



THE STAYTON MAIL



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Influenza Ban to be Lifted

Railroad Project Before The People

Tuesday evening the city council met in regular session. Several matters of importance came before the meeting. Dr. C. H. Brewer, City Health Officer, reported that the influenza epidemic was well under control and that the public schools will be permitted to open next Monday February 10. It developed that there had been approximately 200 cases of influenza within the town at one time. The health officer also reported that all cases except a few isolated ones were entirely well. It was also decided that the ban on public meetings would continue for an additional week, and upon public and private dances indefinitely.

The usual bills were allowed except the bill for street lighting for the month of January which was nearly double former bills. This was due to the ruling of the Public Service Commission of the State of Oregon authorizing an increase in lighting rates. The old rate was based on a 16 c. p. lamp, and was as follows: First light \$1.25, second light \$1 and all others others at the rate of 75c per light.

The new rate is 40w \$1.25, 60w \$1.75, 100w \$2.50 and 200w \$4.00 for all night service. According to this new rating for street lights with the present number of lights in use it will require approximately the entire revenue of the town from the general tax to pay the street lighting bill for

the year.

The new rates were granted by the Public Service Commission with the understanding that the lighting service was to be improved at once. This however, has not been done. It seems that the only alternative for the town will be to reduce the number of lights used for street lighting unless a satisfactory contract can be secured that will leave a portion of the city funds for general purposes.

The matter of expending the county road funds within the town was also taken up and a committee appointed to look into the legal status of the matter.

A proposition for the construction of a municipal railroad to West Stayton was also discussed. Mr. George E. Beedle, president of the Brown-Petzel Lumber Co., presented a proposition, wherein the town would loan its credit for the construction of the road.

Mr. C. Oehler, a construction engineer from Portland, gave an estimate of the cost of construction and equipment of the road. It is estimated there is enough tonnage at the present time to pay the interest on the loan and reduce the principal some each year. Estimated increase in business would make it a paying proposition from the beginning. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and will report later.

School Notice

The local schools will reopen on Monday, February 10, unless something unexpected occurs. The parents are earnestly requested not to start their children unless they are in good physical condition. The loss of the few days of school will be easily offset by the more rapid gain in physical strength under home conditions.

Soldier Returns To Farm.

Marion Hunt, who but recently received his discharge from the service and who has been visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hunt since that time, is now domiciled at the Beaver Glen stock farm at Waldo hills. Previous to his entering the service, about three months ago, Mr. Hunt was engaged in farming. He has spent his time at Fort Scott, California.—Statesman.

LAST ISSUE OF TREASURY CERTIFICATE OF INDEBTEDNESS HAS BEEN OVERSUBSCRIBED

Accompanying the announcement by Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass that the last issue of Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness has been oversubscribed by \$102,500 comes the call for subscriptions to a new issue of \$6,000,000,000 dated January 30, payable July 4, 1919, and drawing interest at 4½ per cent. Books will close on the offer February 6.

The Twelfth Federal Reserve District's quota is \$42,400,000. This district failed to reach its allotment in the last issue by \$2,400,000. The Chicago district had the largest oversubscription, exceeding its quota by almost \$14,000,000. Minneapolis, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York also exceeded their allotments.

The results by Federal Reserve Districts arranged in order of the percentage of subscription of their quotas in the last issue follows:

DISTRICTS	QUOTA	SUBSCRIPTION
Minneapolis	\$ 20 800 000	\$ 27 760 000
Chicago	84 000 000	97 774 500
St. Louis	24 000 000	26 445 500
Philadelphia	42 400 000	43 533 500
New York	203 200 000	203 609 500
Boston	52 000 000	49 090 500
San Francisco	42 400 000	40 000 000
Cleveland	54 400 000	50 400 000
Richmond	20 800 000	18 753 500
Kansas City	24 000 000	18 403 500
Atlanta	17 600 000	12 288 000
Dallas	14 400 000	8 043 000
Treasury	\$600 000 000	\$600 101 500

HOMEWARD BOUND

From the "SPIKER" of January

"So long!" cried the Yank to the little poilu,
(His troop ship rode high in the offing
All ready to sail, over billows as blue
As the cap that his comrade was doffing.)
"So long, little pardner, 'America-Bound'
Is the watchword to which I am hiking;
So mitt me, old boy, for I never have found
A pard that was more to my liking."

"If I hadn't come over I'd never have known
That the folks on this side of the ocean
Had national notions a lot like our own
That sounded their depths of devotion.
If I hadn't come over, I'd never have found,
Though they always say "merci" to thank me,
There's millions of Frenchmen, who take 'em all 'round
By nature could almost out-Yank me.

"The home folks are waiting; I'm ready to go
Without any urging or dragging.
In trousers civilian I'll swagger, although
The knees may be bagging and sagging.
Soon, safely ensconced in three-dollar room
I'll feel like a pig in the clover:
The thought of returning don't fill me with gloom,
But say, pard, I'm glad I came over!"

OUR WELCOME TO OUR SOLDIERS

Transports from overseas are entering our seaports and lying at their docks, and every day disembarking a crowd of our boys in khaki. These young men will soon be at their homes and the question is, how shall we welcome them?

With bands and parades and meeting at the town hall, if you will. These demonstrations of welcome are proper and fitting. But what our young men will presently need is employment.

Every man's old job should be open to him wherever possible. But as the regiments pour back, there may be more work still needed to fill the needs of the men.

Each village and town, and city should take stock of its requirements, both immediate and potential, and use every means of instituting them at once. If a school house or an engine house or any public building is needed, now is the time to inaugurate it. The good roads question is always with us. Manufacturing of some local raw material into a finished product may possibly be undertaken.

Initiative in these directions will be the truest welcome to our men.

Let us in Stayton be in the front in undertaking any new project to supply the additional employment as it is needed.

A GOOD THING PUSH IT ALONG

The Mail is in receipt of a letter from Representative Hughes of Marion County wanting to learn the views of the voters in this section regarding the bill pertaining to the bonding of the state and changing the automobile license. The bill is framed so that the license and the tax on gasoline will be such as to care for the bond issue, thus eliminating any direct burden on the taxpayer. We believe it is a step in the right direction and the bill should go through without opposition.

Southern wether spent a great part of the winter in the north this year.

STAYTON WILL HAVE ORCHESTRA

Under the leadership of John F. Lau, Stayton is to have an orchestra composed of local people, well known here for their musical ability. The first rehearsal was held last Tuesday night with Miss Gladys Hamman as pianist, Dan Doll, cornetist, Roy Follis, trombon, and J. F. Lau violinist. It is the intention of this orchestra to give weekly dances in the near future; and to be ready to play for any occasion where they are required.

WANTS U. S. TO DIG UP TO THEM

And now comes O. R. Harting, president of the Oregon State Federation of Labor, asking the shipping board to pay transportation for 5,000 men who are out of employment, to their homes. These men only drew from \$8 to \$12 a day when they were working in the shipyards—which is more than they ever made before in their lives—and it seems to us that they could have saved enough out of their wages to buy a ticket home. There are some people in this world who have an unlimited lot of nerve. Well, they may get by with it and induce Uncle Sam to shell out.

He Didn't Advertise

The day of the peddler is past. The familiar figure, short and heavy legged, built close to the ground, with a pack on his shoulders is missing from the public highways. The one horse and covered wagon outfit is also missing.

Why? The peddler didn't advertise. Shears and Sawbuck and Slumgullion Ward & Co. are getting the trade which at one time went to the peddler.

Why? They advertise. The peddler never had a right to exist. The mail order houses have no excuse for living but the only manner in which this last evil can be combated is for the local merchants to beat them at their own game.

The difference between a peddler and the merchant who does not advertise is indistinguishable. They are both back numbers, both are has beens.—Exchange.

The Man Who Ditched Germany

By Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in Leslie's Weekly

There came to my mind just now, a little recollection personal to myself, which might be worth while narrating at this time. It was some thirty years ago at a hotel at Salzburg, in Austria.

One day it was announced with great excitement in the hotel that the old German Emperor was approaching. Soon he came in accompanied by his staff and the present ex-Emperor, then a young man. The old man was feeble, but when he saw the crowd he braced up like a grenadier and followed the iron bedstead which was always carried with him upstairs. The next day the Major-domo of the party, with the knowledge from the secret-service which is so peculiarly German knew everybody in the hotel. He came to me and I discovered that he knew all about me, as much as I did myself. He said, "The old gentleman is in a very bad way and we are in trouble." And then I had an opportunity of talking to the staff and of seeing the young man.

Two days afterwards the Major-domo came to me and said, "The Emperor is leaving to-day. There are two hundred English in this hotel, and they are all on the upper landing, each one with a bouquet, and a spokesman with an address, waiting for the Emperor to come down, so they can greet him." There was only one other American family in this hotel beside my own, and we had sent the old gentleman a bouquet the day he arrived, and I wrote a little address to accompany it. The Major-domo said the Emperor was very much pleased with that address, and if I would be with my little party at the foot of the lift, he would there greet us. The Emperor was most cordial. The young man, his grandson, who spoke English perfectly, interpreted. I had a pleasant conversation with him and formed a high idea of his ability, and then they went off. Half an hour afterwards the waiting English with their bouquets discovered the royal party had gone.

The future of this young man at that time seemed very hopeless. His grandfather appeared likely to live for some time; his father was in middle life and likely to live as long as his grandfather, and yet in six months from that time his grandfather had died, the son had come to the throne, and then in three months he had died; so within nine months that young man became Emperor of Germany.

Some years afterwards I was in London, and I was to dine with an eminent English statesman, Lord Rosebery, to meet Mr. Gladstone. As I went in I found my friend, the host, in a high state of excitement, and he said, "In Punch to-day is one of the most extraordinary cartoons that ever appeared in that paper. I have been down and bought the original sketch." He had it hanging in his library as one of his choicest possessions, though it was surrounded with priceless works of art. It was "Dropping of the Pilot." There was the picture of a great German ship and leaning smiling and confident over the rail was the youthful face of the German Emperor, and down at the bottom of the steps just going into the boat was the discarded pilot—Bismarck. And the English statesman said, "In that picture there may be more history and peril to Europe than in anything that has occurred in this generation."

The next time I saw the Emperor was several years afterwards at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. From all the seven seas had been gathered the vast fleet of the Island Empire, the Mistress of the Seas, to greet their Queen on the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. Suddenly there appeared among them a fleet of German war vessels, and everybody was deeply interested. Aboard one of them was the German Emperor who at that time was arousing the curiosity and apprehension of Europe. He came with the Prince of Wales to the ship where I was guest. The Prince of Wales, as always, was most affable, polite and cordial. The Emperor was very quiet and reserved until the captain of our ship said, "Your Majesty, here is a new gun just invented, a rapid-firing gun." In a instant the whole atmosphere of the Emperor changed. He was all over that gun, examined every part of it and then gave vast orders to his fleet commander for its purchase. It was plain to see his whole thought and mind was military and everybody said, "For what?" No one appreciated at that time that it was for the conquest of the world.

A few years afterwards I was in Paris. The Emperor had made demands of France which would have led to war, and then he demanded the dismissal of the French Foreign Secretary of State, something never known before. Then he asked that he should have his hands free to crush France. That was stopped by the emphatic "No" of his grandmother, Queen Victoria. But from that time to this there has never been a moment when the French people have not looked with apprehension across the Rhine. There has never been a moment when there was not a threat, when there was not almost a movement to cross the Rhine and repeat the victory of 1871 on a greater scale, and to utterly crush France.

When I think of the Emperor and what he was, and what he had, and what he might have been, having gained an economic conquest of almost the whole world, and then I think how he started for physical conquest and lost it all, and where he is now, it seems below the dignity of the occasion, but it inspires a familiar limerick that I heard many years ago:

Little Willie from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping
cough.

At the funeral Willie's mother sadly said to Mrs. Brown,
It was a cold day for Willie
When the mercury went down.
In judging the Emperor, and we are judging him now all over the world, we must remember that when he entered into this war every man in the German army was for it, and the General Staff was threatening him if he did not declare it. We must remember that every professor in the German universities was for it; we must remember that every preacher in the German pulpits was for it, and we must remember that every man, woman and child in Germany was for it.

All sorts of punishments are offered or suggested. Physical punishments amount to little. I read the story of Ravallac, the assassin of Henry IV, and how on the third day he commenced to laugh and his torturers said, "What are you laughing at?" He said, "You have destroyed sensation, I don't feel you any more." But the agony of the mind never dies. The Kaiser has six hundred years of ancestry that he worships, six hundred years of the greatest inheritance that ever came to a human being. Like a gambler it was risked on the throw of the dice and he lost, and for the rest of his life, if he lives ever so long, he lives amidst sorrow, regret and bitterness.