diagnose it—that is what they said of it. Her father sent to the city and brought a doctor to the farm especially to see if he couldn't tell what was the matter with her. The doctor said he couldn't find any organic trouble, whatever that means, and the only remedy he thought might benefit her was change of scene. He advised her father to take her on a trip. But Farmer Bunker couldn't afford to do that, and Lila didn't care to go.

I considered this merely a part of my love story. It was plain to me that Henry Morse had drifted away from the little girl I had seen him going by our house with when they were children, and the parting was killing her.

They say story writers often fall in love with their imaginary characters. Therefore it's not strange that a story creator like myself should fall in love with a real person of flesh and blood. I had always known the Bunkers, so I went to see Lila. That was in the spring—May, I think. I found her sitting in an easy chair at her window, pale, languid and without interest in anything. It may be that she divined by my bearing toward her that I knew what was the matter with her. At any rate, when I went up to her, took her hand and drew her head down on my shoulder she left it there and seemed to get relief from the tears that came.

While she was weeping on my shoulder I was thinking. Not having any lover to bring back for myself, I wished I could bring back one for this poor girl. And I formed a plan.

But it was some time before I carried it out, not till summer came. Then I told Lila's parents that I thought it would do her good to come and make me a visit. Since Lila said she would like to do so, they consented, and within a few days she was in my room, the room from which I had first seen her go by with her child lover. I said nothing about Henry Morse either as boy or man any more than if he didn't exist. But when I put Lila in an easy chair at the very window from which I used to watch her and him, and thought of her as she was then and saw her as she was now I made up my mind that if I was going to make a good, real story of her case I couldn't rely on things to happen themselves. I'd have to bring them about myself.

I was thinking, too, that my love story had been going on long enough, and it was time it was brought to a close. Besides, Lila was so weak that I feared in her condition she'd contract some real disease. So I wrote Dr. Henry Morse, who had just been admitted to practice, that I had a patient in my family who was dying of some disease that none of our country doctors could tell anything about, and I would pay him whatever he asked if he would make a flying trip and diagnose the case.

He wrote back that he remembered me very well and would run down in a few days.

Of course I didn't let on to Lila what I had done. She, poor child, wasn't

dreaming what an influence my seeing her go by my window so many years before would have on her life. I hoped Henry would come as soon as possible, for she was drooping more and more every day.

Well, one morning he came. He said he had answered my call after his arrival even before going home. I was glad of this, for I was fearful he'd hear something that might interfere with my plan. I just led him upstairs, opened the door, and he went in and I closed it behind him.

I reckon he didn't make as long a call as that on a patient for a good many years. I don't know what happened between them—didn't see the surprise of either of them. All I know is that when he came out two or three hours after he went in he looked at me as though he was going to say something, but pressed my hand instead. Then I went in to Lila. She had the happiest smile on her face I ever saw. She put her arms around my neck and cried and laughed. And that's the end of the story.

I don't see why real story writers don't do something themselves to finish their own stories.

All night fishing in the lower harbor at Astoria stopped Monday, under an order of the navy department prohibiting small craft, including fishing boats, from frequenting that portion of the harbor at night.

DR. A. G. PRILL

Physician and Surgeon

Calls Attended
Day or Night

SCIO - - - ORE.

R. SHELTON

Notary Public and
Conveyancer

Abstracts of Title Examined

SCIO - - - OREGON

THE SCIO STATE BANK

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A. E. Randall, Vice Pres.

E. D. Myers, Cashier

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