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WE NEVER DISAPPOINT  
EVERYTHING FOR MAN AND BOY  
ALBANY, OREGON

## A SCRAP OF PAPER

A Story For Thanksgiving.  
By RUTH GRAHAM

Edward Olcott was convalescent, and the morning was a marvel of sunshine. There is a delicious feeling about first convalescence that I fancy is explainable from the contrast between suffering and the relief from suffering. It seemed to Olcott that he was never so well in his life, and yet it would have been well nigh impossible for him to get out of the invalid chair in which he had been wheeled to the glass enclosed porch of the hospital.

He had not been there long before an attendant dropped a newspaper in his lap. Unfolding it, he noticed some words written in pencil in a woman's hand on the margin. They read:

Dear Patient—I am very sorry for you. I hope you will get comfort from this paper, which I intend to put in the box at the terminal of the railroad for papers to go to the hospital. I pity you especially being confined on account of illness when Thanksgiving is coming on. Cheer up! On next Thanksgiving day I trust you will be in condition to enjoy a fine Thanksgiving dinner.

This communication to an unknown dear patient was signed with two initials, E. A. The newspaper was a weekly issued at a place called Edgewater, some twenty miles from the city.

"That little note," said Olcott to himself, "was written by a girl. No one else would have signed her initials. The place in which she lives is made up of residences of well to do people. I question if in all there are 500 houses. I shall have no difficulty in discovering who E. A. is, and I propose to dine with her next Thanksgiving. I would do so this year but for the fact that there isn't time and I couldn't eat a Thanksgiving dinner."

Olcott was a young man of means. The reason why he was at a hospital instead of his own home was twofold—first, he was a bachelor, without a near relative, and second, he had been recommended by his physician to go to a hospital as the most convenient place in which to be ill. Possibly in his convalescent state he was especially impressionable. Be that as it may, he read the paper that had been given him, conjuring up visions of the person who wrote the message on the margin. When he had finished the paper's perusal he tore off the message for preservation and future use.

Olcott was at an age when an appreciation for the pleasures of social life begins to lose its edge. When he was twenty he fancied that he was courted because of his attractiveness. Now that he was twenty-seven he had come to understand that he was courted principally for what his income represented. He had not lived at home since the death of his mother, when he was nineteen. His illness, during which he had been under the care of paid nurses, had made him sensible of what might be the tender solicitude of one who loved him. Sundry young ladies he had met in society had endeavored to make it appear to him that they appreciated him for himself, but he believed that any other man who could give them a home would do as well.

For these reasons he was attracted to this person who had a heart to take in an unknown person in a hospital from whom there was scarcely a possibility that she could derive any benefit.

She might possibly be old and homely, but he did not believe she was. At any rate, as soon as he was discharged from the hospital he proposed to hunt her up—that is, if she lived in Edgewater. If not, there was not much hope of finding her.

When the next Thanksgiving season came round Olcott had made the acquaintance of Miss Edith Arnold of Edgewater and had proved by securing a specimen of her handwriting that she was the person who had contributed the newspaper that he had read as a convalescent. There had been no great difficulty in this. All he had to do was to go to Edgewater, join a club there, consisting of young men and women, make the acquaintance of the residents and look out for a girl whose initials were E. A.

Miss Arnold was, as he had supposed, very young. She was barely eighteen. Olcott paid her a great deal of attention, at which she was naturally flattered. He discovered that her heart was as tender for the afflicted as he had supposed, and it was not long before he had won that heart for himself.

All this while he had the pencil message that he had torn from the newspaper in his portmanteau. But he said nothing about it to Miss Arnold, who supposed that their meeting had occurred by chance. Olcott had resolved when in the hospital that he would eat his next Thanksgiving dinner with her, and he was working up to that point. This, too, was very easy, for a few weeks before Thanksgiving he asked her to be his wife, and she accepted his proposition. Under the circumstances it was quite in order that he should be invited to take his Thanksgiving dinner at the Arnolds'. Toward its close he took from his portmanteau the scrap he had torn from the newspaper and passed it around the table. It was easily recognized as Edith's work. Then Olcott said:

"When ill in a hospital I tore this message of sympathy from a newspaper that fell into my hands. I vowed that I would eat my next Thanksgiving dinner with the writer, and I have kept my resolve."

## A Change Of Heart

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Jim Edwards was young and frisky and full of Old Nick. He was riding on a suburban train one day on his way to the city when an old gentleman of eminently respectable appearance came into the car and took a seat beside him. Jim was reading in a morning journal an account of a prizefight. The gentleman took from his pocket a copy of the Missionary Intelligencer, opened it and began to peruse it.

"Have you seen an account of the bout between Andy Sheehan and the Philadelphia Kid, sir?" asked Jim in a deferential tone.

"No. I don't read accounts of such inhuman transactions."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to see a fight of that kind. But don't you think if we kill off all blood spilling affairs it's bad for the military spirit? We must have wars, you know, even if to protect ourselves from a foreign enemy, and if we young fellows should get too soft we'd all have to knuckle under in case of an invasion. For my part I think the way the Kid stood up against Sheehan was admirable. He broke the big man's jaw and let a pint of blood from his nose."

At this the gentleman turned his back squarely on the young man and buried himself in his journal.

Jim, who had been amusing himself with the old man, smiled inwardly, much pleased at the shock he had given him. When they reached the city Jim waited till the passageway to the door was cleared of the outgoing passengers, then arose to go himself. On the seat beside him he espied a pocketbook. It must have belonged to the gentleman who had sat beside him, and Jim hurried after him, but failed to catch him. An examination of the contents of the pocketbook revealed the name of Howard Spingler and his address, besides some \$20 in bills. In a pocket by itself was a small photograph of a girl evidently in her teens. Jim fell in love with it on sight.

Instead of sending the find to the address Jim waited till evening, when he thought he might possibly get sight of the original of the photograph, then went to the house, rang the bell and told the butler who answered it that he would like to see Mr. Spingler. He was ushered into the library, where sat the owner of the pocketbook and near by, doing some fancy work, the girl of the photograph. When the old gentleman saw the advocate of prizefighting he frowned. Jim handed him the book and said:

"After you left the train this morning, sir, I found this where you had been sitting. It contained your name and address, so I am enabled to return it to you."

Mr. Spingler, without unbending, took the pocketbook. He was too much of a gentleman to examine the contents to see that all had been returned, but he was not cordial. He simply thanked Jim and waited for him to withdraw.

"Don't you think, father," said the girl, surprised at her father's want of warmth in acknowledging his obligation, "that inasmuch as the gentleman has taken the trouble to return your pocketbook in person we should ask him to rest before going?"

The father's mind was on Jim's prizefighting proclivities, and he was not to be moved to any courtesy to one of that kind.

"Young man," he said, "I have thanked you for returning my pocketbook. I do not offer you a reward, for you do not look like one who would accept it. Indeed, I was surprised to meet with one having the appearance of a gentleman advocating the barbarity of prizefighting."

Jim colored under the reproof to the roots of his hair. He had had his fun with the old gentleman, and he was now paying the price. The young lady took pity on him.

"Why, papa," she said, "so many persons take an interest in such matters that you can't blame one young man for doing so. After all, I don't think as many persons are killed in the prize ring as at football, and you know you shouted and waved at brother when he knocked down five men and broke the leg of one carrying the ball to goal."

Mr. Spingler looked embarrassed. Jim, bestowing a silent blessing on the young lady, with regained courage pushed on to undo the damage he had done by his facetiousness on the train.

"Ralph Spingler!" he exclaimed. "The great Pennsylvania football player?"

"My son," said the old man proudly. "I've seen him play some of his best games. During his supremacy on the gridiron there was no man who could down him. I congratulate you, sir, on having such a son."

"You've seen him play?" exclaimed the old man, his eyes lighting at the mention of his son's prowess.

"Indeed I have. I witnessed the game in which he fell—accidentally, of course—on Simpson and crushed him. That was a glorious game. Your noble boy carried the ball to goal amid the huzzas of every person present."

"He won the game!" cried Mr. Spingler. Polly, bring a decanter and some glasses. Our friend must drink to your brother's health."

That is the way Jim Edwards made his wife's acquaintance. It looked squally at first, but it came out all right.



IT'S just as natural for a man to sing the praises of the *Real Tobacco Chew* as it is to look at a beautiful woman.

"Right-Cut" is made from the finest mellow, rich leaf tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough.

New cut, short shred, so that you can get all the good of it.

Take a very small chew—less than one-quarter the old size. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just nibble on it until you find the strength chew that suits you. Tuck it away. Then let it rest. See how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies without grinding, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is *The Real Tobacco Chew*. That's why it costs less in the end.

It is a ready chew, cut fine and short shred so that you won't have to grind on it with your teeth. Grinding on ordinary candied tobacco makes you spit too much.

The taste of pure, rich tobacco does not need to be covered up with molasses and licorice. Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste in "Right-Cut."

One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

**WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY**  
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BUY FROM DEALER OR SEND 10¢ STAMPS TO US

## 4th of July CELEBRATION

Mill City, Ore., Saturday, July 3, 1915

Special Excursion Train Leaves Albany 7:45 a. m. at Mill City 9:45

**PROGRAM**  
**Grand Parade**  
**GAMES-SPORTS-RACES**  
**BRASS BAND**  
**BASE BALL--MILL CITY vs STAYTON**

Liberal Prizes Will Be Given For The Following:

Log Birling Contest	Girl's Race, under 15
Log Bucking Contest	Sack Race
100 yd Dash, Free for All	Potato Race
50 " " Boys under 15	Climbing Greased Pole
Fat Men's Race	Three Legged Race
Married Women's Race	Pie Eating Contest

**Come you're Welcome--Meals on Grounds**

For information, see W. C. Burcroff, Sec'y.

## The Glorious 4th

will be celebrated in various towns along the Southern Pacific and special

## Low Round Trip Fares

Between all stations in Oregon (where the one way fare does not exceed \$6.00) will be in effect July 3, 4 and 5, with final return limit July 6th.

**Convenient Train Service To All Points**

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