

WANTED FOR MURDER

Carter Wayburn, sheriff of the Lone-Pine district, Arizona, mopped his forehead fiercely. This was one of his life-long habits. His being so fat and waddly accounted for it, but this time he had a reason: He was to find the murderer of John Holmes, banker of Lone-Pine, who (the murderer) had shot Holmes and then made away with twelve thousand dollars. No clues could be found. In this the murderer had been too wise for the sheriff and all the volunteers hunting for him. Sheriff Wayburn mopped his forehead once more, then arose and went to the window of his dingy little office. Seeing nothing to interest him, he opened his door, stepped out, mounted his big bay horse and started away at a gallop.

A short distance out of Lone-Pine there rode a stranger, a middle-aged, sharp-looking, weather beaten man with keen eyes and skin like leather, as tough and as brown. Nobody around Lone-Pine knew the stranger and nobody knew his name. His keen blue eyes scaled the barren cliffs along the narrow road. He smiled to himself and spurred his horse on to greater speed.

On his way along the road, Sheriff Wayburn met his right-hand man, Brethwait.

"Hello!" he called out as he saw him, but Brethwait did not volunteer to answer, although the Sheriff repeated his greeting. "What's new?" queried Wayburn. "Any trace of the murderer?"

"It looks pretty fishy to me, Wayburn," replied Brethwait. "No clues at all. We found one of your boot-tracks there though. What were you doing there?"

"Investigating." The sheriff mopped his forehead again and they rode on in silence.

Past fields of dry grass, sage and mesquite they rode until a rocky cliff loomed close to them.

"Halt!" cried a voice which seemed to come from nowhere. Sheriff and assistant both stopped short. "Hands up, you!" cried the voice again, more menacingly this time and nearer.

Then a man came into view, a sharp-looking, tanned stranger. He looked at Brethwait keenly. "Get out!" he said, then turning sharply to Wayburn, "You're wanted for the murder of John Holmes," he said simply, and turned Wayburn's horse toward Lone-Pine.

Wanted for the murder of John Holmes and the theft of twelve thousand dollars! Sheriff Wayburn reached for his handkerchief.

"Keep your hands up!" ordered the stranger and for the first time since his election three years before, Wayburn was forced to obey another's orders.

In the little court-room of Lone-Pine, Wayburn angrily denied the accusation, but after a great deal of cross-questioning poured out the whole story. How he had crept upon Holmes while the latter was sitting in his study and how he had stolen the large sum of money and slunk away; how he had hidden his well-known boot tracks but had failed to hide one of them; why he had volunteered to help track down the murderer so that suspicion would not be aroused, and other details of the cowardly murder. In the midst of it all, he continually mopped his forehead.

The trial was nearly over, with one exception. Wayburn insisted that he be told the stranger's name. The stranger grimly reached for a dirty old wallet and from it he drew a rather soiled card. Wayburn stared hard, for on the card were these words: "Bob Holmes," New York Detective Agency, New York." Convicted by the son of the man he had killed!

After the trial, when Wayburn had been sentenced to hang, he mopped his forehead and said, "I guess this'll teach me to do as I would be done by." —FRANCES WESELY.

ALL A MISTAKE

The big night had arrived! The small town, and especially the younger population of high school age, was plainly astir, and small groups had been seen excitedly talking for the last half hour. Tired-looking mothers, after long hours of tedious sewing, were nervously awaiting the arrival of the above-mentioned son or daughter of high school age, for the final fitting of the remarkable costumes, just outside the pale of the process of construction, was to take place.

This atmosphere was unusual, and therefore more thoroughly enjoyed than the daily occurrences. What was it about? Why, simply this: the first school party of the school year was being staged in the new gymnasium that night. It was to be a masquerade, and hints had been dropped that would cause one to believe, by slight deductions, that great rivalry was apt to occur over the coveted prize for the most original costume. An event anticipated since the beginning of school, and looked for with due relish for the unusual, was drawing near, nearer, and nearest.

Slowly wending their way home through the October evening, "Brick" Howard and Ellis Tompson, two prominent juniors, were discussing, as was everyone else, the oncoming event.

"Tell you what," said Brick, "From the way the girls talk, we can't tell who's who tonight. They're all about the same size, teachers thrown in."

"Sall right," replied Ellis. "Bet your shirt and pants they won't have such a snap as to discerning who their male partner is, either."

"Maybe not, but those girls are inventive, and they're all on their toes tonight. Say, wonder how that new girl, Laurice McPhailey, will make out? She's a peach, I claim."

It was evident that Ellis agreed. Laurice McPhailey, the new girl, and a sophomore in the school, had moved there just before the opening date, and as is always the case in a small school, had created quite a stir.

"She'd ought to be easy to tell," continued Brick. "No one else is so near her size we couldn't tell, unless its that crab of a history teacher we have, and she's so old acting, anyway, she probably won't be there. Well, see you later," as the boys parted.

Suppers were hastily crammed and costumes donned with great care, and at the appointed time the gymnasium was filled with light-hearted students. The costumes were original and unusual, and everyone was enjoying the looks of curiosity cast in their direction.

Toward midnight, one might have noticed a French King with a voice similar to that of Brick Howard, sitting talking to a bucolic looking milkmaid of the type found in Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes.

"Gee," the king with the voice of Brick was thinking, I could tell Laurice anywhere, even if I don't know her as well as I wish I did. Coming up in acquaintance, even though she doesn't talk much."

After discussing the latest school scandals and gossip, the subject turned to teachers. The professor was discussed and

Will be Seniors Next Year



Claude Holteen..... Holteen  
"He is wise for he worries not."  
Futurism: Aeroplane traffic cop.



Buell J. Miller..... Buell  
"A little long, short guy, of whom you know, just as well as I, and his speciality is chewing gum."  
Futurism: Commissioner of Supplies on the Planet Mars.



John Wesely, Jr..... Johnnie  
"He plays a 'sax,' and Oh! Boy. He's there!"  
Futurism: Composer of the first jazz opera.

criticized, and the verdict that he was too old to be a teacher was reached, but without much discussion on the part of the milkmaid. Likewise, opinions of the others, some favorable and some otherwise, were issued, and last of all the history teacher was discussed and, it seemed, there was a strange quickening of interest on the part of the rustic milkmaid.

"Believe me," the king with the voice of Brick was saying, "She's a CRAB! I take Ancient History from her, and we have to outline and learn each country's progress. I suppose (with doubt) that it's all right if you're studious, but that's not my style. What do you think of her?"

"Er—really, I haven't formed an opinion of her yet. I don't have a subject under her and —"

"Say, over there," called a voice, "come on over and unmask before supper."

Gaily, and especially on the part of the milkmaid, they complied. Gathered around the supper table, the masks and wigs of all the students were simultaneously removed, and by Brick's side stood the history teacher, her face contorted with suppressed laughter.

And Brick went through the floor.

—ANNA DOLEZA '25

HISTORY OF DISTRICT 95

On account of some disagreement, Scio was divided into North and South districts, and were later united under the former number, 95. The first school was taught in the town hall, then situated on the lot where the residence of D. C. Thoms is now located.

The first school house built in Scio was on the block where A. G. Prill's residence is now. In 1895 this building was sold to the flax mill company, and later burned down when the flax company had a disastrous fire.

On April 4th, 1895, the people of the community voted \$6500 in bonds for the purpose of constructing a school house much needed by the city of Scio. The old school ground was exchanged by the board with A. Montgomery for the present grounds.

Some of the bids that were sent in were those of: N. I. Morrison, H. B. Higgins, B. T. Thayer, W. E. Kelley, and many others.

The first school in the new school house opened October 7, 1895, with W. J. Crawford as principal at \$70 per month.

A. J. Johnson, Geo. L. Sutherland, and T. J. Munkers constituted the first board, with R. Shelton as clerk.

By a resolution of the following board of directors: J. C. Simpson, R. Shelton, A. J. Johnson and T. S. Coffey, clerk, Scio High School was established May 7, 1900. The first principal was J. R. Geddes, salary \$60-\$65 per month. High school opened October 1st, 1900.

—BERTHA CALAVAN '27.

Walter R.—Yes, I want some long underwear.

Mr. F. Gill—How long do you want them?

Walter R.—How long? Oh, I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them.

Miss Pentney—Who was our earliest novelist?

"Ben" S.—Scott.

Miss Pentney—No, Scott died in 1832, the most of his work was done before that.

Mr. Watenpaugh—This is the ninth time you've been late. Don't you know you can't "stay the flight of time?"

Bobby—Oh, I don't know. I just stopped a couple of minutes down the street.

Miss Pentney—Keep your eyes open these days.

"Gus" T.—Why?

Miss Pentney—Why, so you can see.

Ida (going to a chicken feed) — Johnnie, I want something to put a chicken in.

Johnnie—What will it be, casserole or camisole?

Miss Sherfy—Why are you late, Bobby?

Bobby—Bell rung too early.

"I won't stand for that noun," said the pronoun.

Bertha—When a man dies and no heir is present what should be done?

Wilma—Open the window.

Senior Class Play

Peoples Theatre

June 10, '25

(Am I Intruding)

Miles of Smiles

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