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Annual Industrial Fair

The Holley Grange will hold the annual industrial fair on Saturday Oct. 11, 1913. A corner of the hall will be reserved for the use of Sweet Home grange where they may store their exhibits using their own marks of distinction.

A special invitation is extended to all of the Sweet Home people to attend and take part in the program.

R. W. VAN FLEET
Master Holley Grange

Sweet Home Church News

Sunday school at 10 a. m.

Preaching at 11 a. m.

Afternoon service at the Santiam school house.

Preaching at 7:30 p. m. in the upper church.

Prayer meeting and Bible study Wednesday evening.

To all these services you are welcome. Come and bring your friends.

L. H. Wood, Pastor.

You cannot wrong a neighbor without injury to yourself, socially nor in a business way.

Three Red Heads

Each Was Used as a Pawn by Fate

By EDWARD C. ALSTON

One day as I was entering a courtroom I met a lawyer coming out. Something in my appearance attracted his attention. I knew very well what it was, for from childhood I had been used to exciting the attention of all who saw me. It was not I, but a head of hair of a peculiar redness. Words describe only color; they seldom suggest an especial variety of color. Mine was of a variety that few persons had ever seen before. The lawyer stopped me with the words "One moment" and stood looking at me, turning something over in his mind. Presently he said: "Your name, please."

I gave it. "Come in here." He led me into an office and said something to a man at a desk, who filled in a blank and read me a subpoena. I was ordered to be present that afternoon in the courtroom as a witness.

When I appeared I found that I was wanted in a trial for murder. What astonished me was that the accused, who was a very respectable looking man, possessed a head of hair the same color as my own.

I was placed beside him, and a woman who was giving testimony was called upon to say which of the two, myself or the accused, was the man she had seen kill her husband. She looked us both over with a puzzled expression and finally pointed to me.

The incident produced quite a sensation in court and naturally filled me with consternation. The lawyer at once called for the discharge of the prisoner, which was granted. As for me, I was required to prove where I had been at the time of the murder, and I had no difficulty in substantiating the fact that I was not within a thousand miles of where the deed was done.

The only feature about the man whose acquittal I had secured that fixed itself on my memory was his hair. He was between thirty-five and forty, while I was not more than twenty. Being in limbo, he had no opportunity to thank me for having saved him from the gallows, where he would have gone had it not been for the similarity of our hair, but I noticed him looking at me with great interest. I did not live in the place where he had been tried and left it as soon as I had proved an alibi. So I did not see anything more of him.

Twelve years passed, years that had not brought me success. I was thirty-two and had not a cent in the world. Neither had I wife or children or home. I think it was the color of my hair that told against me. On applying for a position the person to whom I went would look at my head and simultaneously reply, "There are no vacancies just now." And wherever I applied I received the same reception. The consequence was that from twenty to thirty-two I was most of the time out of employment.

But the end of this period brought a change. One afternoon just before the closing hours of business I entered a mercantile house and asked to see the head of the concern. A gentleman with coal black hair, in which there was, despite his fifty years, not a single gray strand, sat at a desk in a private office. So great was the contrast between his and my own top adornment that I was sure I would receive a curt refusal and was about to turn away when he lifted his eyes and saw me. His gaze was first fixed on my head, then was directed to my countenance. There was nothing for me to do but approach him and make the usual request.

"I'm hunting a job," I said. "I've been hunting one for months. Indeed, I'm so run down financially that I'm ready to work for a song."

I received no reply for awhile. The man sat staring at me with a strange look in his eyes, and I suspected that he was thinking of something else.

Without waiting for his answer I was turning away when he stopped me.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Any ordinary work."

"Your name?"

I gave it to him, and, taking up a check book, he wrote a check for \$50 payable to my order and handed it to me. I looked at it dumfounded.

"I haven't earned anything yet," I stammered.

"You look tired and hungry," was the reply. "Report here tomorrow morning and you shall have a job."

I was so used to attributing my misfortunes to the color of my hair that I now laid my good luck to the same cause. I had an idea that the man's action had something to do with the contrast between the glossiness of his raven locks and the disagreeable redness of mine. Probably his had brought him good fortune as mine had brought me misfortune and made him sorry for me. At any rate, this was the only interpretation I could put upon it.

I found it very easy to cash his check and spent a part of it in buying a good dinner. The next morning I reported myself to Mr. Marston—such was his name—and after a brief conversation, during which he questioned me with a view to learning what line of work I would prefer, he said that perhaps I had better try several different departments successively in order to learn for which I was best adapted.

My advancement with the Marston company was something extraordinary. I had not been with the concern a month before I was placed in charge of a department. There were employees who represented various holdings of the stock of the company who, seeing me jumped from one position to a better one, conspired against me. But with all their machinations they found it impossible to budge me. Among other things they accused me of being the cause of the loss of one of the best customers of the concern. The very next day I received an advance in salary of a thousand dollars a year.

Though there was no satisfactory explanation of all this, I knew that Mr. Marston, who owned six-tenths of the stock of the company, was at the bottom of it. I was a hard and efficient worker, but there were other employees who worked as hard and as efficiently as I. The matter was more a mystery to me than to the others, for employees of a concern managed by one man power are used to seeing that man take very sudden and inexplicable fancies among those who serve him. While I was filled with wonder, my fellow workmen were simply playing an ordinary game to pull me down and build up themselves.

I had not been with the concern long when Mr. Marston asked me to dine at his house. It was evident the moment I appeared at his home that I was an object of great interest. Mrs. Marston's grasp of the hand, the intensity of her gaze at receiving me, would have astonished me had it not been that I had received so many surprises already. The children all gave evidence of the same interest. I was treated as affectionately as if I had been some dear relative. When I took my leave I was urged to make their home my home, coming and going without ceremony.

I became sufficiently friendly with one of the heads of departments to ask him one day what he considered the cause of Mr. Marston's and his family's kindly treatment of me. He said that Mr. Marston was a very singular man. He had been accustomed to rewarding the employees of the concern for faithful and valuable service suddenly and with no reference to what the reward was given for. It seemed to be a fancy with him, and no one ever questioned or discussed anything he did. This gave no inkling of the reason for my preferential treatment, for it had begun before I had had a chance to earn it.

In two years I was made vice president of the company, and Mr. Marston, who was getting tired of the business, began to throw a great deal of the responsibility he had theretofore taken to himself upon me. I must have developed a certain amount of business capacity or I would not have been able to bear this burden for any considerable period. It was about this time that I married, and Mr. Marston gave me a house. At the time of this gift I led the way for him to tell me why he had

so favored me, but he did not avail himself of it. He turned away with a grunt, saying:

"We can't avoid fate, which is much more liable to strike than to coddle us. In the first case it does no good to grumble, and in the second it does no good to wonder. In either event we must accept what she has in store for us."

The secret came out in time. Mr. Marston was taken ill and sent for me to come to see him. I went and, when ushered into the bedroom where he lay, stood transfixed with astonishment. He had been ill two months, during which period I had not seen him. His hair had grown and for about an inch from his scalp was red and the same shade of red as my own, the rest being black. It was evident that he had been accustomed to dye it and during his illness had ceased to do so.

"It is time," he said to me, "that I let you know the reason why I have helped you. It is because some twenty years ago I would have suffered the death of a felon had it not been for you. A third person, who also had red hair like yours and mine, committed a murder. I would have been identified as the murderer had it not been for your opportune appearance with the same or a like shade of hair as the other two. You deserve no credit for having saved me from an ignoble death, but it has given me no end of pleasure and comfort to reward you as the unintentional cause of my escape. I have done it selfishly and for my own satisfaction, not yours."

"I have sent for you to tell you this and to say to you that I shall not again return to the management of the business. Fortunately for us both, you have shown yourself capable of managing a large business like that of the Marston company. I have decided to give you one-twentieth of my holdings of the capital stock of the company, for I think that the manager of a business should be interested in that business with its shareholders, and, with the holdings of my family, you will be able to keep the control. At the election which comes off next month you will be made president. I have no doubt the interests of all concerned will be well served so long as you hold the office."

Why Mr. Marston so long kept from me the cause of his preference for me he did not tell me, but I can see advantages in it. If I did not show myself worthy it would be easier for him to drop me out of the business or leave me among the lower grades of employees. But, as has been said, he was an odd man and had an odd way of doing things.

The time is not a great way off when every farmer in this country who pretends to farm scientifically will have a concrete floor to his barnyard and feeding sheds so that the waste of the liquid manures and the deterioration of the solid manures by leaching may be prevented. This is one of the big leaks on the American farm and is the more deplorable because the average farm on which this waste is taking place is in dire need of the fertilizing elements wasted.

That nature makes a strenuous effort to produce a crop even under adverse circumstances is shown in an incident reported from near Pipestone, Minn. Early in June a large crop of oats on a farm near the place mentioned was badly damaged by a hailstorm. After the storm what there was left of the crop was cut for feed and placed in the silo. But enough grain was knocked on the ground so that a second crop grew, which was just as thrifty and will yield a larger crop than was expected from the original seeding.

Experts in the bureau of animal industry at Washington believe they have hit upon a crossbreed of horses that is worth while and one that will be as tough and useful as the mule and yet possess the intelligence and speed of a full bred horse. The type in question is the result of breeding Dan, the heavy zebra in the zoological gardens, to a Morgan mare at the Maryland experimental farm. The foal resulting from this cross is pronounced most promising by horsemen, who are urging that the government procure as many more of these zebra sires as possible.

As a rule, any tree bordering a tract of land devoted to the growing of corn or other crop in the production of which considerable moisture is required will exhaust the soil of both fertility and moisture for a distance considerably greater than the spread of the branches. Where trees do not add to the appearance of a farmstead and are not needed for pasture shade there is little reason for letting them stand, for where they border the highway they tend to cause snow to block the road in winter and keep it from drying out in summer. The writer has noticed this year that many of such old border trees—chiefly soft maple, willow and cottonwood—are this season being felled.

A. SCHOLL

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