



THE STAYTON MAIL



26th. Year, No. 5.

STAYTON, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1920

Dorris Kenyon IN "TWILIGHT" a 6 Reel Feature also 1 Reel Comedy Star Theatre Saturday Night Mch. 13

O, JOY, AND THIS MAN IS WITHIN THE LAW

There is man in Mexico who has the well remembered Col. Sellers of "There's Millions in It" fame, looking like a piker if he'll just follow up his idea—his name we will omit—but he is somewhere in Mexico, and writes as follows to a local printer with whom he fought in the famous battle of Paris:

"Dear Sir: When I was a boy (some years ago) I 'made' the southwest country; and while waiting for a freight train to come my way I wandered out to where the inviting shade of a cactus beckoned for a siesta. My dream was a vision—and when I awoke I was still under its influence, which continued for several hours.

"At the time I was unable to account for it; but later on I made the acquaintance of an old soldier who explained that I had selected for my 'room' the shade of the cactus from which mescal is made. It seems that a bug which lives on this plant had dropped on me and had taken a bite. The bug and his forbears had tarried around this mescal for so long that their systems were full of the Mexican joy spirit and the bite had inoculated me. This is the prelude; have patience.

"Viewing with alarm the advent of prohibition, sometime ago I took up the study of how to beat it—and do it legally. No illicit distilling, no smuggling for me. I spent many nights poring over old chemistry books but they didn't have what I wanted; they all forced me up against Old Man Law. Then came the light. I remembered the bug of the cactus plant—and here I am in Mexico working out souls like yourself.

"I have succeeded in isolating the bug of the mescal plant, the bug of the tequila plant and the bug of the sotol plant. A bite from either one is sufficient to start an Irish republic. It is really too violent.

To get away from this sudden 'war and destruction' quality I have systematically cross-bred these different bugs—sort of concocted a cocktail, as it were, and have produced a species that is safe to keep around the house.

"And the beauty of it all is that I am within the law.

"I haven't worked out the commercial end of the scheme as yet; but that will be simple. In a short time I will have a million of these bugs which I have not named as yet. At 10 cents a bite—three bites for two bites—and all of them working—think of it!

"Am sending you in a separate package two of my pedigreed bugs—male and female. Let nature take its course. Don't use them before they have produced, for there is only one efficient bite in each bug. They die soon after their mission in life is fulfilled.

"As to a name for the bugs for commercial use, I have thought of calling them after 'Buck' Lewis or 'Meckey' Hickey (the latter has more of a lulling sound to it) or for you my friend—want no lasting fame myself, only the knowledge that I have been a benefactor to mankind.

GEO. FAULKNER QUILTS W. E. CHASE COMPANY

George P. Faulkner, for the past two years manager of the William E. Chase company, has resigned his position and left their employ March 1st, says the Pendleton Tribune.

Mr. Faulkner established the Chase branch there and under his management the business has steadily increased until now it is considered one of the firmly established businesses of the city.

The rapid growth of the Chase store is without doubt due to his exceptional knowledge of electricity when applied to motive power and his company will find his place hard to fill so efficiently. Mr. Faulkner is a son-in-law of Jos. Sestak of Stayton and together with his wife will spend a short time visiting relatives in Portland and will then come to Stayton for an extended visit.

SCIO STATE BANK IS VISITED BY BURGLARS LIBERTY BONDS TAKEN

Last Thursday burglars dug their way through a brick wall in the rear of the State Bank building and succeeded in getting away with war saving stamps and Liberty bonds to the amount of about \$50,000.

The thugs made no attempt to get into the bank safe, putting in their time selecting only paper they could use. Non-negotiable bonds and papers were scattered over the vault floor.

The robbery was discovered the next morning when cashier Myers opened the bank. Officers were immediately notified, but at this writing no arrests have been made.

RICKETTS GLEE CLUB LAST LYCEUM NUMBER HERE MONDAY EVENING

The Ricketts Glee Club is an organization which offers musical programs with an unusual number of popular entertainment features. This company was organized for the purpose of pleasing every class of Lyceum patrons.

The director of this company, Mr. Chester L. Ricketts, is one of the best known entertainers and musicians on the platform.

This company is made up of professionals who are real musicians and entertainers, who offer many versatile programs of melody, music and mirth.

This will be the last number on the High school Lyceum course, and comes to the High school auditorium Monday evening, March 15th.

W. A. Weddle is confined to his home this week with a light attack of the "flu." The undertaking business is being looked after by Gene Titus.

and the royalty, of course, is sufficient.

"The two bugs I am sending you are named Lillie and Billie. It won't be necessary for you to know which is which—they know."—Exchange—Somewhere in America.



LEONARD WOOD.

WOOD STRENGTH GAINING RAPIDLY

Choice of People Everywhere as G. O. P. Nominee, Polls Show.

Chicago, Ill.—Wood sentiment is sweeping America, according to reports from every state in the Union received at the headquarters of the Leonard Wood national campaign committee here.

Considered of particular importance is the fact that straw ballots and newspaper polls taken in every state indicate almost unanimously that if the Republican voters of the country have their choice, Leonard Wood will be the party's candidate. In almost every one of these polls he is leading by two to one, and in most cases has as many votes as all other candidates put together.

This fact is particularly important considering the fact that more than half the delegates to the national convention in Chicago June 8 will be sent by direct vote of the people, expressed in primary elections. A total of 486 delegates out of 584 to be seated, will be elected by primaries. Some of these delegates will be instructed, but in almost every state, if the voice of the people is to be heeded, the delegates will head toward Wood's candidacy.

Many Primaries Seen.

For the benefit of political students and voters in general, herewith is a list of the primary states and the dates of their elections, together with the number of delegates: California, 29 delegates, May 4; Illinois, 23 delegates, May 18; Nebraska, 10 delegates, April 27; Montana, 8 delegates, April 27; Nebraska, 10 delegates, April 27; Nebraska, 10 delegates, April 27; New Hampshire, 8 delegates, April 27.

AUMSVILLE RESIDENT WELL KNOWN HERE DIES OF PNEUMONIA

Mrs. Frank Wolf died at her home on March 3rd, from pneumonia following the flu. She was the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Ripp, of Sublimity.

She was born September 13th, 1891 at Humphreys, Nebraska, and came with her parents to Sublimity March 20, 1903. She was married January 24th, 1907 to Frank Wolf, of Aumsville. To this union five children were born, four boys and one girl

PUT AWAY THE HAMMER

As we get old most of us seem to also get not only full of rheumatism and indigestion, but prunes and cynicism. This is probably because experience has taught the old that there is ten times more bunk and dishonesty in the world than truth and love and sunshine, all of which youth has yet to learn, and not having learned it is yet hopeful, enthusiastic and optimistic.

This is a tendency, however, which we should all stave off as long as possible, for wielding the hammer of grumpiness is entirely profitless from the angle looked at, and also reacts like a boomerang which more often than otherwise returns to the thrower and knocks his block off.

We notice this tendency in writers, and hope and pray we may be spared from it, for if ever the time comes when we can no longer see anything in our fellow man to love and respect and praise, then we want to take passage on old Charon's boat and paddle across the river Styx, and mingle our tears and groans and lamentations with those of Judas, Nero and Pontious Pilot and other old cumgrudcons whose liver's got ossified.

We note with sorrow that Ed. Howe, of Howe's Monthly, whose witticisms and good philosophy in the Acheson Globe of years ago was copied all over the country, is getting in that class, presumably because he is past 70 years of age. Nothing is just right. Everything is on the blink, and also everybody. And having gone the rounds in finding fault with the world and all its people, institutions, ways, mannerisms, he now gets around to religion and the church and declares one to be a myth and the other a failure.

When any man gets to the point where the whole world, its inhabitants and their religions and churches are failures, that is nothing more or less than proof positive that the man himself is a failure. To he who looks through a smoked glass everything is black.

Howe now writes that few any longer believe in the dogmas of the Christian religion; that the church is decaying because people no longer believe in it; and that death ends all, there being no immortality.

Anybody who believes all that ought to put a padlock on his mouth, and also on his pen or typewriter. In the first place (here is not a word of truth in it, and in the second place any man who preaches it, even tho he believes it, is a fool.

Take away the religions of the world, and mankind's hope of immortality, and there is nothing left to live for any more than any beast or brute or wild animal has. And those who advance any such cursed theory always stop when they have killed all hope and love and sunshine in the heart and mind of a convert, never giving him anything better or as good, but leaving him tottering alone and unaided toward the grave, with not even a crutch to sustain his

STAYTON RESIDENT IS FOUND DEAD IN HOME

Wm. Fetten, who lived alone on a small tract of land on the edge of town, was found dead in his home Tuesday morning.

He had not been feeling well for a few days and neighbors not seeing him for a couple of days notified Marshal Smith, and he together with Jack Jones went to the home and found Mr. Fetten dead, in his arm chair.

The coroner was notified, but an inquest was deemed unnecessary as it was found that the cause of death was due to heart trouble. He had been dead about two days.

He has been engaged in truck farming and was well and favorably known to everybody in this vicinity.

There are no relatives in Oregon, but a brother in Illinois, ordered the body buried here beside the father and mother who died about twenty years ago.

The funeral was held Thursday morning at ten o'clock.

OBITUARY

Shrah Elizabeth Davis was born at Leadville, Colorado, on September 29, 1881. She moved with her parents to Oklahoma where she met and married C. W. Hupp.

To this union was born seven children, five boys and two girls. They moved to Gresham, Oregon in 1909 where he lived until 1916 when the family went to North Sautiam. She passed away at her home on Wednesday, March 3, 1920.

She leaves to mourn her departure, besides her husband and children, a father and mother, three sisters and one brother all of Oklahoma. She has many friends here who sympathize with the sorrowing relatives.

Card of Thanks

We wish to give our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy for us during the death and burial of our wife and mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Hupp.

Signed C. W. Hupp and family

One of our soldier boys in a Red Cross hospital with his leg shot off, said he would rather see the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor than St. Peter at the gate.

broken heart broken mind and broken body. That is what such people do—seek to chop out the only support mankind has, and offer nothing, absolutely, nothing, in its place.

The church is not a failure—it does more good today than any other institution on earth. People are not leaving it—they go in countless thousands, all over the world, a thousand times more often and in millions more in number, than when Moses made the laws which stand as solid granite today throughout all the ages, or when Christ on the cross of Calvary said, as we say now of these skeptics, cynics and agnostics: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of thanking our friends and neighbors for their kind help and sympathy during the sickness and death of our beloved wife and mother. Mr. Frank Wolf and Children