

HAS UNIQUE TITLE TO THOSE WHO DIED HE CUT RED TAPE

Sinrok Mary Reindeer Queen of Alaska.

Appellation Accorded Her Through Ownership of Herds of Valuable Animals—Loved Throughout Territory for Generosity.

Coal barons, merchant princes, cattle kings—we are all familiar with the figurative aristocracy of wealth; but more picturesque and unusual is the title popularly accorded to Sinrok Mary, the reindeer queen of Alaska.

In 1893 Mary Antisarok, half Russian, half Eskimo, was a round-faced, bright-eyed, sleek-haired young woman, pretty—we have her own innocent frank word for it—and a bride. The government had just decided to import reindeer from Siberia to Alaska and had sent Lieutenant Berthoff, in the revenue cutter Bear, to negotiate the purchase. He needed an interpreter, speaking both Russian and Eskimo, and Mary was engaged. She was glad of the opportunity, but unwilling to leave her husband; so he was engaged, too, as a sort of odd job man aboard; but Mary was the recognized head of the Antisarok firm. She made herself intelligently and successfully useful among the natives with whom it was necessary to deal, and on returning to Alaska she was well paid with a goodly number of reindeer.

These animals were the origin of a herd that flourished and increased amazingly, and became, indeed, deer enough to supply thousands of consumers; and reindeer meat is tender, palatable and delicious, so much so that, but for the difficulties of transportation, it would probably become a staple food throughout the country. Mary is a rich woman, but she lives simply in a cluster of cabins, perched upon a rocky promontory thrusting seaward, fringed with ever-heating surf.

It is common knowledge throughout Alaska that no one was ever refused food and lodging at Mary's cabin; it is also known that, although open-handed and free, she is a shrewd bargainer and possesses remarkable commercial sagacity. Few traders, if any, have been able to get the advantage of her in a business deal. There are those in her employ who at times complain of her as a harsh mistress, for in business she expects everyone to live up to obligations and is so strict in that regard that it is hard at times to reconcile this severity with her natural attitude of easy generosity. But with Mary business is business, and philanthropy is quite another matter.

Toward the hungry, the helpless and little children her tenderness is un-falling and her bounty lavish. She has no children of her own, but she has adopted a numerous family—not a pretty baby or two, carefully selected for health and charm and promise, but such forlorn, abandoned and neglected waifs and strays as came under her notice in a remote and lawless zone. There are all races and colors, declares her biographer, Nona Margolis Snyder, but Mary is mercifully color-blind! She gives them all a mother's care in so far as she is capable, educates them after a fashion and, when they drift out of the home eddy into the greater life current, she sees the boat well provisioned.

One deed of generosity will never be forgotten in Alaska. In 1908, only five years after the founding of her herd of reindeer, word came that more than four hundred whalers had been caught in the ice packs of Point Barrow and were slowly freezing and starving. They were five hundred miles away from Mary Antisarok's snow-covered cabin; they were many more miles distant—and miles of the northern wilderness, icy, rocky, storm-swept and terrible—from sources of civilized supply. Quite simply and as a matter of course, Mary, reserving only a few head for domestic necessity, started her whole herd of reindeer northward to the rescue. She received no personal appeal, asked no advice, awaited no instructions, made neither bargain nor effort to protect her interests. She saw her chance for first aid, and gave it, instantly and wholeheartedly.

Later, the government replaced the sacrificed deer with interest and gave her the thanks she deserved. But since that day it is for more than her business ability that the reindeer queen is respected throughout Alaska.—Youth's Companion.

Railroad Supersedes Canel.

The modern Ethiopian travels from Jerusalem to Gaza on the way to his home country, far up the Nile, by railroad train. Reports from Palestine indicate that since the British occupation of the country Gaza, the chief city of the Philistines in Old Testament days, and the scene of Samson's exploits, has become an important railroad center, the broad-gauge railway having been extended from Gaza to a point 50 miles to the northward, and the old Turkish line from Ludd to Jerusalem, as well as the recently constructed branch line from Gaza to Sar Junction, having been restored and put in operation.

The Way of It.

"I was held up by a woman once who was too well supplied with arms for me to resist her."
"Was she a professional footpad?"
"No, she was my nurse when I was a kid."

Connecticut Town Has Memorial for All Time.

Plot of Ground, Well Called "Tract of Glory," Will Be Henceforth the Most Cherished Spot in Norfolk.

In the little Connecticut town of Norfolk is a triangular piece of ground belonging to the people. For years it stood useless, almost abandoned, and to a certain extent unnoticed. Norfolk sent to France early in 1918 a score and a half of her boys to fight in the American armies. Other boys followed.

A few months after the first contingent marched away Norfolk began to receive its share of tidings from the front. Names of boys known to every one in the town were found in the lists of those "killed in action." Boys whose faces were bright and shining and whose voices were strong and cheery were never to return. They were lying in the fields of France.

The return of these names to Norfolk instead of flesh and blood that went away gave Norfolk its inspiration. The little green triangle became a tract of glory. No more will it be looked upon as a waste, no more will the people of Norfolk call it worthless. For some one thought of a way to make it rich, the most cherished spot in Norfolk.

On Flag day in the year that the war made heroes of these lads from Norfolk the people of that place dedicated the point of this triangle to the memory of those who were not to come back from France. At that time four of Norfolk's boys were lying in France under little crosses of wood, and on this day four little crosses of wood similar to those in France, with a name and a date on each, were driven into the ground at the point of the triangle. There they will stay until they are perhaps replaced by more enduring and impressive marks of tribute.

But the little crosses of wood are not all that the people of Norfolk placed in the village triangle in memory of the boys who will not come back. Something that will live and thrive and beautify the barren triangle was placed there for each boy, and it is named for him. For each hero a tree was planted, and it will always be known as his tree, by his name; and long after the great-grandchildren of those who now live in Norfolk are dead and gone these trees will still stand and will be known through all the sunshine and storm of the ages by the names they received at the christening. They will grow to be tall and mighty and spread their branches over the cross that was won on the battle fields of France—the simple cross of honor that every man wins when he gives up his life for his country.

The thought is beautiful. That little triangle in Norfolk will have more trees and crosses; the boys who died in France will live and grow to an age far beyond the years of the oldest of men. How simple this way of commemorating the deeds and the spirit of the boys who go forth to the war never to come home again! A little cross of wood for the present, a towering tree for the future, and the name of a hero preserved for an age to come.—George Barr McCutcheon.

Watch for Tacks in Pie.

The question as to whether a person who finds a black tack in a piece of blueberry pie is entitled to recover damages from a restaurant company for gross negligence in not detecting the presence of the tack in the pie, has been passed on by the supreme court of Massachusetts in Ask vs. Childs Dining Hall company, in which the court ruled for the defendant and held that the plaintiff had failed to sustain the burden of proof in establishing either direct or inferential evidence of negligence. In pointing out the difficulties confronting the defendant in keeping small black tacks out of its blueberry pies, the court said:

"The tack was very small. It was so tiny that it readily might have become imbedded in a blueberry. If so, its color and shape were such that it would naturally escape the most careful scrutiny. It might as readily have stuck into a blueberry before it came to the possession of the defendant as afterward. The carelessness of some person for whom the defendant in no way was responsible might have caused its presence in the pie. The maker of the basket, some previous owner of the berry, or some other third person, is as likely to have been the direct cause of the tack being in the pie as the defendant or those for whose conduct it is liable."

Beams Made of Redwood.

Wood is now rapidly supplanting steel beams in industrial plant construction, as may be seen in a large paper pulp mill which is now being erected. What are known as laminated wooden trusses are being put in by a Chicago construction company having the contract for the mill. The largest trusses used are 96 feet long, there being six of these, and the material is a redwood. There are 21 50-foot trusses and seven 64-foot trusses. Twenty thousand feet of the material is redwood and the remainder southern pine. The redwood is used in the part of the cut work that is directly above the big vats in the mill, this wood being considered more adaptable to stand the action of the steam from the vats.

Innocent Request the Prelude to Much Trouble.

After Mr. Temporary's Experience With the Formidable "System" He Preferred to Pay for Anything That He Might Require.

I wanted a wire paper clip, Miss Smith, also new to the ministry, said she would fetch some from the store-keeper. That's what started the matter. I pinned the loose papers together and went on with my work.

The storekeeper had evidently refused to part with any clips without an order. Miss Smith brought me a printed folder containing a request for "paper clips, wire," which she had typed in triplicate on paper headed "Ministry of Economy. For departmental use only." She said it was the right thing to do and I was to sign it, and then Mr. Jones, downstairs, would deal with it. It sounded quite innocent; I initiated it without misgiving. Later in the week the folder came back. It contained several extra sheets of paper and had evidently traveled.

The first minute was from Mr. Jones. "In reference to Mr. Temporary's request for paper clips, wire, for departmental use, I fail to see what advantage these have over paper clips, brass, which are in use in my department."

Mr. Robinson said that the question opened a wide field, and he had requested the storekeeper to let him know how many paper clips, brass, he had in stock. "See attached sheets A and A1." These were a formal request to the storekeeper, and his reply, to say he had 37 one-cross boxes on hand and one box, partly opened, which he estimated to contain 60. If the exact number was required he would have the clips counted.

Mr. Short pointed out that his colleagues had not noticed that the matter was one which came within the province of the ministry of wire drawing. He had consequently put through a request for a price at which paper clips, wire, could be supplied. He attached a carbon copy of his letter, and a reply from the applied wire department, ministry of wire drawing, to say the matter was receiving attention and would be dealt with in due time.

The next minute was from a gentleman who had evidently set the vast machinery of the directorate of office supplies and sundries at work. Attached were papers from them to say they had paper clips, wire, as well as paper clips, brass, in stock. They wished to be certain that no change in design was necessary, and were sending, by motor, samples of the paper clips (wire) they had in stock, as perhaps one or other might prove suitable. Appended were other papers of which the first was from the chief of the departmental garage to say he had a motor at Huntingdon awaiting a consignment of paper. He had instructed the driver to return at once. On his arrival he would dispatch goods as requested.

At this point Miss Smith entered: "Will you make out an order for a typewriter eraser?"
"No," I answered firmly. "You will please give this dime to one of the messenger girls and ask her to go out and buy one!"—S. P. in London Mail.

Two War Heroes.

The two colored soldiers of the American army in France who became famous for their bravery and courage in preventing more than twenty Teutons west of Verdun from executing a well-developed plan to assault one of the most important points of resistance on the American front, have been decorated by the French. Their names are Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts. Both are privates and members of the old New York National Guard. It is said these men have been awarded the war cross by the French general of the division under whom the unit is serving, and that Johnson is scheduled to receive the much-coveted gold palm of the French army commander as well.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

"Like Gravy."

At a recent dinner party that included the little folk in their high chairs, the guests fell to talking of that custom of the dark ages—making children wait until the second table.
"When I was a little shaver," said a prominent attorney, "my brother and I were holding forth in the kitchen. Twice the gravy bowl had been refilled. The third time it was returned to the dining room my brother stuck his head through the door and yelled: 'Don't eat up all the gravy. I like gravy.'"

"Fish Meal" for Cattle.

On the shores of the North sea there has recently been started a factory for the manufacture of what has proven to be a very satisfactory food for live stock from the refuse of a fish-packing plant. A "fish meal" is turned out which contains 55 per cent of albumen and 12 per cent of fat. It is eaten by swine and some cattle accept it readily. Besides making use of a refuse, it releases much grain otherwise demanded for food by these animals.

Ten Years a Long Time.

"Why is Wombat hustling so strenuously? I thought he retired with enough to live on."
"It looked like enough to live on—ten years ago."—Judge.

REACH LIMIT IN ABSORPTION

Small Things Like the Turmoil of a Great War Cannot Disturb Chess Devotees.

To its devotees chess is the most absorbing of all mental activities, the game that above all others brings complete forgetfulness of the world to those who play and those who watch the moves, observes a writer in the New York Herald.

A striking example of this self-absorption has been shown recently in the rooms of a local chess club when distinguished experts struggled for supremacy in the mimic field heedless of the stupendous four-year struggle that was fast drawing to a close on Europe's shell-torn, blood-soaked board. What was the reckless slaughter of thousands of German soldiers in comparison with the sacrifice of a single ivory pawn standing guard before its queen? Which one of those who moved the pieces or of the greater number who watched them with furrowed brows and fast-beating hearts thought of the Kaiser's peace offer while the queen's gambit was passing before their eyes? The pope may lift his voice in words of solemn counsel, but they heed him not. The only ecclesiastical power that they recognize is that of the mitred bishop sweeping into the heart of the enemy's country and smiting the rock as it stands.

To read the printed accounts of this tournament is to recall the old Puck picture of two chess players carried in their chairs from a burning building with the board between them. Nor do we wonder at the fact that it was only while absorbed in his daily game that the exiled Napoleon could forget Sir Hudson Lowe.

EPIGRAPHS PROVE A PUZZLE

Explanation of Hieroglyphics Admittedly Very Old Will Surely Be of the Greatest Interest.

Amateur archeologists of California are endeavoring to interest professional scientists of the East in the epigraphs which abound on the rocks of Round Valley, not far from the city of Bishop, and which are believed to be as old, if not older, than the hieroglyphics of earliest Egypt, to which they bear a strange resemblance.

It is believed by many that the strange markings constituted the names by which ancient tribes marked the source of water supply for the benefit of those of their number who lived roving lives. These hieroglyphics have never been deciphered, although they are matters of record in the leading museums of the country. It is said, the Indian tribes now living in the vicinity declare they are the work of the Indians of North America and that they antedate all aboriginal lore.

Some who have examined the strange markings in the flinty bowlders say the hieroglyphics closely resemble those of earliest Egypt and may replace the latter as the first written language of humanity.

They are found always in the vicinity of water supplies, the same markings discovered near Bishop appearing also on rocks extending through the Canadian border, down through Washington, Oregon and California to the Mexican line and beyond. This fact, it is argued, indicates that prehistoric tribes marked a highway for their migrating members or for their armies, giving specific directions as to the best water supplies along the way.

French Live Stock on the Decline.

The United States food administration has called attention to the large decrease in live stock in France since the beginning of the war. In cattle this decrease amounted to 2,569,000 up to December, 1917; in sheep the decrease amounted to 6,238,000 head; in hogs to 2,880,000 head. In the period since owing to the food shortage there has been a still further shrinkage. Figures like these indicate that there will be a large and insistent demand for live stock from this country for the foreign trade for many years after peace is finally established.

Good American Family.

Thirty years ago a girl came to this country from Russia to marry Louis Flesher, an immigrant from the same country. They settled in Springfield, Mass., and when the United States entered the war they had four sons, the oldest 23. All of them entered the army and the eldest has distinguished himself in battle. He is the young man who, having lost an arm and an eye while carrying ammunition through shell fire, optimistically exclaimed: "I'm the luckiest Jew in the army. Any other man in my place would have been killed."—American Israelite.

"Olive" Oil.

Over 500 different types of humped lice or paddy were under examination last year at one of the government agricultural farms in Burma, and over 200 types of sassa-num were grown at another. Hitherto much of the sassa-num grown in Burma has been exported to Europe, where it is used for the production of the so-called "olive oil" for which France and Italy have long been famed.

Try a Tricorn.

Stop to think how often a certain clerk in the bakery department of a certain downtown store helps you to decide on a round marshmallow cake or a square chocolate in preference to a three-cornered devil's food.
"Look at the tricorn on left again," snickered the white-aproned diplomat. "Never catch me roolin' for tri's; too hard to wrap."—Indianapolis News.

The Man in the Tobacco Store Says



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