

# THE STAYTON MAIL

19th Year, No 17.

STAYTON, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1913.

Serial No. 899

## The "General's" Picnic

**G**OIN' into town, Mir'um?"

"Not today, gin'ral. Was there anything special?"

"No; only I thought if you was goin' to the postoffice—but 'tain't no matter."

"Not today, gin'ral; some other time."

She did not turn to look at him, but she seemed to see him just the same—his white hair blowing under his battered, wide rimmed hat, his bent figure shabbily dressed in a faded suit of blue.

"I wish he'd get his letter and his pension, poor old gin'ral!" she murmured. "The general" was only a nickname, and most of the people at the poor farm said he was "cracked in the head" and that the things he talked about were "only his notions."

The general was not looking for a letter that evening. For once he had



SHABBILY DRESSED IN A FADED SUIT OF BLUE.

forgotten the postoffice in the unwanted pleasure of a newspaper to read.

"Just think, Mir'um, they've been havin' an old soldiers' picnic over to Jacksonville! There was an excursion in the cars to a place where they had a big dinner, and there was military

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## STAYTON BALL TEAM LOSES TO MILL CITY

Last Sunday was surely gala day in Mill City. The advertised excursion train rolled into the Kingston station at a few minutes before ten o'clock and one hundred and thirty happy excursionists boarded it for the city on the upper Santiam to witness the ball game between Stayton and that city.

At two thirty the teams lined up for a battle royal. Not a man touched home plate until the sixth, when Mill City got one. The millmen run in two in the seventh and two in the eighth, while the locals could pile up but two, one in the seventh and one in the eighth.

Mill City had imported several players to help them out, and that they got good ones for their money was evidenced by the final score which stood 5 to 2 in favor of Mill City.

The local boys put up a game fight all the way through, playing an almost errorless game. It was a fine day, a good game and a nice trip and everyone came home, glad that they had gone.

## J. W. MAYO TAKES JOY RIDE SUNDAY

Walter Mayo had quite a joy-ride last Sunday. While spinning along a road not over one thousand miles from here in Stanley Stewart's buzz wagon, an old cow attempted to cross the road in front of the machine with the usual results.

It was some mix-up for a few minutes, but both Walter and the old cow came out without a scratch. The machine was less fortunate and had the jew-rigger broken off the dew-dad.

Walter got out, however, and cranked the crank until the kapeter said kapunk, kapunk, and came back to town not much worse for the wear.

There's some more to the story, but you'll have to ask W. J. about it.

## CITY COUNCIL MEETS

The City Council met in special session Tuesday night of this week for the purpose of establishing a grade on West Water Street. All the members were present except Blakely.

## THE REUNION A Memorial Day Incident



**H**ELLO, there, comrade! Thought I'd come To one more camp before I'm mustered out and pitch my tent Upon the other shore.

What was your regiment? Mine was The Fifth Ohio. We Fought with old Grant, you know, and marched With Sherman to the sea.

What's that you say? You fought with Grant And marched with Sherman too? Yes, I'm Bill Jones of Company K, But who the deuce are you? Do I remember Mission Ridge? I ought to; but, old scout, My eyes must be a trifle dim— I can't quite make you out.

You're who—Bob Henry? Not old Bob? By hokey! But you are! You derved old ornery sea cook! Say, Bob Henry, put her thar! Where have you been? I hain't seen you Since back in sixty-six. I thought you looked familiar, but My old eyes play me tricks.

Well, this IS a reunion, Bob. I lost all track of you. I thought you must be dead. What's that? You thought that I was too? Well, we are lively dead ones, Bob. They'd find that out, you bet, If Uncle Sam should call on us. We've some fights in us yet.

Come on; let's talk it over, Bob. It kind of seems us two Should have a heap of things to say That are long overdue. I think that it will take a week To get my system free. We'll fight again with Grant and march With Sherman to the sea.

## TOUR OF INSPECTION

Luther J. Chaplin, U. S. Farm Management Investigator, accompanied by C. O. Constable, Fruit Inspector for Marion county were in our city for a short stay last Friday.

They were on a tour of inspection and went from here to Jordan Valley. They also left literature concerning the Lectures to Farmers by Prof. Shaw next Saturday, May 31, at the Armory, Salem.

## HAS COME TO STAY

That the automobile as a commercial vehicle has come to stay is evidenced by a special train of twenty-six cars loaded with 154 auto trucks now enroute from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. The trucks were shipped by the Lincoln Motor Works at Chicago on May 15, consigned to B. F. Taylor and Company of Los Angeles, and are due to reach California on May 23. They are valued at \$80,000.

## PROSPECTS WERE NEVER BETTER

Despite its unlucky final figures, the year 1913 promises to set a high record for business and industrial progress. A report just made by a leading commercial agency states that prospects for a good year were never better throughout the Pacific Northwest. Territory Sales and collections are good, manufacturing is going ahead well and, best of all, the prospects for good crops are excellent.

An indication of the confidence felt in the future is shown in the announced expenditure of about \$75,000,000 by the various corporations in and about Portland during the current year on improvements, extensions and betterments. Bank clearings show a gain every month over the corresponding months of former years and 1913 looks like a big year for the whole Oregon country.

## SEES ANOTHER CELEBRATION IN SIGHT

Eugene has another celebration in sight. When the Portland, Eugene & Eastern interurban electric line completes its road from Corvallis to that point, hats will be thrown in the air and a general jollification will be held. Western Oregon cities have been rather busy of late welcoming new railroads.

## FARM IS NAMED "WINTERBROOK"

G. F. Johnston, of Lyons, has been granted the privilege to call his big agricultural farm near that place by the name of "Winterbrook." This is pursuant to a custom adopted recently throughout the state that each farm be given a name to be registered with the secretary of state. Through this course there will be no conflicting in names.

## SELLS OUT

Roy Mullinix has sold his interest in the Bureau Bar to E. P. Schott of Sublimity. Mullinix will migrate to Washington and locate near Spokane.

## 1863 1913 GETTYSBURG Fifty Years After

**I**N all the centuries, with their innumerable wars, there have been few great, decisive battles. The world has been full of bloodshed and carnage and the horrid rapine that goes with war, but among the battles innumerable there have been but few that greatly influenced the world's history or decided the fate of nations.

Cressy in his standard work on the "Decisive Battles of the World" names but fifteen of them between Marathon and Waterloo, and of all that were fought before and since those epoch making dates none has been greater or more decisive than Gettysburg.

The town of Gettysburg is a peaceful little place, brightened and freshened somewhat since the war-time, to be sure, but only slightly larger than then and not very different in outward appearance.

Several things about the battleground impress the uninitiated visitor. First is its vast extent. It embraces twenty-five square miles. You may ride over it all day and not see it all.

In its monuments and its carefully marked sites of interest it is the most remarkable battlefield of the world.



THE SUMMIT OF LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Here, scattered over the hills and fields, are no fewer than 600 monuments and tablets. Most of them are of elaborate and artistic design, costing all the way from a few hundred to a hundred thousand dollars.

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## The Flag of Our Nation



**T**HE union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The union of states none can sever;  
The union of hearts, the union of hands  
And the flag of our Union forever!

## The Sleep of the Heroes



**U**NDER the summer sun and stars  
And under the winter snow  
Our heroes sleep, unvexed by wars,  
While the seasons come and go.  
Kissed by the dew and gentle showers  
And arched by the blue above,  
They sleep today 'neath a world of flowers,  
Left there by a nation's love.  
—Denver News.