

The STAYTON MAIL

Published every Thursday by
E. M. Olmsted and W. C. Parry

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Stayton, Marion county, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. All communications should be addressed to THE STAYTON MAIL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.50 per year in advance
Advertising Rates on application
CARDS OF THANKS—\$.50 OBITUARIES—\$1.00 up.

Positively all papers stopped on expiration of subscription

A preacher in the middle west predicts the annihilation of the world in 1913. Who wouldn't, living back there?

And Mexico tells Uncle Sam, none too politely, to mind his own business. Which may be interpreted to mean that the Greaser republic is bidding for a real good spanking.

It is said that there 50,000 women in New York who support their husbands. That may account for New York's ability to support two big league teams.

If the women crusaders bring the price of eggs down much lower it may have unexpected good results. Street corner orators will take the hint.

If the government should win all its suits against the Southern Pacific Company, that corporation will have to make a radical revision of its list of assets.

Doctors say that a man with a cold in his head is a menace to society. How about the man with "cold feet"?

FINAL NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Wm. Humburg, one of the administrators of the estate of Ottomar Luetlich, deceased, has this day filed his final account in said estate, and the Honorable County Court of Marion County, Oregon, has fixed and appointed Monday, February 3, 1913, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the County Court House, in Marion County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of such objections to such final account, and for the settlement thereof.

Wm. Humburg, one of the administrators of the estate of Ottomar Luetlich, deceased.

Carey F. Martin, Attorney for Estate.

Dated Dec. 23, 1912. 1-23

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NOTICE

We have put on a stage to West Stayton, morning and evening, which meets the north and south bound trains. Stayton Stables. tf.

HOW'S YOUR SOLE

Watters the old reliable, is back in the shoe shop for the winter. Come in. tf.

Don't fail to attend the New Year's dance at the Opera House. 12-26



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Head of the Family

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

"As soon as I go into a family," said my bachelor uncle, "I can tell which is the head of the house, the husband or the wife."

I sat up and took notice of this. I was to be married within a few weeks to a young lady who thus far had given me before my slightest wish.

"Can you tell that with an engaged couple, Uncle George?"

"Only on general principles."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nine women in ten are sharp enough before marriage to make their husbands think they're dying to be mastered. As soon as the ceremony has been performed they begin to get him under."

"Pshaw! I felt myself turning pale at the prospect before me. "What would you do," I asked, "if you had been married and your wife commenced the get-him-under racket?"

"I wouldn't be married in the first place. Ask your father. He knows."

"How is it, father?"

"All husbands must give in to their wives sooner or later, my boy."

Here were two men of experience of whom I should have learned. But the experience of age is of no consequence to youth. It occurred to me that I would bring on a trial as soon as I had returned from the honeymoon to determine which had the stronger will, my wife or I.

I tried in various ways to get up a wrangle between my wife and myself, but in everything I required she gave up so cheerfully that I began to think if my father was right my case was an exception. If my wife announced that we would have lamb for dinner and I insisted on beef, beef it was. If I wished to go to the theater and she wished to stay at home we went to the theater, and if the wishes were reversed I still had my way. I invited my uncle to dinner just to show him that it was I who was head of the house. He came. I undertook to do a bit of training by way of illustration, and it succeeded beyond my expectations till a matter came up of very little consequence, but upon which my wife seemed to have set her heart upon having her own way. She wore a dress with a trimming which I did not like, and during the dinner chat I suggested that she change it. She made no reply, and I said nothing more at the time.

When my uncle departed while helping him on with his overcoat I said, "Well, Uncle George, who's boss in my house, my wife or I?"

"Your wife."

"What makes you think so?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!"

I followed him out to the stoop, trying to get him to tell me why he had set me down as second in the family, especially after I had furnished such excellent proof that I was playing the first violin. He would not satisfy me, but finally said, "Let me know whether your wife changes the trimming you spoke of at dinner."

A week after that I was at my father's home when Uncle George came in. "Hello, Bob!" was his cheery greeting. "What are you doing here? One would suppose so soon after marriage you would be billing and cooing in your own domicile."

If I had known I was to meet him there I would never have gone myself. If I had had warning of his coming I would have slipped out the back door. As it was he caught me in a trap. I suppose I looked embarrassed. At any rate he continued:

"How are you getting on at home, my boy? Everything serene? No tiffs yet?"

"Nothing serious?"

"How about that trimming? Has she changed it?"

"No, but she will, or by the by—"

"Oh! Has it become necessary for you to put your foot down?"

What was the use of keeping up any pretense of deception? He had me in a corner, and I might as well out with it. "That trimming," I said, "has become the test as to which is head of the house, my wife or I. We're fighting it out now."

"You don't mean it! But you're not fighting it out here, are you?"

"I am."

"And Belle?"

"Oh, Belle; she's at her mother's."

"That's too bad."

"We've been having a monkey and a parrot time of it. By the by, uncle, how did you know that there was likely to be trouble on the score of that trimming?"

"Happened to be looking at Belle and saw a small storm in her eye."

"She didn't say anything?"

"That's just it. When a woman rages, fear nothing. When she doesn't say anything, look out."

"How do you know all this? You've never been married."

My uncle made no reply to this. He changed his tone to one of fatherly advice. "Go home, my boy, and give in. Though a bachelor and called a woman hater, I am not the latter. I've watched husbands and wives for twenty years, and my observations have taught me that the man is head of the family in certain things, the woman in other things. It's plainish in a man to wish to have his way in everything. What's a bit of trimming to you?"

That was the end of my trying to be the head of the family in anything except that for which nature intended me to be head.

THE TABLES TURNED

By F. G. STIEGER

Silas Venable, an old darkey who had taken his name from the former owners of his family, was as good a man as ever lived. He had gravitated north late in life and was entirely uneducated. In his southern home he was known to be above reproach; in his northern home, when accused, he must take his chances like other suspects. A diamond had been lost which Silas was accused of stealing. Indeed, the owner declared that the stone was lying in a room into which Silas had gone to replace some rugs he had been cleaning. The gem was missed as soon as he came out of the room, and he was searched. It was not found, and the owner believed that Silas had swallowed it.

Casey, the owner of the missing property, determined to frighten the old man into confessing the theft. Getting a few friends together in his house, he appointed one to play the part of judge, another to defend the prisoner, while he set himself the part of prosecuting attorney. Silas had never been charged with crime in his life and, having never been in a courtroom, knew no more of the organization of a court than a three-year-old child.

"Silas Venable," said the judge solemnly, "you are accused of stealing a valuable diamond. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Silas rolled his eyes about wildly and said:

"Fo' de Lawd, Jedge, I don't know nothin' about any di'mon'."

"My client pleads not guilty," said Jones, the prisoner's counsel.

"Your honor," said Casey, "I propose to prove on behalf of the state that the prisoner stole the property and, being suspected and accused before he could get rid of it, swallowed it. I intend to look into the stomach of the accused and find out whether the lost gem is there."

"How yo' gwine to look into my stomach?" asked Silas, much frightened. "Yo' hain't gwine to put a pipe down my front wid a candle in it, air yo'?"

"Will your honor explain the X ray process to the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor.

"Does it hurt, Jedge?" asked Silas. "Not at all. You won't feel it a bit."

"All right. Go ahead," said the prisoner confidently.

His ready assent somewhat surprised the court, who had supposed that there was no doubt but that he had done the theft. But Casey, taking the darkey's confidence for bluff, proceeded with his plan. Producing a pair of binoculars with a scale for distance attached, he affected to adjust the latter carefully, then, putting them to his eyes, pretended to look into the prisoner's stomach. Silas did not seem at all troubled.

"What do you see, Mr. Casey?" asked the judge solemnly, while some of those present put their handkerchiefs to their faces to conceal their laughter.

"I see first small bits of chicken."

The expression on Silas' face changed at once. He looked badly frightened.

"I thought we would get at the truth," remarked the judge, diving into a lawbook before him to preserve his gravity.

"Fo' de Lawd, Jedge," pleaded Silas, "I didn't steal dat chicken. I bought it."

"Bought chicken at 30 cents a pound!" exclaimed Casey.

"No, sah. Job Wilson he got a chicken roost, and he sold me dat chicken 'cause I give him some table garbage I was takin' from a gen'lman's house for de chickens. He didn't charge me nothin' fo' it."

"What else do you see, Mr. Casey?" asked the judge.

"I see a little black spot about the size of my diamond."

"Do you see the diamond itself?" Casey considered that to say he saw the diamond would not be true or fair, so he claimed only that he saw a dark spot that might be a diamond.

"Fo' de Lawd, Jedge," said the prisoner, "dat spot ain't no di'mon'. I done didn't steal it."

There was so much honesty in the old negro's face that his accusers gave up this "third degree" game, and when his counsel demanded his discharge Casey assented.

"Would one ob de gentlemen object to lookin' into Mr. Casey's stomach?" asked Silas.

Casey looked a bit annoyed. His friends, anticipating more fun, demanded that the negro's request be granted. Jones seized the binoculars and brought them to bear on the new subject.

"What do you expect to find in Mr. Jones' stomach, Silas?" he asked.

"Oysters."

"Yes, I see oysters. What else?"

"Lobster salad."

"Why, certainly. I cannot only see the meat, but there's a claw in his stomach."

"When and where," asked the judge of Silas, "did Mr. Casey eat the oysters and the lobster?"

"Well, Jedge," Silas replied, "I war gwine past a chophouse yisterday, and I saw de gen'lman havin' a supper with yo' wife."

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