

Editorial Booster Page of Stayton Mail.

Stayton Mail

By John Alden Seabury, Editor.

Impartiality and a Square Deal to All, Whether They Be Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist or Socialist, Churchman or Pagan, With an Unbiased Recognition of the Strongest and Weakest; Let This Be Our Platform.

Entered at the post office at Stayton, Oregon, as mail matter of the second class.

Subscribers Will Confer a Favor on the Publisher by Paying Up When Due.

Paper Will Stop If Blue Cross Appears

Subscriptions When Coming Due Are Shown by Cross X Mark Once Only.



LONG MAY IT WAVE!

Stayton Time Card	
UNITED STATES MAIL.	
ARRIVE.	DEPART.
STAYTON.....	7:00 a.m. 7:00 a.m.
.....	8:00 a.m. 9:00 a.m.
.....	2:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m.
.....	3:45 p.m. 2:15 p.m.
Turner, Salem, Portland.....	2:30 p.m. 7:00 a.m.
Lyons and Mehama.....	7:00 a.m. 2:30 p.m.
Kingston, Scio, &c.....	9:00 a.m. 5:00 a.m.
.....	5:00 p.m. 3:45 p.m.

Outgoing mails close 15 minutes before time stated, except when mail stage is late. Hours scheduled are approximate only, dependent on arrival time of stages. Mail intended for points beyond towns bulletined should be reckoned according to route.

REASONS WHY WE WANT THOSE BONDS.

BONDS are the equivalent of credit, plus cash, and 90 percent of all the business of the country is done on credit.

Bonds do not constitute a mortgage on your property, merely a tax, and all property is taxed. A man might as well argue: "Well, my horse is taxed (bonded); therefore I can not sell him, because he is in bond and will be taxed again next year."

By issuing these bonds we, in our lifetime, can enjoy the advantages of good streets and city improvements; we can almost immediately have enhanced property values, which will enable us to double or treble our resources, or assets and, lastly, our money, if we want to sell.

Those who come after us will help bear the burden of all these good things, and with a growing city (which will be made possible by a bond issue), there will be 15 taxpayers 20 years from now where there is only one today. Should these bonds be not issued, there will be no more taxpayers then than now, and the moss will be still thicker on our slumbering brows.

Look at Portland! Look at Salem! Look at Albany, or Eugene, or any other of a score of cities we might name! Such places have invested, and profited thereby.

Stayton conditions are not exactly the same as those in other places; local conditions must govern any issue. But while we do not need to go into lavish expenditure like Salem or Eugene, yet if we do not do something, neither God nor man will help us, and in another decade we may be smaller—certainly so by comparison—than we are today.

In the news article on our front page we cite a score of other reasons why we must have these bonds, and we are confident, with the Mayor, that when the people understand just what a bond is, and what a bond means, they will not hesitate to vote the proper amount.

We urge everybody to attend the meeting in the Roy Block next Monday evening. If any one of you has any tangible reason against these bonds, let's hear it; we are sure there is no valid argument or objection which can not be answered in favor of the bonds.

We wonder, with the postmaster, whether many of the young people of this city are as untidy in their own homes as they are in the post office, and other public places. There, they stand around and eat peanuts and other provender, throwing the shells on the floor, together with innumerable bits of paper and other husks which properly belong in a can of waste. The effect, after five minutes of these young people's presence, is one of filth and disorder. Visitors to the post office frequently have to wade thru little piles of paper, banana peels and nut shells, which crunch under their shoes as they proceed for the mail. Such untidiness would not be tolerated for one minute in the drygoods or other stores of the city, where both young and old congregate in as large numbers as they do in the post office. But custom seems to dictate that everything unusable shall be deposited on the floor of all public places, such as post offices, sidewalks or depots. We venture to say that just one peanut shell placed between the collar and the epidermis of some of these thoughtless ones would cause them to eject same. Then why not be as particular about outward as inward appearances?

The exercises of Farmer's Week including the special program offered by the School of Domestic and Art, attracted 340 men and women to the Oregon Agricultural College this year. Of this number 135 are women who are studying the problems of home building and 205 are men taking the work in fruit growing and general agriculture.

Editor's Scrap Book

GRAND OLD ROCKY POINT.

Where moonlight gleams on sparkling streams and snowwhite mountains rise, O'er looking forest, lake neath summer azure skies; Where fragrant flowers bloom and give perfume to every one.

CHORUS
O there is where I want to live, in grand old Rocky Point.
O there is where I want to live, in grand old Rocky Point.

It is my home, there joy has come and I delight to be, With gentle, constant, happy ones endearing life to me, By cherished choicest charms of love to hopeful spirits known.

CHORUS
My heart is there, I want to live in grand old Rocky Point.
My heart is there, I want to live in grand old Rocky Point.

Some sweetly sympathetic thought oft brighten dreams of night. I wonder if it is the time, when angels wing their flight To kindly visit earth, and leave their dewey kisses on

CHORUS
The flowers growing around the homes in grand old Rocky Point.
To remind us we are still remembered in grand old Rocky Point.

I have no wish to ramble, nora foreign land to see: My home, it is the dearest spot of all this world to me, 'Tis a place where true and helpful love, so many deeds have done.

CHORUS
I want to live I want to die in grand old Rocky Point.
I want to live I want to die in grand old Rocky Point.

SPELLING AVERAGES.

Following are the schools making the highest average in the Marion County spelling contest of Feb. 4, 1910: "A" division, one-room schools. "B" schools, having more than one room.

Principal.	Dist.	Pct.
W. J. Smith	"A"	105 95.3
Marie Garrow		7 91.3
R. L. Young		91 85.6
Rebecca Smith	"B"	71 99.1
M. Anna Nash		99 94.9
Nellie Colby		77 91.7

Fifth Grade.		
"A"		
W. J. Smith	106	100
Marie Garrow	7	90
Christine Ripp	115	90
"B"		
M. Anna Nash	99	97
Rebecca T. Smith	71	96.2

Sixth Grade.		
Minnie Zoelch	5	99
Ethel Goodrich	117	98
Rebecca T. Smith	71	98
Nellie Colby	77	95
Seventh Grade		
W. J. Smith	106	94
Anna McCormick	86	92
Mrs. Minnie Stephens	65	92
Anna Nash	99	96.6
R. L. Young	91	95.6
Eighth Grade		
Prul Miller	32	97
Marie Garrow	7	94.2
M. Anna Nash	99	95.3
Mrs. I. Flanigan	21	90.8

LOCALS.

Not less than two dozen friends assaulted Castle Seabury Tuesday night, on the occasion of the fourteenth wedding anniversary of the editor and his wife. The attack was successful in every sense of the words, and the presence of so many well-wishers is appreciated. It being also Washington's "birthday" little hatchets (the not the cutting kind) were much in evidence.

Lafe Thomas was a passenger on the Creep & Eat R. R. Monday, both ways from Albany to Corvallis, in which latter city he recently bought a half interest in a barber shop. His time in Stayton was limited, principally because all his friends took five minutes apiece to shake hands with him.

Comment of Others

Albany Democrat: The Stayton Mail was 15 years old this week and celebrated the event by moving into new quarters. The Mail is a newsworthy journal and a credit to its home town.

Portland Journal: Stayton Mail, 15 years old, moved into new quarters; a good local newspaper.

Churches of Stayton

Baptist
Sunday School at 10 a. m. H. N. Huntley, Superintendent.

Catholic
CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Stayton; Rev. A. Laineck, priest in charge. High mass second, fourth and fifth Sundays 8:30 a. m., Priest's address: Sublimity, Oregon.
St. BONIFACE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Sublimity; Rev. A. Laineck, rector. Low mass 8 a. m., high mass 10:30 a. m., first and third Sundays in the month; high mass 10:30 a. m., second, fourth and fifth Sundays. Vespers at eventide.

Christian
Services the first and third Sundays Rev. S. E. Childers, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H. Hobson, superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m., Stephen Taylor, president. Ladies Aid society meets each Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Quick, president.

Methodist
First Methodist Church, Stayton. Rev. F. Hall Reeves, pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., and every Sunday evening at 7:30; S. S. 10 a. m., A. D. Gardner, superintendent; Sons meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Methodist Episcopal services at Mehama second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m., at Lyons same days 2:30 p. m.

Calendar of Events

1910 MARCH 1910						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

SCIO.

Stayton Mail Correspondence.
SCIO Or., Feb. 24.—Mrs. Grace Gouch visited relatives at Gooch for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Mooley is here to hold a meeting at the Baptist church.

Walter Stam spent Sunday at home.

Miss Cleo Johnston was a guest at the home of Mrs. Charles Warner last week.

Mrs. Nellie Swartz of Salem is a guest of Mrs. W. W. Williams.

Miss Minnie Carpenter entertained the Young people's Sunday school class Friday.

The club dance was largely attended as the dance at Shelburn was called off and their crowd came here.

Mr. Harold Peery of Springfield is visiting friends and relatives at Scio.

The High school boys will play the Albany Madison Street school Saturday.

Grant Davis was a visitor at the Warwick home over Sunday.

Vilas Phillips will soon occupy the Phillips property.

Willie Caldwell is in receipt of yet another letter relative to his bountiful yield of Oregon potatoes last fall, this time from C. B. Ragdale, Box 54 R F D No. 4, Washington, Ind. The Indian wants to buy 5 bushels of these fine potatoes from Mr. Caldwell who has already replied to his request.

The item from which all these letters sprang was originally published in the Stayton Mail, and has been copied by farm and weekly papers all over the Union.

ROCKY POINT.

Stayton Mail Correspondence.
ROCKY POINT, Or., Feb. 24.—J. T. Hunt made a business trip to Sublimity Wednesday.

Mr. Gilmore went to Stayton for a load of feed last Thursday.

Jake Staiger made a trip to his father's last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seible passed thru our burg Thursday on their way to a larger town.

Norris Hunt called at Mr. Hill's Wednesday and purchased a fine rooster while at the house.

Carry Nott of Union Hill was a caller to our city Wednesday.

The Union Hill Dramatic club met at the church for practice. Those who attended were Lucile and Lizzy Robards, Lou Ashby, Mae and Dick Tate, Marion Hunt, Wayne Ashby, and Max Hill those who failed to appear were Frank Smith Sylvia and Elwin Carter and Clarence Hunt.

Tom Hill was a Sublimity caller Saturday it has been solved why it takes Mr. Hill so long to get to Sublimity and back the reason is he has to see the ladies all home first.

Ed Tate was seen on our streets early Sunday morning.

Several of the young people attended the dance at Victor Point Saturday evening.

J. T. Hunt and daughter Helen, called at the Robard home at Oak Grove Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Staiger called at the Robard home one evening last week.

Martin Smith of Oak Grove was seen on our streets Saturday.

Mr. Tucker of Macleay, was in our city last week.

C. J. Hunt called at Mr. Gilmore's Saturday.

Tom Tate was seen on the Beaver Glen stock farm Saturday.

Albert Frank bought a fine calf of Henry Schmitt this week.

Mr. Thomas of Silver creek bought some baled straw from Albert Downing this week.

Francis Prange, the Sublimity merchant called at Mr. Hunt's this week.

J. T. Hunt took his drill over to Sublimity Friday for repairs.

Some of the boys got game one night this week and went coon hunting they report very good luck.

W. Hurt of Union Hill was seen on our streets this week.

Mr. Gilmore called at the Hunt home Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Hunt and son Norris, were Sublimity callers Saturday.

Mr. W. H. King, who has been spending a few days at his ranch at Union Hill, returned to his home in Salem last Saturday.

Sim Williams of Union Hill passed here on his way to Stayton Saturday.

Diek and Pat Tate made a business trip to Aumsville Saturday.

Dock Darst and Lew Caste 1 were hunting cotton tails last Saturday.

Shedecks of Union Hill past by Saturday with a four horse load of fencing wire.

J. T. Hunt and family spent Sunday at the Downing home.

Elwin Carter and Marion Hunt spent Saturday in Stayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Carter spent Saturday in Silverton.

Frank Smith returned home Saturday evening from his farm near Shaw.

Ellen Frank called at the Downing home Saturday.

The February issue of the Fruit Grower, published at St. Joseph Missouri, is an Annual Gardenage number, and comprises 80 pages and cover. It contains a number of interesting articles on the subject of spraying, marketing and packing of fruits, in addition to a mass of interesting data on the subject of gardening. One of the main features is the story telling how readers of the Fruit Grower raised the Giant Radish from Japan, Sakurajima, to an enormous size, some of the radishes weighing as much as 23 pounds. The article in question is profusely illustrated and gives reports from a number of readers who have grown real giants of this giant radish. Sample copies of the Fruit Grower will be sent free to our readers, who will write to the publishers and ask for them.



Wischer Drucker!

Nau geht es mir noch in meine alte Tage schier noch, wie em weise Salomon: es summe ab Weiver un welle mich verheirathen. Es scheint, ab wann ich igne uf dem neie Pflter besser gefall, wie uf em alte. Do hab ich schun en bar Briefe kriegt, alle von Wittweiver, was mit mir anhandle welle. Se frage, es ich net en Robidjen hat, mei Bordinhaus zu vertausche. Ich hab juchst gelacht, wie ich's gelesch hab un dann die Briefe in d'r Ofe gestekt. En Weibsmensch vun Allentoun amer scheint zu glabbe, se braudt juchst zu sage Deller, dann leit ab schun en Woricht druf. Se schreibet deneweg:

„Mei Heimer Hansjörg! Du verlabbst doch, dah ich Dich deneweg heef, beche ich gleich Dich. Schun viele Johre les ich Dei Briefe un ich kann schier net warte, bis die Heilung summt jede Woch. Wie Du dann leyfste Summer lange Zeit net geschriewe hofst, war ich bang, Du wärst verleidet gestorwe. Nau hab ich amer gefehne, dah Du noch am Leve bist un dah Du hofst Dei Pflter nemme losse grad wie Du alleweil ausqufst. So en weiser alter Mann! hab ich zu mir selwert gelacht un ich hab grad mei Meind utgemacht, dah ich Dir schreibe wet. For grad plehn rauszufumme: wie dälst Du gleiche, Dei Bordinhaus ufzuzugeme un Dei Heimech mit mir zu mache? Ich bin en Wittfrab, ebaut finzig Johr alt, wieg 175 Pund in mei Strumpfode, hab en nett Kee Käuvel net weit vun wo die Allentoun Fähr gehalte werd, mit en bisfel Garte derbei un egen noch en Lot. Bis do anne hab ich en Rändyschappde gehalte — juchst for Heilverdreib; amer wann mir en Wargen made fenne, dann geb ich sell uff. Hl, was Du zu schaffe braude dälst, war lo en bisfel zu heffe im Gaus, Heier im Gang halte, Koble hole, die Wch fortbrage un im Summer d'r Garte un die Blume tende. We lexter werd Dich gut fuchte, wie ich aus eens vun Deine Brief gefehne hab. Supphohen, Du summscht nächste Sunday nimer, mid zu sehne. Fähr die Gämiltten Stroß naut mit die Lettric Gar bis nächst zum Fährgrund un dann frog juchst noch d'r Polly Schee, un enig ebber kann Dich in mei Gaus direkt. Des Weiter werd sich dann vun selwert finne. Nau vergeß net. Mit viel Lieb, Dei Polly.“

Dummesdag nochemol! hab ich gefacht, wie ich den Brief gelesch hab. Die meent Wisni! Ich hab dann meiner Bordinfrab des Schreines vorgelese, weil ich gedenkt hab, es war en guter Spah. Do bin ich amer schee anfumme. Anstatts zu lache, is se bees morre. „Well“, segt se, „wann es Dir bei mir verleidet is, dann geh ewe zu d'r Polly. Ich halt Dich net.“ Un derbei hot se recht bees dreigequft. — „Nau amer, sei doch verständig! Denst ich alter Kerl bin nährlich? En Weibsmensch, was en Rändyschappde hot un wo enig Ebber mich direkt fann — verheißt, was sell meent? Un enihau, finzig Johr is se alt, segt se; dann werre's wol schier sechzig sei; un 175 Pund wiegt se ab. Des war nau ebber for mich. Gaud mich ab un lach net!“ Se hot mich angequft, hot aber doch lade misse—en Sein, dah d'r Friede wieder hergestelt war. Dan his ich gefacht: „Nau welle mer erich; en Spah hane mit seler Polly. Ich schreib ihr, ich hat d'r groß Reh verkraucht un kennt fen Schub anziege, so dah ich erich in zwee Woche fumme kenn. Se hot drum so lieb sei un mir ihr Pflter schide.“ — „Denst se dhut?“ hot se g'fragt. — „Schule! Un enihau zwee Sent fann mer dran spende.“ Ich hab dann en recht verlichter Brief geschriewe un for ihr Pflter g'fragt — so, wie se alleweil war. Drei Dag druf is es werlich ab schun fumme. Do hot es Spah gewe. Grad wie ich mir gedenkt hab, 175 Pund hot se gefacht! Ich wett se is 275. So en Unmutter! Die Dergaged ganz mit Sped inewochsel! En Kopp schier wie en Aufschmoos! Un was nirmuzige Abhe! Un so ebber kriegt noch lo Robidjen! Mei gute Bordinfrab hot dann ab gefehne, dah ich net in Gesebe bin. „Was dülst nau?“ hot se g'fragt. — „Gar nix. Rec Antwort is allemol doch en Antwort. Des Monstrum—ich meen des Pflter—schid ich jurid, des inwig fann se dann in d'r Heilung lese. Wann mir lewe bis nächste Verbst, dann gebne mir zusamme uf die Allentoun Fähr un dann welle mer sell Paradiesle aus ebaut finshunnet Dard Entferring anqude.