

THE STAYTON MAIL

19th Year, No 48.

STAYTON, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914.

Serial No 928

MOYER SHOT AS HE IS BEING DEPORTED

President of Western Federation of Miners Is Cowardly Attacked at Calumet.

Calumet, Mich.—The deportation of Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners and leading the copper miners' strike, who was escorted from Hancock after being shot and clubbed, will be investigated by the special grand jury when it resumes its sessions.

Moyer, who reached Chicago with a bullet wound from which, however, he seemed to be suffering little or no pain, told of having been clubbed and shot by the committee that deported him.

He said that James McNaughton, manager of the Calumet & Hecla mine, passed the "mob" in an auto and was at the station when they arrived. He also charged that the sheriff knew of the plan to deport him.

Chicago, Ill.—Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, and now the central figure of the copper miners' strike in the Calumet region, who arrived in Chicago with a graphic account of dramatic incidents, in which he declares he was shot, mobbed and deported from the copper district, collapsed soon after his arrival, as the result of his wounds and was taken to St. Luke's hospital.

There is only the most remote chance that the wound in Moyer's back will prove fatal.

MINERS BURY THEIR DEAD

Bodies Borne By Marchers; Thousands Form Spectacle of Grief.

Calumet, Mich.—The Western Federation of Miners buried its dead. Fifty-nine bodies, including those of 44 children, were carried through the streets down a winding country highway and laid in graves in a snow-shrouded cemetery within sight of Lake Superior.

Thousands of saddened miners formed the escort of the funeral parties and passed between other thousands who as spectators testified to the grief that has oppressed the community since 72 men, women and children were killed in the Christmas eve panic in Italian hall.

YOUTHFUL BANDIT IS SENTENCED TO DIE

Los Angeles, Cal.—John Bostick, "the El Monte bandit," pleaded guilty in the superior court to the murder of Traveling Passenger Agent Horace E. Montague and was sentenced to be hanged.

He will be taken to San Quentin penitentiary within 10 days. The death penalty, according to the sentence passed by Judge Gavin W. Craig must be inflicted within 90 days.

The crime for which Bostick, who is but 22 years old, must hang, was committed on the night of December 1. He boarded the Southern Pacific's Sunset Express at Pomona, held up the passengers of the rear Pullman and shot and killed Montague, who he thought was about to resist.

Arthur Cole and his bride, of San Francisco, were responsible for the bandit's capture December 22. The Coles, returning on the express from their wedding trip, were robbed by the bandit. While Christmas shopping on Mission street, in San Francisco, they saw Bostick. They left the car and trailed him for half an hour.

State Labor Head Threatens Arrest. Salem, Or.—Declaring that he believed the recent opinion of the supreme court placed all employees of state institutions under the application of the eight-hour law, Labor Commissioner Hoff said that he would have members of the state board of control arrested, if it became necessary, to obtain a comprehensive adjudication of the proposition. The members of the board are Governor West, Secretary of State Olcott and State Treasurer Kay.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES IN JANUARY

If you find this item marked with Red, you may know that your subscription to THE MAIL expires some time in January or the first of February 1914.

Take time by the forelock and send or hand us a dollar before the Bargain Day Offer is discontinued.

ANOTHER STAYTON COUPLE MARRIED

A very pretty wedding occurred on Christmas Day when Miss Maude Dunagan and Clifford Stayton were married in their future home on West Ida Street.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Dunagan of this city and is well liked by all her associates. The groom is one of Stayton's most highly respected young men, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Stayton, who have been identified with the city for many years.

A sumptuous three course luncheon, prepared by Miss Mabel Gardner and Mrs. Horace Lilly, was served immediately after the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Hocking of this city.

The young couple will be at home to their friends after January 10, 1914.

LITTLE BOY GETS HIS ARM BROKEN

Walter Flood, the 15-month-old son of A. A. Flood, who lives just over in Linn county, had his arm broken last Friday when the take-up on a stump puller at which his father was working, broke.

Carl Follis also got a severe bruise on his left hand. Dr. Beauchamp of Stayton set the little fellow's broken arm and the injury is getting along nicely.

ENTERTAINED CHRISTMAS

One of the many Christmas gatherings prevalent in our city, was held at the G. F. Korinek home when the Doctor and wife were at home to a number of relative and friends.

Dainty place cards had been prepared by the hostess. Covers were laid for seventeen among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ewen and sons Marion, Raymond and Hamilton of Portland, Dr. C. J. Korinek of Medford, Mrs. Sylvia Farrell of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Korinek, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Korinek and little son and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Alexander and daughter Marion.

A. F. and A. M. INSTALLS

Last Saturday night was installation night at the A. F. & A. M. Lodge of this city. Past Grand Master, Geo. H. Burnett of Salem officiated at the ceremonies. The following officers were installed, W. M., W. J. Hewitt; S. W., C. P. Neibert; J. W., H. E. Bennett; S. D., C. W. Holford; J. D., John Downing; Treas., W. H. Hobson; Sec., Frank Blakely; S. S., J. E. Yoeman; J. S., R. Harold; Tyler, J. M. Ringo; Chap., A. D. Gardner.

The Third Degree was also conferred by the Worthy Master after which a fine banquet was spread for the visiting and local members.

FIVE-HUNDRED PARTY

A progressive five-hundred party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Fery last Tuesday evening in honor of Misses Susan and Anna Fery and Joseph Fery of Portland, who are spending the holidays with relatives. C. F. Loose and Mrs. F. C. Fery carried off the first prize. A pleasant evening was spent and all enjoyed the luncheon served by the hostess.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO

clean their teeth. Neglect means poor teeth—poor teeth means indigestion. The importance of keeping the children's teeth clean is too great to be passed over lightly. This week a tooth brush and tube paste 25c at Beauchamp's.

The Old Year And the New

I WATCHED the old year fade, And with its dying light The gloom, at first a shade, Turned into darkest night. And then I said: "Tis gone The old year is no more, And memories now alone Linger along the shore."

I watched the old year die, And with its fading day There came the thought that by its death a brighter way Open up, and all things bright, We'll have success at last From specters dark as night. They'll live, but in the past.



THE OLD YEAR'S FLIGHT.

I watched the old year's flight And then said, with a smile, "Ah, now the new year bright Will bid us with us awhile!" But ere my hopeful dreams Have realized one day Is dead and passed; it seems It starts but to decay.

Thus all along the way Gravestones must mark the miles, An epitaph each day, A tomb of tears and smiles. So we begin the new (Tis old ere we've begun) To find it's aging, too, With the first setting sun.

But 'twill not always be, There'll come a living day, And all things new, and we Shall live in endless May. No gravestones then will mark The tombs where dead hopes lie. No nights of sorrow dark, Creep o'er our changeless sky. —James Daniel Cleaton.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE dawn is gray and chilly with the frost. The old year's pulse now flutters, now is still. And all our twelvemonth's deeds, For good or ill, Pass into shadow, silent, one by one. While from the night wherein we wander, lost, The new year rises with the rising sun.

A new year? Nay; 'tis but the same old year. The same remorseless round of sun and rain. Of seasons in their order, joy and pain—The old emotions playing upon strings That wax a little older, drawing near The final end of all remembered things.

Earth ages, and the very mountains nod With years, and we who crawl upon their breast Pass at the sliding sands' benign behest. Hate fades, greed fails, lust crumbles into clay, And there are left but love and faith and God, To whom a thousand years are as a day. —Reginald Wright Kaufman.

A New Year Proposal.

"What resolutions have I vowed to keep the coming year? Come, sit beside me, maiden fair, and straightway you shall hear. I've pledged myself to choose one girl from out the throng so gay And love her with an honest love forever and for aye.

"I'll work for her with brain and brawn, with all my might and main. Until I've won her everything that bonesty can gain. I'll fill her life with all that's good till life itself is done. And while we train our minds and hearts we'll not neglect the fun.

"Now, tell me, won't you, maiden fair, what you have vowed to do? For I've laid bare my inmost soul to no one but to you." "I've made no pledges," she replied in so demure a tone, "But if you don't object I'll try to help you keep your own." —Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

W. H. Downing of the Waldo Hills was a Stayton visitor Saturday.

On the Track of the New Year

NEW YEAR'S was a long time in settling upon Jan. 1 as the proper time for its celebration. Even now, in Greece and Russia, where the Julian calendar is in force, New Year's does not arrive until twelve days after the year is well on its way in the rest of the civilized world.

The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox, Sept. 22, and the Greeks of Solon's time at the winter solstice, Dec. 21, but in the time of Pericles the date was changed to the summer solstice, June 21. The Romans began the year from the winter solstice until Caesar changed it to Jan. 1. With the Jews the new year began in September in civil affairs, but in their ecclesiastical reckoning the beginning of the year dates from the vernal equinox, March 22. And, as this is astronomically the beginning of spring, the date is a logical one, and that of the 25th of March (25 being a more fully rounded number) was accepted generally by Christian nations in medieval times as New Year's.

In England Dec. 25 was New Year's until the time of William the Conqueror. His coronation happened to fall on Jan. 1, and accordingly the year was ordered to commence on that day. But the English gradually fell into union with the rest of Christendom and began the year on March 25. When in 1582 the Gregorian calendar was promulgated and definitely located New Year's on Jan. 1 most Catholic countries adopted it at once, but England did not acquiesce until 1752.

In ancient Rome New Year's day was given up to feasting and frolicking. Sacrificial fires burned continually on the altars of the twelve gods. All litigation and strife were suspended.



ALL NATIONS DRINK A NEW YEAR'S HEALTH.

reconciliations took place, New Year's calls were made and New Year's gifts bestowed. There also originated the New Year's resolution, for every Roman resolved on New Year's day to so regulate his conduct that every word and act should be a happy augury for all the days of the ensuing year.

On account of the orgies which marked the New Year's arrival not only among the Romans, but among the Teutonic races, the early Christians looked with scant favor upon the whole season. By the fifth century, however, Dec. 25 became the fixed festival of the Nativity, whereupon Jan. 1 assumed a special sacred character as the octave of Christmas day.

The giving of gifts on New Year's day has been superseded largely in Anglo-Saxon countries by the giving of Christmas gifts, but the custom still is retained in France. This custom was one of the most ancient and universally observed of New Year's day.

The druids distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe. The Roman emperors exacted gifts, and so did the English rulers down to the time of Cromwell.

The world over on New Year's it is a custom to drink to the health of one's friends. The custom of making New Year resolutions and "turning over a new leaf" is universal and, like political platforms, is as much honored in the breach as in the observance. But the temptation which surrounds frail human beings in this wicked world are many and insidious.

What a nuisance to our comfort, What reproach to him that boasts, Those habits that, discarded, Haunt our presence still like ghosts! —Kansas City Star.

Miss Nora Wann of Salem is visiting at the Hosford home this week.

Dicky's New Year

How He Came to Attend the Grown Folks' Party.

DICKY sprawled ungracefully on the floor, and at times he bestowed a sly and naughty kick upon the unrelenting legs of a chair that stood near him. His first impulse was to feel sorry for doing this, his second to look around and see if any one had noticed this little outburst of temper.

It may be that the Christmas festivities of a few days before had been too much for him; but, whatever it was, Dicky was certainly cross and inclined to weep easily.

However, neither his mother nor his Aunt Gertrude noticed how he kicked the chair nor the way he scowled upon the world in general from under his tawny curls. They were absorbed in their preparations for entertaining the guests of that evening, and for once Dicky was forgotten.

"If I was going to have a party and invite all the people in the world I'd invite my own little boy, Dicky, too. I wouldn't leave him out," quoth Dicky out of the silence.

"What's that?" asked his mother carelessly, absorbed in her own thoughts. "No, no, Dicky; this is a party for mother's and father's friends. You wouldn't enjoy it."

"Oh, but I do want to come," persisted Dicky. "I've heard you all talking about it, and I want to see the new year come in the window."

"What is the child talking about?" asked his aunt.

"The new year. It's coming in the window, and I heard mother tell how you were all going to open it to welcome it in," replied Dicky, somewhat impatient at his aunt for not understanding so obvious a meaning.

"Nothing will come in at the window, dear," said his mother gently. "It's just a pretty custom. There will not be anything for you to see, and you will be much happier upstairs in your nice warm bed."

Dicky wept a little at the time, and when the hour came for bed under the stern eye of his father he rebelliously consented to be tucked in by his nurse, although not without further remonstrances. Finding them of no avail, he sobbed his woes into his pillow, while his father and mother went below to receive their guests.

By making a brave resistance to the drowsiness that was stealing upon him Dicky managed to keep awake until the party had assembled in the parlor below. Then he crept out of bed and hung over the banisters, eagerly trying to catch sight of the brilliant people in the gathering. A man passed along the hall. Dicky thought it might be his father and scampered back to bed again as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. And then without more ado he soon fell asleep, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Downstairs the hours passed merrily, and the old year drew to a happy close. First there were only fifteen minutes of it left; then there were only five. Finally the old year had but five short periods, counting sixty seconds each, to live. The men and women gathered together showed nothing of the solemnity that underlies the merit of all such gatherings. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes—ah! They turned from the windows in surprise to see Dicky standing in the doorway.

He was not dressed for the party, and his little nightgown afforded scant protection against the drafts of the lower room. He was not expected at the party, either, and the expression on his father's face suggested that he was not even welcome there. These considerations might have disturbed an adult guest, but they mattered little to Dicky.

He did not look or speak to any one. Ordinarily his father's sternness would have sent him with a headlong rush to the protection of his mother's arms. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he went to the window, and, although his eyes were closed, his little hands unlocked the catch that fastened it and opened the great casements without a mistake or hesitation.

His mother, choking back a cry, took a furred wrap and went to cover him. His father looked, half in fright, at his brother, who was standing near.

"Be careful not to wake him suddenly," said Dr. Tom. "He's walking in his sleep!"

He raised the child gently in his arms and held him in the full blaze of the great chandelier, but Dicky's closed eyelids never quivered as the light struck against them.

When he opened his eyes he was amazed to find himself at the party after all, surrounded by men and women, who all said cheerfully, "A happy New Year to you, Dicky, dear!"

He was too drowsy to be frightened, but as his father carried him back to bed the child heard the great bells of the city calling out to him:

"A happy New Year, Dicky, dear, and many of them!"

John Potter, wife and baby visited relatives in Salem the first of the week.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Union County Prosperous.

La Grande.—Five hundred carloads of apples, 1200 tons of cherries, four trainloads of potatoes, 80,000 feet of lumber, great numbers of cars of horses, cattle and hogs, and 1,500,000 bushels of wheat form an industrial procession which is moving to the market from Union county. This county has been in extremely fortunate circumstances this year for fair prices have been realized on every product of the soil. Records have been set this year for wheat, cherries, hogs and cattle.

Jail Is Boarding House.

Salem.—Declaring that it was necessary for the man to have plenty to eat for a few days to build up his health, Police Judge Elgin sentenced J. E. Adkins, charged with obtaining a meal at a restaurant and not paying for it, to serve a sentence of five days in jail. The prisoner was thankful for the sentence, and announced that he was almost starved when, in his desperation, he ordered the meal at the restaurant.

Tragedy of Fighting Deer.

Ashland.—Trappers on Lick creek, in this county, recently came across a strange find in the way of two deer with horns interlocked, one of them a six-point buck and the other a five-pointer. The six-point animal was dead, and its carcass was being dragged about by the other one, appearances indicating that the larger deer of the two had been dead several days.

Will Seek Gold Dust.

Phoenix.—The Forbes company has secured leases from the owners of the flats along Bear creek, from Phoenix to Talent, for the purpose of washing the sand for gold. Work will begin in a few days, and will be watched with interest, as it was in this vicinity that rich gold deposits were found in 1849. The developing company is said to be well financed.

FAIRS TO BE INSTRUCTIVE

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Calls Conference.

Salem.—With the object of making the educational features of the county fairs more prominent, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles H. Hill, general director of the industrial school fairs of the state, called a meeting of secretaries of county fairs, school supervisors and all persons interested in the proposition Friday at the capitol. The action was taken by Mr. Churchill because of many requests that he take the lead in calling the conference, inasmuch as his department had charge of one of the most important features of the fairs.

A movement has been on foot for some time to enlarge the scope of the exhibitions and make the educational features more important than races and carnival attractions.

Merchant Gets "Black Hand" Card.

Copperfield.—A postcard picture of a "black hand" and a bomb, inscribed "will soon get you," was received by Samuel Aklin, merchant of this place. Aklin was one of those who refused to sign the petition asking Governor West to close the saloons here. Peace officers are inclined to the belief that the card was sent entirely as a jest.

Douglas Has Good Corn Crop.

Myrtle Creek.—The excellent corn crop grown in southern Douglas county during the past year, together with the showing made by Douglas county at the state fair and the Chicago land show has awakened interest anew in corn growing among our farmers.

Justice Joins Wife Beater.

Oregon City.—In the same cell with S. W. Moore, the man he sentenced to jail for six months for being drunk and beating his wife, George Bigham, justice of the peace at Oak Grove, faced a charge identical with the one for which Moore is completing the fifth month of a six months' sentence.

Indian Falls in Barrel and Drowns.

Pendleton.—While drunk and numbed with cold, Julius Williams, a well-known member of Walla Walla tribe of Indians, slipped and fell head-on, into a barrel of water near the O.W.R. & N. track.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for rheumatism.