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Oregon Made Home Knitting Yarns
A great surprise for the home knitters of Oregon, but still a fact. Furthermore, this yarn is absolutely virgin wool yarn; the wool was grown in Linn county, sold by Mr. Senders to the Oregon Worsted Company (mills located at Seilwood), made into worsted yarn by Roy T. Bishop, son of C. P. Bishop, proprietor of the Woolen Mill Store of Salem. Oregon knitters try this yarn out. All colors. 45c per ball of 2 ozs. Samples sent on application. Address C. P. Bishop, Box 75, Salem, Oregon.

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**POSTAL IMPROVEMENT
WEEK IS OBSERVED**

May 1 Sees Inaugurated First
General Campaign of
Kind in Service.

Without the Postal Service, business would languish in a day, and be at a standstill in a week. Public opinion would die of dry rot. Sectional hatred or prejudice only would flourish, and narrow-mindedness thrive.

It is the biggest distinctive business in the world and it comes nearer to the innermost interests of a greater number of men and women than any other institution on earth. No private business, however widespread, touches so many lives so often or so sharply; no church reaches into so many souls, flutters so many pulses, has so many human beings dependent on its ministrations.

"Postal Improvement Week" has been set for May 1, by the Postmaster General. This is the first general campaign of its kind in the Postal Service for several decades. Business men and their organizations, large users of the mail, newspapers, motion pictures, advertisers, and the entire organization of 326,000 postal workers are to be enlisted in this country-wide campaign of interest in postal improvements. Your help is vital. Address your letters plainly with pen or typewriter. Give street address. Spell out name of State, don't abbreviate. Put your return address in the upper left hand corner of envelope (not on the back) and always look at your letter before dropping in the mail to see if it is properly addressed. This care in the use of the mails is for your benefit and speeds up the dispatch and delivery of mail matter.

If you have any complaints of poor service make them to your postmaster. He has instructions to investigate them and report to the department.

COURTESY

It sticks in human relations like postage stamps on letters. The POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT expects it to be used by its postmasters and employees in dealing with the public.

Help them in its use beginning with POSTAL IMPROVEMENT WEEK, May 1-6, 1922.

THANK YOU

A STENOGRAPHER
By ELEANOR F. DAY.
(©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"—And we are sorry to state that we can do nothing to assist you in this matter."

The hand of the unperturbed stenographer moved swiftly across the page. She was by no means surprised at the words of her employer—she was only too used to his harsh ways and methods. She was startled, however, a few minutes later to note a softer expression on the old man's face than she had ever seen before. He began to speak, and soon she realized he was telling her a story—the story of an ungrateful nephew, whom he had looked upon as a son. He had intended him to enter his firm and finally to inherit his fortune. In preparation for the bright future before the lad, he was sent to college.

"But what did that young scamp do," he fairly shouted at the girl, "but run off with the dean's stenographer. A boy with his prospects to marry a mere stenographer—criminal!"

Miss Faroff moved uneasily in her seat. "Mere stenographer," indeed. It occurred to her that in her employer's mind she was summed up in just those two words. She had often built castles of her own, in which she pictured herself loving and being loved by a handsome and exceedingly wealthy young man. But now—

The old man went right on without noticing, or at least without pretending to notice, her discomfiture.

"That was 25 years ago. I cut him off without a cent and today I received a letter—the first in all that time—asking me to finance his son in some fool business project. Like as not, the boy is just like his father, and most probably will run off with a ribbon clerk or some blonde stenographer."

And with a snort, the irate old man strode out of the office, leaving behind him a resentful little lady.

Life indeed was becoming unbearable under him. "Mere stenographer," and with a toss of her head she turned once more to her machine, and soon the rhythmic "clickety-click-click" of

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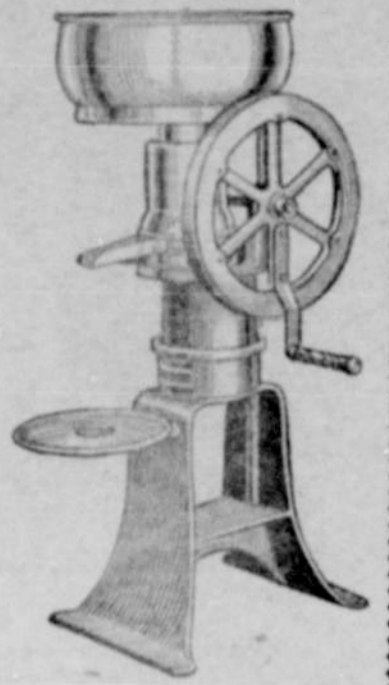
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T. E. FLEMING

SCIO, OREGON.



the typewriter was the only sound to be heard.

An hour later the quiet of the office was broken by a young man who stepped in and inquired for "Mr. Jackson, please?"

He was informed in a soft voice that the manager would be back at 11:45.

The clock hands reached 11:45 and passed it—but no Mr. Jackson. However, the visitor was by no means bored. He informed Miss Faroff that he was the son of her employer's nephew, and was seeking a business loan from him. This brought on more conversation, and his listener was so very attentive that Mr. Jackson, Jr., did not even notice the flight of time. He was quite surprised when she rose to go to lunch, and asked if he might accompany her. Anne agreed and the two went off.

At 2 o'clock the stenographer was once more seated at her desk, thinking things over. She admitted to herself she had never spent a happier hour, or ever conversed with a more delightful young man. He had left her with a promise to return the following day. And so he did, but strange to say, just after the manager had left. Of course, he stayed a while to chat with Anne, and promised to come the next day. This went on for a week. Each day he arrived just after Mr. Jackson's departure.

Finally he told Anne he had received assistance from another source, and that he was calling to see her and for no other reason. Following this explanation he asked permission to take her to the theater that evening, and received it.

The next morning Anne was startled to hear her employer ask: "Who was the fine young man I saw with you last night?" and then in a sadder tone—"I once had a nephew who looked like that. Oh, how I worked and planned for him! But now—"

The voice trailed off into silence, a silence which Anne broke by remarking nervously:

"Yes, he is fine! Would you like me to bring him to see you?"

The much flattered old man readily gave his consent, so that very afternoon Anne escorted a tall, strapping young fellow into the office. She led him straight to the manager and said sweetly:

"Mr. Jackson, meet Mr. Jackson."

For a moment there was silence, in which the two men scrutinized each other. The young Jackson felt his hand shaken in a mighty grip, and heard a choking voice stuttering in an attempt to speak.

There followed a long explanation of the injustices done years ago to the father, and a promise to make ample restitution through the son.

But when the old man looked up through his tears, he found his nephew gazing—not at him—but deep into the eyes of the girl beside him.

And as Jackson, Sr., looked from the proud smile of the boy to the flushed and happy face of Anne, he exclaimed and admitted in his heart that

"Running off with a stenographer is not the worst thing after all!"

Quieting.

Youth—My love for your daughter knows no bounds. I cannot live without her.

Her Papa—Young man, you may die peacefully and without worry. I promise you I'll defray all the funeral expenses.

Holt Gets Writeup

Oollops Golden Beauty, a Jersey cow in the herd of S. B. Holt, near Scio, Ore., finished a year's official

test January 13 with a record of 685 pounds of fat. The last of it is not yet official, but will not vary more than a pound or two. For a time Mr. Holt had hopes of making Beauty a gold medal cow and had he not been a little late getting her bred would have crowded her harder, with more feed and three times a day milking. Almost the entire herd are either daughters or granddaughters of Fox's Oollop, the dam of Beauty. This fine old cow is now on test at 10 years old, and in 255 days she produced 322 pounds of fat. Her granddaughter, Owaneco Fern's Jannette, finished a year's test December 31 with 632.5 pounds of fat—the last month not yet official. Octavia's Janette Owaneco, beginning her test at only 20 months of age, has made a record of 355 pounds, all official but 24 days. There are other good records most of them made with only twice a day milking over half the year. Oollop's Golden Beauty is by Noble King of Fair Aeres, a son of Noble Peer and Empress Lass, as are a number of others of the herd. The entire herd is of good type. Mr. Holt has used as a herd sire a full brother of St. Mawes Lad's Lady, the world record senior yearling, with 828 pounds of fat. Every cow in the herd either has a Register of Merit record or is on test.—Western Farmer.

**Stop Think
Reason**

When butterfat is selling at 38c delivered in Portland, Whoever bought butter in Scio for less than 45c to 50c?

BUT—

To increase the consumption of butter in Scio and vicinity—**two pounds for 80 cents** will be the price of MEADOW SHADE BUTTER for the rest of this week. Your eggs are as good as cash. Think this over.

Meadow Shade Dairy

Executor's Notice of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Emil Holzfuss, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor in the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, and the said Court has fixed Saturday, the 27th day of May, 1922, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., as the time for the hearing of objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

Dated and the first publication hereof is April 27, 1922.
FRED HOLZFUSS, Executor
W. S. RISSER, Atty. for Executor
Last publication May 25, 1922

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