

# SUPPLEMENT THE STAYTON MAIL

## ORGANIZE TO FIGHT

### Baboons Make War Very Much as Do Human Beings.

Ample Proof That Intelligent Beasts Recognize the Value of Co-operation—Also Capable of Self-Sacrifice in Aiding the Young.

If we are to credit the testimony on the subject offered by naturalists, man is not the only animal who carries on his warfare by means of organized hands, and calls in the forces of nature to assist him. There have been witnessed in Africa fights that were conducted in an orderly a manner as if the warriors had been really men, instead of only somewhat like them in form, i. e., baboons.

One naturalist was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by these creatures, who sprang upon ledges and stones, looked down for a few moments on the valley, growling, snarling and screaming, and then began to roll down stones with so much vigor andadroitness that the intruders took to flight. The baboons evidently knew the value of co-operation, for the naturalist saw two of them combine their efforts in order to set a particularly heavy stone rolling. One monkey, bent on making the most of his missile, was seen to carry a stone up a tree, that he might hurl it with greater force.

Once, while some baboons were crossing a valley, they were attacked by dogs, and, as is usual during a march, the females and young were in the center, the males heading the column and bringing up in the rear. As the dogs rushed upon them the males turned and faced their enemies, growling, beating the ground with their hands, and opening their mouths wide, so as to show their glittering teeth. They looked so fierce and malignant that the dogs—Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey—shrank back. By the time they had been encouraged to renew the attack, the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, one six-months-old monkey excepted.

This little monkey sat on a rock surrounded by the dogs; but he was not long left in his perilous position. An old baboon stepped from a cliff near by, advanced toward the dogs, keeping them in check by threatening gestures and sounds, picked up the baby monkey, and carried it to a place of safety on the cliff, while the whole crowd of baboons watched the act of heroism and shouted their battle cry.

### Peanuts Up a Peg.

Until recently the peanut was regarded as a casual—one might almost say sportive—article of provender. It has been looked upon as appropriate to the small boy and the circus. The "peanut gallery," though but a memory to the present generation, is a not-forgotten term for the cheap seats at the top of a theater.

But now it is different. The long-despised peanut is coming into its own. It has the emphatic indorsement of Mt. Hoover. Our people are advised to eat peanuts.

You see, the peanut is not a nut at all, properly speaking. It is a kind of pea; and, like other legumes, it is rich in tissue-making stuff. A paper bag of peanuts (even nowadays, when somewhat reduced in size) affords a fairly square meal.

The peanut, however, may be utilized to advantage in cookery—for soup, for "peanut loaf," and in other ways. If you want the recipes, you can get them from the food administration at Washington.

### Thought He Was "Setting 'Em Up."

A young Topeka army officer, now in France, was seized while in Paris with a desire to send his sister a present, and finally decided on a waist, says the Kansas City Star. He entered a fashionable shop and selected a waist, but not knowing the size his sister required, singled out a pretty Parisian clerk who looked about his sis-

size, and asked her to try the waist on. When she returned the fit was pronounced perfect, and the young officer nodded approvingly and paid the cashier. As he turned back to claim the article, the clerk flew into his arms and kissed him again and again, exclaiming, "Thank you, thank you." All the other clerks in the store then caught the idea that the handsome young American was "setting them up" generally to girls who wanted new waists, and begged him to buy for them also. The officer finally excused a retreat in some manner or other, but the sister in Topeka has not yet received any present.

## ON ROAD TO DESTRUCTION

Specific Time Appointed for the Earth's Ending, but it is Still Some Few Years.

Apparently all is off! This little old battle-scarred earth, a mere clay marble among the billiard balls of the great solar systems, is headed for the giant sun, Vega, and hurtling itself at a gait of 549,000,000 miles a year!

But there is no justification for that instant desire to get off and walk, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. We need not worry about what will happen when our speedy little sphere reaches its present destination. It will be our descendants of 180,000,000 years hence that will be yelling for a transfer to some other line. And even when that time comes there is a possibility that Vega will have side-stepped or ducked, so we can whiz right by.

So, S. L. Boothroyd, associate professor of astronomy at the University of Washington, told a large audience of men and women recently, in a lecture on "The Nebulae of the Stars."

The eclipse of the sun, which will be almost complete in Seattle on June 8 next, will be one of the most remarkable sights ever permitted man to see, declared Professor Boothroyd. The astronomers, with powerful telescopes, can witness an eclipse every 58 hours, if they wish to. The star Algol, which is a huge sun, and is located in the northern heavens at this time of the year, in the sword hand of Perseus, is eclipsed every 58 hours by a dark star that passes between it and the earth. This accounts, says Professor Boothroyd, for the fact that Algol will gradually grow dim, and then, within a few minutes, flash up brightly again.

New worlds and suns are in process of creation in the heavenly nebulae, said Professor Boothroyd. The rarefied gases composing the nebulae, and which consist of atomic particles less complex than the atoms of iron and mercury on our sphere, are gradually becoming more dense. After countless ages they become solid planets, or some cataclysm of the heavens may so heat the particles composing them that they become suns.

### American Commander Praised.

Through its ambassador to this country the British government has just conferred exceptional honors upon the commander of a United States navy vessel operating in foreign waters. For service in an encounter with a German submarine the British admiralty has recommended the decoration of the Distinguished Service order for Lieut. Com. George F. Neal, U. S. N., who was in charge of an American destroyer. This ship was one of a number escorting transports through the war zone when the quartermaster sighted the wake of a periscope, 1,800 yards distant. General quarters were sounded and the commanding officer at once began to maneuver with the enemy. He immediately shot his ship head on at the U-boat. Getting ahead of the periscope he ordered a depth charge dropped. Nothing more was seen of the submarine and it was evident that her damage had been serious. The British admiralty credits the success of the destroyer to the alertness of the commander and the manner in which he handled the attack. Lieutenant Commander Neal is a native of Tennessee. He graduated from the naval academy in 1897. Under the laws of this country officers are not allowed to receive decorations from foreign powers.

## AT HOME IN WILD PLACES

Adventures That Would Demoralize Ordinary Man Apparently Have No Effect on John Muir.

John Vance Cheney, the poet, told me this story of his long-time friend, John Muir. William H. Hamby writes in the Outlook.

"One night, after a long absence, Muir walked in, as he often did, looking like a wild man, and sat down by my fire. He had been up in the Sierras for weeks.

"'Had a beautiful storm up there,' said Muir, after he got a little accustomed to the fire and the presence of a fellow human being. 'Snow was waist-deep in most places. One night I found a crevasse where steam was coming out of the mountain. I lay down as close to it as I could and when one side froze numb I would turn it over to the steam.

"'In the night I dozed and waked to feel something warm on my face that did not feel like steam. I did not stir, but opened my eyes very slowly. It was a grizzly bear licking my face!'

"The geologist looked around at me with a twinkle. 'Now I call that a right friendly act of that old bear.'

"'Didn't you ever get scared at anything in the woods?' I asked. He always went into the wilds unarmed. In fact, usually the only preparation he would make for a five months' trip would be to take his hat off the half rack.

"'Well,' he confessed, 'once I was a little embarrassed by fear. You know what acres of blackberries grow up in the mountains. They were ripe, and I waded into a patch to help myself. There was a scuffling noise 15 feet away and I saw an old grizzly also helping himself. His method was to reach out and rake in an armful, eating berries, tops and all. That old grizzly looked at me in a way that suggested I was an intruder, a trespasser, committing a willful misdemeanor.

"'I returned his look in the friendliest sort of way, trying to convey to him the impression that I had no thought of intrusion; that I admitted the berry patch was his, but in passing had merely stopped to taste a mouthful of berries—and that I was going on in a minute.

"'I did,' smiled John Muir, 'n less than a minute, for he did not seem to get my impression, but started to gather me in with his next armful of blackberry vines.'

### "Fittest" Under Arctic Circle.

We think of Greenland as a frozen and desolate land, fit only for the abode of the hardy Eskimos. And yet in Finland, in a severe northern climate, has grown up a hardy and virile race, Nevin O. Winter writes in the Christian Herald. Perhaps it was because only the sturdiest could survive under such conditions, for isolation bred self-reliance and industry was necessary to existence. At any rate, the fact remains that the Finns have developed a civilization that is unique and of interest. It is not surprising, to one familiar with the Finns and their history, to know that a republic has been proclaimed. No people are more truly democratic. Under the autocratic rule of the czars Finland maintained her democratic institutions, and it was the only part of Russia where the traveler was free to move about without having a demand made almost daily for his passport. The Russian calendar, which is thirteen days behind our own, was ignored and in every respect the public and social customs differed from those of the Russians.

The new republic of Finland starts its career with one invaluable asset—a highly efficient system of education. Finnish elementary schools are models of excellence, and in an international competition some few years since Finland won the coveted distinction of having the highest educational standard of any country in the world, beating even the United States and Germany. Particular attention is given to the teaching of languages. The two state languages, Finnish and Swedish, are taught in the elementary standards, and until recently Russian also. A knowledge of five or six languages is reckoned nothing exceptional among even middle-class folk in Finland.

## LIFE AT ITS WORST

### Wild Orgies in Mushroom Towns Along Union Pacific.

Scenes That Can Only Be Described as Reversion of Mankind to the Savage, Common in the Early Days of the West.

Travelers who whisk across the country in luxurious trains today little realize the vision, the toil and the sacrifice that made possible the steel road over which they roll along. In the building of the first railroad across the continent is to be found the theme which has thrilled Zane Grey in "The U. P. Trail."

Among the pictures drawn by Mr. Grey of the scenes and incidents attendant upon the building of the Union Pacific one of the most vivid is that of a night following pay day in Benton, one of the towns of the type that sprang up in the wake of the road in the days during its construction, an exchange says:

"Life indoors that night in Benton was monstrous, wonderful and hideous. The gold that did not flow over the bars went into the greedy hands of the cold, swift gamblers or into the clutching fingers of the wild-eyed women. The big gambling hell had extra lights, extra attendants, extra tables; and there round the great glittering mirror-blazing bar struggled and laughed and shouted a drink-sodden mass of humanity. And all through the rest of the big room groups and knots of men stood and sat around tables, intent, absorbed, obsessed, listening with strained ears, watching with wild eyes, reaching with shaking hands—only to gasp and throw down their cards and push gold toward cold faced gamblers, with a muttered curse. This was the night of the golden harvest for the black-garbed, steel-nerved, cold-eyed card sharps. They knew the brevity of time, and of hour, and of life.

"In the dancing halls there was a maddening whirl, an immense and incredible hilarity, a wild fling of unleashed, burly men, an honest drunken spree. But there was also the hideous, red-eyed drunkenness that did not spring from drink; the unveiled passion, the brazen lure, the raw, corrupt and terrible presence of bad women in absolute license at a wild and baneful hour.

"The scene at midnight was unreal, livid, medieval. Dance of cannibals, dance of sun worshippers, dance of Apaches on the warpath, dance of cliff dwellers wild over the massacre of a dreaded foe—only these orgies might have been comparable to that wild whirl of gold and lust.

"Night wore on and the hour of dawn approached.

"The lamps were dead; the tents were dark; the music was stilled; and the low, soft roar was but a hollow mockery of its earlier strength.

"Like specters men staggered slowly and wanderingly through the gray streets. Gray ghosts! All was gray. A vacant laugh pealed out and a strident curse, and then again the low murmur prevailed. Benton was going to rest. Weary, drunken, spent nature sought oblivion—on disordered beds, on hard floors and in dusty corners. An immense and hovering shadow held the tents and halls and streets. Through this opaque gloom the silent and the mumbling revelers reeled along. Louder voices broke the spell only for an instant. Death lay in the middle of the main street, in the dust—and no passing man halted. It lay as well down the side streets, in sandy ditches and on the tent floors, and behind the bar of the gambling hell. Likewise death had his counterpart in hundreds of prostrate men who lay in drunken stupor, asleep, insensible to the dust in their faces.

"But the dawn would not stay back in order to hide Benton's hideousness. The gray lifted out of the streets, the shadows lightened, the east kindled and the sweet, soft freshness of a desert dawn came in on the gentle breeze. And when the sun arose, splendid and golden, with its promise and beauty, it shone upon a ghastly, silent, motionless, sleeping Benton."