

Stayton Standard

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E. D. ALEXANDER, Editor.

LOFTY SAN MARINO.

The Only Nation in the World Without a Daily Paper.

San Marino is the smallest republic in the world and one of the most ancient, being over 1,000 years old.

The men quarry gray building stone, which is carried to the sea by oxen. The wine cellars are caves in the rock and outside the openings tables are placed and food and wine served.

In the evening, after the stagecoach from Rimini brings the mail, all gather at the post-office, while some better reader than the rest reads the news from an outside newspaper.

The nation maintains a standing army of nineteen, increased to thirty in time of stress. The government is by twelve elders chosen by the people.

There are 12,000 inhabitants. Time is divided into four periods of six hours each. No clock marks more than six hours, this custom following the ancient vigil of the Romans.

TRAVELS OF THE ORANGE.

At One Time It, With All Its Yellow, Was Barred From Holland.

Oranges were grown in Spain and Italy for centuries before they made their way to this country.

The first recorded appearance of the fruit in England is in 1204, when a Spanish ship sailed at Portsmouth with a cargo of fruit, out of which the queen, Eleanor of Castile, purchased fifteen oranges and seven apples.

Oranges were for some years a prohibited fruit in Holland. When the Batavian republic was established the badge and color of the Stadtholder's family became so hateful to the popular party that, not satisfied with expelling their prince, they passed a law forbidding the sale of oranges and carrots and ordering all persons who grew lilies or marigolds in their gardens to pluck up the plants and destroy them.

FLIGHT OF A SWALLOW.

Francis Thompson, an English poet, was a great lover of birds. One day in autumn he fastened to one of the wings of a migrating swallow a small piece of oiled paper on which were written the words, "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter?"

CHARM OF ODD NUMBERS.

Ancient Superstition That Lingers In Present Day Customs.

Odd numbers have always and everywhere been held in peculiar reverence, and if that is mere superstition, then it only proves that, despite our civilization, we are still superstitious.

A hen is always given an odd number of eggs to be hatched. Why? There is no reason at all except superstition. Salutes from warships, forts, etc., are always given in odd numbers, yet no valid reason can be adduced.

Virgil records all sorts of charms and spells practiced round odd numbers—never even ones. And we still, after two failures, make another attempt and murmur hopefully, "Third time lucky!"

Seven is the favorite Biblical number, and old divines taught that it held a mystical perfection. It's an odd number. Three is the number of the Trinity—an odd number again.

trapped for the third time. He himself said, "They say there is a divinity in odd numbers" because of the old belief that the odd time would be lucky.

COUGH THE RIGHT WAY.

It Is Safer For Yourself, Your Lungs and Those About You.

The following directions as to how to cough are given by Dr. A. A. Pleyte in the Journal of the Outdoor Life.

Fold your handkerchief so that it is about five inches square. Place it flat in the right hand, if you are right-handed, and with this hand hold it tightly over the mouth.

The sound made in coughing is due partly to air passing over the vocal cords, partly to air going through the bronchial tubes and trachea and partly to the resonance produced in the chambers above the trachea.

STEAM AND THE HOME.

Steam-shelled industry out of the home as one shells peas, and put it in the factory. The family, father, mother and the children, tagged after, and home survived merely as a place to eat and sleep.

Applied to transportation, though, steam did even more. It dissolved the population which had caked and clogged in one parish for 1,000 years and made it fluid to run uphill about the earth, uphill from low income to a higher. Nobody lives now where he was born if he can get away.

THE NAME QUAKER.

A London writer says that the name Quaker sprang from the lips of a local Justice Shallow. This map was one Bennett of Derby. The name was a gift of George Fox, who once declared in the justice's court that all ought to "quake" at hearing the name of God.

WAY TO HANDLE THEM.

The divorce court was grinding. "All ladies who married on a bet or a dare or for a joke will stand up," announced the clerk.

DEFINED.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what is the unit rule?" "Why—er—why, my boy, it's about the same thing as prevails here in this family," said Mr. Slithers.

TWEED CLOTH.

The word "tweed" as applied to cloth really means "twilled" and has nothing to do with the river Tweed, although much Scotch tweed is made on the banks of that river.

CAUGHT HER ATTENTION.

"Now, about this life insurance I con template taking out. Premiums vary." "Premiums?" chirped his wife. "I want a plush covered postcard album John."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TOO SHARP FOR HIM.

"Why did you refuse when Brown suggested burying the hatchet?" "Because I believe the cuss had an ax to grind."—Boston Transcript.

MUCH THE SAME THING.

Gillet—Look here! Did you tell him I'd been swindled again? Fillet—Well, I told him that you had made another of your characteristic investments.—Stray Stories.

CORRECT.

"What is an egoist, pa?" "An egoist, my boy, is a man who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MAY SUFFER LATER.

"I hear that Blank's wife suffers from kleptomania." "Not a bit. It's the storekeepers who suffer."—Boston Transcript.

NOT MUCH.

Bill—Is he a good loser? Jim—Well, he just lost his job, but I can't say he feels very good about it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Affection is the broadest base of good in life.—George Eliot.

OLD TIME EGG HOAX.

A Joke That Did Not Result Just as the Perpetrator Expected.

Away back in the days when Miller was preaching the near end of the world there were two men living in Lawrenceville, neighbors, who may be named Brown and Jones, who were like unto Jonathan and David. Jones was a chicken-fancier. Both, like most people in that day, discussed Millerism.

One Saturday night Brown, who had read somewhere that if a pointed spike were dipped in oil anything written with it on an egg, and with the egg held to the fire, would remain indelible.

Brown wrote on an egg, "The world will come to an end on Oct. 20, 1844," the day Miller had stated, and placed the egg in one of Jones' nests, expecting Jones would come to him as soon as he found it and after a good laugh he would tell how it was done.

But Jones, as soon as he could get his clothes on, rushed to the home of Rev. Richard Lea. The news spread like wildfire, and persons coming to town to church carried it, and all Sunday there was a throng calling on Jones to see the egg. Brown viewed the crowd with a much troubled mind, and at last he went to Jones and told the story. Never after that did Jones speak to Brown.—Letter to Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

STABLED IN THE OCEAN.

This Horse Is Not Only Henpecked, but Lives in the Sea.

There is a horse that eats no oats, hay or corn. He is stabled in the deep waters of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean and pastures in submarine fields of seaweed. He wears bony armor and a tall curved like a monkey's, and yet he's a fish. His animal head has given him his popular name—sea horse.

With all these varied characteristics the sea horse is not fast, vicious nor handsome. Like his cousin, the pipefish, he is a poor swimmer; also, he is henpecked. Mrs. Sea Horse makes him take care of the children.

To help him in his work as nursemaid he has a pouch beneath his tail, formed by folds of skin and completely closed except for a small hole in front. In this pouch the eggs are deposited, and they remain there until they are hatched.

There are about twenty species of sea horses in the waters of the globe, a common one being the short snouted variety. Around Australia is a sea horse which is decorated with numerous stripes—tinged by indigo appropos. These are so named the color of the seaweeds among which they live that they appear actually a part of the vegetation.—Philadelphia North American.

THE RACE WITH THE RAM.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Ait-el-Hawwala," the rain feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cathedral palace if the animal is still breathing the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

NOT SUCH A FOOL.

"Here's a strange case," said Mrs. Spotted to her husband. "A man they called the town fool died, and they weighed his brain. It was heavier than the average."

"Is that all it says about him?" "Yes—except that he was for many years entirely dependent on well to do relatives."

"Huh, he was no fool! If you have well to do relatives, why use your brains?"—Judge.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"There has been altogether too much talk about the secret of success," says Dr. Russell H. Conwell in the American Magazine. "Success has no secret. Her voice is forever ringing through the market place and crying in the wilderness, and the burden of her cry is one word—will. Any normal young man who hears and heeds that cry is equipped fully to climb to the very heights of life."

SURE OF IT.

"Did you post that letter I gave you this morning, John?" "Yes, love."

"Are you quite sure?" "Absolutely, my dear. I remember particularly I forgot to put a stamp on it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

NEW ADAPTATION.

Young Husband (angrily)—I want you to understand that I intend to be master in my own house, and I don't want any back talk from you about it. Young Wife (wearily)—Why, dear, that's just like the rows father used to make.—Baltimore American.

Shallow men believe in luck and circumstances. Strong men believe in cause and effect.

SOUNDED OMINOUS.

"Did the dealer say he would send our coal around next week?" "Yes, he said he had our coal slated for Tuesday."

"Slated, eh? I don't altogether like the sound of that."—Kansas City Journal.

LYONS MISTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley of Hobover were over Sunday visitors in Lyons.

Mrs. Mary Franklin spent the week end with Mrs. E. Trask.

Mrs. M. Martin was an Albany visitor on Thursday. She took in Robertson's circus while in the city and reported it very good.

M. H. Titus of Kingston and his little grand-daughter, Hilda Johnston were callers at the H. Mercer home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. John Trask and children spent Sunday with Mrs. Trask's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Wilson.

Harry Vaughn was a Mill City visitor Saturday evening.

Ben White and family of Salem spent Sunday in the Valley.

Mrs. C. S. Philippi and son, Desmond, of Silverton and Mrs. V. J. Philippi and son of Kingston were visitors at J. H. Johnston's Sunday.

Mrs. I. V. Cane was a caller at the Hotel Ables Saturday eve.

Mrs. Maud Trask visited with friends in Mill City Thursday.

WEST STAYTON.

Mrs. Lucinda Briggs visited in Scio the last of the week.

T. Y. McClellan took in the circus at Salem Thursday.

Len Walker has a crew of men working on the road.

P. C. Speer has built an office in the store.

Medames Nippie and McClellan drove to Stayton Thursday.

Mr. P. C. Speer returned home Sunday from Junction City.

Mr. James, wife and daughter, of Keiso, Wash., motored to West Stayton Thursday and after a call on the Wetherby's left for Salem in the evening.

Saturday was West Stayton day in Salem. Among those from here who went to the Capital City on that day were Mrs. Weisenberger, Mrs. King, Mrs. Turnin, Misses Adie and Osa Condit, E. Giggy and Mr. Martin.

Mrs. Follich, of Salem, with a party of friends motored out Sunday and spent the day at the A. M. Follich home.

Frank Shuck and wife motored from Airlie and spent Sunday with the Griffins.

Miss Thelma and Elbert Eoff of Gear visited West Stayton friends Sunday.

Henry Condit made a flying trip to Portland Monday.

Mrs. Ike Tripp and the two younger children are visiting West Stayton friends for a few days.

Mr. and Miss Rice came down from Portland Monday for a visit with West Stayton friends.

A WARNING.

"What are you doing in my room?" asked the man who was awakened by a burglar. "I'm robbing the place." "You merely think you are. Everything here was bought on the installment plan, and if you take the property you'll be responsible for the balance. You're not robbing anybody. You're running into debt."—Washington Star.

GOT HIM GUESSING.

"Why these clothes, my dear?" "I thought you were fond of them." Explained the innocent young bride. "You seem to partake of them downtown every day."

Then he looked fixedly at her, but could arrive at no conclusion as to her motives.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PROPER SPIRIT.

"That ticket seller has the right idea." "In what way?" "He doesn't act as though he was doing me a personal favor to sell me tickets of admission to his theater."—Detroit Free Press.

MT. PLEASANT ITEMS.

J. M. Ray and daughter of Lebanon are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Nadstaneck of Salem is visiting her sister Mrs. H. Shank and other relatives this week.

Bert Davis of Albany was in this neighborhood tuning pianos.

Lewis and Irvine Ray motored to Scio Thursday.

F. T. Thayer and wife were visitors at Floyd Shelton's Tuesday.

Ben Thayer of Scio was seen in Mt. Pleasant Sunday, wearing a broad smile upon his face. Wonder what it meant?

A surprise party was given at the W. R. Ray home, Friday in honor of Lewis Ray. A large crowd attended and a very enjoyable time was reported by all.

Lewis Ray started for the Mt. Saturday with his large herd of sheep.

Mrs. H. Montgomery and Maciel and Mrs. F. Shelton and children called at the D. C. Ray home Thursday.

Mrs. McKean and Mrs. Hoover and children of Aberdeen, Wash., who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Rayan, the past two

weeks, left Saturday for Salem. Mrs. F. Habberman and Marguerite Ryan accompanied them. Mrs. D. Townes spent week end in Albany. G. H. Ray called at the Shank home Wednesday. Wayne Huber was a Sunday guest of Fred Smith. Roxana Shank spent Sunday with Anjelina Ryan.

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