

The STAYTON MAIL

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Two Tragedies

The tragedy in Salem last week, when Mrs. Jellison gave her four children poison and then took the fatal dose herself, and the famine in China, have a peculiar significance when taken together. You may wonder what connection there is between the two; look closer and you will see it. Mrs. Jellison could not make a living for her children and send them to school, as she must according to our school law; and the Chinese are dying for want of sustenance. Do you see the connection now?

Some of our beneficent wealthy men, such as the Hon Ben Selling gave, so we understand, \$25000 for the Chinese relief fund. How much have they given for the relief of the poor, the sick, the down-hearted of Portland? Yea, verily, a philanthropist is without honor except he give in large amounts and to a foreign race.

I remember several years ago that during a famine in India the grand old U. S. A. was called upon and responded as usual with a whole shipload of corn and wheat. Soon came back the answer: "Don't send any more corn or wheat, send money. We have plenty of wheat in the storehouses, but no money with which to buy." Simple, wasn't it? The landlords (English) had gobbled the available supply; a short year told the rest. A famine; English granaries full; starving natives; call to the United States; the English sell at a high figure, and are paid with American money.

The same old game is being worked in China. There is no doubt that millions are short of food stuff, but the traders (mostly German this time) have the rice in their warehouses. Has China called for food? No, everytime it is money, money with which to buy food. How much more beneficial if this money were diverted into American charities! But there's a reason why it is not—a political reason.

If our much-vaunted civilization had not been as cruel as a Nero to the poor and the unfortunate, there would be at least five more happy, smiling faces in Salem today. But still these conditions exist, and Mr. Common People himself encourages them. This fall he will repeat the same old performance, throw his hat in the air and "whooper up" for some bombastic old cuss who can look as wise as a sewer rat in a Prince Albert coat and box-toed shoes. Same old story, same old gag, same old fraud. You who went to the Salem morgue to look at that sight which no more pitiful could be imagined, think of these things and ponder on the rights of an American Child to food, health, education and happiness.
E. M. O.

Northwest Clips

Cottage Grove now has the largest grange membership in the state.

The climate of Alaska is said to be changing—for the warmer, fortunately.

The citizens of Lakeview are preparing for a development league meeting.

The southern Oregon mines are attracting the attention of many big mining men.

The city of Albany has passed an ordinance forbidding any more public dances.

Mrs. W. J. Baker says that the Hood River orchards were set out before the Civil War.

Work has been commenced on the big 2600-foot tunnel on the Oregon Eastern near Vale.

Eastern companies have placed an order for 50,000,000 feet of Washington and Idaho lumber.

Two gold-crowned teeth were found in the gizzard of a hen belonging to Chas. Prem of Eugene.

It is expected that the cornerstone of the eastern Oregon branch hospital will be laid about April 1.

Butte Falls will have a first-class gravity water system, having voted \$10,000 in bonds for its construction.

Oregon Agricultural college is now planning to send a poultry demonstration car to travel over the Southern Pacific lines.

Convinced that the accident was unavoidable, the United States marine inspectors have decided to make no further investigations into the grounding of the Santa Ana.

SCHOOL NOTES

The 6th grade has begun the study of industrial maps.

Everett Moore and Buelah Hasford entered school this week.

After a prolonged sickness, Miss Bessie Claw is with us again.

The primary room is studying Henry Wardsworth Longfellow.

The 6th and 7th grades received the highest average in attendance last month.

The 4rd grade has finished the third reader and is now reviewing and reading a supplementary reader.

Loomis Rossell returned to school this week after attending the West Stayton school for the past four months.

The 2nd grade has finished the prescribed work in arithmetic and has taken up the multiplication tables.

The 9th and 10th grades are studying their classics, Irving's Sketch Book by the 9th grade and Joan of Arc by the 10th grade.

Those absent on account of sickness this week were: Alvie Myers, Delbert Shepherd, Gertrude Shepherd, Heit Pancoast and Henry Eccleston.

An Alaskan grand jury has returned indictments against seven business men for maintaining a wharfage monopoly at Skagway.

Two samples of hen fruit weighing close to four ounces each, produced by Cottage Grove bid-dies, are on exhibition in that city.

The Widow That Was "Called"

By M. QUAD.

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When they had finished the Methodist meeting house in the village of Hampshire there was nothing left to buy paint. It had been hard work to get the last shingle on the roof. They said they would leave things as they were for a couple of years and then finish up, but the two years ran on to ten, and not an improvement had been made. The church building had become weather beaten and dilapidated, but Deacon Harner and Deacon Smithers said:

"The Lord ain't askin' us to put on style. He will keep track of us in a stable as well as in a palace."

The only kicker was the Widow Saunders.

There was talk at intervals of at least painting the pews, but it never amounted to anything more than talk. There seemed to be a general feeling that when the Lord got ready to have the pews painted he would give a sign. Meanwhile ministers came and went. It was a poor parish and poor pay, and there was no religious fervor. In addition to this, the Widow Saunders had to be reckoned with. She never kept still for a month at a time. She was full of schemes to improve those pews, and it was a cold week when she did not call on the parson to say:

"I am trying to live so that I may go to heaven when I die, but I dunno."

"Why, Sister Saunders, what is it?" would be asked, although the good man well knew what was coming.

"It's them pews. You may have noticed me there last Sunday. I went to worship the Lord, but I had a crick in the back, a twist in the shoulders and a limp in the left leg, and I was thinking of liniments instead of the golden shere. Parson, if I don't go to heaven them pews will be to blame for it."

More than one parson tried to get the congregation started on the delayed improvements. The men would come together and talk over what ought to be done, but at the same time find an excuse for putting it off a little longer. There is always a climax to everything, however, and one came in this case. Of course it was the widow who brought it about, though she didn't plan to. She went over to Medina to visit her sister, and there was a religious revival on. Her pulses were stirred. She made profession anew. Evening after evening she felt her soul throbbing, and she finally called on the revivalist to ask: "Brother Bebee, do you believe that individuals have a mission for good or evil?"

"Certainly, sister—certainly," was the reply.

"Do you think a humble widow woman like me has one?"

"I do, and it is for good. There is no telling what you may accomplish if you set about it in the right spirit."

"I have sometimes thought I had a mission to paint the pews in my church over home, but I've worked for twelve years without accomplishing anything."

"But keep it up—keep it up. All of a sudden some day you may feel that you have a call, and then you will be shown the way."

As the widow afterward explained to her friends:

"The very next night I was awake by a voice saying to me that I had a call to paint them pews myself. I had waited and waited for others, but they had fallen by the wayside. It was now for me to do the work with my own hands. I had never used a paint brush, but the call would guide my hand."

The widow's sister had a lot of left-over paint around the house. The colors were white, red and black. She sympathized with the mission, and she mixed them together and used kerosene to thin the stuff down.

Not until next Sunday morning did any one in the village even suspect what had been going on. Some of the congregation hardly suspected it until they had taken their seats. The paint hadn't dried. It wouldn't dry until the last trumpet blew and perhaps not then. It smelled and smirched and smeared and stuck. Some got more and some less, but each and every one carried away a portion. Of course there was no sermon. There couldn't be. There was an investigation instead, and something awful happened at that investigation. For the first time since he joined the church Deacon Smithers swore. When the widow explained that she had had a "call" to paint the pews he waved his arms in the air and bellowed:

"A 'call' be darned! By the great horn spoon, you orter be made to lick it all off!"

"Deacon Smithers," replied the widow, "the revivalist over at Medina said that—"

"Durn the revivalist!"

For a week the affair threatened to disrupt the congregation. Then various other people had "calls." The paint was scrubbed off as well as possible, the pews torn out and rebuilt and a painter hired to put on two coats of white, and, once having tackled the work, it was continued until the outside of the building was painted and a spire pointed to heaven.

And a little later the pews were cushioned, and the Widow Saunders could say to the minister:

"I can sit all through a sermon now and not have a kink or twist, and I am just as sure of going to heaven when I die as I am going to have buck-wheat cakes for breakfast."

EASTER

is the next event of importance on the calendar and not a great way off. To be sure you want a new dress or a new suit of clothing, Shoes or Hoisery to keep in step with the busy bee known as the

OFFICE SEEKER

who runs across the street to extend the glad hand and ask all about your health and how old Towser is getting along.

WE CAN FURNISH

you with a very good supply of goods for the Easter Holiday at a closing-out price.

TROTTER'S STORE, Stayton

Mt. Pleasant

Fox Thayer was in Stayton Tuesday.

Ada Thayer spent Sunday with Mabel Townes.

Miss Mary Peters visited the school last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. H. Senz spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. M. F. Ryan.

Miss Grace Shank visited with Mrs. Lambert and daughter Sunday.

Church services were well attended Sunday morning and evening.

H. Senz and wife spent Sunday at the Nick Endre home at Jordan.

Corra and Tona Ray spent Sunday with Verna and Bessie Shank.

Rev. Ketchum was entertained at the H. Shank home Saturday and Sunday.

Joe Senz is home for a few days from the saw mill where he is employed.

Mrs. Harold Townes is spending a few weeks at the T. Townes home.

Mrs. R. Brenner spent Sunday at the home of her parents, P. Lambert and wife.

Fred Smith was severely burned last week when he upset a kettle of boiling water on himself.

Fox Thayer, Leslie Townes, Frank Haberman and Linn Lambert were Jordan visitors last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Ryan and daughters, Josie, Marguerite and Anna visited at the John Huber home last Sunday.

Floyd Shelton and wife spent Sunday at F. T. Thayer's. They intend to move on Mr. Thayer's upper ranch in the near future.

SILENT MEN.

Wallenstein, Who Never Smiled, Was the Most Dramatic of All.

Washington's reserve made him stiff, formal and ill at ease in company, but it also prevented his plans from being betrayed to the enemy and the country from being deceived by his promises.

William the Silent was frugal of words, because a reserve that concealed his designs, even from those acting with him, was necessary to the independence of the Netherlands.

The most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the antagonist of Gustavus Adolphus and the commander of the emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' war. He insisted that the deepest silence should reign around him. His officers took care that no loud conversation should disturb their general. They knew a chamberlain had been hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer who would wear clanking spurs is the commander's presence had been secretly put to death. In the rooms of Wallenstein's palace the servants glided as if phantoms, and a dozen sentinels moved around his tent charged to secure the silence the general demanded. Chains were stretched across the streets and roads in order to guard him against

the disturbance of sounds. Wallenstein's taciturnity and love of silence that caused him to be irritated at the slightest noise was due to his constitutional temperament. He never smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could not endure to be gazed at, even when giving an order. The soldiers when he crossed the camp pretended not to see him, knowing that a serious look would bring them punishment.—Exchange.

Concrete Stays Put.

As concrete gets older it becomes harder and more durable—that is, of course, if the concrete is properly made. The usual means of wrecking a house have not the slightest effect on concrete. The sledgehammer, the drill and dynamite must be used. Acids might be used to disintegrate the concrete, but the expense would be enormous. The only thing to do is to loosen the material with explosives and then break it free from the steel re-enforcement with sledgehammers, and that is a long, tedious job.—Boston Advertiser.

Duration of Steel.

Nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. A bar or a plate of steel that lasts a year in service may be regarded as perfectly durable.

Continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called "panting" a boiler's end, is the most trying for steel which, according to an expert, is "tumultuous in youth, trustworthy in middle age and beyond reproach in old age."

Queer Newspaper Names.

The Italians are naturally an imaginative race, and the titles which they give to their newspapers, especially in the provinces, fully confirm the fact. Here are some instances of the curiosities:

At Aquil, in Piedmont, there is Il Bollente (the boiling one); at Gerace, the Circus of Nero; at Messina, the Lightning; at Lucca, the Second Lightning; at Monbercell, the Inflexible; at Catania, the New Marionettes.

Humorous publications rejoice in even stranger titles. We have the Contropelo (shave against the grain) at Naples, the Two of Spades at Turin, the Slap in the Face at Bologna, the Pif Paf at Palermo, the Brush at Cattania, and the Mosquito at Savigliano.

Misses at the Bargain Sale.

Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today. Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap? Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Select your new suit for Easter Early

and get what you want while the assortment is complete.

BEST VALUES ARE GIVEN HERE

and the people know it for we are selling a good many more suits now than we ever did.

COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER

Our Chicago special at 20 dollars can not be duplicated anywhere. Don't forget our full line of fancy and fresh stock of groceries.

Prices always the lowest at

W. F. KLECKER'S
STAYTON'S BEST STORE, Stayton, Oregon