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V. P. LANCEFIELD

THRU ARABIA WITH HOMER DAVENPORT

Homer Davenport, the noted American cartoonist, lectured in Stayton two evenings the past week. While here, he told some things about Arabia not generally known in this country.

It was Mr. Davenport's boyhood dream to visit the land of the Anazeh, in the Arabian desert of Asia, and several years ago, in company with Jack Thompson and Arthur Moore, he was fortunate enough to fulfill his early dream in reality. Davenport and Moore are still alive, but poor Thompson died of desert fever after returning to New York.

The three places which the cartoonist and Oregon traveler tells most about in his lecture on Arabia are Alexandretta, Aleppo and the plain of Anazeh, where he was made a blood brother of the ruling sheik, Akmut Haffez. The sheik also presented him with a beautiful Arabian mare and gave him a slave boy, Sied Abdallah, who accompanied him back to America. Sied, really a Nubian, is as black as man can get, and beats the coffee march at Mr. Davenport's lectures.

Mr. Davenport visited Constantinople before entering Arabia, and there obtained a document from the sultan, Abdul Hamid, permitting him unmolested passage throughout the Ottoman dominion. While by the Bosphorus he secured the rare privilege of being allowed inside the Solomnik during its occupancy by Abdul Hamid, and while there he drew a sketch of the late sultan, and at the risk of his life, as pictures of the sultan are not allowed, the penalty of their possession being death. All pictures shown in this country, or Turkey, of the sultan, are photographs of his brothers, but Davenport shows the ruler so recently deposed by the Young Turks. Abdul Hamid looks harmless and benevolent enough in the cartoonist's sketch, though his bloody record belies his looks. After he left the Sublime Porte, it became known of the Turks that Davenport had this lifelike likeness of the sultan, and armed soldiers searched him out in the hills to arrest and execute him. But the American consul made a midnight ride and warned Homer about an hour before the troops arrived, and Davenport successfully hid the picture in a bale of hay, thus preserving the wonderful picture and making unnecessary diplomatic complications with Uncle Sam avert his impending death at the hands of the Turks. This picture was drawn July 29, 1906.

Arriving at Alexandretta, the most unhealthy city in the world, the three Americans made haste to leave it as soon as the formal inspection by the Turkish customs officers was over. The party followed the splendid old Roman road to Aleppo, reaching Antioch en route about midnight. Most of the traveling in Arabia is done by night, the heat of the day being terrific. Antioch, Mr. Davenport explains, was at one time the largest city in the world, today it has only 28,000 inhabitants. This fact is emphasized when one gazes upon the immense cemetery just outside the city, says the cartoonist. Books of travel on Arabia tell about the people of ancient Antioch being very restless in disposition, and Mr. Davenport says he found out why the first night he was there. After looking under his pillow—his bed being in a sort of wooden trough—he saw what was waiting for him, and, tired he was, he and his companions spent the rest of the night first on one leg, then on the other. The next day they proceeded to Aleppo, which was little better so far as sleeping was concerned.

At Aleppo, a city which is situated in the heart of the desert, and where at the end, Homer Davenport made the fortune blunder, as events proved, of calling on the war sheik of the Anazeh before he visited the Turkish governor of the province. He did this

by noticing the pearl-like teeth of an Arab, who on inquiry was found to be of a tribe of Anazeh, and who then piloted Davenport and Thompson into the presence of Sheik Akmut Haffez, the one man in Arabia whom he most wanted to see and the only man capable of insuring him safe passage across the scorching sands to the tented city of Anazeh, with its 500,000 warriors, men who make their living by war and know no other peaceful pursuit than the scantiest kind of agriculture. Akmut was so overcome by emotion when he learned who his visitors were, and that they had called on him before they had even seen his arch enemy, the Turkish governor, that he presented both

Davenport and Thompson with an Arabian horse apiece. Then he escorted them into the presence of the governor, who, not to be outdone by his enemy, also gave Mr. Davenport a horse, a fine brown stallion which had been given by the desert tribes. Pictures of these fine animals are shown in his lecture by the returned Oregon traveler. Unlike the popular belief about Arabian horses, none of them are spotted, all being of one color, and Davenport explains that while there are thirty varieties of Arabian horses, none are spotted. All hold their heads erect naturally, and bits are not used in riding or driving them by the natives. These horses, by far the finest in the world, are also the fleetest, hardest and most graceful. Ten of these steeds were brought to the United States by Davenport, and one of them brought \$6,000 when sold in California. If he did nothing else as a result of his Arabian trip, say equine experts, Mr. Davenport improved the class of horses in Oregon and California and New York by this importation of the ten best Arabian horses he could pick.

Everywhere in Arabia, points out Mr. Davenport, the traveler sees great trains of camels bearing licorice roots from the desert to the Mediterranean sea for shipment to America tobacco manufacturers. He relates that when he first realized what these camels were conveying he thought of an old friend of his back in Silverton, Or., who was probably the greatest tobacco chewer in the States, and he began to think what a noticeable difference it would make in the camel trade of Arabia if this Webfooter would reform.

Aleppo, he says, is a hideous place, hot, nauseating, filthy. It contains a reeking population and also about 40,000 dogs. The dogs are scavengers, but owing to the heat of the place all of them were neglecting their duties and the stench which filled the cooped up atmosphere beggared description. The streets of Aleppo are too narrow for two vehicles to pass, and when two conveyances meet in the alleylike thoroughfares the lesser traveler gives way to the greater by doubling on his tracks to the next crossroad, into which he backs while his superior passes. Aleppo contains probably the greatest fortress in the world, built 2,000 years before Christ. It is miles in circumference, but is no longer used for defensive purposes.

When the Americans were taking their equine gifts out of the pasha's gardens at Aleppo, all his servants stood thunderstruck to see these Christians laying hands on what they had always considered as property sacred to Moslem. In parting, the Turkish governor shook hands all around, and Davenport says the Turk seemed so impressed with the rare occasion that he held on longer than seemed absolutely necessary for so hot a day; it was 130 in the coolest shade! Moore escaped both handshaking and the probable gift of a fine horse by staying at their lodgings in a blue funk, due to the excessive heat and filth of the place. Davenport says getting the blues in Aleppo surpasses anything in the blue line he has ever experienced.

It was at Aleppo, in 1906, that Gen. Hassan Tehsin Pasha, the richest man in the Ottoman empire and second in authority only to Abdul Hamid, lived an exile. As Hassan's popularity grew when in Constantinople, the sultan became very suspicious and one day called him in audience. Gen. Hassan was sent to Aleppo, ostensibly as governor of the province, but when he arrived there was informed that he was the sultan's prisoner and a life exile. Later, when Abdul was deposed by the Young Turks, Gen. Hassan returned to Constantinople and there rode triumphantly thru a welcome arch erected in his honor. He is today governor of the largest province in southern Arabia.

Davenport says the hotter it gets in Arabia, the more clothes the inhabitants pile on, especially about the head and neck, as the dry unhumid heat of the desert, almost always above 135 in the shade, when there is shade, is fatal if it effects prolonged contact with the naked body. This accounts

for the remarkable amount of clothing worn by Sied Abdallah, the Bedouin boy who is now with Mr. Davenport in Oregon.

Mr. Davenport, Thompson and Moore spent 17 days at Anazeh, and enjoyed every minute of it. Yet in all this time no one but Thompson saw any women. The mother is the goddess of the Arab tribesman, and it don't much matter who the mere father may be. Woman is idealized by them, says the traveler, and we betide the man who slurs the gentler sex. Not that their women enjoy the same freedom as men, for they don't, but with the Arab there is no one so pure as woman. Davenport says the Arab is the most moral man in the world, and cites many facts to prove it. They are also a cleanly people. When Thompson sneaked around a bunch of camels and snapped a small group of Arab women with his camera, the episode nearly cost him his life, but this picture is shown along with others.

On his return trip, the pyramids of Egypt are shown in a vista which shows also the modern trolley poles of an electric railway. Mr. Davenport advises all Americans hurry if they ever expect to see the pyramids unadorned with patent medicine posters and Chew Cut Plug paintings.

Upon his return to New York, with the ten Arabian horses, Mr. Davenport received a call from Buffalo Bill (Col. William F. Cody). The famous scout asked Davenport if he would loan him one of the Arabian horses for his use at the Wild West performance in Madison Square Garden, to which Davenport at once consented. Col. Cody told him: "I've been advertising my Arabian horses for 25 years, but to this time I have never seen one." Cody rode the horse all right, and it is told how picturesque this great horseman of the Far West looked astride a stallion of the Far East. Sied Abdallah, the Bedouin boy, is as great a horseman as Buffalo Bill, and handles a spear as an American would a bamboo cane.

When in Stayton, Sied met "Uncle" Charlie Eisenhart. "He looks just like the great sniek of the tribes of Anazeh," observed Sied; and Davenport assured his audience that this was the boy's highest compliment.

Horse Show.

The Annual Horse Show at Salem will be held Friday and Saturday, April 8th and 9th. This event is one of the most important of its kind to the farmers of the Northwest, where the farmers and stock men can see the best horses of all breeds.

The first day of the Horse Show will be exhibiting the different horses in a magnificent parade. The second day will be devoted to a sale. At this sale buyers and sellers will assemble from all parts of the country, and as the entries of stock are to be printed in catalogue form and sent broadcast, there will be no difficulty in finding buyers for all available horses in the country.

Last year the Salem Horse show equaled the annual State Fair exhibition. Probably 40,000 people were here to see it. This year it will be better and a larger crowd is expected. Low rate for round-trip tickets are granted by the railroad.

The Horse Show Association, of which C. L. Dick is president and R. L. Paulus is secretary, is a permanent organization, so that this event will be handled in a businesslike manner from year to year. It is planned to erect a bleacher and grand stand along the streets, which will be taken down and stored for another season. There is a movement on foot to erect a \$25,000 auditorium in which this event will be held in the future.

The Willamette Valley farmers should attend an exhibition of this kind and give it their hearty support, as it is more largely to their benefit than anyone else's. The exhibition is at Salem and will do her utmost to entertain all in a loyal manner.

SUBLIMITY.

Stayton Mail Correspondence.

Francis Prange has reenlisted as a pupil in our school here, endeavoring to recall some of the knowledge of which he allowed to escape from his storaged wisdom.

Miss Anna Kimmin, who for the last 3 weeks was visiting her mother, Mrs. Jacob Klotch, returned to her work in Portland, where she is employed by one of the leading business concerns.

The only sign of spring we have been able to detect of late is, that as soon as a ray of sun breaks through the clouds all are out with the hoe and the rake preparing their spring beds for a few of our well known delicious vegetables.

F. H. Thompson, M. D., physician and surgeon, Stayton, Oregon. 43

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