

THE STAYTON MAIL

Chas. S. Clark, Editor and Proprietor

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Advertising Rates Made Known Upon Application

Foreign Advertising Represented by The American Press Association

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Stayton, Marion County, Oregon, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Address all Communications to The Stayton Mail

TO THE PUBLIC.

You undoubtedly noticed in last week's Mail that we have purchased the plant, business and good will of "The Stayton Mail." Such is the case and this week we are at the helm. We are not a stranger to the citizens and country folk of this neck of the woods—having been connected with the Mail for about a year when it was owned by E. M. Olmsted.

We are going to devote all our time to the work and will strive at all times to give the readers a live local paper. To do this we must get the news happenings of the town and vicinity. This we are going to try to do, and to get all the news we will have to have some help from our citizens. When you know of a news item tell it to us, phone it to us or write it in your own way and mail it to us. We will see that it gets into the paper in a readable way.

To the Red Cross and other war work societies we say: That the "Mail" columns are open to you and we invite you to use them as much as you want for the calling of meetings or otherwise in helping you to carry on your noble work.

To our old friends we say that the latch string hangs out and we will be glad to meet and greet you in the same old way.

We trust that our efforts will meet with the approval of the citizens of Stayton and that they will co-operate in helping us to fulfill our promise.

CHAS. S. CLARK.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

Uncle Joe Cannon, in a recent speech in congress, said: "We ought not to forget that when the boys come home at the close of the war, at a time when I will be wearing an asbestos halo, they will take possession and direction, and worthily so, of the affairs of government. Because they will have the rare experience and rare patriotism that will come from their service."

Not so Uncle Joe, you will not have to get measured for a halo for a long time after the war, no matter how long it lasts. And even if you do have to have a halo it will not be an asbestos one. It should be one that will go with a harp. By that time the Huns will have a corner on all the asbestos, which they rightly deserve.

Kaiser Bill, the Brute, with his 957 different varieties of uniforms alone will have the corner on all the asbestos, if that Gott of his who reigns over the resort does not go in for a little fightfulness sport and just for the humor of the thing turn his old pal Bill loose just as he is without one plea.

Mr. Taft lately contributed a valuable suggestion to the War department. In his suggestion he said: "It would be entirely practicable to place 300,000 American soldiers by rail and water at an Alaskan port, but a few days sail from Vladivostok. If the age limit for military service were extended to 45 years it is safe to assume that more than the number needed would volunteer in a few weeks. At Vladivostok they might be joined by an equal or a greater number of trained Japanese soldiers. This immense force could speedily reconstruct the Trans-Siberian Railroad. They would be fully equipped with munitions and provisions and, in connection with the loyal Russians, would soon smash the Bolshevik-German compact and give Germany something important to do on her eastern front.

The war news of the past week has been about all some of our citizens could stand—and keep on the ground floor. They were so pleased with the way our boys have been chasing the Hun, and running them into corals that according to their way of thinking the war is about over. Not yet, boys—but soon.

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ART VS. BRICKS IN SYDNEY

A Peculiar Controversy in Australia That is Agitating Labor Circles.

Here is a curious point of law or logic presented in the Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin. The musicians' union of Sydney charges the Melbourne eight hours' procession with something like scabbing because it decided that unionists, even if they don't belong to the musicians' organization, may play in its own ranks on the annual gala day.

There are arguments on both sides. It seems hard that a union bricklayer shouldn't be allowed to blow his own cornet in his own demonstration on a holiday, yet if he found a professional cornet-player laying bricks on a Good Friday he might object. Of course the man in the procession isn't playing for hire, but then it wouldn't improve things much if the cornet-player laid bricks gratis.

The bricklayer might argue that there are a certain number of bricks that would be laid, so the cornet-player would be doing another man out of a job, while there isn't any fixed amount of music that must be blown, so an amateur might blow a sample or two without depriving any other man of a crust. And the bricklayer probably says that the cornet-player couldn't lay bricks decently if he tried, to which the cornet-player possibly replies that the bricklayer can't make music.

To some extent it is a struggle between art and materialism. Music properly played is capable of arousing the highest and noblest emotions of which the soul is capable; a brick, even if properly laid, isn't. And soul isn't a thing to be lightly despised. But here the tangible bumps against the intangible. Nobody has seen a soul, while almost everybody has seen a brick.

TO RECLAIM DISABLED MEN

War is Teaching a Great Lesson as to Possibilities in This Important Field.

The reclamation of the energies of all the disabled of the nation may be taught by the exigencies of war, according to Maj. Harry E. Mock, M. R. C., who in addressing the National League of American Pen Women, said:

"There are in the United States 600,000 persons who have been disabled in industries—probably more than the total number of soldiers who will be disabled through this war—yet neither government nor industry has hitherto made thorough effort to reclaim their energy. That is a great lesson this war has taught us, and when we have won it we shall find that, through deaths, a cessation of immigration, and other causes, we shall face a great shortage in the labor market. We shall then turn our attention to the reclamation of all the disabled and thus our country will profit by the labor of all her sons and daughters."

Pigeons Broke Up a Monopoly.

One of the queer things about the nutmeg is the romantic way in which nature thwarted the Dutch attempt to establish a complete monopoly of the spice. They own the Banda Islands, where most of the nutmeg trees grow, and at one time they wanted to prevent everyone else from raising the spice. So to keep up prices and to induce other planters on other islands to cut down their plantations the Dutch at one time burned three piles of nutmegs, each of them said to have been as big as an average church. They induced other planters to join with them and it soon seemed as though they were killing all competition.

Then nature took a hand in the game. A large pigeon of the islands, which was extremely fond of mace, carried the seeds to all the surrounding lands, even to the mainland of Asia. Nutmeg trees began to grow wild in numerous places and all danger of a monopoly was removed.—Boston Post.

Two Mistranslations.

To the Spectator thanks are due for two enterprising mistranslations, one belonging to the genus schoolboy howler, and the other resulting from an attempt at French on the part of a mess sergeant.

The menu one day announced "imbecile roti" as the piece de resistance, the riddle being solved by the appearance of roast goose. It is just possible that the sergeant nourished some resentment against that particular goose, but it was generally thought that the imbecile roti had resulted from a half hour or so spent with a French-English dictionary.

The schoolboy added to the hilarity of nations by rendering the Horatian line: "Post equitem sedet atra Cura" as: "After horse exercise the black lady sits down with care."—Christian Science Monitor.

Abhorred Red Tape.

"A swollen organization always means inefficient administration," says the air minister, as he surveys the staff which he has taken over. How did Napoleon manage his clerical staff one wonders. According to Wellington there were 12,000 clerks in the French war office. Normally we had 60 clerks with the war secretary, 40 in the ordinance, and about 50 at the horse guards. "These 150 do the work of the French, yet the French clerks begin to write at six in the morning, and ours go down at ten or eleven." Of course the size of the armies differed also.—London Chronicle.

TURK FIGHTS WITH FISTS

Story of a Gallipoli "Scrap" That Speaks Well for the "Un-speakable."

There is a tale of Gallipoli that deals with a fight in the open and exhibits the "un-speakable" Turk as a fair and worthy enemy. This is the story.

A young English officer, doing observation work alone, was suddenly confronted by a Turkish officer, similarly engaged. The Turk was as surprised as the Briton, but came forward revolver in hand. The Englishman had no revolver. He stood his ground, his hands in the large pockets of his tunic.

Seeing that his adversary was unarmed, the Turk, much to the surprise of the Briton, threw down his gun and put up his fists in approved prize ring style. The Englishman put himself on guard, and the next moment the Turk lunged himself on him, and the pair began to fight desperately.

The men were about the same age, the same weight and had adequate knowledge of the art of boxing. They fought without stopping for about ten minutes. By that time each was exhausted, and then paused for a brief rest, only to continue their little private accounting when they had found their breath.

Round after round the fight went on, while out in the Gulf of Saros the ships fired automatically, and back of each of them the field artillery thundered. Neither seemed to be able to get any decisive advantage over the other, and at last Turk and Englishman rolled over on the ground and laughed and laughed.

Just then the Englishman's hand touched something. It was the Turk's pistol. He picked it up and handed it to his enemy. Then the two young men shook hands and each returned to his own lines.

WORK OF OLD MEN IN WAR

Geniuses Who Did Not "Lag Superfluous on the Stage" During the Present Conflict.

"Old men for counsel," is the saying; "young men for war." But this war rather falsifies the old adage. At seventy-seven Clemenceau of France remains so energetic that he still deserves his cognomen of the "Tiger." Joffre was an old man when he won the battle of the Marne. Lloyd George is not exactly young. Woodrow Wilson is past sixty. But none of them seems to require the Osler method of being chloroformed out of existence, says the Spokane Spokesman Review. These veterans do not "lag superfluous on the stage." Cato learned Greek at eighty. Chaucer composed his "Canterbury Tales" at sixty. Goethe tolled to the end and his "Faust" was not completed till he had overlied eighty. Simonides won a prize for poetry and Sophocles wrote "Oedipus" when each had passed fourscore. Theophrastus outdid them all, for he was ninety when he commenced his "Characters of Men."

Spy System Originated by Italian.

Secret service organizations and spy systems, as well as detective bureaus as part of municipal police forces, were originated by the Marquis D'Argenson, a native of Venice who went to France in 1637 and became head of the police department.

D'Argenson first achieved fame as a state secret agent in Venice. In Paris he organized a municipal secret agency that would now be called a detective bureau. After he had transformed the Paris police force from a disorderly band into a highly efficient body of gendarmes, he turned his attention to international affairs and inaugurated a system of espionage in foreign nations likely to be at war with France.

Carl Stieher organized the Prussian spy system on the model furnished by D'Argenson's force and sent thousands of men into Austria and France before the wars against those countries.

Of Course.

A young author said to William Dean Howells at a reception in the latter's honor in Miami:

"That was Astorbilt who just asked you for your autograph, sir. You don't seem much impressed."

"I can never understand," said Mr. Howells, "why people should be impressed by millionaires. My own experience has been that whenever you lunch with them they always let you pay."

The young author laughed gaily. "That, of course, is how they become millionaires, isn't it?" he said.

Up in the Air.

Corporal (name deleted by censor) is the champion optimist in the (deleted by censor) regiment. On his first visit to Paris an air raid was in progress, and as he observed the Parisians, all intent on the Taubes, he said to his companion:

"There's one fine thing about this air stuff."

"And that is—?"

"It keeps you looking up."

(Reply deleted by censor.)—Cartoons Magazine.

Cleaning the Money.

A "money laundry" is to be installed in the Minneapolis federal reserve bank as a part of the conservation policy of the times. From \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in torn and dirty federal reserve bank notes is now chopped up annually and reissued. It is proposed to save a large proportion of this re-issuance by the chemical cleaning process that will be installed.

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