

The Co-operative Plan

A Farmer Ties It on an Auto

By M. QUAD

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I was driving across the country with a horse and buggy when I came to the wreck of an auto in the ditch. A farmer was tinkering at it. He had a sledge, crowbar, an ax, a cold chisel and a screwdriver and had worked up a nice little state of perspiration.

"You appear to have a wreck here," I said as I drew in my horse.

"Appear?" he shouted as he looked up. "If this isn't the damdest wreck anybody ever saw I'll eat my hat!"

"How did it happen?"

"How does anything happen to an auto with a fool driving it?"

"Was it yours?" I asked, scenting a story.

"One-fifth of her was mine up to last night. Now the whole sad remains belong to me. Did you ever hear of the co-operative plan among farmers?"

"Lots of times."

"Well, then, this was co-operation in buyin' and runnin' an automobile, and this is one of the results of it. The other result is that I am about \$300 out of pocket and have lost a widder who was goin' to be my wife. If you want to hear all about it I'll tell you, for I guess it ain't any use to tinker any more at this blasted old thing."

The farmer took a seat on the mortal remains of the auto and drew a long breath and proceeded to say:

"There was Tom Evans, Joe Baxter, Jim Williams and Si Perkins. They are all farmers and live about here. They are all married men, and each one has a gang of children. As for me, I am an old bachelor, but I was a sparkin' of the nicest widder woman in this county. The four men I have mentioned come over to my house one evenin' a month ago, and Tom Evans he asks if I would go in with 'em on the co-operative plan to buy an auto."

"How much?" says I.

"A thousand," says he.

"That's \$250 each."

"Just so, Sam."

"And the auto was bought?" I queried.

"She was, sir. She arrived here glisterin' like a star, and she excited the wonder of folks for ten miles around. We got a feller from town to show us how to run her, and in about a week we was all ready to glide around the country. Bein' I was a single man and mightily in love with a widder, they said I might take the auto out first, which was very decent of them. I felt sure I could run the machine as good as any man in the state. It was a bright moonlight night, and the whippoorwills were singin' and the katydids chirpin', and that widder woman should promise to be mine before we returned."

"And did she?" was asked as the farmer heaved a long sigh.

"She didn't, stranger, and I'll tell you why. We had gone about a mile as steady as an old horse when the auto shied at a stone in the road, ran through a rail fence, wrecked the auto, and the widder gave me fits."

"It gets interesting," I said.

"Kinder interestin', stranger—kinder so. We got a machinist to tinker \$20 worth of tinker, and the old machine could run again. Then it was Tom's turn. He has a wife and five children, and they all piled in. They was clipplin' along as happy as larks when they came to a crossroad. The auto was for keepin' straight ahead. Tom wanted to turn to the right and his wife to the left, and the result was that the machine ran into and knocked over the gulchpost and then tried to climb a fence. The whole family took a spill and was scattered for twenty rods around. No one was killed, and there was no broken bones, but the bruises are yet blue, and Tom still walks bent over like an old man on account of the jar to his spine. By this time we had all got skeery of the machine; but, it bein' now Jim's turn and he not wantin' to be called a coward, he took out his family for a promenade. As the other accidents had occurred at night, Jim went out in the afternoon. He thought there might be somethin' in the night air that affected the old critter. There was seven in the family, and they was climbin' the hill beyond the red ridge when all to once the auto gave a snort and stopped in her tracks."

"What's the matter?" asked Jim's wife.

"Durned if I know, but she's got to go!" he answers.

"And she did go, sir—she went backwards. There was screamin' and yellin' and swearin', and Joe's wife slapped his face, but nothin' did any good. That auto kept on goin' backwards until it dumped them all in the river, which was about three feet deep at that time. They was shook up and bruised and half drowned, but they were lucky for all that. They waded ashore and left the old auto lyin' on its back in the river."

"But you got it out again?" I asked.

"Yes. We had to," was the reply.

"It was in tryin' to get the old critter home ag'in that she suddenly bolted and run into a telegraph pole and wrecked herself as you see her."

"And she won't be tinkered up again?"

"She can't be. There's nothin' left to tinker, unless the blacksmith thinks he can make five wise men out of the five fools who bought her and lost about \$250 apiece. I used to think co-operation of farmers was a beautiful thing, but darn my cats if I ain't through with it!"

A Romance of Old Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago when Mexico was still a Spanish province there was a house party in one of the haciendas not far from the capital. The hostess was a young widow, and several of the young men guests were suitors for her hand. The lady, Senora Ysabel Cardona, had given her heart to one of them, Don Miguel Benarez, but he did not know it, and another, Antonio Coral, a recent arrival from Madrid, who claimed to be a grandee, was his rival.

One afternoon when the hostess and a number of her guests had been strolling over the hacienda, that Senora Ysabel might show them her fruits, upon passing up on to the veranda she missed a fan she had been carrying. It was a valuable article, being studded with jewels. A small party had arrived at the house, the others being strung along in the path they had come. Among those who were with the hostess was Antonio Coral.

"What will you give the finder of the fan?" he asked her.

"Anything I possess."

"Yourself?"

Senora Ysabel looked at Benarez, who was also present, and with a spark in her eye and color in her cheeks replied:

"Yes."

Away went all the men present to look for the fan except Benarez, who remained standing beside Dona Conchita Pollado, with whom he had been walking. Senora Ysabel looked at him, surprised that he did not enter the lists for her hand and, frowning, went into the house. After awhile those who had gone to search returned. Coral possessed the fan and had won the widow.

Evidently his being the finder instead of Benarez was a matter of great displeasure to Senora Ysabel Cardona. She gave no sign of accepting the situation, but no one was sure whether she would engage herself to Coral or not. Coral certainly had reason to suppose that she would, for she at once began to treat him as a fiancee, especially when Benarez was present.

During the evening a party of the men guests, including both Coral and Benarez, were in the billiard room. Coral asked Benarez if he would play a game with him.

"I play only with honorable men," was the reply.

For a few moments there was the stillness of death in the room. Every one present knew that the insult required resentment, and it was generally supposed that something underlay the affair. Then Coral left the room.

The next morning Senora Ysabel, who was troubled that one man should have won her hand when she wanted another, awoke very early and lay thinking what to do in the matter. Hearing men's voices under her window, she got out of bed and saw Benarez and another of her men guests leaving the house. The man with Benarez carried rapiers under his arm.

It was evident that something was about to happen, the cause of which she did not understand. Hurriedly putting on her clothes, she went out into a corridor, where she met Dona Conchita Pollado, to whom she told what she had seen.

"I can explain that," said Dona Conchita, "but will do so later. Hurry after these men if you wish to prevent bloodshed."

The two women ran downstairs and, meeting one of the Indian servants, asked him which way the gentlemen had gone. He told them, and they followed as fast as they could to an open space enclosed by surrounding trees where a number of duels had been fought. There they found Benarez and Coral in their shirt sleeves, each holding a rapier, about to fight. On the ground were their records and several other of the men guests.

"Gentlemen," said the widow, "what right have you to war my party in this way? What you are doing is an insult to me and all my other guests."

The two principals paused, but neither replied.

"I think," said Dona Conchita, "that I can explain it, and since the other who should explain it seems not inclined to do so, I will tell what I know. Ysabel, when you took hold of a vine yesterday afternoon you dropped your fan. It fell into tall grass. Don Antonio presently picked it up and put it in his pocket. Walking home with Senor Benarez, I told him what I had seen."

The statement occasioned a marked surprise in all present. It seemed impossible that a grandee of Spain could have descended to so dishonorable an act. Coral turned pale and red by turns. Senora Cardona said to him:

"What have you to say, Don Antonio, to the charge?"

"I cannot dispute the word of a lady," was the reply, uttered in a voice scarcely audible and with a bow so low that his face was invisible.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen. Senor Benarez will you accompany me back to the house?"

Benarez tossed his rapier toward his second and, with the hostess, followed by the others, except Coral, left the ground. Coral took the fact that he was not invited to return as a dismissal and went his way.

The widow married Benarez, and it was learned afterward that Coral was not known in Madrid, but was a gambler from Cordova, which place he had been obliged to flee, having killed a man under criminal circumstances.

Shot and Nights.
She had a shortest night is five hours, but her longest is more than eighteen hours.

Vain Evasions.
He—What do you think, my dear? I was held up last night on my way home—She—I know you were. I saw your friends running away after they had propped up against the door jamb—Exchange.

Talking and Looking Backward.
Boss—Can't you do this as I do it? Slavey—if I could I'd have your job as president of the company and you'd be looking for the one I gave up when I came here.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

All He Wanted to Know.
"What is the name of that queer looking garden tool there?"
"That is a hand cultivator, sir. Would you like to buy one?"

"No, thank you. I just wanted to know what you call it. My neighbor has one, and I wanted the name of it before I went to borrow it."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard Times.
A gentleman in New Orleans advertised for a man to do chores around the house, and the advertisement was answered by a colored man.

"Are you married?" asked the prospective employer.
"Yes, sir; I'm married," replied the applicant, "but my wife is out of a job. Dat's why I's got to shif' for mahself."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Pretense.
As a general rule, people who flauntly pretend to anything are the reverse of that which they pretend to. A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner, and a man who boasts that he is a sinner is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, sniveling bit of saintship about him, which is enough to make him a humbug.—Bulwer-Lytton.

England's Income Tax.
In the nature of a war tax the income tax was first imposed in England by Pitt in 1799. It was a temporary imposition and was graduated on all incomes from \$200 to \$1,000 a year, with a tax of 10 per cent on all incomes over \$1,000. Addington reimposed the tax when the war with France broke out in 1803, and the rate was fixed at 5 per cent on incomes of \$750 a year and over. On his return to power in 1803 Pitt continued the tax, and it was gradually increased until 1815, when it was abrogated. Peel revived it, however, for purely fiscal reasons in 1842, and, although his original intention was to impose it only for three years, it has continued ever since.

A CONFIRMED STATEMENT

Evidence Stayton Readers Will Appreciate.

Doan's Kidney Pills have done splendid work in this locality. Have merited the unstinted praise they have received.

Here's evidence of their value that none can doubt.

It's testimony from this locality twice-told and well confirmed.

Such endorsements are unique in the annals of medicine.

Should convince the most skeptical Stayton reader.

Mrs. M. Custer, 615 E. Third St., Albany, Ore., says: "A cold which settled in my kidneys brought on an acute attack of kidney trouble. I was so weak and lame that I could scarcely move. The kidney secretions were frequent in passage and bothered me at night. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me." (Statement given February 6th, 1906.)

Over Six Years Later, Mrs. Custer said: "I use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally and they never fail to give good results."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Custer had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dumas and a Dog.
Dumas, pere, desirous to be in the fashion during the sporting season, purchased a fine dog at an equally fine price. The next day he set out shooting in the environs of Marly. A partridge rose, and Dumas fired, wounding it. It fell about 100 feet away. Away went the dog, but simply gave the bird the coup de grace. Dumas, enraged, took the barrel of his gun to whip the dog. The dog took the ramrod between his teeth, rose on his hind legs and began to dance a polka. The famous author then perceived that the dog had not been trained to retrieve. His fame had been made in a circus. Disappointed, Dumas gave Fido to the first peasant he met.

Greyhounds.
"A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth," says a breeder of dogs. "It is on record that a greyhound beat the famous race horse Flying Childers. An absolute trial between horse and greyhound is difficult, because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to insure that the greyhound will run all he can. But a dog that can start fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty—and this is about what the greyhound does—must surely be faster than anything else that runs and has his superior only among the birds."—Detroit Free Press.

Dress and Fashions.
There are three cardinal principles among the dressmakers, milliners and designers who set the fashions of the world:

Make the fashions this year so that last year's apparel cannot be made over.

Do not make the materials too durable.

Make the styles attractive.

A French statesman, with the candor of a humorous soul, replying to the toast of a dressmakers' association in Paris, thus finished his speech, "May your styles become more and more attractive, your material more and more flimsy." To have completed the ideal he need only to have added, "Your changes more and more sudden, extreme and expensive."—Harper's Weekly.

Made a Social Outcast.

In court circles in England it is a serious matter to incur royal displeasure. The man or woman who does so intentionally ceases to be recognized by his majesty, which means social extinction. The offender's name is struck out of the visiting list of every person who is anybody in society, and should the offender be a man he is politely informed that his resignation from his club or clubs would not be out of place. No man or woman of social repute will in future know him, and if he be in the army or navy he has no option but to resign, for he will find himself cut dead by every one of his brother officers.—London M. A. P.

GOODNESS.

Do not be selfish in your goodness. Your goodness is of no use if you are not good to others. The good of goodness is that you can wrap others inside it. It ought to be like a big cloak that you have on, on a cold night, while the shivering person next to you has none. If you don't make use of your goodness, what is the good of it?—Mrs. Clifford.

FIRST BALL GAME

The first ball game of the season was pulled off at Shaw Friday, April 14, when the Stayton High crossed bats with the Shaw-Aumsville aggregation. According to the High School Bugle it was a walkover for Stayton with a score of 16 to 2.

Kiecker, Hurt, Tate and Keech covered themselves with all kinds of glory, securing several doubles, many two and three baggers and a home run. The next game will be announced later.

John Philip Sousa

The March King's stately name is known wherever music holds its own, wherever drums and cymbals throb, and orchestras hold down their job.

A Sousa march—just mention that, and mark how people smile thereat; they know what Sousa's music is; it's melody without the fizz; it's full of energy and pep, and makes old graybeards dance a step; they hear the sound of marching men, of chargers trotting down the glen, the shock of battle and the roar, and billows beating on the shore. And Sousa, when he would compose that music which the whole world knows, fills up his pipe with good old "Tux" (name 't'other brands, and he says, "Shucks!"). Tuxedo is the smoke of men who do big things with lyre or pen, who make the old world's wheels go round, whose names will down the ages sound.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
And His Band, Say:
"All the vim, energy and enthusiasm we put into the playing of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' we find in the steady use of Tuxedo."
John Philip Sousa
And His Band



THE "WHYS" HAVE IT

Likes It Then.
"Do you like to work?"
"Yes, when I have a good thing."—Exchange.

Contortionist.
A London paper accuses a politician of sitting on the fence and hiding his head in the sand.—London Globe.

Explained.
Pickens—Why have you nicknamed your wife Crystal? Dickens—Because she is always on the watch.

Wasteful.
Of course women are wasteful. Just see the way they kiss each other.—Baltimore Sun.

True Love.
The course of true love doesn't always run smooth. Sometimes it ends in marriage.—London Fun.

Wheat For the Bride.
In England it was formerly the custom to throw wheat over the bride and not rice.

Luxuries.
Stella—An elopement is cheaper than a wedding. Bella—And marriage is cheaper than divorce.—New York Sun.

Time to Dress.
When Japanese women go to the theater they begin dressing for it the day before.

Jellyfishes.
The bodies of jellyfishes are so soft that they are often destroyed by their own weight.

A Million Bricks.
A million common bricks, if piled without mortar, would make a cube measuring about forty feet.

Another Good Place.
"We can't all dwell on Easy street."

"No, but we can all live on the square."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Full Rigged Ship.
A full rigged ship has thirty-three sails, fourteen of which are jibs and foresails.

The Stuart Carnation.
The bright red Passonate carnation was the flower of the royal house of Stuart.

Dragon Flies.
For the first two years of their lives dragon flies live at the bottom of a pond.

Matrimony.
Matrimony is like freemasonry—no one knows the secret until he is initiated. It is like an owl trap—very easy to get into, but hard to get out of. It is in its first stage like a wind that fans the flame of love, but too much fanning blows it all out. It is everything contradictory, sweet or bitter, just as it is taken. In short it is—

Like a glaring light
Placed in a window on a summer's night.
Alluring all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.

Those who are out butt heads against the pane.
Those who are in butt to get out again.

—Exchange.

SURPRISE PARTY

On Saturday evening, April 15, a party of young folks surprised Clyde Hoffer at his home, the occasion being the turning of another milestone of life.

The evening was pleasantly spent in an unusual pleasant manner, the games being very full of jollity.

After spending a pleasant time refreshments of ice cream and cake were served after which there was some singing and playing by the company. Clyde was the recipient of a number of beautiful gifts, also good as he can testify by the sweets contained in one box.

WILL HAVE TRYOUT

Luther Cole, our local base ball pitcher, will try out with the Salem bunch next Sunday, having played a few innings with them last week. Cole is the best Stayton has in his line and will make good in the Capital City.

Keep your eyes peeled with Mr. Miller.

Grocery Bargains	White Canvas Shoes	Gloves at Cut Prices	Gloves at Cut Prices
3 lb Dried Apples 25c	Men's Tan Canvas Shoes	Knit Wrist Canvas Gloves	Mule skin Gauntlet Gloves
3 lb " Peaches 25c	\$2.25 values at \$1.98	10c values at 7c	65c values 48c
3 lb Black Figs 25c	Men's White Canvas Shoes	Knit Wrist Heavy Can. Gloves	Riding Gauntlet Gloves
3 Cans Peas 25c	1.50 values at 1.29	15c values 12c	1.75 values 1.49
3 Cans Corn 25c	Boys' White Canvas Shoes	Leather face Heavy Can. Gloves	Hooded Gauntlet Gloves
3 Cans Tomatoes 25c	1.00 values at 88c	30c values 23c	1.75 values 1.59
1 lb Cheese 25c	Youth's White Canvas Shoes	Ladies Goatskin Gauntlet Gloves	Combination Horsehide Gloves
4 lb Macaroni 25c	75c values at 68c	65c values 48c	1.25 values 93c
3 lb Ginger Snaps 25c	Ladies' White Canvas Pumps	Smoked Calf Riding Gloves	All Calfskin Gloves
25c can best Pineapple 20c	2.00 values at 1.73	1.50 values at 1.19	1.25 values 98c
1/2 Gallon Chicken Fountain 30c	Misses' White Canvas Oxfords	Mens Dogskin Riding Gloves	Soft Tan Horsehide Gloves
1 " " " 40c	90c values at 78c	1.65 values at 1.38	1.65 values 1.38
2 " " " 60c	Child's White Canvas Oxfords	Mens Black Auto Gloves	"Star" Horsehide Gaunt. Gloves
35c can Squirrel Poison 28c	85c values at 69c	1.75 values 1.48	1.50 value 1.19

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